



No. 24..

STUART FORBES.

TIME:—6.30 P.M.—absolute darkness.

PLACE:—The Campus.

Then out of the gloom—"Fifty-four—sixty-six—hundred and five—check—seventy-three—sixteen! !" in a fine falsetto.

"What the dickens is that?" asks the Freshman?

"Why that's Stuart Forbes" answers the Initiated One.

Until this year, from the time he came to McGill, Stuart has played quarter on the first team. Who has not seen him sauntering on to the field disguised in a sweater, or who has not heard the oft repeated question "Who is the little bald man"? For our hero attracts considerable attention to himself, and if there is one man on the team who plays a harder game than any other, that man is Stuart Forbes.

There runs a tale of his noble rescue—at the prayer of a fair one—of a dicky-bird (a Martlet?—Ed.) from the topmost twigs of a lofty telegraph pole.

We have also heard a story which connects this gay dog with a balcony in the wee sma' hours, but we would not state for a positive fact that the fall he sustained on that occasion accounts for his paucity of hirsute covering.

Of his early youth we know next to nothing. He was born in Toronto and has since lived in Ithaca, England and Montreal. His early education was gained at the Montreal High School where he began his football career. Since then he has played continuously in his characteristic manner. The main thing about Stuart is that he always seems to be there when needed, which after all is the sum total of football virtues.

Unfortunately, this year he leaves us for other fields of action, but our good wishes go with him. May he tackle his jobs as successfully as he does his opponents.