

Rugby match with the Guelph team, on October 19th. The score was low but the game was good, although both sides showed a direful lack of intimacy with the rules of the game.

As soon as the ball was kicked off the city people seemed seized with the idea of clinching matters at once, and made a desperate rush for the O. A. C. goal line. Squirrel, playing at full back, cleared it neatly and the play now became general, neat tackling and accurate passes being very much in evidence.

As for advantage the city team decidedly had it during the first half, and several times had our goal line in great danger.

Woodcock, centre half for the city, made some very nice runs but was generally collared by Hutchinson before he could do any damage.

Shortly before half time Woodcock, securing the ball from the verimage, made a good rush and nearly gained the line, but being tackled passed to Johnson who scored a touch-down for them; but on account of the ball not being taken out properly, they were not allowed a kick at goal and so only scored four points.

Soon after this half time was called and the score stood 4 to 0 in the city's favor.

When play was resumed the O. A. C. had the kick off, and if Guelph had the advantage in the first half the O. A. C. decidedly had it in the second and kept the ball well onto Guelph territory for the rest of the game.

Ten minutes after half time the ball being rushed over the Guelph line was a touch-down by Sailer, but in a moment of weakness Squirrel failed to convert it into a goal and thus only scored four points for the college. After some hard play the college scored one point by a ronge. The ball was then kicked off at the twenty five yard line, but nothing much was done till near the end of the game when the ball getting behind the line was held in goal, scoring two points to the O. A. C.

No more scoring was done on either side, and when time was called the game stood 7 to 4 in favor of the college.

The city have a much better team than they had when they played the College before, and this is probably due to the management of Mr. Guthrie, captain of the team.

One Song; and then far in the distance
The loudest notes only are heard.
One Song,— without further insistence,—
And I wake by the song of the bird.—*Er.*

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We are in receipt *primus numerus* for 1897-8, of the *College Chronicle*. It is as usual edited and printed in excellent style and presents an interesting and inviting appearance. We find among its introductory editorials the following well worthy of every student's deepest thought and earnest consideration:—"The adage, 'Character is what we are, reputation what others think of us,' is a truth as real as of old. In this age of superficiality and commercial rush, in order to keep up appearances and retain a reputation, the polite person will sacrifice everything, even the pearl of great price, character. Though nothing is of greater worth than a stable and upright character, yet its foundation is wrecked and shattered by duplicity and willful erring. Years of patient and watchful perseverance are consumed in the formation of a right character, but one moment of recklessness may suffice for its destruction. While no condition in life is more auspicious to the development of an honorable character than student life, there is no time when greater wisdom must be exercised in the selection of the material for its structure. Blocks of indolence and untidiness, chaff of superficiality, and of scepticism, *panis* mortar, and rafters of deceit should never enter its foundation. To be lasting, character must be built of material that has endured the penetrating rays of the searchlight of truth. If it is to make its possessor a factor in the sum of the world's benefactors, it must have for its cornerstone, the 'Rock of Ages.'"

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What is it that the world wishes to know about us when we leave college? Not so much what college we came from, as "what we are good for," and this question can only be answered by the life we have lived in college. As a rule, what a man is in college, that man will be in after life.—*Er.*

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Never drop your head upon your hand,
And wait the better times;
The self-same bell
That tolls a knell
Can ring out many chimes.
And we have still the elements
That make up fame of old:
The wealth to prize
Within us lies,
And not in senseless gold.
Yes; there exists a certain place,
If you will but observe it,
That opens success to every man:
The secret is—Deserve it.—*Er.*

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Among Our Exchanges

His gray dawn peeps in at the window,
And the little, shrill cadence rings near:
But hark! 'tis the note *His* can,
That ne'er in the glen has a peer.
Full, rich, clear, and ringing, 'tis swelling
With power through the sharp morning air.
It comes with a thrill to my dwelling,
A spell that is solemn and rare.
Short twitterings end up the bell-note,
A marvellous phrasing is scanned,
More choice, than from minstrel flute flows,
Or *Ar.* in *Opera* played.

We have received but few exchanges this month, as was to be expected, we hope, however, to get many before our next issue. Our Exchange list is growing and we would welcome any "bird" named with pleasure as we are conscious of the great benefits to be derived from such an interchange of thought. In the past we have ever been ready to receive all comment upon our issue with equanimity, knowing that, whether commendatory or otherwise, it was for our own good, and we trust our remarks were, and may continue to be received in the same spirit of friendliness. We therefore greet all our prospective exchanges and wish them successful and progressive, year, just as we hope for the same ourselves.—*Er.*