

## Locals.

"Our Church."

One unit off, gentlemen!

Acadia has no Dude (?)

The ancient classical authors read this term are *Juvenal*, *Herodatus*, *Euripides* and *Virgil*.

The students of the college were guests of the ladies of the Seminary on the evening of the 24th ult.

A heartless Senior thus describes the death of a fellow mortal,—“He kicked the ghost and gave up the bucket.”

The November gales proved disastrous to the Seniors, and now there is not a moustache to grace the class of '84.

The last Missionary Meeting, Nov. 21st, was more than usually interesting. Dr. Sawyer's address is worthy of special mention.

A Freshie who takes unkindly to the “New Departure” pitifully enquires,—“Why don't they substitute the Wig-wam language for Didactics?”

Class in Science, Sophomore reciting. Prof. :—“Mr. B. can you give an illustration of a vacuum?” Mr. B. confused raises his hand to his head. Inference.

Thanksgiving was observed as a holiday by the institutions on the Hill. On the following day the college consisted of the Faculty and a lady senior.

Prof. in Mathematics inquiringly :—“Mr. K. how do you know that those triangles are equal?” Mr. K. emphatically :—“Because they *are* equal you know.”

English Class :—Professor :—“What we want is common sense,” would you change that?

Freshie :—“What *you* want is common sense.”  
Consternation!

*On dit* :—That all the Juniors are engaged. This accounts for their “thoughtful and careworn appearance,” and not the June Essays as was suggested in our last.

During the late illness of Dr. DeBlois, the pulpit of the Baptist Church has been supplied principally by Dr. Sawyer, Prof. Keirstead and J. B. Locke of the Freshman Class.

The average age of the Seniors is 22 5-6 years; of the Juniors 22 $\frac{2}{3}$ ; of the Sophomroes 20; of the Freshmen 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The average of all the college students is 21 5-24, the maximum, 29 the minimum 16, the total 1103.

Class in Mathematics, Monday morning, Freshman reciting. Prof. solemnly; “Mr. M., do you understand that course of reasoning?” Mr. M., decidedly, “Well, I did when I worked it out last—t—t, I mean Professor, *Saturday* night.” Profound sensation.

The officers of the “Acadia Foot Ball Club” are as follows :—President, B. A. Lockhart; Vice President, I. S. Balcom; Secretary-Treasurer, S. W. Cummings; First Captain, F. R. Haley; Second Captain, E. A. McGee; Executive Committee, H. B. Ellis (Chairman), H. B. Smith, H. A. Lovitt.

The following test of a lady's affection was recently recommended to a Junior;—“Collect and concentrate her admiration; add a drop of interest by relating some pathetic event; if she resolves into tears you straightway know that she is not of the acid group, moreover that her specific gravity is great. Now gently drop your arm around her waist; if she flames up and burns with indignation it is immediately seen that she has been too much exodized; but if a precipitation around your neck occurs you know that she is a combinable element.

On a clear night, a few weeks ago, the Professor in Science, a Senior, a Junior, and two Freshmen betook themselves to the study of Astronomy. After spending some time in surveying the lunar planet and other heavenly bodies by the aid of the telescope, they returned from the Observatory to resume their sublunary studies. One of the students has since given utterance to his feelings in the following “*pathetick linz*” :—

“Ah yes! had I a pair of wings  
To go to yonder mune,  
I gess ide jest as soon sta thar,  
From now until nex June.”

The Junior retired to his lonely couch. He slept, but fantastic shapes disturbed his repose. Over his troubled soul the Junior Exhibition cast its baleful shadow. He thought of his half-finished essay and muttered incoherently. A picture of College Hall with its crowded audience and sea of up-turned faces flashed across his mind, and with a groan he bounded from his bed with great drops of perspiration on his brow. He seized a promiscuous mass of paper lying on his desk, and swore by the sacred bones of Demosthenes that there should be Junior Exhibitions no longer. In the morning a wondering class-mate discovered him sitting on the bed-post wildly grasping a dilapidated M. S. in his hand.

A MAN that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon other's evils.—*Clip*.

Personals and other matter crowded out.