

and practices. We have consequently learned that either "The Apathetic Man," is speaking again, or that there is someone else in Halifax who has contracted the apparently "Chronic Dalhousian Indigestion."

After searching earth and sky for some object of criticism and imposition, or for a willing opponent, the Gazette eagle has chosen to swoop down upon Wolfville. For the sake of our readers, we quote what appeared in the Exchange Column of the Gazette on December 3rd. "We beg to congratulate A. W. Rogers, J. S. Millett and S. W. Stackhouse for publishing a magazine called the Acadia ATHENÆUM." The criticism is anonymous, but, in accordance with the laws of journalism, we hold the Editor-in-Chief responsible. Whoever the actual writer may be, we know not, but we shall release the trigger with the hope that the bullet will strike the proper Bull's Eye.

In the first place, the congratulation is repudiated, because it is an absolute lie. We should be a great deal more truthful in congratulating "The Apathetic Man," the College Exchanges and the Halifax advertisers, for making a so-called literary magazine, called "The Dalhousie Gazette," possible of publication. In the second place, the anonymous writer is a baseless coward.

With reference to war poetry that has appeared in the different Exchanges, the anonymous writer says, "The most limpid of these inky darts is not 'Pan-Germanism' in the November number of the Acadia ATHENÆUM." The inconsistency and short-sightedness of the anonymous critic are plainly seen when he first congratulates A. W. Rogers and then condemns his poem. It is rather serious for any paper that is itself incapable of publishing even one line of original poetry or a piece of prose worthy of a common Freshman essay, to sit in judgment against the Acadia ATHENÆUM. Without upholding the literary merits or demerits of the particular poem "Pan-Germanism," and taking for granted that the anonymous writer understands the dictionary meaning of "limpid," we challenge him to produce in the succeeding numbers of the "Gazette" poetry that can follow, even afar off, the average poetic productions of the ATHENÆUM. Come, you anonymous, half-witted, Sophomorish, aristocratic, Prussian pated, Kaiseristic Gazeteer, come out of your hole, be a man, sign your name, and exercise at least some measure of fairness and common sense.