

ample to the little folks, but in the case of our baby team exactly the contrary has happened. The intermediates have played two league games against the Glebes and on exhibition game against Collegiate, and in all three encounters they were victorious. What thy lack in weight they more than make up for in headwork and grit. We will be disappointed if they lose a game this season.

The Senior Intermural League.

Next to the Big Four the senior intermural league is attracting the most attention. Every student, if not actually playing, has his favorite fourteen, and at times excitement almost reaches the boiling point. Owing to unfavorable weather conditions, but four games were played since the last issue of *The Review*. The Amalgams are still in the lead with four wins and no losses; the Allies and Combines break even with two games on each scale of the balance, and the Uni-Otts occupy a position analogous to that of Montreal in the Big Four with four losses and no wins. Foster promises more favorable weather during November, and an effort will be made to finish up the schedule.

Don Ryan's "Sons of Rest" are leading in the junior intermural league, and have a strangle-hold on the championship. However, the season is not yet over, and there is no telling what Roberts' "Jim Jams" may pull off on the immigrants from slumberland.

Notes.

Penalties are costly. Ottawa-College suffered heavily in Toronto, and again on Saturday in this city. A man on the fence is a double handicap to his team, but it seems impossible to drill the truth into the interior of some craniums.

Bert Gilligan is looking fine and dandy; his two colored optics have resumed their natural conditions. Congratulations.

King and Fish are Herb Fallon's strong men on the Sons of Rest. A kingfisher, so to say.

Murder! Police! Did you hear what Herb Fallon did on Saturday? Ask Sullivan.

Mr. Wm. Maher is a great football enthusiast. He retired rather early a few nights ago, rose at eleven—the same evening—and was on the point of leaving the house—ostensibly to indulge in a little extra training for a game on the morrow—when he was asked where he intended going. "To mass, and you fellows had