

And, as now we cry loudly "Mama"
 Then we'll sing for Acady "Hurrah"
 As we tell of the Hoodoo
 That C—y put onto
 The class of "nobody," "not one."

If a man doesn't ask questions, how will he ever know anything? This is the principal, no doubt, which moved a certain botany student to ask his professor what kind of trees left-handed scythe-sticks grow on.

The Soph who keeps the pet "tabby" could not resist the temptation to take it to class. Someone tramped on its tail, and now he cannot take it any more. He says he's going to take another pet (his donkey) now, for spite.

Brilliant Junior translating: "These boys will die if they eat veal."

So great was the anxiety of a certain Freshman lest the experience of previous entertainments of like kind should be repeated, that he thought he'd make sure of his girl by arriving at the Sem. reception at least half an hour early. He was royally received by Mr. O— who entertained him on the front steps until the rest appeared. T—l—r too had quite an adventure. So deeply engrossed was he in his subject that he failed to hear the national anthem; and when, some little time after, he suddenly looked up, he found himself alone with all the Sems. With one wild yell, which would have done credit to a South African fetish-dancer, he dashed for the door, and—He's not the same boy since.

C—s—y doesn't need to take in receptions now. He's not likely to recover, either. What is Acadia coming to anyhow?

A Sophomore had a bit of a time the other day at the Post-office. The somebody who runs things there signified that he had an intense craving to execute a hornpipe on the side of said Sophie's neck. The latter, in true Western style, invited him down to the dike, but he failed to show up, and so the matter dropped.

Any of these cool autumn evenings, the late pedestrian may see, if he happen on Main St., two howling jakes from Chip. Hall whose custom it is to take nocturnal runs in search of wind. Already several people have been seriously frightened by these cranks, and there are rumors that the police will soon be called to take a hand.

Several Cads, who were out to the Ridge on an hunting excursion, came back with stirring tales of *hare*-breadth escapes. It was afterwards learned that they were pursued by rabbits.

The doctor says long hair is one sign of a poet. Well, we don't know, but there is surely some connection to judge by the vigorous flow of Anglo-Saxon spondees which D— poured forth when somebody