

We are glad to be in a position to negative a rumor whispered in these columns last month. We have it on no less authority than the honorable gentlemen himself that Coon's leg was not pulled.

SONG ON WITNESSING THE ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

When first in Acadia's halls  
I stood as a student booked,  
Your sympathies to excite,  
I tell you how I looked.

CHORUS:

For my knees bent in like this;  
My toes turned out like that;  
And my backbone curved in the self-same way  
As the back of an angry cat.

My neck had a graceful twist  
Like that of a goose at rest;  
And my shoulders toiled till they  
Rubbed noses across my chest.

I coughed till I thought I'd burst,  
Consumption I had for sure;  
My voice had the tone of a flute  
When plagued by an amateur

But at last on a golden day  
A sacred fane there rose,  
With bars and clubs and swings,  
And gloves to caress your nose.

We vaulted, boxed and swung;  
We tumbled and rolled and ran;  
Till my form grew as you see,  
And I felt and looked like a man.

Then my knees grew straight like this;  
And my backbone straight like that;  
My neck lost its twist till upon my head  
I could keep all untied my hat.

They presented an odd appearance, those stragglers from the Four Nations, as they strolled along in the shadows of the trees and fences. They were scanning with eagle-eye the new ramparts of the Semites, eager for wood of any kind with which to light the fires in their wigwams.

Now one of the bravest and wisest  
That lives in the Four Nations wigwams  
Is hired by the chief of the Semites  
To scalp all the nightly marauders,

Who venture to prow round the wigwam,  
And disturb any wish—wishes, slumbers.  
But the chief was asleep at his duty,  
So the young Indian braves felt hilarious,—  
Pressed their moccasins light to the greensward,  
And leapt o'er the fences like roobucks,  
To gather great armfuls of kindling  
(That would drive Mr. Woodman quite crazy).  
They think they see graves, in the shadows,  
Of their warriors long-fallen in battle;  
And think of the war-paint and feathers  
That the Semites appear in on Sunday.  
The paint is more mild in its colors  
Than it was in the old days of battle,  
And now there are only hearts wounded  
When the Semites march forth in their war-paint.  
But the Four Nations' camp fires burn dimmer,  
And they think it is safe to turn homeward,  
While Injunclub, bravest of warriors,  
Leeds off with a load on his shoulders,  
Of pine and spruce boards that make shadows  
Upon the grey grass like huge serpents.  
As the hunter's horn sinks to the westward,  
To the glad hunting ground of their fathers,  
They return to their own cherished wigwam.  
And listen if any old warriors  
Are still talking loud of the foemen  
Who scalped in their anger a chieftain,  
Sent to the North-West from among them.  
But the braves are all wrapped in their blankets,  
Perhaps each to dream of his wish-wish.  
So silently in through the door-way  
They pass with their ill gotten booty,  
With a hope that at this the great chieftain,  
Who rules both Four Nations and Semites  
Will not call them into his wigwam,  
And tell them that saddest of stories,  
That he cannot give them their "toadskins."

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