

'98 vs. '99.

That the good things of this life are not always evenly divided was amply illustrated in the game between the seniors and juniors. '99 seemed to have almost a monopoly of first-team men. The few positions not held by men of this class were easily filled by promising youngsters from the intermediate team, the whole forming as strong a combination as that which defeated Osgoode I. 5-1. '98 was not so fortunate. Almost half the men on their forward line had never before played in a match. Then McConville, who has played with '98 for three years, was suddenly possessed with a desire to play with '99, thus weakening the senior back division and putting them under the necessity of playing with fourteen men. The juniors played with the full number, fifteen. The teams were:

'98—Back, Orser; halves, Merrill, G. Edmison; quarter, Dalton; scrumage, Paul, Tyner, Collier; wings, Ferguson, R. Hunter, Fraser, Munro, McDonnell, Scott, Reid.

'99—Back, Millar; halves, Shaw, Elliott, McConville; quarter, Faulkner; wings, Richardson, Metcalfe, H. Hunter, Snyder, Kennedy, Solandt, Goodwill. Referee, Alick Morrison; umpire, Tupper McDonald.

The '99 wings broke through repeatedly and Dalton was prevented from doing effective work. Merrill got little to do, but did that little well. After twelve minutes close play McConville got over the line and was given a touch without a try. After the kick out from the 25 line '98 pressed their opponents hard, but fail to score. At half time, score 4-0.

When play was resumed the game was very rugged, the scrumage doing poor work. However, it was only after ten minutes hard play that Shaw, getting the ball from quarter, made a dashing run and scored a try. Elliott failed to convert it. Score 8-0. After five minutes play Orser was forced to rouge. This finished the scoring. Score 9-0.

Millar played a sparkling game at full.

The scrumage was rotten, the referee rattled.

'00 vs. '01.

The game is over and I am proud of our year. I keep thinking and thinking what good players we will be when we get to know the game a little better. Why they licked us only 13 to 10, and what is more I feel sure that referee Shaw gave them ten points, because everybody was yelling "Rotten referee!" We would likely have been away ahead only for that. Hurrah for "noughty-one!" Metcalfe tried to do right, I think, for he told our fellows to keep on side. You know that means to catch your man—check they call him—and throw him down and lie on him, on his side if you can, or if you can't do that, sit on his head. That's what Dave Gordon

told me it means, and I trust him, for he looks to be square.

But it was an awful rough game. My check was the biggest man in the semaphore year, (that is the real name for the "noughty noughts," somebody told me) and I couldn't keep him on side, and I don't think he was off my side once all through the game.

As soon as the whistle blew the game began, and I ran at my check, but he stepped over me and got the ball. McKinnon kicked the ball and it went near where Huston was standing. He picked it up and kicked it away off the field. In a little while a fellow they call Tupper got the ball and ran a mile nearly before one of our boys tripped him. Wasn't I glad to see him fall, but he wouldn't let the ball go. He just lay on it and yelled out something that sounded like a bad word to me. Of course all the boys were lying on top of him. I found out afterwards that it was "Held" he said.

Then they got the ball again and Hiscock ran and fell down on it behind the line and everybody took off their hats and made a fearful noise, and I heard Shaw say "a touch." They carried the ball out and Burton tried to kick it through the goal, but it went over the bar ever so high, still everybody said "six—nothing." Soon Burton made a touch and tried to kick a goal, but it went away to one side. Score, ten, nothing against us. Huston gave them two more what they call "rouges." I don't know why he did it, I'm sure, and Shaw gave them all the rest. That does not say much for them. Twelve-nothing against us at half-time.

We changed sides and Richardson soon made a touch for us, but they let us count only four. Twelve-four. Now we worked hard. Soon little Douglas Gray saw a hole in the line, and he put the ball under his arm and slid right through and made a touch. It was almost dark, but Richardson kicked it all right and that made us ten. We didn't score any more.

The "noughty-noughts" are gentlemen, and I think we all played a good game. I heard the senior boys praising Harris and McKinnon, Moore, Branscombe, Gray, Williams, Russell, McDonald, Middlemas and Richardson, but I didn't hear a word of praise about myself, although I think I played a better game than any of the fellows.

One thing I don't like and that is calling boys, yes and boys who look like gentlemen, bad names. There is one nice-looking fellow there they call "Beeswax," and he looks neither soft nor sticky. I wonder if his father keeps bees on the farm. "Christmas" is another bad name. Well, I must close. Twelve-ten isn't bad, and just wait till we play the seniors.