

Juvenal's satire, yet there is need of a satirist in everyday life, who will make judicious use of his weapons, and, truly, when we look about us we must say with the inimitable Roman, "*difficile est scurrum non scribe*," at least if an abundance of subjects makes the task easy. The man whose extensor muscles are the most thoroughly developed portions of his anatomy and "the hypocrite who cheats with professions he does not put into practice, and who brings discredit upon virtue and honor and piety are fit subjects for ridicule and when the wit turns the calcium light of criticism upon them making the multitude laugh at them, he renders a good service to society."

In conclusion, the writer says:— "The self-complacent smile of the egotist, the lordly manner in which he strides the street, the stony stare he bestows on those in the humbler spheres of life show him to be heartless and offensive in the highest degree, such a man will listen to reason; he has no taste for moral nor for intellectual philosophy. He can be reached only by the arrow of wit and ridicule, and the shaft must be sharp and from a bow pulled by strong arms to pierce his article, for it is thick as the shield of Achilles."

The Dalhousie Gazette contains Professor Murray's inaugural address on "The Use of the Classics." We advise all who have not already read it to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The Varsity makes a fine appearance, and is a good exponent of college life.

Locals.

"Sweet dreams ladies."

"Can't wait long for a cent, gentlemen."

We are waiting patiently for the announcement that '98's yell is out.

LOST.—A horn, last heard of issuing its edicts from the College Library on Saturday evening, Oct. 13th.

Some of the freshmen are keeping bachelor's hall on the co-operative plan. Already some of them have been caught begging. Watch 'em *T'oyser*.

There is considerable discussion just now whether or no instruction in elocution is *extr.* We prefer to wait a while before expressing an opinion.

The Chip-hallers all thought Pride had returned, but on investigation, it proved to be a horse-fiddle on the top flat.

LOST.—The library hours. Anyone finding the same will please hunt up *the* (or *an*) assistant librarian and apply for a reward.

Those Freshmen who take the liberty of rushing into the ladies' waiting-room without knocking, will avoid serious hydrostatic complications by henceforth respecting the sacredness of the above named institution.

Requirements for entering a co-operative boarding society.—A bushel of potatoes and half a pie, home manufacture preferred.

Prof.—"In translating such lines as those one might use various methods."

Prof.—(as a series of unearthly noises come from the lower hall) "Why some one must have let those Freshmen out again!"

That irrepressible Soph.—"Professor, would you call a tonguey man, linguistic?" Prof.—"Perhaps so, in some cases I think offensively linguistic."

Scene.—Thirty-one young ladies outside the college door 10.00 p. m. "Oh girls, have we got to go home alone? I wish the Doctor had told the boys they could come."

Some startling improvements may be looked for in one of the occupants of Room No. 6, if the reading room hog does not swine the religious papers that he bought at the auction.