

Now, we charge you do not question what this dirge may hold concealed.

You will learn; though from the wise hid, to the babes 'twill be revealed."

Then follows the yell, which we cannot publish here owing to the delay in the arrival of a font of our Greek type.

It was his first week as Premier. He had been industriously underlining sentences in the Halifax Herald preparatory to drawing up a government platform and now leaning back in his chair, with the air of "Solomon (and indeed he was *David's son*), thus began to soliloquise: "Oh why did I reject the pleas of the *Church* (who clamored for *Justice*) and take aboard that *Jonah*, who is now disbelieved in by the American Abbot and I fear soon by our own *Bishop*. A lot falls upon him and I fear that all of us shall be *overboard* ere the storm of opposition is quelled, and I before I wish it may have an opportunity of inspecting the affairs in my own department of Marine Fisheries and he be transferred to the *Interior* (of the whale.) And then my whips tell me that they cannot prevail upon a Grit Freshman to take a portfolio. Would that a star might appear, though it be but a *shooting star* for this militia department." At this moment the Leader's cogitations were interrupted by the arrival of a carrier Pidgeon with a message from Sir Charles congratulating the new government and telling them if they were good boys they would some day be old enough to vote for him.

"Do you allow the use of "ponies" at Acadia," asked she, "O, yes," replied he, "Trotters."

We regret to hear that some of our boys lost heavily on the game of "Forty fives" (nothing less will pass you), played with the faculty at Exam. times. Those who were not successful at the game are very low spirited and have taken to drink, though only a *sup* at a time.

"Doctor," inquired the Soph. "Do you not think that the ancient poets were inspired." "Excuse me," replied the Prof. "but that leg is a little lame now." "Well," asked the Irresistible, "what do you think of *Bunyan*." "Again excuse me" replied the Doctor. I am not a chiropodist.

Prof. Spinney a man of *note* and of *sound* reputation, has organized a class in saw-filing which meets every Monday afternoon in the Chapel.

The Chip. Hall, Sophomores surprised the Seniors the other night and got a great rise out of them, so they thought. A noted celebrity was to be the guest of the evening and a vacant place at the Senior table and the bright faces and well combed hair of the other occupants of that table gave evidence of their expectancy. The Soph. besides their usual unkempt appearance had on a peculiar smile which was explained when Sam'l ushered in the guest from the place they had hidden him to a chair at the Sophomore table. But their joy was turned into mourning and the Senior's chagrin into delight when the guest in his speech remarked that he didn't know whether he was honored with a