

The Varsity contains among others, a well written article "On University Examinations," which well repays the time spent in its reading.

Trinity University Review has several editorials, upon live subjects, which we recommend to every reader, especially the one upon "Professionalism in Football."



Echoes.

Once more at Acadia ! The same familiar spot ! And yet not just the same. An indescribable air of freshness lingers about her halls and corridors. Not that this has not been true of past years. By no means. Most of us remember the day when we landed at Wolfville with the burdocks in our hair. But this year is marked by a peculiar freshness of its own, such as has never been known in the history of the Institution. It is as though one were transported to the realms of hayseed and gum. We understand that the governors contemplate the insertion in one of the college windows of a green memorial glass in honor of the year.

The Doctor's remarks about bell-ringing seemed to gravitate toward the east side of the Chapel. It is hoped that they will have their due effect.

"That electricity is funny stuff, ain't it professor ?"

Freshman (explaining a curious specimen in Museum) : "This is one of the genus 'erysipelas anapaest,' found only in South Africa."

Prof. : "Mr.—, what does the poet mean by the word 'Satyrs' ?"

Mr. H—, : "I guess he means college professors, doesn't he ?"

Freshmen must not wear bouquets. So let the one seen *rollin* home from church with a peach-blossom on his coat-sleeve "mind out."

It has been decided by the Faculty to commence classes in "Domestic Economy" as soon as a competent instructor can be secured from Ireland. The ground floor of the Manual Training Hall, east end—will be used for a class-room. An automatic pancake-mixer has lately been put in, and is now on exhibition. There are indications that this class will be largely attended during the coming winter.

Prof. : "Now, Mr. R—, just rise and tell the class all you know. It wont take you long."

The ingenuity of the Freshies has been severely taxed during the past few weeks, in devising a class-yell. The war-whoop executed by them on Installation evening, possesses many valuable features, inasmuch as it is short and much energy would be preserved for meal-time if it were adopted ; and it is peculiarly suggestive of the advanced stage—in their own line—to which they have attained. The matter, however, was vigorously discussed at a recent class-meeting. Some members were strongly in favor of using the first verse of "Home, sweet Home" for a yell. Others of a more erratic nature, were desirous of adopting the deeply significant challenge, expressed in the song, "You can't play in our yard." At a late hour the debate was still in progress. Young Shortstop had the floor—he was holding it down with his