

With the advent of the excursion season, we are favored with numerous visits of the old boys. Messrs. H. D. Kewley, '96; J. Loggatt, '90; G. Y. Payne, '95 and S. N. Monteith, B. S. A., '90, have been among those noted so far.

Mr. J. Atkinson, B. S. A., '96, leaves shortly for the West having resigned his position on the experimental department here to accept a situation in connection with the Iowa Experiment Station, Ames, Iowa, with a good round salary reaching up to the four figures. Thus another of our best graduates is lost to Ontario.

Mr. M. W. Doherty, B. S. A., '95, has passed his examinations for the degree of M. A. at Cornell University with the highest congratulations from the professors under whom he has been working. His thesis is of an exceedingly original character, and bids fair to overthrow many previous theories concerning the origin and development of the vascular bundles in the stem of Indian corn (*Zea Mays*). Part of his thesis is now being prepared for publication in the "Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club," one of the leading botanical papers in America.

The most of the members of the third year class of 1896-7, have dispersed to their homes. Seven were successful in obtaining the B. S. A. degree, while Mr. G. S. Henry, who dropped out early in order to prepare for another examination has added LL. B. to the B. A., he already possessed. Mr. Henry has bought a farm seven miles north of Toronto and is enthusiastically engaged in his new work. Messrs. Cunningham, Bell, Roge's and Oastler, have returned to their farms to test the value of the knowledge and training acquired here. Mr. Gamble announces his intention of going to Germany in October to pursue his study of chemistry for the Ph. D. degree, while Mr. Hodgetts is now working as assistant librarian.

## Athletics

OUR readers are already aware that the boys experienced but little difficulty in defeating the city team in the cup competition. Their next game was with Brantford Y.M.C.A., the winners of the coveted trophy in 1896 and when the 24th of May dawned, it was an anxious little band which left the College to try conclusions in the Telephone City. Lucas had to be left at home, but Law filled his place at half, and the rest of the players were in their usual positions. Play was called at 4 o'clock, on a field covered with long grass and of very uneven surface. From the very first the boys were at a disadvantage, but they did their work well, and at half time the teams were in the same position as at the start. The change of goals improved matters slightly, and before long the red and blue jerseys were swarming on the Brantford goal. Three hot shots struck the goal post as many times, and the ball came out again, but only to centre. The boys were having things their own way, but the long grass and rough ground made passing very uncertain. The next rush ended in a goal being shot by Elliott, but an off side being claimed, the referee, a Brantford man, allowed the home team to have it their own way. This was enough to dampen the ardor of any team, and the boys resolved to play defence. This plan was followed out, and the game

ended in a draw. On the whole, the result was quite satisfactory, and the rough treatment they received only steeled the boys' hearts to win the next game or die in the attempt.

### Second Game.

The morning of the second of June rose clear and bright, the clouds of the previous day had dispersed in honor of the occasion. It seemed that even nature favored the exercise of strong muscles and lithe limbs, by withholding the usual daily amount of rain. Breakfast and roll call were earlier than was the custom, so that the round of lectures might go on. At half-past eleven the boys were free. Brantford had arrived.

Around the edge of the field were ranged the College boys, strong in number, enthusiastic in their sympathy and provided with lungs, horns and other means of expressing it. Professors were there, who remembered and talked of the days when they played, and a few supporters of the blue and white were scattered here and there, to cheer the spirits of their favorites. The spectators were deeply interested, for were not their own friends, their own companions, their own students, on the field to struggle for the honor of city or college?

About 11 o'clock twenty-two young specimens of Canadian manhood faced each other on the rectangle. Not a sound was heard around the field. The referee's whistle blew and the college line rushed forward. Back and forth between the flying feet, spun the ball. The red bodied line worked its way onward, the Brantford defence were out played, out witted, the ball was passed to Mills, but he could not score.

For nearly fifteen minutes the ball remained in front of the visitor's goal but the result was ever the same, through it would not go. Another attempt, a snap, a sound of rushing wind, and a flat broken sphere flew through the air. The ball was burst; a few minutes for rest.

"Play," was called and now it was Brantford's turn. Dodging, checking and hard running carried the ball back to the home goal and the college boys held their breath. But before that goal stood two giants of the game, the one, short, thick set and cool, the other, long thin and active; the ball was stopped and driven out. Back it came, a quick shot, Morrison was there but it was too swift to hold, it was one of those moments that decide a game. McSporrain sprang in, and the ball rolled through. Luck was against the wearers of the red and blue.

The teams again lined up, Brantford determined to keep the score as it was, the O.A.C. boys determined to win. Now for one good rush or a swift, strong kick! Time. The first half of the game was over and the College was behind.

After ten minutes' rest the teams lined up again. The wind seemed to make a difference, for, from the first, the play was in Brantford's ground. Elliott, ably supported by his companions on the forward line, worked hard, but the Brantford men knew the plucky centre forward and left no opening. Time went by and still the score was the same; everything was against the boys. A shout, far sounding and piercing, rolled across the field, from the throats of the College boys. The effect was electric, new courage, dash and vigor seemed to take possession of the breasts of the eleven, for they realized afresh that