

And what time is it, said he. 'Tis yet eight minutes till the bell rings, saith his neighbour, for in truth, I see his books are lifted. A little later questions he, and what time may it be now. 'Tis now just three and a half minutes to, because he hath blown his nasal apparatus the second time and that with unusual vigor.

See! See! 'Tis now three quarters of a minutes, for he casts furtive glances around him, old Time is on his track and drives him speedily to his task.

Watch closer, and directly you see him gird up his loins, and sally forth in stately strides. In his rapidity the wind increases the fierce aspect of his pompadour and shortly the gong resounds.

Down the street with stately stride,  
Holding his cane firm by his side,  
That brilliant masher went, 'tis told  
The fairy wanderers to behold,  
He sees! and then he gasps for breath,  
His face takes on the hue of death,  
'Tis all in vain; this intense state  
She neither looks, nor does she wait  
To see remorse depicted there,  
As he so humbly bowed to air.

The studious Chip. Haller with knitted brow, bends over his volume of antiquated lore. He runs his fingers through his matted locks, and grasps his pen with desperate energy. Suddenly there floats into his puzzled mind rumbling echoes from the neighbouring gym. The sounds increase. A deathly pallor gathers on his cheek and brow. The loud laugh and the heavy tread flutter through the window, and distract his laborious thought. Through his clenched teeth issue sounds, that would have caused the "senior tennis fiends" to dissolve into mist. Still the pluggers plug. Love thirty, love forty, forty love, deuce, serve and such like are inextricably intermingled with cube and tangent, sine and cosine. He tears his hair in wild despair. The gods of mathematics quail before his scowling gaze. The cold shivers of despair chase each other down the back of the presiding genius of tennis, as the ruthless wretch hurled his anathemas, and consigns the gentle sport and its fanatical devotees to the darkest, dreariest, dreadest depths of oblivion.

The goggled dude from Halifax has departed, but his great deeds still live. One starlight night, feeling in an adventurous mood, he started with Quixotic enthusiasm for a tilt on the encampment of the Semites. But, as he was beating a mournful retreat, communing with his dejected thoughts, an aperture above opened, and the floods descended upon the head of the poor unfortunate. Let other knights errant beware!

Various and incomprehensible are the forces that propel human action. Especially is this true in regard to student life at Acadia. As one strolls down the lengthening promenade of Main Street he is surprised at the unwonted activity, that pervades a little store by the street side. "Sweet girl under-graduates in their golden hair" trip merrily past, and glance with looks of expectancy into the attractive window. Eager 'Cads with hungry maw gaze at the tempting shelves, and sniff the tainted air, that enwraps the candy store. Vacant Fresh