

before he has time to run or return the kick. The ball is now quite near Dalhousie's line, and, for ten long minutes, is seen nothing but a series of scrimmages, caused by tackles and short runs, or the ball being thrown out from touch. At last comes Dalhousie's chance, and by a kick the leather again traverses the centre of the field. Being returned for a short distance some fine tackling is done, and the ball is again put down. From this point until half-time is called the game is almost an unbroken series of scrimmages. Deafening cheers from the spectators for their respective sides encourage the forwards in their mighty efforts. This is indeed a game of brawn and muscle. How silent the forwards are. Hardly a word is heard from either side. They are not here to talk or break each other up. They are here to *play ball*; and every man on both teams attends strictly to business, consequently, no one gets hurt and every one, though doing his utmost, is good-natured. But now the much-coveted ball is seen working its way towards Acadia's eager quarters. A pretty pass—and Wallace and Knapp by two short but brilliant runs carry the ball towards their opponents goal. The advantage, however, is short lived, for Bill, one of Acadia's backs of last year, and this year playing a splendid game for Dalhousie, by a short run and long kick, transfers the ball to the very edge of Acadia's goal line. Fraser, Dalhousie's brilliant quarter, is right on the ball and carries it over, but alas too far. The result is not, as every one thinks, a touch down but only a touch in goal, so the leather is at once brought out to the twenty-five line and kicked off. One swift rush, a good tackle, and "half time" stops the play.

For five minutes the boys refresh themselves with lemons and move round amid congratulations on all sides, for the splendid playing so far shown.

But now they are lined out again. This time the covered wind is kicked off by Dalhousie and being returned by Acadia's half, the scrimmages which waste so much time, begin again. This is the last half and every thing depends. How the forwards push and strain, till one side falls back, and the others surging through, the ball is again visible, but only to go into touch which of course means another scrimmage. Now, as in the first half, the referee's

whistle is heard, not like a fog-horn every five minutes, but almost incessantly. Man down—man off side—backs in the scrimmage—ball thrown ahead. All this loses time. But towards the end the backs have more work to do, and Morrison makes a beautiful run for Dalhousie. Ball off touch again, so it is thought although the referee's whistle has been sounding for it to be brought into the centre of the field and scrimmaged. But the men are too intent on the game to hear anything short of a volley from the Citadel. Capt. Eaton throws out from touch, a long throw. Cox gets the ball, makes a short run, and just as he is tackled passes to Eaton, who makes the run of the day, landing the ball behind Dalhousie's goal line. How Acadia cheers. But all in vain. The referee's whistle, which has been heard all this time, at least by the spectators, is now heard by the players and the Acadians, though disappointed, bring the ball, without a murmur, back to the scrimmage. A few more minutes of sharp play and time is called. "A draw" says the judge.

"Dalhousie, three cheers for Acadia, "Acadia, three cheers for Dalhousie," and the most satisfactory game ever played between Dalhousie and Acadia is over.

Now off for the train, with no time to lose. On board clamber Acadian player and spectator. Into the station press the boys of Dalhousie to say good-bye. The gong strikes and with the old Depot echoing and re-echoing the Rah, Rah, Rah, of Acadia and the hearty good-bye cheers of Dalhousie, we glided away, homeward bound.

In the game it is unnecessary to speak of individual plays. Every man on both teams played well. It was almost impossible to make a run, for a man with the ball was generally snapped up before he had time to move a dozen feet. The game was square from start to finish and friendly. The referee and umpires were fair in every decision they made, and Mr. Knight in the impartial report he made of the match shewed himself worthy of our confidence and esteem.

Gentlemen of Dalhousie you treated us well. When you meet Acadia again be assured you will meet not foes but friends.