

O. H. Cogswell, B.A., '88, teaches the young idea of Digby, N.S., how to shoot.

Harry Vaughan, B.A., '87, and Samuel K. Smith, B.A., '87, are engaged in the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y.

V. F. Marsters, B.A., '86, who entered Cornell University in '87, has been appointed assistant Professor in Geology. He has charge of the Paleontological Laboratory, and continues an advanced course of scientific studies.

Earnest M. Freeman, B.A., '87, has embarked in the teaching profession, and has charge of the High School, Lompoc, Cal.

Walter B. Wallace, B.A., '88, we are pleased to learn, has so far recovered from his illness as to be able again to wield the ferule at Brooklyn, Hants Co., N.S.

Rev. G. E. Good, M.A., '78, has become pastor of the Baptist Church, Lompoc, Cal.

Rev. W. H. Robinson, M.A., '81, is about to return from Riverside, Cal., to his native province.

Rev. B. H. Simpson, M.A., '88, preaches at Beaver River, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

W. B. Hutchinson, B.A., '86, on Jan. 26th, was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in the historic city of Quebec.

M. R. Tuttle, B.A., '78, teaches English in the Government School, Chin Gakho, Matsumoto, Nagano Ken, Japan.

Locals.

Sleighting?

He's thrivin.

Archie's got the measles.

Note the change in walking hours.

"Pretty miserable, I can tell you."

O gentle sleep! Hand me the reins.

"My grandfather had a step-wife."

When the mercury rises to 112°, F, should the patient die, or should the thermometer be adjusted?

Young mathematics.—"Throw Physics to the dogs, I'll none of it."

When called upon for a recitation in Greek, be careful that you do not commence *one hundred lines* in advance of the part pronounced. *Ills* like these are not the common lot of Freshmen, however.

The Senior who does not know that the New Testament is published in French, is respectfully recommended to the tender mercies of Acadia Missionary Society.

Prof.—"What did you get for that question, Mr. S?"

Mr. S.—"I got astray, Sir."

A Soph who heard his class-mates talk of investing in *Prometheus Bound*, was heard thus to remark,—"Well, as I am running on economical principles this year, I guess I'll get my *text unbound*, at all events."

The wounded *hero* stood erect
Inside the garden gate;
'Twas late, but he was not alone,
No, that was not his fate.

He prattled earnestly and long,
No *lillie* was in bloom;
Beside him grew another flower,
Grew tired of her doom.

The *pater* saw the shadows fall
Across the window-pane;
"Pshaw," said he, "I'll step outside,
And gently draw the rein."

The opening door, the tender (?) words,
And light across the face,
Said to him, "go," and so he went
At a two-forty pace.

Le petit chapeau yet is worn,
Le jardinier, with craft,
Still swears that he will have revenge
On him who hurled the *shaft*.

Prof.—"The acoustic properties of some buildings are such that, when filled with people, sound is transmitted more distinctly."

Mr. D.—"Do you mean to say that people reflect sound, Professor?"

Prof.—"Well, *soft substances* do not usually possess that quality."

Few Students can plead guilty of the charge of early rising. When the bill of fare is fixed upon the memory, and the time table too well known, there are few incentives to change the comfortable couch for the routine of daily toil; but when the prospect of accompanying some one to the "Hill" dawns upon the mind, in an instant we are more than wide awake, and are frank to confess that we are prompted by those *tinglings* which psychologists fail to analyze or metaphysicians to define. As we sit by the window, awaiting the 8.40 bell to break the stillness of the morning; while the music of "*Douglas, Douglas, tender and true*" finds vent from the parted lips, even then let us remember that *adolecentium reverendum esse deest*.

A Soph who recently invested in a second-hand edition of the *Novum Testamentum Græcuna*, hands us the following notice:

"FOUND."

"Between Mark and Timothy, of the Greek Testament which I have just purchased, one Langtry hair-pin, one *lognet* of flowers; also, one *lock hair*."

If it were not for the unimpeachable veracity of this honest Soph, we should certainly think there was some mistake. As