

Locals.

Afflicted with rabies or the huckster's dog.

Jack the Jew or the old clo' vender.

The gentile or the crow in hose.

The saw'd off or Foxy Pete.

Billious Bill or the blear-eyed bummer.

Namen the parrot or the myriad minded sophomore.

The Knight of the singed eyebrow or the veteran smoker.

The cross boy or the sweep's terror.

The proposed class motto, *Semper Idem*, which is being interpreted, *always fresh and "fly"*.

What a flood of light breaks in upon us when we read the Senior's definition of Metaphysics. "That which teaches us we don't know nothin and never kin."

May it not be inferred of a student who, when describing the pendulum, persistently refers to the centre of osculation, that his thoughts are not in their normal state of lucidity.

Prof.—"Where is the earliest mention of the Heliostat?"

Imaginative Junior—"In the Bible, sir. Doesn't it say somewhere that Joshua said to the sun stand still and it stood still all day?"

Gude pity me because I'm sma',
Though in my spirit anco' ta'
And nane can bette', syne the fa'
Make sinners shake.
From pent misfortunes which befa',
My banes aye aches

That burly blackguard wham ye ken,
Oh may he smither i the fen
Ere I be ca'ed to preach agen,
Wi' in the kirk.
And Hornie catch him i' his den
O' blackest mirk.

For why I did but peer a blink
Aroun' the pupit's darksome brink,
Nor even did I slyly wink
At ony woman;
An' if I should what wad ye think,
I'm only human.

For though the ruffian sair me threepit,
And withered beldams anger heated,

Their groundless tales of sins repeated,
I meekly bore it.
The pupit tap's sae high completed,
I can't look owre it.

Sae i' the open view of men,
I'll perch me where they a' may ken,
Upon the chair-back's tap, an' then
What I desire,
Baith ill *Kempt uns* an' th' upper ten
Will a' admire.

The programme of the Acadia Missionary Society, March 10th, was as follows:—

Music, Double Quartette. Essay, Moravian Missionaries, J. H. McDond. Essay, Women's Mission to Women, Miss Alice Rich. Music, Double Quartette. Address, Rev. W. J. Stewart.

The playfulness of some people is astonishing. Their spirits are so exuberant, so productive of enthusiasm and mirth! What an outburst of Attic wit and graceful compliment to expectorate upon the heads of those passing below! It is ridiculous, of course, but there comes before the mind at this juncture, the vision of an ancient instrument of correction within the precincts of the college, whose healing streams might by a mere chance give some persons the idea that this college is so absurdly old fashioned in its notions as still to be delicate, to say the least, about engaging in such innocent pleasures and light-hearted joys. Therefore we would most respectfully recommend hydropathic treatment for this case.

The Soph, who suggested that one stomach of a person poisoned, might be sent to New York and another to Halifax to be analyzed, evidently has discovered a certain cure for dyspepsia, namely alternation. If he proposes to keep the quiescent stomach in a *crock* it is not known.

Oh dear to my heart since the day of its springing,
Is the faint hairy growth that my upper lip bears.
But with fondest affection my soul to it clinging
Naught other on earth such expectancy shares.
What though from my classmates I hear such expressions,
(So faintly appears it, so slowly it grows)
"Try to fashion it, twirl it, ye make no impressions
On the century plant growing under your nose."

The story of Alladin's wonderful lamp has become commonplace, and even the great island fished up from the depths at the end of a line becomes a mere *chip* when we learn of a *man* by a word placing Tahiti among the Sandwich Islands. Even Geography is becoming an uncertain science.

Among the many sports of the coming spring, lawn tennis seems to be exciting a greater interest than even before. Four sturdy youths, for months past, have held various meetings and at length have taken all the desired stops. Balls, racquets, &c.,