

*THE TRIP TO HAWKESBURY.*

One of the most pleasing events of this College term was the trip of the University hockey team to Hawkesbury. On Wednesday the 5th of February a party of eleven students left to play an exhibition match with the team of that town. The game proved most exciting both on account of the close score and of the large number of spectators who witnessed it. At the end of time each team had placed five goals to its credit and by mutual agreement an extra ten minutes was played. During the whole of this extra time the College players were on the aggressive and finally McGee managed to land the rubber between the flags, thus making the match six to five. Although Hawkesbury failed to win the game they surpassed themselves in the kindness they lavished upon the visitors. Immediately after the game the Varsity boys were banqueted at the hotel. Appropriate speeches, and at intervals songs and recitations were given by members of both clubs. Mrs. Paquet mother of our fellow-student Alex. Paquet, also very graciously entertained the players to an informal dance, at which an excellent supper was served. Too much praise cannot be given the Hawkesbury people for the cordial reception extended the students and it is indeed inadequately expressing our appreciation of their kindness to say that we will long remember the pleasant visit of the University hockey team to their hospitable town.

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*JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

It is a real pleasure for us to offer our most sincere congratulations to the members of the J. A. A. for the noble manner in which they have responded to the call to clear the rink of its daily load of snow. Truly its officers are hustlers. Our neighbors might borrow a few grains of their sand.

Owing to the recent war scare there has been no meeting of the P. P. A. during the past month, for the members had grave reasons to fear that they would be

empressed into the volunteer corps. The patriotic speeches of H. M. W. M. Favreau make exceeding dull reading in view of this turn of affairs.

Pitre's cousin made quite a hit as an expounder of the pugilistic art, unfortunately for himself however it was the iron pillar that he hit.

Barter is now warbling the popular refrain: "Oh! those sweet black eyes."

When our first team was defeated by a senior seven, it entered into the fertile brain of several of our players that they were not in their proper class (which the sequel proves to be true.) Armed with all the majesty of their exalted state they boldly hoisted the flag of independence and called themselves "The Independents" and the arch-conspirators cried aloud "when shall we three meet again?" Neville arose in all his might, addressed the budding heroes and predicted that their fame would spread beyond the Rideau even unto the place where "the preacher's modest mansion" rises on the Montreal Road. Well might he boast thus. Had they not the laurel-crowned O'Leary swift of foot and dexterous as to his hands? Was not their's the cool-headed Kehoe, fleet as to lifting the puck and master of the laws of rolling bodies? Was not their pride, the stalwart Costello, graceful in action, torrent-like in his rushes, whose fall resembled the crash of ye oak that had raised its proud head in defiance to the storms of 4000 yrs? Had they not the tutelary guardian of Archville, Slattery, slippery as an eel, his wary eye ever on the puck, and his opponent ever over the rink's enclosure? Had they not Neville the brave, the lynx-eyed, who could drive a puck through a board three feet thick at a distance of one mile? Were not their foes weakened by their defection? But, a-lack a-day! Human hopes are deceptive when we reckon without our host. January 23rd our team strengthened by new recruits administered a mighty dose of defeat to the bolters. "The Independents" scored one goal, the umpire left when the college score stood 17. Consequently the referee's