

The merchants in town claim to be able to spot the freshmen on sight. Better brush your coats regularly Freshies.

Prof.—(expatiating on the value of scenery as an educative power) “We should be wonderfully helped by the surrounding scenery here at Acadia (Groans from a number of the class.) But then I suppose it is like casting pearls before swine.”

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—(Extract from a private letter,) “Yesterday I met A—— of the class of '94. I believe he is here to study medicine.. What a quiet young man he is! He scarcely spoke throughout the whole course of dinner, which was an unusually good one, and perhaps engaged all his faculties, and when he did reply to any question or venture a remark it was with the shyness of a girl, an old fashioned one of fifteen.”

At a recent reception, New Albany's representative displayed a marked familiarity with the Dr. By onlookers it was pronounced unparalleled verdancy even for a Freshman.

SENIOR, TO PROF. IN ENGLISH.—“Say professor, how do you scan line seventy-six of this scene?”

Prof.—I don't scan it. It is prose Mr. Mac.

A CERTAIN ranting Soph. has made himself notoriously obnoxious by his Indian War-whoops and bad behavior in and out of class.

Young man take warning and mend your ways. “A word to the wise is sufficient.”

The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone.
The constant gnaw of Towser masticates the toughest bone,
The constant heavy plugger, gets the knowledge but no larks,
The constant mean leg-puller is the man who gets the marks.

PROF.—“I am glad to be able to say that this class has from the first shown enthusiasm. Ah! That is the great thing. No student can be sure without enthusiasm, no man can be successful in life without it.”—And so on “ad infinitum.” Then silence, suddenly broken by the clatter of an animated clog dance in the next room.

Prof.—There you are! That's what I call enthusiasm. That fellow is evidently deeply interested.

DARKER and still darker it grows. The blackboard has long since faded out of sight. Matches are lighted to reveal the errors of the man at the board. But he is so deep in a multitude of mistakes that with his brawny hand he desperately extinguishes all such attempts at investigation. Plaintive cries of “I want to go home I'm scart” are heard from all parts of the room. A louder crash of thunder, and from one of the dark corners issues a long drawn cry, m-a-m-a.

Now the Prof. recognizes the fact that he has not the necessary requirements for teaching in the dark and proceeds to dismiss the class.

“Gentlemen, how much like gentlemen you would act if it were totally dark! you are dismissed.” Dark Wednesday, October 17th. '94.

A CERTAIN Junior has taken up his lodgings near the residence of one of the professors. The two houses resemble each other not a little, and so Mr. Junior considers that, under the plea of absent-mindedness, he is at liberty to enter the professor's and remove his coat and hat. As it was a very short time afterwards that a discomfited looking mortal issued from that house, we may reasonably suppose that the professor candidly informed him that until the governors saw fit to raise his salary he could not in justice to himself and family invite such a large man to stop to tea.

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