



* The Joys of the Student,
Before Christmas—and-after Christmas.

The Game of Rugga Football.

By Monsieur Dimlux.

Mr. The Editeur,—It is sometime since that I write you of the game of baseball match, of its follies, its progies, its savageries. At that time it was empossible to figure myself a game more terrible, more ferocious. But regard then your game of Rugga Football! Ma Foi! Is it that your baseball is rude? Your football is brutale; is it that your baseball is compliqued? Your football is one veritable enigma!

Your baseball is a game of some savages, but your football is of more than that! Of some fanatiques? No! Of some lunatiques? No! Of some wild beasts? No! Of what then? Of some demons!

Me who speak you, I have seen it. Listen, I will tell you. One day I meet my Canadian friend; but what damage? He has an eye poached, the head trussed, the arm in a scarf, his figure has cut and swelled itself. "Ciel, my dear friend," I exclaim, "what has arrived? You have had an accident? Perhaps a colesion on the railway road!" "It is then bicyclettes?" "No!" "A blow of lightning?" "No!" "How then?" "Oh! nothing, M'sieu, only Rugga!" How Rugga? I comprehend not football is a game, is it not? Yes M'sieu, and a joli good game, too." "Joli! Majoi! sans doute! To have

the eye poached, it is joli n'est pas? To have the arm broked, it is joli, also! I know not your football, but I have no envie to play him.

"I go with him to see the game. Be hold us arrived. There is a large field of herb, very humid, there are speck potatoes in thousands. At each end a gibet, gallows, what you call. At the middle some men all striped, they are some Hyaenas—some others all covered with spots—they are some Leopards. Good; the Hyaenas and the Leopards they shall fight one to the other."

I ask my friend what they are, the gallows? He say:

"They are not gallows—goles. I ask how it spells itself. He tell me 'gaol.' I search it in the dictionary at my re turn. It is a prison. From the prison to the gallows is not but a step. Messieur, the Hyenas and the Leopards arrange themselves, the pumpkin is in the middle. I ask my friend what is the big man in the meadle with the whistle? He reply, 'He is a Reverie!' 'Ciel! A Reverie is not but an idea! Never I see soo much solid Reverie.

"Then they play; upon one the other they jump. Then they are sorry and they hug of them around the throat. The Reverie he get jealous and blow of the whistle.

"The pumpkin escape to the side