

REV. JOSEPH MURRAY, '65, has been for several years pastor of the Baptist Church at Falmouth. The Jubilee Services of this church were recently held, and gave evidences of the esteem in which its pastor is held.

REV. HOWARD BARSS, B. A., '75, who for two years past has been laboring as a missionary in India under the Baptist Foreign Missionary Board, has been compelled to return, we are sorry to learn, on account of the illness of his wife.

A. E. SHAW, '88, is practising law at Windsor, and is making a success of it. He has, during the summer, taken a partner who will do him good and only good. The ATHENÆUM congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and wishes them many years of happiness.

REV. M. C. HIGGINS, B. A., '89, has received a unanimous call from the Baptist congregation of North River, Kingston and Long Creek, P. E. Island, to become their pastor. Mr. Higgins was previously engaged in ministerial work in Michigan.

PROFESSOR J. E. WELLS, '60, after editing the *Educational Journal*, of Toronto, in a very satisfactory manner for the last five years, has now become proprietor of the paper. Mr. Wells will still be editor of the *Journal*. Under his management we are assured that the paper will continue to be one of the best educational periodicals in Canada.

Collis Campusque.

A SENIOR asks, "Where is the *Moncton Times* edited? In Sackville?"

THE bellicose Freshmen who slept with a revolver under their pillow had better look-out for a *second* trial.

CHARLIE could not afford to buy a ticket for his best girl, but was not a morsel backward in offering to see her home after the lecture.

FRESHMAN to Soph.: "By George, that beer has gone to my head."

SOPH.: "I don't see that there is any other vacancy to which it could go."

THE word "moustache" is defined in the dictionary as, "long hair on the upper lip." Can that name then be applied to the tufts of hair dimly discerned above the corner of a certain Soph's. mouth?

At the last reception Captain Eddie engaged a mate for the homeward voyage. When the mate was ready to ship, he did not recognize her. It is needless to add that the captain did not set sail that night, but returned alone to his anchorage in Chipman Hall.

By their knocks ye shall know them. Chip. Haller plugging.

Timid rap on the door. "That's a Freshman,"—"BUSY!"

Two heavy fists strike the door. "That's a Soph."—"WHO'S THERE?"

A resounding kick. "That's a Junior."—"WHAT'S WANTED?"

Both feet through the panel. "That's a Senior."—"COME IN!"