

The *Niagara Index* is deeply injured because some one has been criticizing its advertisements, and enters the list on behalf of the brewers. Its logic is admirable! "Isn't the business legitimate? The government says yes. Why then refuse to advertise a lawful business?" The *Index* evidently hasn't realized that it is possible for even the Canadian government to act otherwise than in accordance with correct ethical standards. And, *Index*, it isn't polite to call a man a hypocrite because he finds fault with yourself. You evidently do not belong to that class, and are quite willing to rank your morals with those of the daily press. Well!

Personals.

Rev. M. B. Shaw, M. A., '90, after a pleasant voyage of nearly two months, arrived safely at Vizianagram, Madras Presidency, where he will labor under the direction of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Board.

A. J. Kempton, B. A., '89; M. C. Higgins, B. A., '89; W. B. Wallace, B. A., '90; H. F. Waring, B. A., '90, are the representatives of Acadia at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Rev. Walter Barss, M. A., '84, after a successful pastorate at Mechanicsville, N. Y., has lately resigned his charge there to take the oversight of a church at Geneva, N. Y.

Rev. W. H. Jenkins, B. A., '89, is now engaged in pastoral work in Brandon, Man., where he labors with the energy which characterized him as a student. Mr. Jenkins is made of the right kind of material for the North West, and will be heard from again.

H. T. Ross, L.L.B., B. A., '85, is building up a successful law practice at Bridgewater, N. S.

C. A. Shaw, after wandering for nearly a year in the vicinity of the Pacific, has returned to his studies. Few students have a more extensive experimental knowledge of either American continent than Carl.

Rev. J. H. Robbins, M. A., '87, lately resigned his charge at Claremont, N. H., and returned to his old home in Yarmouth, N. S. We welcome such men as Mr. Robbins to our provinces.

W. D. Dimock, B. A., '67, is making himself invaluable to Canada by his successful management of exhibition affairs. He has at present charge of the Canadian department of the Jamaica exhibition.

E. W. Kelly, B. A., '76, is expected soon to return from Mandalay, Burma, where he has been doing valiant service under the American Baptist F. M. Board.

Locals.

"Deef."

Butter-crock.

Water-loo.

Retaliation.

"And his last breath was a pun."

Who regulates the clock?

The latest combine—Freshmen against local editors.

Prof.—Where is Galilee?

Theolog.—In the Accusative.

Senior.—Can you give me correct time as near as you can?

Sevon's little primer for Ladies' Seminaries.

Inquiring Soph.—Say, professor, did you ever hear a sound with so many vibrations that you couldn't hear it?

Disappointed Freshman.—I ought to have a pass-mark.

Clothesmate.—How is that?

D. Freshman.—Well, I cribbed at least four of those questions straight.

Prof. (to *Soph.* trying to explain the velocity of sound)—There isn't much velocity in that.

Oh, the charm of that gentle rap to draw the puzzled junior from his mechanical thoughts, even if it does take him ten minutes to collect his scattered wits, and find that it is not he that is wanted, but Mr. H—.

The following clipping may be of interest:

"On the twenty-fifth of February there will be a total *eclipse* (off) of the now luminous side-beams of the lunar body, Archibald."—*Astronomer Royal*.

From error's shade a Freshman true,
Has kept his *nomen* so long white,
That when Professor calls it wrong,
He answers not, but much prefers
To have a goose-egg fore recite.

Egotistic Freshie.—You Sophomores are a crowd of inconsistent, empty-headed tooters.

Stately Soph.—Yes! we generally tutor the Freshmen.

Witty Soph. (at last reception)—Where are you from?

Sm.—From W—.

W. Soph.—How far is that from Coldbrook?

Sm.—About twenty-five miles.

W. Soph.—How large a city is that?

Sm.—Well, anxious inquirer, I would advise you to take a trip down in holidays and see.