

Wise words are wasted upon deaf ears, and council, though most discreet, will produce no response from the dumb. Store this in your memory, *L. R.*

One was mounted and the other not. But the mounted knight, though not a calf, went down before the knight who was a calf.—*Talis est vita.*

Me thinks I hear sweet strains of music wafted through the gates of darkness. The blackening clouds are spurred on in their flight to hear the melody, and all the attendants on the remorseless king of night are attracted to the spot. O! but could we dispense such music we would dispense (with) it gladly.

Foot-ball has been engaging the attention of the various classes for some time past. The seniors were pitted against the juniors and took the palm by superior playing, though the junior team showed good blood. The freshmen met the sophomores, but when weighed in the balance were found wanting. Their brass was not equal to compete with sophic iron. These two matches tell of future glory for Acadia on the foot-ball field.

"Short ride is good ride." Do not in French crib the translation of the wrong exercises to the amusement of the rest. Do not in Science think that every question requires the answer either yes or no.

Does it not make your blood tingle to learn that during the last "At Home" one of the sophs. proposed to clear the Hall and appropriate its joys to himself. Though we admire the originality of the proposed *method*, we cannot help feeling that had the time and place been favorable, "he would have run down a steep place and been choked in the sea."

"Wee, poor, cowering, timorous mousie, I've got you in my gown at last my dearie." Thus saith *nuntius decorum rubens*.

As a son of Isaac was walking with one of the daughters of Benoni, a gigantic foreigner was observed violently kissing a fence rail and performing other mysterious rites. The shock upon the son and daughter of our people has been serious. The foreigner has been captured, but under the soothing influence of mumbly-peg *he'll* recover.

The Vigilance Committee held a midnight session a short time since. The administration of justice was not hampered by the ferality of a *trial* in the first case, and the culprit felt as one passing under the waters of affliction. The second case was tried in due form, but the prisoners were dismissed by the humane judge with merely a reprimand. The members of the committee turned out in full regalia, the prevailing colors being black and white, as was also the case with the prisoners.

The young ladies of the Seminary gave a reception in College Hall, Saturday evening November 23rd, to the students of the college and academy. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Excellent music was furnished by Mrs. Thompson and Miss Reeves and other members of the Seminary. The Collegio Glee Club also contributed to the entertainment with some rousing college songs.

HE.—Meeting of Governors in the Sem. to-night, I believe.
SHE.—I wonder if the Governor of Newfoundland will be there?

SOPHS. (submitting their programme).—Please, Paw, kin we go over to Gaspereau and holler a little?

TORN SHEET, OR MISTAKEN LETTER.

SCENE I. *He.*

Thank goodness, I now have a moment to spare
From French, Greek and Latin, to write to my dear,
To tell her the news of Acadia beloved,
That my heart is still hers though far, far removed.
How my thoughts are of her through the day's blessed light,
And she dwells in my visions and dreams of the night;
How for her to receptions I never have gone,
(That isn't quite true, but I'll never let on.)
How all women else are but shadows beside her,
(That's also a fib, but she won't be the wiser.)

Begins to write; fills two and a half sheets. In great haste encloses *only half* sheet in envelope. Looks at it when mailing it, exclaiming:

Haste, haste thee, oh, missive! with wings of the dove,
Flee away, flee away to the hand of my love!

SCENE II. *She.*

Receives letter: looking at post-mark exclaims:

"A letter from Wolfville!" oh, joy, now I see
'Tis the hand of my W——, addressed you to me!
Now the ills lying 'round me shall vanish away,
When I read this letter, as darkness from day.

Opens letter, takes out half sheet—

What! a letter so short! but the dear hadn't time
To write a long letter, but that is no crime.
But where's the beginning? that's *funny* I vow,
I can't find the *head* of the missive, so now
That's real *mean*, I think, for him to play such a joke;
By *Jove*! from this *forward* our friendship is broke.
I'll leap in the ocean and drown me
Rather than have *him* forever around me;
And *you*, cursed missive, I'll throw in the fire,
Fit emblem of punishment due to thy sire.

CURTAIN FALLS.