

devotion to Roman Catholic interests and the style of its articles is quite vivid. But the *Index* is nothing, if not dramatic, and the drama generally reaches its height in the exchange column. We fancy the editor sitting in his pandemonium while the various exchanges pass in mazy dance before him. Some, whose greatest sin seems to be that they have criticised the *Index*, he consigns to eternal oblivion; others, he rates with more lurid vengeance for having ventured remarks on a paper of such high standing. As a work of Art, we must say the *Index* is worthy of careful study, but in calm judgment or intelligent sympathy it does not excel.

MARRIAGE.

At the residence of J. M. Putnam, M. D., Chelsea, Mass, April 16th, by Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D. D., Rev. Edward Hickson, M. A. '64, to Amelia E. Hamm of Grand Bay, St. John, N. B.

Locals.

"Oh come off!"

For confectionery, apply at Room 3.

A new feature.—Written examinations are now conducted in "Tiffology by the 'First Hand'."

A market has been found for old clothes, caps, &c., if the following report be true. The Juniors (it is said), having washed their caps and reduced the size, held an auction. The Freshmen invested and are now as happy as the day is long.

Base Ball is still holding its own this season, although it has to contend with two new rivals, Lacrosse and Lawu Tennis. Two very interesting games were played lately. The first, a hard fought game, was played on the 18th ult., between the Sophomore and Freshman teams, the Freshmen winning. The second, Juniors vs. College was played on May, 2nd, to the discomfiture of the Juniors.

Some hints, in reference to the art of sausage making, may be obtained between Deuteronomy and Judges.

Scene.—A group of students watching the tedious movements of one of their number climbing a tree.

1st Student—"Look out there! you'll fall and your fawther will have a funeral *bill* to settle."

2nd Student (well acquainted with the climber)—"No fear of that. He'll be so slow about coming down it won't hurt him."

The age of chivalry is not past nor tender solicitude for the enjoyment of the fair ones extinct. Everyone will declare, save a cynic, *real manly* feeling to be exhibited by the following. A cad at a recent reception, having been introduced to a young lady, retired with his companion to a sequestered corner and whispered, "Now don't introduce me to any young lady to night, I've got a bad cold and can't talk."

The Acadia Missionary Society held its last regular meeting on Sunday evening, April 18th. The programme was as follows:—

Music Double Quartette.
 Essay—"Missions in China" .. Miss Dixon.
 Essay—"The Jews" E. A. Read.
 Music Double Quartette.
 Address Prof. Jones.

Mr. B. "Are Diamond dyes poisonous?"

Prof. "No, I don't think so. Why?"

Mr. B. "Well, I saw at the druggist's that all the womea are dying with them."

Prof. "We will consider that joke, Mr. B., and get the fun out of it at leisure."

It is not difficult to determine in which way a young theologian's sentiments run, when he makes the defence of the English dude a personal matter. He might be more successful in his defence, if he acquired that branch of elocution he mentioned as being so difficult, the other *day*, viz: Homiletic *poise*.

Student reading.

On my *dun* coloured steed as I galloped away
 Through the fresh fragrant air of a morning in May,
 When I glanced to my right to my left, it was seen
 That the corn all around was resplendently *green*.

Teacher.

Sir, will you pardon my mention to you of a fact;
 No matter how potent your presence may act,
 Or whatever the colour your glances between,
 If you were not there *still* the corn would be green.

We do admire the man who forgetful of all else save one absorbing topic thoroughly *masters* his subject. We have heard of a great scientist who would become so absorbed in his studies as to think he had dined, upon noticing the plate which a waggish friend had emptied for him; but never before did we know that photography was so absorbing a study as to make a man forget himself far enough to carry his apparatus to the performance of a sacred rite. We have not heard it stated as a fact, but if we did, should not be surprised to hear that nightly the amateur perambulates the ridge pole of his boarding house with a camera obscura and tripod securely packed under his arm. But persevere: nothing great is lightly won.

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil."