

Things about Home.

Who stole that bucket?

"PUPP" is the latest endearing epithet for room-mate.

THE College Calendar for 76-77 is out. Now fetch along your 7 cents.

THE 22nd ult. was day of prayer for Colleges, and we rejoiced in the blessing of a holiday, as well as a holyday.

SOPH, (reading over Whately's mnemonic lines) "Barbara, eclarent, Darii, etc."

FRESNIE (coming in) "If I had my French dictionary I think I could translate that."

A PREP, reading in Cæsar translates "*Quum per eorum fines triduum iter fecisset*, thus: "When he had made a journey through the territory of these Tridui."

SOPH, to professor who has asked him a question in Greek Grammar, "Hold on a minute; Professor, and I'll find it for you."

THE College Singing Class is continually winning popularity. The other night while the President's Hall was ringing with sweet sounds, a knot of the fairer sex gathered between the Sem. and the College. 'Twas moonlight, and as the golden light shimmered through their tresses, and the music rolled out on the clear frosty air, they were deeply moved—to laughter.

THAT Sem—the one that rejoices in a gorgeous blue cloud, who went down to the 7 A.M. train the other morning to see the Shubenacadie Prep. off, evidently feels with the poet, that

"On some fond breast the Parting Prep, relies,"
and acts up to her sentiments.

ONE Saturday morning last month we were a little startled by the windows of our studies being suddenly darkened by a dense cloud of smoke, which cut off all view of the outer world. For a few minutes the stairs were busy. One chap laid hold on his ulster and a fur cap, vowing he'd save something; another escaped in his shirt sleeves, saving only a Greek Composition. And when we stood in the wind and rain in front of the College and saw a cloud of smoke issuing from a chimney, we shivered and looked thoughtful, and slowly returned up stairs.

THAT Reception came off, and made several dozen hearts happy. The Preps enjoyed the same privilege a fortnight later. This is a decided improvement on last year. We believe that these joyous reunions are to occur once a fortnight in the future. There was a student here not long ago who used to say that if he could only teach us to smoke he would consider that his four years at Acadia had not been spent in vain. Now, if our plea for more Receptions has had the smallest effect in producing the present happy state of affairs, we can feel that we will leave the world the better for our having lived in it.

THAT Soph, who described the involuntary pirouette and semi-sault in front of the Sem. the other day on the way to dinner, says that the chorus of "He! He!"s which tinkled on his ear as he got up off the ice and shook himself was cheering and energizing in the extreme. He always did, and still does believe in woman's sympathy for the fallen, but thinks that they have cheerful and novel ways of showing it.

THE flying trapeze has gone up, but the foundation of a new gymnasium has been laid. A 3rd flat laid it, and a pretty solid foundation it is—wooden dumb-bells and Indian war-clubs of the largest description; and now when the old building begins to shake gently of an evening, the eastenders feel no alarm, they know it is "only Hanc wrestling, with those dumb-bells."

"WELL, if here isn't Ike's name in the Cullender!" remarked Mrs. Partington to a sympathizing friend who had brought in her knitting to sit and talk about the measles and the sewing circle. "Don't you think now, Ike says he's just got through the eclipse and parable, and is going into infant decimals. You'd ought to hear him when he comes home Friday nights talking about conjugal axes, and, complimentary angels and colic sections: it's as good as a book." And the two good old souls looked wise and adjusted their knitting needles.

WHEN, a few days ago, our Math. Professor, whom we had expected to be absent, took the chair as usual, and somebody suggested that we were agreeably disappointed, it would have taken all the gladness out of life to see the ghastly apology for a smile that crept around the benches.

THE state of the seats in the chapel on Sunday mornings has long weighed heavily on our minds. On Saturday afternoon the hall is swept, and the accumulated dust of a week, except the little that finds its way through the door, falls silently upon