

On Thursday, May 6th, the College Football team played that of the city. No one felt at all nervous as to the result, and their opinions were justified, for our boys won at a walk, by the score of 5 to 0. The only thing the city lacked was training, and some one to do the scoring. In describing the game we will not mention any one in particular. All our boys played a good game and also a gentlemanly game. One thing we have to say about the field is that Guelph ought never to ask a team to play in it. There is a telegraph pole in the centre, and you have to shoot down a hill at the lower goal. This accounts for the low score our boys made in the second half. At times the game was quite fast, and our boys got in some nice combination. All the strong kicking was done by our backs. This looks well, boys. One lady says, "My isn't that pretty?" just as our boys were making a nice combined rush. Keep it up; practice hard, and defeat Brantford. The goals were scored by, Mackay, 1; Elliott, 2, 3, 5, and Putnam, 4.

AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

On Monday, May 17, the College Football team defeated the City team, 6 goals to 0. In the first of the game the city played up well and for a while gave our boys plenty of work, but they gradually fell back and finally Elliott scored. During this time our boys should have scored at least four goals. They couldn't get in the scoring swing, apparently. But in the second half they made several fine combined rushes and scored four goals in five order. The sixth and last was also scored by Elliott. We would like to have seen the score much closer, as it was no practice for the team. They play closer games on the campus than that. We have as good a forward line as we have ever had. Work hard, and keep a little in advance of former years.

A team of ball tossers from Bell's organ factory succumbed to the College nine on Tuesday, the 19th. They were out of practice, and couldn't let our pitcher succeed. The College made several costly errors, and should never have given the organ grinders more than one run. The score at the end of the first half of the seventh innings was 28-8 in favor of our boys. They batted the town pitchers very hard. One very objectionable feature of the proceedings was the manner in which the crowd of college boys treated the opposing team. Their good plays, when they made any, were not applauded except by a few, and the poor ones were too much noticed altogether. It is not the sportsman in spirit to kick a man when he is down. Applaud the good plays, no matter who makes them. "Give credit where it is due," and thus we will uphold the honor and true spirit in the institution. There are other beside college boys. If any deserve a hissing it was our own team when we let in five runs in one innings, but the crowd was very noisy.

Exchanges.

We quote the following from an article on "The Influence of the College on American life," published in the April issue of *College Chips*, Des Moines, Iowa: It may be said that many men might have become great and noble without any college education, from the tutorship of good parents. Still the college has added to their knowledge and education, rich and unique contributions, increased the ability already there, and made it more efficient, made indifferent ability good, good better, and given a superlative excellence to that of a higher degree. Of course, I do not mean to say that every college graduate has knowledge enough to widen the heavens, and take out certain stars that are superfluous, or put in more if necessary, or that he on account of the wisdom he has acquired at college can stop the north west wind, when he thinks it has blown long enough. No, if he is but able to say—after his college course as a well known editor said of his college days, that is something. He says: "As I look back, the only thing I can remember and am especially grateful for is the general broadening influence which followed the finding out of what men had done in the world of learning in one department after another, so that by the time I had finished my college course, I had a conception, more or less well proportioned, of the great things the human race has achieved, and I had my curiosity aroused to learn something."

Speaking of "College types" the *Journal Athenaeum* has this statement to make:—"In college life to be a champion athlete is to have attained to glory of so permanent a character as to altogether outshine the plodding student. An individual of this type talks, eats, sleeps and dresses to obtain success upon the campus, enduring privations and making exertions which, in another cause would lead him to consider himself a martyr indeed. After the body is sufficiently trained, the Professor may forsooth, attempt to train the mind but alas! Latin

mathematics and sciences are trash, compared with the high jump, foot ball and bicycle. A soldier may receive honorable wounds on the field of battle, but what are these compared with the scars and bruises obtained in the field of sports. The college athlete will gladly lay his body on the altar of sports and count life and limb as nothing if only the first fifteen of his beloved College is victorious. The sound of the College yell and lusty cheers is far sweeter in his ears than *ad gradum Baccalaureum in Artibus*.

—O— AS YOU LIKE IT.

Two drooping eyes,
Two pouting lips,
Two angry teeth;
Bite finger tips,
Two ruddy cheeks
Flush more and more,
Two dainty feet,
Chastise the floor.
The maid is mad.

Two merry eyes,
Two laughing lips;
Two rows of pearls
Touch finger tips,
Two cheeks aglow,
With love glances;
Two fairy feet
Trip o'er the floor.
The maid is glad.—Ex.

Acta Victoriana for April is a splendid issue. Besides articles on "Rudyard Kipling" and "Geological Field Work," they have devoted considerable space to Mr. Frank L. Pollock, of Gorrie, one of our rising young Canadian poets.

The Institute of Strathroy, is one of our model exchanges, and has evidently come to stay. Speaking of the "Decline of War" in the last issue, they use the following words of our dead Laureate, and we echo their fervent hope that we shall soon see that day when:—

"Every tiger madness muzzled,
Every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden,
Every blazing desert tilled.

Robed in universal harvest
Up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing
All her war-less isles.

Till the war drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were fur!
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.

Then the common sense of mos
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the universe shall slumber,
Lapped in universal law.

World that hopes for that day would brighten just now.

At a lecture recently delivered in a New England town, admission was by the following tickets:

LECTURE ON FOOLS. :
ADMIT ONE. :
—Ex.

Cornell has abolished the degrees of Ph.B., B.S. and B.L., and has coalesced the four general courses into one, leading to the degree of A.B. All work in that course is to be made elective during the entire four years.

The Cadet, of Nashville, Tenn., Military Institute, is another of our young exchanges, and it, too, is strictly up-to-date; the more especially so when we learn that their editor-in-chief is but fifteen years old. Their last number is devoted to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and some very fine cuts are given.

There's meter spondaic, dactylic,
There's meter for style and for tone
But the meter that's far more idyllic,
Is to meter by moonlight alone.—Ex.