

HE.—"You know I am coaching the boys for their 'Mock Trial'!"

SHE.—"Yes, and I think they might be *coached* with advantage in several directions."

Even so, fair sage, still in thy full completeness be charitable.

LAWN-TENNIS is again to the fore, and this time the courts are two. What once tried to be a link, (open-air) now measured and scored, yields to the play of racket and ball. Though a step in the right direction, we hope the *after-ten* base-ball will not be forgotten.

THE 'Seniors' of '89 have at length 'letted' rooms in the old Hall. May they live to occupy (!) their choices, for the future is, at times, so uncertain. On a Friday all seems brightness, but the morrow brings the shadow. However, 'tis the storm that clears the air.

At least some of the Academy Students appreciated their late reception. It is understood some 14 invitations for the next five years or during the course of their natural lives, (barring accidents) have been extended, to begin June 7th. The Academy boys seem to have had experience in some quarter before coming here.

A young gentleman, the other day, was making enquiries in reference to tickets for the June concert. Though we have seen some very bad cases, never before do we remember such emphasized "thought for the morrow." Such timely action either indicates a remarkable degree of prudence, or else it must be a case where the "early bird captures the jewel."

"GILLIE" and "Sam" are departed, and divers others reign in their stead. No more there beams the genial face above the laden coal-box or shake the stairs beneath the heavy tread. That "whistle" by which the busy broom kept time is still, (the present "broomstress" does not whistle) not once is heard the yell for "Keys." They have gone and in truth we miss them.

Oh May! sweet May of '88!
Watch o'er Acadia's precious "freight,"
Remember what past "Springs" have been,—
The "struggle" short, the "falling in—,"
The collar-box with bouquet set,
The "bargains" made on Chapel step;
Remember too, that, one year older,
The "boys" have grown a trifle bolder.

How we worked! But the inspiration! No wonder string-stretched as if by magic, stakes stuck as though pile drivers were at them lime, limed like lightning, brooms broomed and pails paled for breathing strength and looking thanks, ladies languished, at the windows. What cared they, though wind blew keen and storm threatened? Well, your labour has not been in vain. Love's labour is not lost. The game is good too, even if it does develop even one side, it is a satisfaction to have one side developed.

CLASS SUFFERERS have been the "rage." Rich and poor, high and low alike have worshiped at the altar.

'Senior' first partook with pleasure, long drawn out, doing more than justice to himself and his salt. As 'Junior' had a

Latin exam. sometime in the winter, and now contemplates Neptune (when he's in) with a view to entrusting *sickness* or health to his many "ups and downs," all minor matters have, of course, been neglected.

'Soph.' met his "menu" like a man, perhaps erred on the side of manhood, enjoyed himself thoroughly and departed content.

'Freshie' laboured for two solid hours 'mid flags, turkeys, flower-pots, etc. Though his attempt came last, it was, by no means, least.

"Those" "those's" are getting stale. For the sake of your country, boys, take a dip into our great "Well of English undefiled" and bring up a fresh draught.

HOOKEB,—on a mild Sabbath afternoon one steed—Mazeppa. He was nickle-plated and tangent spoked, and had done his 3000 miles. As the stable was locked, and the beast carefully secured, mystery altogether enshrouds his disappearance. His owner, a mellow-voiced youth, was away at the time, but on his return started at once an *energetic* search.

High and low he travelled and enquired. No one had seen Mazeppa. "My horse, my horse, \$75.00 for my horse," and naught but the echo answered the entreaty. Wild-eyed the search continued. "Where is my Mazeppa?" Darkness dropped upon the scene, and still no steed. Morning followed a feverish night, when quietly round the corner stalked the much sought lost one, who it seems had been quietly reposing in the cellar. But who led him there? Many rumors are afloat, still we think ———, ———, ———.

MAY is here, and the Teachers have left us. There has been a general abandoning of the ship. The freshmen in particular have been very successful in obtaining schools, and quite a number of them have resumed the pedagogical staff and air. This speaks well for the freshmen and promises well for the schools. By the way, teachers have the drop on their fellow-students in college: They complete a college term of four years in three, and support themselves in the bargain. They don't make a bad showing either. Literary work right along must account for it. Whether they turn out better or not may be a question, but they certainly promise well. We wish them a prosperous summer of it anyway, one and all. Keep an eye to those darts which are apt to play about the young gentlemen school teacher heads and you are safe. We doubt not with your practice here you will come off more than conqueror.

AND still the Class of '90 grows less, one more has said goodbye to college life and gone to be elsewhere known. Though the gap is closed the Sophomores miss him, yea, miss him as one who ever came to time in "love or war."

Though of a slender build the "some-day Dr." was wiry, and his long arm often dashed the "heavy weights." His voice was musical and so was his flute, and often were they heard. As a taker of live-stock he was an acknowledged expert. A wash-bowl, perched on some kindling wood, a grated cigar box, three mice—alive—dead, will long remain as reminiscences.

Of a roving disposition, (especially of late) the "old man," nevertheless, possessed the happy faculty of always turning up when wanted.