

P. R., is home on a visit to his friends. He is now shepherd in the employ of J. J. Hill, railway magnate of the West, and has over 4,000 sheep to look after. He arrived in Chicago in the forepart of the week with two carloads of sheep, and the longing to visit his old home was so strong that he has extended his trip a week longer. Mr. J. E. Story, lately of the O. A. C., is manager of the farm, and Mr. Carter speaks highly of all the Canadians who are in the different departments. He leaves for the ranch tomorrow.—*Chicago Mercury*.

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The O.A.C. is now represented in the Halls of Parliament, in the person of Dr. Rutherford, the recently elected member for Macdonald, Manitoba, and a long felt want is thus supplied. Mr. Rutherford belongs to the class of '75, having left for the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, the following year. At that institution he secured his diploma and the gold medal, and for the next four years practised at Woodstock. His progress since going West has been in every way satisfactory, and after four years in the Manitoba Legislature he comes to Ottawa as a staunch supporter of the Laurier Government. His maiden speech of Friday last marks him as a promising young man, and his rise in public life is confidently looked forward to by all his friends at the College. Mr. Rutherford thus becomes the first of our men to hold a seat in Parliament, but all eyes are now turned to two more of our graduates, one of whom is certain to be in the next Legislature.

Athletics.

THE EVENT OF THE MONTH.

IN speaking of the football match between the officers and the third year students, we may truly say it was the event of the month, or even of the football season. When such well-known men as Messrs. Reynolds, Day, Harrison and Patterson, and such dead-game sports as "Falstaff" Gamble, "Hamlet" Cass, "Caesar" MacDonald and "Pompey" Bell don the football uniform it is a sure sign of awakened interest in the well-known game. For several days this match was the talk of the institution, and the surprising feature of the game lay in the fact that every player was in first-class condition, especially the goal-keepers. They played well from start to finish. Of the two we think the third year wore the neater uniform, but we may be accused of being prejudiced. When referee Elliott blew his whistle it was rather a fine looking body of men which ranged up for the officers, while on the opposite side of the ball were such well-known veterans in the game as Mark Antony (Jimmy Oastler), and Romeo (Jaky Cunningham). Needless to say the officers felt down hearted and the doughty General Putnam hove a sigh. We will try to be as guarded in our remarks on the game as possible and hope that no sane person will accuse us of partiality. At the commencement of the game the officers determined to score two or three goals at once, but they no sooner started with this end in view than "Pompey" brought those cute little tactics (which are entirely his

own) into play and dropped the ball neatly on the officers' goal, where it was deftly stopped and returned by the agriculturist. For several seconds the goal keepers exchanged kicks, but finally play settled down at centre and some neat combination was indulged in. This by-play was soon stopped by "Hamlet," who nearly kicked a goal from centre, for which the third year called him down, as no one man was allowed to distinguish himself in this manner, and furthermore, the forwards wished to do the scoring. The third year men, for a few minutes, stormed their opponent's goal and Parker finally scored. The Stars now woke up and exchanged those little nods and glances which are so dreaded by students, and the third year melted. Rush after rush rained down on the third year goal but the three men who defended it rose to the occasion and again and again chased out the ball. This pace soon slackened as several of the rush line lost their wind and had to retreat for it. The third year saw their chance and carried the ball almost through, but now the officers' backs, having had a little practice, returned it in first-class form, till the lost was found, and the Stars rushed again. After five or six brilliant and lightening passes by the forwards, forwards they rushed over it and made for Rogers, leaving a splendid chance for a shot on goal. Findlay rose to the occasion and tied the score. This was the prettiest play of the evening and must have been carefully thought out. But these super-human exertions had exhausted the forwards of both sides, consequently play was between the half-backs, while the forwards sucked lemons and milk bottles, which up till now had been carefully concealed. These after a short rest (I mean the forwards) again joined in the game but couldn't score, so the greatest match of the season ended in a draw. Score, 1 to 1.

Heard during the game:

"Body him Caesar."

"Play up Butter Color."

"Up your weight, Tiny."

"Don't hurt Pompey."

"Reynolds is getting rattled."

"Just look at that man in the officers' goal."

"Say, isn't Falstaff a peach?"

The teams lined up as follows:—

OFFICERS.

Goal Day. Backs—Atkinson and F. MacCallum. Halves—Harrison, Reynolds and Findlay. Forwards—Putnam, Buchanan, Patterson, W. MacCallum and Clark.

THIRD YEAR.

Goal—Rogers. Backs—Gamble and A. C. Wilson. Halves—Bell, Cunningham and Cass. Forwards—Holgetts, Oastler, Parker, MacDonald and T. H. Robertson.

Much enthusiasm has arisen over the matches between the year and work divisions of late. The football division defeated the non-footballers by 1 goal to none, and the second year played a draw with the first year team. At both of these games, in many instances, evidences of practice and team work were noticeable, and much credit is due the boys for going out to practice, but it needs to be rigidly kept up as we want to have the intermediate championship cup here this year, and only hard work will coax it from where it now reposes.