

half-backs did not run or kick as well as Callaghan, Gleeson and Richards and their full-back, Irwin, was not to be compared with the agile O'Brien, who played a splendid game. The crowd even went to the extent of applauding Gleeson and Callaghan, when these two halves punted away down the field after seemingly being cornered. "Why those fellows kick with either foot," exclaimed a lady spectator disappointedly when Gleeson fooled a Brit wing by booting the ball with his left. The College halves used judgment when kicking, too and invariably their long pun's took the ball into touch.

Dooner never played better than he did on Saturday and he gave practical evidence of the fact that he had learned to buck the line scientiñcally, by scoring two touchdowns. He passed the ball to the halves with quickness and dexterity and did not make any errors. He would not have had so much to do though if he had not been fed by three husky gentlemen who frisked about the gridiron under the names of Captain Boucher, Manager Cox and McSwiggin Harrington. This trio did great and mighty things to the Brits'

scrimmage, and crumpled it up like so much tissue paper. Also they did regularly steal the ball when the Brits had it in their possession. Thirdly, they heeled out to Dooner with promptitude after they had filched the oval. And to crown all the irepressible Harrington dropped on the ball for a touchdown, the first he made this season.

The wings had a busy afternoon. Lafleur and Walters were the stellar performers of the day. The crowd's constant admonition was to "Watch Walters!" "Watch Lafleur!" And to tell the truth these individuals required a deal of watching. The Brits put up a job apparently to have Lafleur ruled off and thus put out of the way. Marshall, who was marking him, commenced to scrag him from the kick-off. Finally he succeeding in exasperating Lafleur and the latter retaliated. Both went off for five minutes. Shortly after they went on they had another scrap, which the referee did not notice. When Lafleur disentangled himself from Marshall's grasp and turned away, the Britannia wing made a rush at him from behind and struck at him viciously. Lafleur wheeled around and played a tattoo on