

The college of New York has a new course of study called the course of workshop practice, which has for its aim "to make the student acquainted with the tools used in working woods and metals, the properties of these materials, and the methods of forming and combining them for useful instruction."

### QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Vir, a man; gin, a trap,—virgin, a man trap.

At a game of base-ball a boy was struck on the back of the head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Oscar Wilde has received many thanks from Mary Anderson for writing a play for her. They reach him in this shape: "Declined with many thanks."

Said a boy to a larger one eating an apple: "Will ye gimme a bite?" "Naw"—discouragingly. "Will ye gimme the core?" "There ain't goin' to be no core"—annihilatingly.—*Hawkeye*.

The *Christian Advocate* is credited with the following emendation: "Longfellow said, 'In the world a man must be either an anvil or a hammer.' He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows."

"Trust men and they will be true to you," says Emerson. We showed this to a respectable grocer. He grew livid with rage, seized a club, and wanted to know where that Emerson fellow lived. There was mischief in that grocer's eye. We did not tell him.—*Clip*.

A Wellesley episodé of last winter has just leaked out. A party of Sophomores had just returned from an afternoon's skating on the lake, and rushed into the study of a favourite instructor with the greatest enthusiasm. "Oh, Miss —, we had a perfectly lovely time. The ice was as glare as glass, and we found some splendid buoys to sit on as we put on our skates. "Girls!" replied the shocked instructor. "Yes," and they were perfectly divine, and we sat on the buoys and—"Why, girls, I am shocked. Do you mean to say that you sat down on a boy to put on your skates?" "Why, yes, those great wooden posts that come up through the ice." "Girls, it is time to get ready for the bread making optional."—*Ex.*

### Locals.

Among the probabilities: Music in chapel.

The latest definition of a baby: An involuntary potentiality.

An excellent maxim for the faculty: "A teacher should not see everything."

Olney is resurrected and now confronts the Sophs, in all his various forms.

A junior reflecting on past shortcomings, was heard to soliloquise: *Decensus in averno facile est*.

A snow bank on the floor and the thermometer below zero were among the recent enjoyments of C. Hall.

No monitor could be more successful in preserving order in Chipman Hall than Dr. Olney's algebra and calculus.

It has been suggested that new chairs should be provided for some of our professors. The old ones are nearly worn out.

The only hour in which the atmosphere of the Reading Room is endurable is when there is nobody in it, viz., during morning prayers.

Our fair neighbors are favored by the fates. They have pleasant hills, sunny days and sweet hearts all within the walls of the seminary.

Junior class in Logic. Prof.: Mr. K. what example would you give of an concrete term." Mr. K. "Sweet face, sir." All the juniors look one way.

Professor in Literature. "Mr. C. how did Satan enter Paradise?" Mr. C. "Why, sir, he climbed 'over the garden wall.'" The class smiled audibly.

The faculty have decided that it is not necessary for the junior class to study English Literature. Attendance during class hour is all that is required!!

"As cold as Greenland," has no longer any force on the "Hill." It has been superseded by the more significant expression: "As cold as the reading room."

It was recently hinted in this column that Acadia had no nude. Any one sharply inspecting the personnel of the freshman class will discover that this was an error.