

Sons, who had been passive, but interested spectators, lifted up their sopranos and altos and warbled right loyally: Then the bass voices cheered again. Feeling, by this time in a very cheerful mood, we added to the usual proceedings and three threes went up in turn for the President, the College, the Academy, the Seminary, the Senior class and "the fellows who are going to be plucked. As a large per centage of the Academicians in the group were would-be matriculants, this closing cheer was joined in enthusiastically. The crowd then dispersed.

About this time a keen eye, on the lookout for some pleasant way of spending the day, espied the Basin Clipper making the village, and in a few moments the owner of this eye was on the wharf, chartering the steamboat for a day's pleasuring. Meanwhile the bell rang for prayers and three solitary students went in and sat down.

After prayers preparations were made for a day off, and a long and smiling array consisting of three collegians, nearly all the remaining Academicians and the entire Sem. teachers and all, waltzed down along the hill and through the village, and about 10 A. M. set out for song-famed Blomidon. The day wore on. The half-dozen still under the shadow of Acadia amused themselves in various ways. Some swung the oar, and a little party of three stole up over the hill and along the valley to Duncan's brook. A foretaste of vacation hung about the College. The afternoon, in the village, passed pleasantly away, a cricket calling the older and a picnic the younger portion of the community from their homes. It would make this local too long to tell how the time went by abroad, how the Juniors compassed sea and land, how the Freshmen, removed from the awful restraint which the presence of Sophomores and Seniors ever imposes on them, disported themselves on the shaggy hillside and raced over the rocks; how the Sophomores, giving no peace to the wicket, batted their way to glory, or how the steamboat party amused themselves, both on sea and shore, in the thousand and two ways that a party of good-natured and light-hearted, care-free young ladies and gentlemen knew how to amuse themselves. Suffice it to say that the hour had crept around all too swiftly.

Towards evening the halls began to echo again to the voice of the student. The rowers came up from the Basin, the fishers returned, empty-handed, from the valley; the Freshmen, with their satchels full of doubtful looking amethysts, agates, and conglomerates, and their clothes full of the dust of travel; the Sophomores and others of the Cricket Club, with joy in their hearts and glory on their brow; the water party, imbued with the spirit of the sea and the infinite sleepiness that naturally results from a long day on the wave and

along the shore, surged up the hill, company after company, in due time. The 24th was over.

The Students and Officers of the College wish to convey their thanks to the many kind friends of the Institution in Wolfville, who have so hospitably entertained the numerous visitors from abroad, during anniversary week.

Funnyisms ?

A dog fight is now facetiously called an "affaire du cur."—*Clip.*

Scene in the Grammar Class.—Question: "What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers?" Ans.: "The third person."—*Clip.*

It was a German editor who said that in the United States thieves were so scarce that they have to offer a reward for them.—*Clip.*

One of the Wooster girls says Mr. Senior's moustache on a cold evening tastes like ice-cream.—*Ex.*

Bright * of my x is 10 ce, give me an m ~~~! said a Senior 2 to his sweetheart. She made a ~~~ at him and planted her ~~~ between his 2 ii's which made him C ***.—*Clip.*

A young lady sent to a British newspaper a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The editor ventured to express the opinion that she would have succeeded if she had shown him the poem.—*Clip.*

"John, what is the chief branch of education in your school?" "Willow branch, sir. Master has used up near a whole tree."

A Sophomore kissed his sweetheart the other night and asked her if she felt his moustach? "Oh, no," said she, "I only felt a little down in the mouth."

"Talk about the extravagance of dress in women," cries Martha Jane, exultingly. "What do you say to Tweed's six-million suit, I'd like to know. He isn't a woman, I guess."

Young lady to gentleman: "Pick up my fan, hand me a chair, and pass me a glass of water." Gentleman (indignant): "Do you take me for a servant?" Lady (serenely): "No, I mistook you for a gentleman."

Professor in Rhetoric: "Will somebody give me a heart?" Young lady (advancing timidly): "Pro-fessor, you may have mine."