

The last meeting took place Nov. 22nd. The programme was entirely of India, "The Social Life," "Women's Work," "General Summary of Work Done," and "The Present Need" were well discussed. The young ladies of the Seminary were not permitted to take charge of the music as in previous years, hence, that part of the work falls upon Mr. Shaw. Suffice it to say it is in good hands.

The officers of the missionary society for this term are as follows:—Pres., A. F. Newcomb; Vice-Pres., A. M. Wilson; Sec., Harry King; Treas., A. Murray. Ex. Com., A. A. Shaw, F. M. Shaw, Miss Freeze.

Locals.

Subject of contention in all Christendom—*Creed*.

"Gates Ajar," on Saturday.

Points of likeness between the Sophomore Class and Balaam. They both possess a *Don Qui*.

Fleshy father from dining room window, "Say, boys, I see the reflection of the moon."

Boys, looking toward his own physog: "So do we."

A small soph, known last year as "Sec.," has threatened the life of a six-foot class-mate for giving away his love affair. "Love is blind, and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselves commit."

The Soph. S. S. is no more. It has been replaced by the C. S. Fergus, Pres., with prospect of lady membership.

How thin it is! Yet think it is young?
'Tis merely three months since it saw the light,
And I have stroked it with a loving touch,
Put on elixirs, but 'tis all in vain.
Yea, I have aired it by a muddy bridge,
In all the fire of love's bright golden dream;
And now, when I behold the stunted spears
Pining for want of healthful company,
I seize my razor and condemn to death
The only symbol of the dawning man.

A young man of the Sophomore class lately employed a cook. But there being a certain *cold well* in the neighborhood, the cook was taken ill, and during one of our recent lectures was very low with loquacious fever.

Oh! he was a youth and it's Oh! I! O!
Had such a thirst for knowledge, you know,
That native rocks and ocean's roll
But fanned the flames of his reaching soul.

It's the very same youth, and it's Oh! I! O!
That blueberries picked two summers ago,
The wood he sawed and the woods he saw,
And teamed his ox with a "gee" and "haw."

It was whispered by the phonograph:
That "he never came back any more."
That one-cent stamps are at a discount.
That the Sophs play—football.
That the Juniors have a quartette.
That conductor Joe has the *consumption*.
That one of the Soph. Eds wrote a local.
That Ave's kitten has no *feelin'* for mice.
That R—p was *stock-holder*.
That "the villain still pursued her."
That there is a football song around.
That the double quartette went to Kentville.
That they have found an excuse at last.
That many suffer for the evil-doings of one.
That the new Sem. is a *stunner*.
That there was a "continual drip, drip," from the bar.
That the Soph. poet produces dulcet strains.
That J. H. is as usual.

We were pleased to see from the reports published of the trip of Acadia students that they so well enjoyed themselves while on board the S. S. *Arbutus*, in charge of our genial friend, Capt. A. G. Dixon. We can assure our student friends of Acadia that the pleasures of the trip were mutual, and have been often discussed by the Captain and crew with their friends since their return home. We are sure, that the students could not have selected a more competent and agreeable captain; and the captain thinks that his passengers were without exception, the best lot of fellows that were ever with him on an outing. There being nothing to mar the pleasant trip, it will live long in the memory of each participant as one of the pleasant episodes of by-gone days.—*E.c.*

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