

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior class took place on the evening of December 17th. It is the first opportunity the public have of judging the literary and oratorical ability of the class, and is, consequently, regarded by the young men themselves as an epoch in their college course as well as watched with interest by their friends. The justice, however, of making it a test of the student's ability may be questioned; for it frequently happens that those standing highest in their class are thrown into the shade on such occasions by those whom nature has favored with faculties which, though helpful in enabling one to face an audience, are not specially indicative of close thinking.

The night was fine—just cold enough to give spirit to the speakers and hearers, without being too cold to prevent any from attending. The Hall was well filled before eight o'clock, but the exercises were delayed a little in the hope that the printer would forward the programmes on the evening train. They failed to come, however, and the class were not in the best humour in consequence. The order was good, except in the case of a few restless spirits whom the ushers were unwise enough to seat in the gallery. It would be well if those who have gained a reputation for this kind of meanness were assigned a place immediately under the chairman's eye, or, better yet, not permitted to attend.

The subjects were well chosen and dealt with in a very creditable manner. The delivery of the speakers was better than would naturally be expected, considering the lack of experience on the part of many of them. The class have reason to be proud of the very high compliment paid them by Dr. Sawyer. The music was rendered with marked ability, but a mistake was made in the length of the first piece. With such a long programme in which music is not the chief feature, short selections are always best. After the customary presentation of the thanks of the class to the audience and choir, the interesting exercises closed with the national anthem.

The following is the programme:

PRAYER.

ORATIONS.

- "*Hero Worship*."—I. W. Porter, Deerfield, Yarmouth Co., N. S.
 "*The Great Pyramid*."—T. S. K. Freeman, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.
 "*John Bunyan as an Allegorist*."—C. W. Corry, Havelock, N. B.

MUSIC.

- "*David Livingstone*."—William E. Boggs, Wolfville, N. S.
 "*The Learning of the Arabians*."—J. A. Sharpe, Carleton, N. B.
 "*The Waldenses*."—S. K. Smith, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.
 "*The Effects of Conquest on the Life of a Nation*."—Henry Vaughan, St. Martin's, N. B.
 "*Political Morality*."—Oliver S. Miller, Clarence West, N. S.

MUSIC.

- "*Kepler, the Great Astronomer*."—E. Lewis Gates, Melvern Square, N. S.
 "*The Geological Development of the Earth, fitting it for the Abode of Man*."—C. H. Miller, Clarence West, N. S.
 "*Sir William Logan*."—Jesse T. Prescott, Sussex, N. B.
 "*England under Cromwell*."—George E. Whitman, New Albany, N. S.

MUSIC.

- "*The Effect of the Stage upon the Nation's Morals*."—George R. White, St. Martin's, N. B.
 "*The Function of the Ecceyde*."—E. R. Morse, Paradise, N. S.
 "*The Struggle for Life*."—T. H. Porter, Fredericton, N. B.
 "*Music as a Means of Culture*."—Robie W. Ford, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

LOCALS.

CHRISTMAS!

Kn gloves!!

Two in advance!!!

"On my arm"!!!!

SEVERAL articles crowded out.

THE "*gods of war*" have lately been let slip and Juniors and Sophs have been doing their swearing by Jupiter and Mars. Quite a number of slight scrimmages have occurred, but no pitched battle as yet, and rumors of an armistice are now afloat.

"*He though dead yet lives*." A Junior describing one of the mental paroxysms into which his essay threw him, declared that the above sentence rang through his head until he had to write it down in order to free his mind, and then as soon as he got it scratched out he felt every *whit* eased.

THEY stood in reverent mood and gazed upon the chiselled face of the mighty boulder bearing the inscriptions of students of another day, when one deeply moved was heard to murmur, "Well I think I'll borrow a knife and carve out my name too."

THE pertinacity with which a Junior contends for his point is well illustrated by the following item from an astronomical discussion:—

Junior (stating his hypothesis). "If you should *slew* the world around so that the North point would be East.

Prof. (advisedly.) But you can't *slew* the world around, Mr. M.

SPEAKING of the time when classes should close, a promising youth who wished to be a *free man* for a while suggested:—"Well give us an exercise to-morrow and call it square." The astonished Prof. looked quizzically around as much as to say, "My dear fellow do you know who's the boss here."

The Senior sat on his lowly *hutch*,
 His feet raised high in air.
 To localizing Eds. and such
 He breathed a fierce "who'd dare."

The fellow who slings the Local ink
 Sat by with open mouth.
 He clapped this down—the little slink—
 Then started for the South.