

Other exchanges received this month are the "Owl," "Varsity", contains several prose articles of considerable merit. "Manitoba College Journal" and "Argosy."



### *Echoes.*

Once more in the revolution of months, the time is near at hand for the Junior excruciatorio. For the benefit of those not fully acquainted with the yearly round of ceremonies we would say in explanation that this is the one event of the year in which the Juniors shine. It usually takes place on the evening before the beginning of Christmas holidays, in order that the other students, by a change of scene, may have a chance to recover. Each member of the class is supposed to write something about something, and when each has said his piece before the assembled people he is presented with a fruit cake or a piece of pumpkin pie. The subjects assigned this year are exceedingly philosophical, as, "Is character determined by the dimensions of the ears?" and "Soap as a Liberator." So a rare (beef-steak rare of course) treat may be expected.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the Sophomore-Freshman reception recently held in Alumnæ Hall. The Freshies were there in full force, radiant with expectation, and blooming with yellow class-colors. During the evening, the following lines were chanted with fine effect by members of the class :

Sis boom bang,  
The class of ourang-outang(s) ;  
If you're looking for fun,  
That's where we take the bun  
You can bet, you son of a gun.  
We're always the first to hail—  
Our breakfast, and never fail  
To make trouble for pie  
'F in our way it should lie  
Oh ! we're dandies, Oh me ! oh my !

The twentieth century sun  
Tho' for ages it has, or shall run,  
Can ne'er from our face  
Remove every trace  
Of the brass that therein holds a place.  
What we know (and don't know) is a lot ;  
We're fresh, but Ha, Ha, not a spot  
Is our verdure, 'longside  
Of the gall that in us doth abide.

But we're Acadia's yummy-yum-yum.  
We are soon going home to our mum.