

During the month of January the first team was allowed to live under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the racking tranquility of terrible expectation. On Feb. 6th they were called from their "haven of rest" to hold the fort against the "Canadians," seven broad-shouldered, fierce-whiskered youths clad in striped suits, who came determined to teach the "kids" how to play hockey. Long hung the contest doubtful for the Lower Town aggregation, owing to its size, played a wonderful defense game. Though a sprinkling of snow cooled the ardor of the contestants, as a bucket of water thrown on the drowsy youngster in the early morning hours, yet they paused but for a moment to clean the rink, and returned with tenfold fury to the charge. When the hour had elapsed, and, the rink cleared, it became known that the home team had proven its superiority in the fray. The visitors, vowing vengeance on their conquerors, packed up their paraphernalia and waddled away.

Ten days later the return game was played on the Rialto rink. The ice was perfect, and the large crowd that travelled down to Bolton street was certainly repaid for its trouble. For some time previous the "Canadians" had been boasting of the great and many things they were going to do to the Collegians. The former defeat was to be wiped off, and they would send home the wearers of the Garnet and Grey sadder but wiser. But never had they stopped to think of Junior skill and pluck till after the game they realized that hockey is not entirely a game of chance. As "Canadians" stepped upon the ice the sounds of horns, megaphones and tin cans filled the air. A few minutes later the Juniors skated to their end of the rink amid the cheers of their supporters. The master of ceremonies gave the usual sermon, blew his whistle and the great game was on. Then began the desperate struggle, the maddening desperation and utter confusion of battle. The puck travelled with lightening speed from end to end of the rink. Bang! as it struck the sides and rebounded—whack! went the sticks as the owners fought for possession—thump! as an aching head came to a sudden stop as it struck the hard ice. "Storm the goal," shouted Rosey on the tiptoe of excitement. "Lift the puck" roared the "Canadian" coach—