

## Personals.

Lewis J. Lovett, B. A., '88, is studying Medicine at the University of New York.

Carmel L. Davidson, B. A., '88, and James W. Armstrong, B. A., '88, are successful head masters in the High School, Brandon, Manitoba.

Henry T. Ross, L. L. B., B. A. '86, is practising law at Bridgewater, N. S.

Vernon F. Masters, B. A., '86, is assistant Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at Cornell University. He will probably complete his course at Cornell this year when it is rumoured, he will take a good position.

Foster F. Eaton, M. D., B. A., '86, has a prosperous practise at Upper Rose Bay, Lunenburg, N. S.

Jesse T. Prescott, B. A., '87, is at home in Sussex, N. B., married and happy; he will probably complete his medical course next year.

Frank H. Knapp, B. A., '87, is at present at his home Sackville, N. B., from Madison, Southern Dakota, where he has a good law practice.

Charles H. Miller, B. A., '87, is teaching school at Weymouth, N. S.

Le B. W. Jones, '91, is attending Bellevue Medical College.

O. S. Miller, B. A., '87, is taking the 2nd year at Dalhousie Law School.

C. W. Eaton, B. A., '88 is in business in New York.

Henry Vaughan, B. A., '87, is taking a medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

S. K. Smith, B. A., '87, graduates from P. and S. Medical College next June.

## "FLUB DUB" HEARD FROM; OR ECHOES FROM CHIPMAN HALL.

John the Wonderful—or the Mabou preacher.

Frisky Norman—or the Boy Fiddler.

Eely Ned, the Wiggler—or other name to be learned at Room 21.

Socratic James—or the Necromancer.

P. Naso, Virgilius—or the Mystery of the Saw Horse.

Old Flop—or the Spectre at Reception.

## Locals.

"How?"

"Excuse!"

"When was this?"

"Yes you did hey!"

Dox-ology—a discourse from the Doc.

One who is sometimes afflicted with lock(e)-jaw — the writer.

SELLING REGARDLESS OF COST.—When a paper worth a dollar a year is sold at 40 cents for three months.

It was whispered on Tuesday the 17th last, that the juniors were through their exams.

Mr. C—on his way home is accused by one of his companions of looking quite fresh. He considers that his accuser is a little sharp.

Some students wanted some fun. They had their fun, and the seminary some forged letters. And what is the result of this lovely little trick that might be classed among the *trigoncarpi tricuspidati*. Those to whom the letters were addressed, and those whose names were attached were placed in an unpleasant situation. The much-favored custom of taking sems. to the junior has been shut down on. And the incident shows that there are some fools around. Such is the result effected by the writers and the writing of these bogus invitations.

What is the matter with the sophomore racket? That is the question. Answer, articulate silence, what dost thou express! The sophs. felt it their duty to give precedence to the ladies! Quite right. And so the bugle's shrill note and the balls deep thud was heard in Amazonian territory. The sophic emblems have become Semitic and the noise manufactory is moved a telescope's distance across the way.

A PARADOX.—When it is a matter of compulsion in the choice of the optional course in science.

As the results of research variously directed, we have some new expressions for chestnuts. One found that prickly pear was synonymous. Others found that quoits expressed the idea very well. Some juniors were engaged speculating upon this, when the page of geology opened to them and disclosed a picture of a fossil nut, carrying a name too heavy for it to bear. We have it cried they, *Trigonocarpus Tricuspidatus*. Ye shades of departed heterocerals, of dipteris macrolepidotus and of holoptychins you are to lose one of your late companions. Old *cephalaspis*, man of brass, why did you and why do still drag from his grave of the past, old chestnut?