



[A Student was asked by one of the teachers why he had not brought a certain exercise to class. He replied that in leaving home that morning he was "slightly hurried" in order to catch the boat. The answer suggested the following lines.]

#### SLIGHTLY HURRIED.

Not very many years ago, as the clock was striking eight,  
A student rose in Dartmouth in a 'slightly hurried' state;  
And he dressed himself more quickly than it takes for me to tell,  
For he was 'slightly hurried' by the ringing of a bell.

From home he made his exit, - in his hand a piece of cake,  
For he was 'slightly hurried' and his breakfast could not take;  
And as he runs he munches, and muses on his fate,  
As he rushes down the hillside with a 'slightly hurried' gait.

Soon he's seated in the cabin, with his head as light as lead,  
Wishing he'd been 'slightly hurried' off the night before to bed,  
Very soon, the voyage over, he has reached the western side,  
And our student climbs up George St. with a 'slightly hurried' stride.

Now at length the school he reaches and the steps with bounds ascends;  
To the Principal, the first hour, he most carefully attends,  
Lessons being 'slightly hurried', next he hastens down below,  
But his prospects are quite bluish for his Greek he does not know.

Soon again those steps he faces, for the Chemist's room he's bound;  
By some 'slightly hurried' paces in his class he's safe and sound,  
But he now is scarcely seated, when a voice across the main  
Whispers softly through the class-room "here's a paper with no name."

Then our student quickly rising, shows that he is wide awake,  
For he says that his *handwriting* no one ever can mistake.  
Woe unto that youth whose paper in the room across the way  
Is examined by our student in his 'slightly hurried' way!

In the room across the hall way soon our hero takes his seat,  
And anon the teacher ask him if he brought that foolscap sheet:  
"No I haven't," was his answer, "for this morn - the truth to tell -  
I was slightly - 'slightly hurried,' by the Dartmouth steamboat bell."  
H. M. U.

#### TRURO vs. ACADEMY.

*Dear Editors:*—On the 6th of Nov., all the League games in which we were concerned having been played, the Academy team went to Truro to play a match with their town team. The Truro players have improved with very rapid strides the past two or three years, and had acquired a great reputation just a fortnight before, by playing a drawn match with a team from the men-of-war stationed here. We had talked from the beginning of the season of a match with

Truro, but were somewhat dismayed when we heard of their increased prowess. Accordingly we strengthened our chances by the addition of Frank Stephen in the half-back line, and Edgar Douglas as full-back, the services of both of whom were lost to the Academy this year on account of their well-deserved promotion to the First Wanderers' team. The presence of these two old Academy boys added great confidence in us as to the result of the day's battle. Arrived at Truro, we put up at the *Stanley House*, where we were very pleasantly entertained by the genial and popular proprietor. At three o'clock we repaired to the T. A. A. C. grounds situated in a very agreeable position in the south end of the town. Hardly had we arrived there when the clouds which had been threatening rain all day, began to pour forth their gathered strength in torrents. The game was called at 3.30. Our team lined up as follows. Harrington, whose absence from our ranks, on that day, we all regretted very much, had his position at Quarter supplied by Frank Foster, who had played on the Y. M. C. A. team.

*Full-back!* Douglas. *Half-backs,* Stephen, Mooney, Archibald, Campbell. *Quarter-backs,* Foster, Stairs. *Forwards,* Logan, Blois, (E), Stewart, MacDonald, (C.), Lindsay, MacDonald, (F.), McLeod, Blois (H.). *Tough judge for Truro,* W. R. Campbell. *Tough judge for Academy,* Frank Walker. *Referee,* Geo. Pyke.

Truro scored a try in the first five minutes, and things looked very badly for us: but the scale soon turned in our favour. We drove our opponents inch by inch down the field in the face of the wind and pelting rain, until by a brilliant dash which has been witnessed in many a well-contested match this season, Stephen carried the ball across Truro's goal-line. No goal was kicked, the wind and the slippery ball rendering goals almost impossible. Near the end of the first half, Stephen again got possession of the ball, from a clever pass by Stairs and carried it once more into goal. Soon after the referee's whistle blew for half-time and the players soaked with rain, had a few minutes respite, and shelter in the club-house.

The second half was characterized by determined, obstinate, dogged play on both sides. The Academy were on the defensive during a greater part of the time, and some great fighting went on too near our goal-line for comfort. Several times Truro came within an ace of scoring, but the Academy boys fought as for their lives and protected their goal obstinately and successfully. The fighting was mostly in the forwards, as the conditions of the field rendered half-back tactics almost impossible. There was a good deal of fumbling by the halves of both sides. No long runs of any account were made, The referee's whistle at last ended the combat, with the score 6—3 in our favor.

In the Truro team, Murray, the bantam quarter, Bigelow, an old Dalhousian, a star forward, and Capt. MacKay, at half, deserve the hearty praise which the true sportsman loves to give to foemen worthy of his steel.

On the Academy team, as was to be expected, the lion's share of glory belongs to Stephen and Douglas, and we shall not forget the handsome manner in which they helped us win the day. Beyond that it would be almost invidious to mention names where all did so well. Cheers for everybody were in order on our way back to the hotel, and needless to say, we had full possession of the car we occupied as we returned home that night. Walker, whom we discovered that day, was the life of the whole party, and