

Before a crowd consisting of a referee, two goal umpires, a timekeeper, the class reporter, an inquisitive

ARTS '11. "freshie," three school-boys, a lame dog, a hobo, and at sundry times, Mr. Cherry, who was supposed to be playing, and Mr. Gillmor, who bruised Mr. Duval's little finger in a gentle effort to amputate his hockey stick, and, as a result, decorated the penalty bench, in response to the imperious wave of the hand, which Referee "Wicky" Wilson released, the frogleg slicers and worm dissectors of Arts '11, together with the hieroglyphic chasers of the same wonderful class, plus the bulky, if padless, form of D. P. Gillmor, and the cadaverous frame of Mr. Warburton, defeated a team representing the rest of the class, by a system of fraud, trickery, theft, robbery, chicanery, knavery, etc., etc., to horrible to relate, on Friday afternoon last on the McGill rink.

(If the above is read slowly and analytically it will become comprehensible to anybody.)

The score, the alleged winners say, was 4-3. However, the alleged losers would break a long established custom if they let it go at that. Mr. Morris can explain, in the simplest manner, how his side really won. Members of the other side, in turn, can easily show how the score could have been doubled if they had had a fair show.

Now a few words of gentle criticism: Messrs. Gillmor and Christie played splendidly (so did any one else, big enough to lick the reporter, or bad-tempered enough to try it, if not tenderly treated. The others were not so good (the ones with the best tempers or weakest bodies were rotten). To be serious, however, it may be said that Morris and McGoun, for the losers, and Moyse (when he occasionally

tucked his boot laces out of sight and rambled down the ice), and Currie, the strenuous (when he was not sweeping the ice), for the winners, were the stars. Jack Bissett, the skateless wonder, played a good game in goal, considering his forte is soccer. (The three of these five above-mentioned gentlemen, who have not yet subscribed to The Martlet, will please step quickly round and do so.)

On Wednesday, Feb. 17, the third-year Civils, in response to a challenge received from the architectural department, willingly accepted.

The Civils were without their star centre man, Riley, who was afraid to miss a lecture. His place was filled by Farnsworth at the twelfth hour, who was taken on for lack of a better substitute.

The ice was in very poor condition, which accounted for the lack of scoring during the first half. It seems a pity that the rink management should fail to have the ice cleaned for such an important match.

In the second half there was a change in the forward line of the Civils, Ewart, the manager, not being of any use except as an ornament, was moved back to goal. Then five goals were scored by the Civils while the Architects failed to find the net (which was not there).

The Architects built their hopes on rough work, especially Byrne, who tried to chew up Daubney, but found him a tough proposition. The game ended with the score: Civils 5, Architects 0.

Notes on the Game.

R. H. Reid, the wild man from the "Canadian Zoo," was a very incapable referee.