

Locals.

"Play."

Cum nix.

Oh, Papa! Papa!

'Pun my word, Professor.

Begin before you leave off.

I'd like to call on her, but see how coldly she bows!

Don't work all that paper or he'll pluck you.

"If I get left I go to Halifax to hear Laurier speak." He went, *ergo*.

Slightly mixed.—A preposition is a bad *sentence* to *word* an end with.

The siphuncle of the Ammonite is dorsal, so say the boys of '92.

SEEN IN GYMNASIUM.

Weston Ills.—the beneless man.

Asa James—the gymnastic cricketer.

Tumbling Stack—or lift-the-bar.

Limber Os—the ducking boxer.

Sprinting Bake—or the half hour walker.

Pugilistic Percy—the sophomore slugger.

Adamantine Nick—or the prospective instructor.

Campagnini Ave.—the pipe-stem pedestrian.

Dumbell John—the gentle Hercules.

Wedded and parted—or little Willie at the bar.

Turning a summersault—or Sec's great feat.

Wooden Stocked Sandy at his dizzy Half Niagara.

William the Norman in the Giant swing.

Among the visitors were noticed Baron Von Lichenstien, Pompalour Ike, Le Duc DeDuval, Baron Von Geahtes, Our Austen'atious Light Coat, Earl DeMorse, John DemiKenny.

A radiant-faced Senior with a look of determination in his eye, and a pair of skates thrown over his shoulder set out one afternoon with the intention of proving that a walk around two sides of a triangle was shorter than across the third. It is said that he did so to his own satisfaction at least. At all events, he got there and obtained some important information on a subject which he was to discuss that evening at tea table. Unfortunately, he returned to late too give his friends the benefit of his investigations.

Where is my easy chair? Who took my trunk? were questions often asked as the boys came back from their Christmas excursion. However, the lost remained unfound. But why when he returned was the old wriggler, over great political economics so anxious to seek his stately mansion all alone? Ah! why? Tierely hangs a tale which was soon unfolded to the public of the Hall, as some one accidentally strayed to room 33 and stood aghast at the sight. Chairs, pitchers, old boots, trunks and fairy tales formed a startling array! Of course, in the absence of their owners his great interest in the public good had led him to bear them to his room, and there attempt to imitate the castellated mansion of his kinsmen in far off Nainja land. But we do not mind, we do not care. With tranquil hearts we leave him to the punishment of a quilty conscience, and to his critical study of "Jack and the Bean Stalk."

The Sophomores had a racket. It wasn't a very big one nor a very loud one. They didn't tear down anything nor interfere with the rights of anybody. It wasn't a disgraceful piece of

rowdyism, nor a high-toned musical entertainment; it wasn't a funeral; it wasn't a wedding; neither was it a tin-horn exhibition, nor yet an Academy raid. It wasn't a ducking match with the Seniors; nor even an attempt to disturb Bill's slumbers. It was in a bad storm when snow and puns were in the air.

Senior and Soph. just up from town.

SOPH.—Yes, I bought him a "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" for a Christmas present. Ha, ha, ha!

SENIOR.—That's just what he did, and I will be pleased with the change from Jack and the corn-cob.

STUDENT.—Professor, what do you think of our essays?

PROF.—They are pretty fair.

STUDENT.—(Persistently), Well, couldn't you say that they showed considerable ability on the part of the writers?

PROF.—Yes, I'll confess that they often held me *spellbound*.

How they do love it and how we envy them the pleasure they enjoy. But alas! Such is not given to every wanderer on the hill-side of Parnassus. When study has ceased and the old building is safely wrapped in the arms of quiet slumbers, 44 and his ally of the paste-boards pursue their quiet game which is not chess. Long and eagerly do they wage the conflict until oftentimes the *salt air* of the morning blowing from the Basin of Minas warns them of coming day. Then with saddened hearts they mournfully admit that for a time at least their beloved pastime must cease. It is good fun, boys, and also profitable, so be not discouraged in your new employment. Let Socrates, Newton and Spencer encourage you to proceed in the path you have thus marked out for yourselves, until at length the laurel-wreath shall crown your glowing brows.

The celestial club it is said contains among its members an individual who claims the monopoly of what he regards as practical jokes. His scientific pretensions are well known to his class-mates, but his prowess as a wit still remains a secret save to a small circle. His jokes are of a high order, and are appreciated by none more than the self-same monopolist who moves about with an *arch* look and *bold* tread. It may be indicative of culture and manliness to undertake the work of a competent devotional committee, and change addresses of private letters; yet, O joker, bear in mind that your victims are not educated to your standard of appreciation, and that they may not be, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Yes, the exams. were over and some amusement was needed to fill in the time. They sat down to the supper table and one could not help seeing the air of expectancy that was in their faces. But not for long,—the door opens and with steady tread in comes one with an instrument concealed. As he takes his seat how these same faces beam with joy! What can it be that thus illumined their countenances so suddenly? Ah! just listen. What an Orpheus-like strain breaks in upon the ear! Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, even though it be hardened by four years experience. Pass round the sweet, symphonious thing, and give them all a chance to bring forth melodious howls. How it seems to satisfy their longings! The vacancy is filled. Noble yearnings and sweet satiety! It did them good. What though it was carried on at the "example table" in the dining hall, to the joy of the other tables and approval of the matron? What are others' feelings anyway?

Student (trying to work a point in an exam).—Say, Professor, in speaking of the Prince of Wales, can we with propriety say *Heir Apparent*?

PROF.—We could if he wasn't bald.

Following are the assistant editors of the ATHENÆUM for the ensuing college term:—F. E. Cox, '92, A. F. Newcomb, '92, A. Murray, '93, D. C. Wyman, '93. Chesley and Ford were appointed on executive committee of the paper.