

Collis Campusque

ONCE more the College is filled with Student life and good resolutions, while over the Campus hangs a new atmosphere of activity, which at intervals is punctured by the joyful howl of the Freshman, as he untangles himself after running against an ungentelemanly Sophomore in the scrimmage.

It is with regret we bid farewell to our departed brethren of '96, whose obituaries may be found in another part of this issue. Though gone, but one or two are likely soon to pass the intermediate state between college life and earthly bliss, and these will shortly join the angels said angels averaging one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. None of your abstract, ethereal beings but very tangible angels.

For a short season we will still have '97 with us. This class is chiefly noted for possessing among its numbers the foot-ball captain who is a very important factor at this season. He returned this year with a beautiful pair of long flowing whiskers, the envy and admiration of the Freshmen. But alas, they interfered with his movements on the foot-ball field to such an extent that they had to be sacrificed, and where once they were long flowing, now they are long fled.

The Junior class is very much to the front again, having returned to us bringing with them their old time odour of originality and new-mown hay. They have taken up their quarters in Chipman Hall where they pleasantly pass the time running things, incidentally dropping into the dining-room three times a day where they fluently cat pie with their knives.

There have been more or less additions to all the classes this year, but '99 has suffered most in this respect, still however, retaining their *hardy* nerve. The most of its new members are from the Island, or as one of them originally remarked the "Garden of the Gulf." We know not whether the Island is a "Garden," or a "Farm" or something else, but in this instance it has turned out something besides farm produce, it has sent to us Scientists, or rather Chemists. During the first lecture in Chemistry, their knowledge of the subject struck the Professor and their class mates with a dull heavy thud, one especially brilliant remark causing a deathlike silence to fall upon the room in large chunks, during which a member of the class innocently asked, "How many professors of chemistry are there here anyway? This constant display of phenomenal wisdom has resulted in the class by a chemical process giving off these Garden chemists, and they have been raised to a higher plane, from which they occasionally condescend to step down and give the professor and their less learned classmates a few points on chemistry.

Lastly we pay our respects to the Freshmen who like Chip. Hall apple sauce, are always with us. It is with feelings of pleasure we give to them the glad hand of welcome. This year they are distinguished by two large round O O's, which correspond well with the expression of their faces as they look around in their innocent wonder and realize that for the first time they are out without the knowledge