

Soliloquy of a hungry senior :

To eat or not to eat, that's the question:—  
Whether 'tis better in the stomach to suffer  
The pangs and gnawings of outrageous hunger;  
Or to feed upon apples in spite of troubles,  
And by eating end them?

Class in Latin; Prof. explaining the difference in meaning between *amo* and *deligo*. Mr. M. seeking for mere light, "Professor, you say *amo* is to love; now what is love?" Prof.: "Ask your heart, sir." Mr. M. covered with confusion, does not pursue the inquiry further.

Diminutive Soph coming into classics late. Prof.: "You had some difficulty in finding the class-room, I suppose." Dim. Soph.: "Oh, no sir." Prof.: "Your manner would indicate that you were lost, and had accidentally opened the right door." D. S. humbled, disappears behind a class-mate.

Enquiring soph. to professor in chemistry: "Professor, why is it that a man's health is impaired while working among acids, when a woman can do the same work with impunity?" Prof.: "I don't know, unless the inherent sweetness of woman neutralizes the acid." Visible agitation among the ladies.

A freshie went home during holidays filled with the doctrine of evolution. In a conversation with *paterfamilias*, he took occasion to air his pet theory, cautiously hinting that he believed all men sprang from apes. An evil light gleamed in the old man's eye, as he exclaimed, "That may have been the case with you, but not with me."

Scene on the upper flat. Scientific soph trying to generate hydrogen—several ministerial sophs in the distance. Experiment progresses. Sc. soph triumphantly applies the match, but suddenly the scene is changed, and the soph discovers himself standing on his ear in the corner of the room, with fragments of ministerial sophs seeking shelter in impossible places, from the confused storm of broken glass and escaped hydrogen. Sc. soph completed the performance by invoking certain heathen deities and retiring from the scene with a burnt expression on his countenance.

The recent "strike" in the boarding department of Chipman Hall was not without its ludicrous side. Many of the boys then took their first lessons as *caterers*, with doubtful results. It would require a Mark Twain to describe the many amusing scenes of that memorable week. The following, however may be noted. (a) A freshie in *dishabille* struggling in vain to keep his boiling porridge in subjection, and then diving into his garments to conceal his emotions; (b) a junior cheerfully eating crackers at one end of a table and a mouse disappearing with his only fragment of cheese, at the other; (c) a senior solemnly roasting apples over his stove, and at the same time

trying to grapple with the abstruse reasonings of Kant; (d) a ministerial conference on the roof of C. Hall at midnight, after the adjournment of which the steward's flue was found in a state of total depravity; (e) two juniors smoked out of their rooms and wandering about like unquiet spirits seeking whom they might devour; (f) certain students favored(?) with a private consultation with the President, &c., &c., *ad infinitum*.

The executive committee of Chipman Hall are to be congratulated on securing the services of so competent and popular a matron as Mrs. Balcom. She has already won the favor and esteem of the students, by her kind and obliging manners, and her readiness to attend to their comfort in sickness as well as in health. The students are not slow to observe and appreciate these acts of kindness, and consequently each one strives to deport himself with becoming propriety, not only in the dining hall, but in the building generally. On Monday afternoon all the students, boarding in Chipman Hall, met in the chapel and passed unanimous resolutions, in which they agreed to co-operate with the executive committee in all efforts that had in view any improvement in the management and comfort of the boarding house. When students and managers act in consort, and especially when those who have charge of the boarding department are wise enough not to overlook the "little acts of kindness," which win favor where indifference or thoughtlessness will fail, there will be little danger but matters will run smoothly. At the present time the corridors of the boarding house are comfortably heated and lighted up at night, springs are put on the outside doors, and the whole building has a more comfortable and homelike appearance than for many a day before. Verily the "strike" was not in vain.

## PERSONALS.

C. O. Tupper, '83, recently paid a visit to his friends in Wolfville. Mr. Tupper had just returned from Philadelphia where he was pursuing his medical studies.

C. E. Whidden, who was a freshman with the present seniors, was in Wolfville a few days ago. He is a partner in the well known firm of Whidden & Sons, Antigonish.

C. D. Rand, '79, is a prosperous Real Estate Broker, Notary Public, etc., in New Westminster, B. C. His brother, E. E. Rand, who spent the matriculating year with the present seniors, is a partner in the same business.

J. B. Bogart, M. D., a graduate of the New York University, and at present practising in St. Peter's hospital, has been appointed house surgeon at the hospital in New Haven, Conn. Dr. Bogart is a native of Lower Granville. —*Halifax Herald*.

Dr. Bogart spent the matriculating year in the Academy, and freshman year in College with the class of '82.

Benjamin Rand, '75, has translated *The Centennial of the Critique of Pure Reason*, by Kunt Fisher, for a late number of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Mr. Rand, who has been studying at Heidelberg, is at present prostrated with an attack of sickness, of such a severe nature that his father took passage by the last English steamer from Halifax, en route to see his son.