

field for womanly activity. The subject is well and fairly dealt with. The conclusion is most sensible and just. "Our daughters must bring their womanhood and our sons their manhood to help the world, because there is a 'difference between them, and their work though parallel is not identical.' Many things the one can do that the other cannot possibly do; and, for the rest, the only question if right is,—which can do it better?"

The Varsity of Dec. 5th is quite guiltless of the charge of being prosy or uninteresting. The leading articles are "Poetry and Rhyme" and "A Chapter of Japanese History," both containing good thought fitly clothed. We notice with due appreciation some pleasing bits of poetry.

Locals.

It is not often that the local columns find it necessary to apologize or take back anything; but that statement in our last issue regarding the lack of ministerial propensities in the class of '97, seems to have been made through woful ignorance of actual facts; for it has since appeared that *one* of the local editors is in hopes that he will soon be rid of the duties and temptations of journalism, and with the knowledge of human nature, gained in that capacity, to be the more able to become "a fisher of men."

We hope, when Gorm gets married, he will extend that theory of his so as to include the sending of cake to his old fellow collegians.

Those "stove pipes" worn by our "semi-professors" are said to have cost one dollar each. We were not accorded the privilege of an examination of the goods, but from price we infer that they are made of cardboard with a liberal coating of "rising sun stove polish."

Acadia's quartette recently took the good people of Avonport by storm. In moving a vote of thanks a native referred to them as "that beautiful young quartette," with some more eulogies unsuited to these columns.

A few days ago the Freshmen got one of the local editors to perform on the horizontal bar. As a result of their giving insufficient instructions (purposely?), said editor came within two decimal points of breaking his neck. And the Freshmen, didn't they giggle!

That Freshman who gets words twisted thus,—“For I'm to be King o' the May mother, I'm to be King o' the May” will probably parodize thuswise later,—“For I'm to be plucked in May mother, I'm to be plucked in May.”

It seems strange that the young ladies accept the invitations for open Athenæum when many of them are invariably allowed to go home alone. It is certainly a disgraceful state of affairs, and if no better plan can be found, we suggest that the seniors in their magnanimity of soul make it their special duty to do what the other boys fail to do.

LOST.—Between Avonport and Wolfville, seventy-five cents. If a certain person, going to or from his charge at the former place, should