

the ball was hovering around the College goals.

Hamilton tried a revolving scrimmage at the beginning of the game. Our forwards knew how to meet it so that its success was short-lived.

The Hamilton scrimmage had a very peculiar formation. It looked like an off-side play.

McGuckin was the longest kicker on the field.

It has been remarked that College never wins by a large score. But what's the use!

Ross and McAuliffe reminded us of Jacob's struggle with the angel. However, although Sandy got his knee hurt, he won in the end.

"Check hard," was one of Hamilton's signals. It was College who usually responded.

Clancy, Bolger and O'Reilly got lost in the jungle.



### *JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

A flaring poster on the Senior's bulletin board recently announced the desire of certain small boys of the big yard, to utterly annihilate a football team, composed of the big boys from the small yard. Such a challenge could not go unnoticed, so the result was that on Wednesday November 3rd. fifteen of our little stalwarts, headed by Captain O'Leary, hied them to the greensward and there encountered a team, known as the "Tearemups" under command of John Baptiste. As our opponents lined out on the field, we were surprised to notice among them, a half-back who formerly

figured on the "Gophertown Seniors," under the pseudonym of "Bones," and a quarter-back, who was a member of the champion team of the spring series of '97. Nevertheless our plucky youngsters entered the fray and succeeded in rolling up the comfortable score of twelve points, while their opponents, in Rivard's words, "could'nt crack de cocynut." The bright particular stars of the day were Slattery and Richard. To the latter belongs the distinction of making three touch-downs during the game.

They met on the Convalescent's Cushion just outside the Infirmary and each proceeded to tell his little tale of woe. Plouffe began: "One day I play the football and make good game for some short time, when pretty soon quick come Groulx and jump on my foot. Then I am carry on the Infirmary and take some rest for three four weeks. It was Godfroye's turn and his piping tones announced; "I tinks it is La Grippe; bofe of my eyes is leaky and one of my noses don't go."

The inmates of Dormitory No. 4, were sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace, when calmly on the midnight air, floated the following refrain:—

Oh, Mr. Captain stop the ship  
I want to get off and walk.  
I feel so flippety flippety flop  
I'll never reach New York.

Then followed a blood curdling yell, which extinguished the lights in the Rideau Rink, and sent a cold chill coursing through the steam coils. A hurried investigation revealed the fact that Finan was merely indulging his sleep-talking propensities.