

Well, another Queen's birth-day, and the world hurried up still a round higher, and perforce Wolfville toiled after. Of course the boys got there; and the time! From dapper "Shortie" to long "Eternity," of the celluloid, everybody was athletic. Runners ran, kickers tore, jumpers did, cannon-balls flew, hammers hustled, potatoes hastened, (go it, Eddie), our committee travailed, time flew, the earth turned, sun shone, etc., etc. The spectators, too, some of them, joined the melee. Arrows and shafts of wondrous efficiency stung in all quarters, till the air grew sick with sighs and palpitations. "No quarter" was the cry, and the havoc, considering the number engaged, was tremendous; still the fight was fair, the issue is yet unread. Good speed the day. Thanks far merchant. God save the Queen. Good night.

The Junior!! yes, the Juniors juned. Highwater terminus, bag and baggage gathered round their feet, a goodly brim of straw about their exam-twisted brains,—twenty embryonic sons of Neptune. Crash came the Pinafore,—her Captain somehow had got excited,—swish, flew blankets and valises; pell-mell scrambled the voyagers; two pulls at the coil-line, then away "o'er the deep blue sea." Dinner with Blonidon,—Eddie's collection couldn't stand the strain; a call at the Snag, a feel up the river, a demoralized nose, smothered ejaculations, hove to on a mud bank. Good night.

Eight bells, cooks turn out. Rain? Oh, no; the Heaven's just let go and came down. A grand day notwithstanding, and the kind hospitality of Parrsboro to boot. Just remove those claw-hammers and patent-leather shoes, they don't look natural.

Three cheers for Jimmy—the crew. A smile, done up in the best of machine oil, sits enthroned upon the nape of his neck; the tank is full; day, tide and wind just to a turn.

"Noel, pass me a card, I want to write," ———, ——— (friends in Parrsboro.) Mutual attempt at the agreeable with the Maritime, Silver Stream's, Edwin Booth, Pilot No. 2, 10 knots an hour, heavy sea, fierce and sudden interest as to the condition of the steamship's bulwarks! Great Village at sun rise! "Lew and By;" a trifle extensive in their ablutions! "Economy" to the fore; morning at Acadia Mines, then westward ho! Five Islands, Partridge Island; a midnight blessing upon Parrsboro and all concerned, and out into the night down the Bay.

Morning,—fog. Captain had sailed everywhere on earth but round Chignecto, and round Chignecto he wouldn't go, with this fog in his eye,—no, not for his grand-mother. "Take a reef in thy whisker, old man, and pray for push." A couple of hour's roll and indecision, when round comes the "Pinafore" and away for home.

Three x three as we round old D'Or; the sun burns through the fog, the exhaust's persistent puff, round the Cape we come, and reach across, where yonder gleams a straggling patch of white, with meadows green, wide-flanked. Home again—or rather wash again. In a couple of days trot us out some refreshments. Come along Morpheus. *Advis.*

Well, the "Village Favourites" no longer are Freshmen,—those who are not plucked. Their first year in collegio has certainly not been demonstrative, excepting the sad exploit of Douglas—bad boy. "But, gentlemen, ye have abided under the shadow of the 'fifty' quite long enough. Their once ample (enough for two) coat-tails are, at last, quite as scant as modesty will permit; so leave go and hoist your own parasol. Take all advice, even to the carrying of the jackass. In a few ways pattern your immediate predecessors. Be obedient, even as they, and, by all means, never neglect those class meetings. Let your conduct be gallant, but never concentrative. Be most fastidious in your choice of words in the class-room; little informalities often lead to immense difficulty, an apology or something of the sort. If one of you alone thinks he has a voice, assist him to train it—to keep still. Poke your noses into everything, experience will teach anything, from a fool up. Be good to your flesh. Make the class meetings your confessional. Tell there all you know, and if occasionally (say every second time) you get run out, improvise. What you want is a class brotherhood. Go in, say we, for the "brother," but mind the "hood" If you haven't genius scramble on to the talent. Regularly soak your heads in tepid water, it will give the brain a chance to form and prevent cracks. Remember that life is short, even for the longest of you. Improve it. "*Esto sol testis.*"

DEATH.

ARCHIBALD M. FOOT, who matriculated from Horton Academy, and studied for two months with the Freshman Class this year, died of consumption at Milton, Queen's Co., N. S., on 23rd April. All who knew him will cherish deep respect for his memory.

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