

Locals.

Eli Perkins.

St. Valentine.

'Only a little dot'.

'OBSERVER' next issue.

A Senior's favorite month?—May.

Boys look out for those *drum sticks*!

There are fifty students boarding in Chipman Hall.

Ad infinitum, to the end of time, is a Junior's expression for indefinite extension.

A movement is on foot to have monthly receptions for college students. Good!

'Going to reception to-night?' asked a Junior of his classmate. 'By no means' was the reply. 'I prefer taking my *two hours walk* this afternoon in the open air.'

A *theological fledgling* on being asked the text of a certain discourse innocently replied:—'Broad is the road that leads to death and thousands walk together there.'

'Will you be seated?' murmured a gallant Soph to his companion at the late reception. 'Thanks,' sighed ye peaceful Sem. and sweetly together they sat and devotedly *continued to sit*.

As the staple articles of diet are uncommonly cheap many of the students are perplexed as to the cause of the advance in the price of board. The only solution of the problem yet arrived at is the discovery of the Hot Water Dispepsia Cure.

'When I get to be a Senior I'll use my *influence* to have *The Athenæum* discontinued,' was the muttered remark of a spiteful Freshie the other day. A Soph standing near hinted that if *The Athenæum* would never die till then it would continue forever.

The attendance at the Seminary has recently been increased by one. Considerable anxiety prevails to know the sex. Curiosity, however may be gratified by a personal interview, *any day in the week*, as he—she—it stands in front of the building and is made of *snow*.

At the January meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society the following officers were appointed:—President, J. A. Ford; Vice President, F. H. Beals; Secretary, J. W. Brown; Treasurer, L. Gates; Executive Committee, J. W. Tingley, G. R. White, Miss Hattie Wallace. The sum of *thirty five* dollars was raised by the society in response to a call from the F. M. Board.

The Senior Class and the members of the Foot-ball Club were treated to a sumptuous supper in the dining hall a few evenings ago by their generous and popular fellow student, Mr. S. W. Cummings. After doing ample justice to all the good things provided, the boys retired to No. 6, where the 'golden hours' were delightfully spent in a 'feast of reason and flow of soul.'

They were Juniors. They sat in church the other morning, one with his face turned toward the sacred desk intently gazing on the pages of a bible which he held in his hand, the other where he could at a more favorable angle view the seats occupied by the fair sex. Reverently (?) No. 1 writes on the fly-leaf of the bible: 'Is Miss P. here?' 'No!' falters No. 2. 'Is Miss C. here?' 'No!' Further interrogations were cut short by the tones of the preacher, but they will doubtless be continued during many a long *walk*.