

Collis Campusque

HENCE! Home, you hungry Freshmen, get you home!
 You babes, you lambs, you worse than guileless things!
 Begone!

Run to your mamas, climb upon their knees.
 Fill with good grub your mouths, to stop the void,
 That needs must be the result of your long fasting here.

The above is the opening of the oration given by the head of the Freshman table to his comrades in misery on the eve of departure for vacation. The rest of the oration was unintelligible because of the punctuation, which consisted chiefly of full stops put in by sympathetic class-mates in the shape of potatoes, fish balls and such.

The Juniors held their Exhibition the night before breaking up and it is said to have been a success. There was a noticeable lack of (read)ing this year compared to last and no dialogues. The following report of the exercises has gone the rounds of the press:—

"The Rhetorical Exhibition of the Senior class at Acadia was held last week in College Hall. A large number of essays were read." Then follows a list of essays with the names of those who read them.

The Seniors have the sympathy of the other classes, and although the time in which to live the matter down is short, still they should not be discouraged for they may yet emerge from the cloud which this report has thrown around them.

A short time ago our benign postmaster was seen engaged in scattering ashes upon the slippery walk, probably those of former victims. He remarked in his pleasant way "Oh I am always kicking up a dust." Several students standing around, laughed at his wit and emphatically acquiesced. Shortly after sounds were heard issuing from the Post Office that would have done credit to a Propylæum debate. Several Sophomores who were passing, wondering who had the courage to ask for his mail, entered and found the autocrat of the office keeping up his reputation for "kicking up a dust" by dusting the hay-seed from the hair of a member of '99 from New Brunswick in a manner that made his head swim. After it was over, the Soph. was so dazed he didn't recognize himself, and in his g(rand)ly obliging manner the gentle representative of the Queen, wrote the following address upon the victim's back:—"Said to be hay but still very green. Please send it back to the farm." Then the poor Sophomore, who was unused to the little peculiarities of Nova Scotia post masters, was taken out by his sympathetic class mates, and after gurgling in the neck of a bottle once or twice he felt better, but the Tzar of the Office keeps on tzar-ing.

Every fine evening during the Autumn, two Sophomore theologians have been noticed to wend their way about nightfall, down to the marshes. There where the massive dykes say to the sea, "Thus far and no farther," there in the sunset when the purple tints of dying day