

## PERSONALS.

Mr. H. McInnes, formerly professor of mathematics in the Academy, visited the institution a few days ago. He is now studying law at Dalhousie college. Success to him.

Mr. Rod. McKay, professor of English in the Academy sometime ago, is now taking his last course in Theology, at Queens university.

C. P. Bissett an old Academy student having passed his matriculation exam in medicine last fall is pursuing his studies at St. Pierre this winter.

Several old Academy boys, now now studying at Dalhousie, were in Pictou during the holidays. By the way, Pictou Academy is well represented in Dalhousie, nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the students attending there are old Academy men.

## LIFE IN A SNOWFLAKE.

Some imaginative and wonderfully learned German scholars tell us that every snowflake is inhabited by happy little beings, who begin their existence, hold their revels, live long lives of happiness and delight, die and are buried, all during the descent of the snowflake from the world of clouds to the solid land. These scholars also tell us that every square foot of air possesses from twelve to fifteen millions of more or less perfect little beings, and that at every ordinary breath we destroy a million more or less, of these happy lives. The sigh of a healthy lover is supposed to swallow up about fourteen millions. They insist that the dust, which will, as all know, accumulate

in the most secure and secret places, is merely the remains of millions and billions of these little beings who have died of old age. All this, of course is mere guess work. But I do know that the snow in some parts of the world is thickly inhabited. I have seen the new snow in Idaho black with little insects. People there call them snow fleas. They are as lively as possible, and will darken your footprints, walk as fast as you may. They are found only on the high mountains, and only in very fresh and very deep snow. They, of course, do not annoy you in any way. They are infinitely smaller than the ordinary flea, but they are not a whit less lively in their locomotion.—*St. Nicholas.*

## PICTOVLANA.

Merry Christmas!

Work! work! work!

Did he EVAPORATE?

Call your feet home!

Who wants the feather bed?

Donald got the note, and met her in the hall.

"Beware of oyster rackets, and never put your foot in it."

They say 'he has them bad.' Query, what has he?

Mac got the snow-ball, instead of the examiner. *Qui fit?*

J— to prof. in chemistry who has just minutely explained the manu-