

ion of Assistant Director of the N. S. school of Horticulture.

Dr. Young, at one time an Acadia student, and now U. S. consul at Windsor N. S. occasionally visits his friends at Wolfville.

### College Mirror.

Here your failings you should see  
Mirrored as through a glass darkly,  
Be not chagrined nor in a maze,—  
Just call to *mind* the new X rays.

—“He is well paid, who is well satisfied.” —G-r-m-y. or Shakes-peare?

— “When his head was off, he died immediately.”

— “If it doesn't do one thing, it will do another.”—Chem.

— “It's all made of shells entirely.”—Bi-Weekly.

— “My Sophomore Class !”

— “Arcturus is in—” ; “in the sky.”

— “*Le(a)ve* (he)r alone” G-r-ly.

— (In the church, 7.30 Sunday evening.) “Can't wait any longer; havn't had a smoke since tea.” So he went out, having got his tea abroad—and Georgie kept on smoking !

— Prof. of chem. “If you expectorate on the floor, you can't expect to rate as gentlemen”

— A semi-serious event in the history of one of the Academy students took place the other night after the reception, when, under the constraints of a supposed emergency, he managed to explain; “Oh, I'm not much scared of the dark, myself, only I'm afraid of being locked out.” Then he turned towards home with these words running through his mind, *one from three and how many are LEFT?*

— Enquiring D—son (during discussion of the way to tell the age by the teeth)—“Can you tell the age of a saw by its teeth?”

— “Prof. in Geology. “How would you define a *genus*?” “A man with long hair” said the man to whom the definition best applies.

— A *small* Chip. Haller, popularly known as Ape, is laying up wrath for himself against some future time, in the shape of kindling-wood. There's a key in the Hall that unlocks mysteries.

— A new name for XCVI—

— “I V. 110 backwards.”

— (Ladies' day in Gymnasium.) The President had witnessed an interesting game of basket-ball and the only objection to the exercise he seemed to entertain was the fear of cold being contracted on leaving the building. This apprehension was at once dispelled by the earnest protest of a Sophette: “Oh, we stand around the stove till we get cooled off.”