

Ontario Park,  
Saturday, Nov. 16th.

QUEEN'S, 12; MCGILL, 0.

"High Hip Hay! What we say! Queen's, old Queen's, must win the day!" and they won.

It is safe to say that few dirtier games were ever played, but after all it was the last game of the season, and the Queen's suits can be exposed to the rain for a time, while the McGill costumes received such a snowing under that they will keep until they are shaken up again next fall. Jack McCollum gave entire satisfaction as referee, while the umpire did not break the season's record, but won a place of honour in the coterie of harmless incompetents whom it has been the luck of Queen's to meet in every game of the season. The weather conditions rendered good open work almost an impossibility, yet occasionally Molson, Johnston, Williams, Dalton or Britton would get away from the seemingly permanent mass of Mud Brownies for a short run. Fraser Reid made a dangerous dash after capturing a side free kick from Britton, and Simpson all but succeeded in making an end run that would have scored. At no time was the McGill team dangerous, and yet they succeeded in keeping the ball about the middle of the field, mainly through the perfect half-back work of Percy Molson, so that there were but few times when it looked like a Queen's score. Queen's relied on snappy dashes into the line with immediate mass formations on the runner, perhaps the safest and surest method of attack, considering the team composition. Still "as a matter of interest in passing" (as the medical professors say), it is certain that in nine

cases out of ten the McGill style of play will win, for Molson would gain on a single punt every inch of ground that Queen's had taken five minutes to cover. Again, from a team standpoint, Molson's kicks were just as e-a-s-y"! while Queen's rushes consumed the energies of almost every man. Had the teams been at all evenly matched, the methods of play would have counted largely in the final reckoning, but when it came to either passing or running McGill were not in the same class with the followers of Teddy, and so a decisive victory was won, every man on the field doing his duty save the umpire, who would have conformed to the order of the day, no doubt, had he known what to do, but as it was, in his innocence he omitted much, committed little.

Grant, Marshall, Hill and Fred Mohr gave an exhibition of a great gladiatorial contest between Queen's Present and Queen's Past, and the struggle was hard and clean, with honours in favour of the Grand Marshall Knight - Clutcher - in - Chief of Throw-ins.

"Bees" Williams played a star game all through, quite up to his old touch-down form of the days when "Chaucer" was king. The back division relieved surely though not speedily, and on offensive work threw themselves fiercely into the opposing line invariably for gains. The scrimmage work was perfect, never once calling for the sound of the whistle, and this with the double-guard—Hill, Harpell, Reid and Shirreff—in front, and Etherington and Young behind, enabled Bunty to direct his attack towards any position.

It was noticeable that Queen's were