

world, but whether they will exercise it in the direction the *Rambler* seems to imagine, is a very open question indeed. If people are to be shut off with Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon, we fear a revolution will soon manifest itself among the masses which would surprise the supporters of so straight laced a theory, for, great as these authors are, the millions don't read them, and it would take a considerable amount of college inspiration to convince them that they should read them, rather than what they prefer. The newspaper is a far greater power than the college paper or graduate, and thus it is classed as ostracised literature. Why, if the newspapers should combine and attempt it, they could boycott half the colleges in America out of existence in six months.

THE *University Gazette*, *Oberlin Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Adelphian*, *Varsity*, *Niagara Index*, and many other friends, both old and new, have been received, but space prevents our reviewing them at length.

FOOTBALL.

DALHOUSIE came up here one day last month and played part of a game of foot-ball. It had been agreed upon by the respective captains to play half-hour heats; before the end of the first however, the Dalhousie captain thought that perhaps it would be just as well to play out the second heat the usual time, 20 minutes. He probably had reasons. Acadia kicked off, and at it they went. Dalhousie played well for a few minutes; they kept the ball down towards Acadia's touch-line, and some fool might have imagined they secured a touch-down, but such was not the case. The slight advantages they did gain, were soon lost. Acadia forced the ball up towards their touch-line, and began to make things lively for them generally. The Dalhousie forwards either had no amount of endurance or they were totally unable to resist their opponents; pushed right and left, bruised, thumped and trampled upon, they seemed to lose heart and strength. McCart, an Acadia forward, got a touch-down, which was for some reason disallowed. It became from that time more apparent than ever, that it was only a matter of time to completely swamp the crowd which seemed aimlessly trying to hold Acadia's forwards till something should turn up to smash the game. The longed for opportunity arrived; Wallace brushed aside and knocked over two or three Dalhousian's opposing him, and made as square a touch-down as ever a crowd witnessed. But it was ruled out and that ended the game. While the Acadia men were consulting as to what had better be done, Captain Morrison of Dalhousie coolly informed the anxious crowd that he had decided to play no more, irrespective of any decision of Acadia. This

was certainly unusual, but we think about as wise a plan as he could pursue under the circumstances. Another 20 minutes meant utter rant, disgraceful defeat for both himself and team, and the noble men of Dalhousie marched off looking sage and sick enough. The 17 then had dinner in company with Acadia players at the Acadia Hotel, Dr. Jones presiding. Here Eaton in the interests of the team wanted to renew the fight in the afternoon, but Dalhousie declined with all possible thanks. Some music after dinner made us all feel better.

It is useless to comment on such a (provokingly nasty) match as this. It would be a source of satisfaction to witness one square game and call it a settler; whether one will ever take place between these University teams remains to be seen.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for November contains an edifying account of the matter. The writer was either drunk, foolish, ignorant, or so blindly prejudiced and utterly regardless of the demands of truth, as to be wholly unable to save either the team or himself from becoming an object of ridicule to all who witnessed the game. We had expected perhaps a little bias, some favoring, a farthings discreditable to themselves carefully omitted, and not a hint of a second challenge on Acadia's part, but such gross misrepresentation, such ridiculous assertions, such meaningless vamping; such contemptible tactics, such brazen impudence, such wholesale oblivion of truth, decency, honor and common sense; such mixed, muddled, puerile, twaddling bosh, prepared as we were, to some extent, surprised us. The article is a standing farce; the writer starts out with a facetiousness that would do credit to an aping, half developed clown, and ends with a remark which in its bullying conceit stands unrivalled. After relating a funny little anecdote concerning an event which happened at Hantsport, wherein some fellow in his stupid folly nearly got left behind, the ass goes on to say that they nearly frightened the Windsor citizens out of their wits by singing, "Saw my leg off," and very soon Wolfville was reached. As to frightening the people by their song, we should judge this fact as extremely probable, but, considering that Windsor is 7 miles East of Hantsport (when they all jumped on the bell cord, related as happening before this), and Hantsport 10 miles from Wolfville, the latter is preposterous. We shall not criticize the description of the game, but merely say that Brown did not have the slightest ground for claiming a touch-down; Dalhousie did not "force the ball several times across the line." Patterson did not get "another run," to be disallowed; Dalhousie did not "touch for safety," pure fabrication this; the umpires did not blow their "whistle" to bring back the ball, they didn't have one. We can understand all about your "spirits" being "clouded"; quite willing to receive this statement in good faith. We are glad to notice also that there seems to be yet a slight