

It is very generally admitted that the gymnasium instructor for next year will be forthcoming from the class of '99. The gentleman is at present taking three hours each week in showing the Cads how to follow him.

The local editors wish to announce that every one who gets mad because of personal references in these columns, will be "localized" in every issue until such persons learn to control the animal instincts.

IN LIBRARY.—She;—"I would like to take this book out over Sunday."

LIBRARIAN:—(looking at title) "Well-ah-Freshmen are not allowed to take out the encyclopedias."

It is rumored that the Professor in Geology had a hard time to get the *full* Junior class back from Ga-pereaux. At this time of the year the attractions of the valley are apt to assume the liquid state.

A welcome sound.—That peculiar chump-chump-chump-along the halls, telling the expectant classes that Nat is about to ring the bell.

That horn advertised for in the last issue of this paper has been found.

MORAL.—All *waked up people* advertise in the ATHENÆUM.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres."

PROF:—"Does that mean that Death actually used his foot in knocking?"

SOPH:—"It probably has some reference to the chip—hall custom."

It has been suggested that our oratorical Senior came from an "inland port" himself. But having been out for at least seven or eight years, it would not be right to accuse the gentleman of dating from any such portions of the province.

The visage of that heathen God often seen on the lapel of Pomp's coat puts one in mind of Cut's phisog, when he makes a charge on the foot-ball field.

A few days ago a Junior, desiring to get a good article, offered a Soph. ten cents to write his essay for him. The Junior refused to give more, saying, that ten cents was the anticipated market value.

That Soph. who went around urging all hands to go and see Tupper o.ï, and then stayed behind to "pull the professor's leg," had better not repeat the mean trick. Though little is said, we do a desperate lot of thinking.

Lost.—A letter addressed to the Sem. from Chipman Hall, room 97491043. For more particulars inquire of the *clouds*.

True friends are like diamonds, precious and rare,

But Kelly's a friend that we cannot compare.

At one of our Wednesday evening prayer meetings two amorous fellows betook themselves to the fairies' corner, but to their discomfiture, were compelled to retire upon the sudden interference of the doctor.

A professor, speaking to the Sophs, suggested that some of the class might use a certain selection as a text to preach from. What! A Soph preach? Why sir, it is an astonishing fact that '97 does not expect to graduate a single theological student.

Boys, the next time you get a chance to give the college yell, just make believe its the National Anthem and let right out on it.