

men pass with hands plunged into the deepest recesses of their pockets, and discourse on recent metaphysical theories. The more romantic upper classes peer, as they pass along, into the dark corners of the little store in the hope of catching a glimpse of the blushing cheek or sparkling eye of some fair purchaser. The mysterious magnetism, that surrounds that little unromantic edifice, can only be accounted for by those most deeply versed in the secrets of life at Acadia. Who can calculate what effect the influences, that radiate from the "ten cent store," will have on moulding the future of Acadia's sons and daughters.

A young soph's. translation :—All gall is divided into three parts. One of which is held in possession by the Freshae, another by the Juniores, and a third in their own language, called Seniores, in ours, gall. All these have essential differences in respect to privileges, prerogatives and presumption. The river Annus separates the Seniores from the Juniores. The rivers Duannus and Robor divides them from the verdent fields of the Freshae. Of all these the territory of the Freshae is the greenest, because it is least trodden by the feet of civilization, and least under the refining influence of the province of the Semitic tribes, and Ceres less frequently resorts to them, and imparts those things which tend to elevate and expand the mind. They are nearest to the Sophi, who dwell beyond the Verdus, with whom they are incessantly waging wars. From whic' cause the Bucculae, also, greatly excel the rest of the Seniores in animosity, because they engage in almost daily encounters with the Sophi, inasmuch as they are either continually repelling them from some acquired possessions, or else they themselves carry on war in the territory of the latter, chiefly in quest of instruments for providing kindling wood for their encampments.

It has been said that consistency is a jewel. We would also like to add that originality is equally precious, and evidently as rare. But ah ! how sad it is to see students of an educational institution stooping to the atrocious length of cribbing their class yell. Ah, freshmen ! little did ye imagine, as your brazen throats ground out their grating notes in the successful hope of making yourselves a nuisance, that another held commune with himself on the old saying that "things are not what they seem," you have yet to learn, that there are other classes bearing the name of '96, one who, in contradistinction from our freshmen, have ingenuity enough to originate a class yell of their own, and likewise provide others with said commodity. Develop a sturdy self reliance, and peep not into college magazines to supply the deficiencies of nature.

BYRON.

I hate the wise man just because he's wise :
 I hate the fool for his stupidity ;
 I scorn the wealthy and the great likewise,
 I hate the pauper for his poverty,
 All kind of governments I too despise,
 And hate the world because 'tis not like me :
 But there's one theme I love and never tire on,
 And that is : thinking of the great Lord Byron.