

## PERSONALS.

REV. B. SANFORD, M. A., '73, has started for his mission field in India, after but a short stay at home.

Rev. W. B. BOGGS, M. A., '74, has returned to his native land for rest, and now resides in Wolfville. His mission in India was very successful.

Rev. J. R. STUBBERT, B. A., '71, is pastor of the Baptist Church in Putnam, Conn. Rumor has it that Acadia is well represented by her men abroad.

Rev. E. M. SAUNDERS, M. A., D. D., has just recovered from a severe attack of Brain fever. We learn with pleasure that he is able to be about again.

Rev. E. W. KELLY, B. A., '76, for three years past Missionary in Maulmein, has removed to Mandalay, King Thebaw's royal city in Upper Burma.

J. S. LOCKHART, B. A., '83, has graduated in Medicine at the University of the City of New York. He has since been appointed house physician to St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn.

F. R. HALEY, B. A., '84, who entered the senior-class of Harvard last year, has graduated from that University, taking a high position in his class. He is now teaching at Freehold Institute, N. J.

Rev. C. K. HARRINGTON, B. A., '79, graduated from Morgan Park, and since returning home has been ordained and married. He is under appointment to Japan as a missionary.

Rev. S. F. HARRINGTON, once a student of Acadia, has also lately graduated from Morgan Park. He was ordained at the same time as his brother in their native place, Sydney, C. B. He is under appointment to India as a missionary, but is detained at home at present by ill health.

## LOCALS.

COLDS.

Oh, Lions!

Botany Bay!!

Shakespeare!!!

THE last song.—The second verse of the doxology.

I DIDN'T mean to; *was I?* The fellow who uttered this is said to have been *calen* of the sophomores in their rage.

A CERTAIN Freshie's mustache reminds one of the unkempt beard on Barnum's boy.

A STUDENT is said to have conjugated the Latin verb *Migro* as follows: *Megro, Megrare, Megravi, Me good gracious.*

To jump over the back of a pew during service is not very polite even for a cad.

DR. LYALL delivered an address before the Acadia Missionary Society at the last regular meeting.

THE freshie who kissed his class-mate in church probably forgot that he was not in *the dark*.

A SICK cow *may* chew fence rails but we think she would probably be sick for something to do.

THE Lecture Com. are revised to reserve at least a *whole seat* in future for our lady friends across the way.

A CONTRIBUTED article on "Reading," by "Zoe," will appear next issue.

MR. J. B. MORGAN, and Mr. H. W. McKenna having resigned their positions as editors, Mr. E. R. Morse and Mr. F. C. Hartley were appointed in their places.

ENLIGHTENING—Prof.: "Mr. V., what part of the book have we now studied?" Mr. V., (profoundly): "The first part, sir."

GENERAL STUDENT.—"I fell and half a dozen fellows piled on top of me. I shouted *man* down, *man* down, and—" Junior,— "Forgot you were lying all the time."

A PARTITION has been placed across the lower hall of the College building. This shuts off the connection between the College and Academy class-rooms and is a decided improvement.

LARGE orders for *cushion-culled* geranium slips have been recently given to one of the students. As the *stock* is now low it will be necessary to apply soon in order to obtain this variety. Orders may be left at one of the *gates* of Chipman Hall.

A SENIOR was heard remarking that in his opinion we should have receptions as often as once a fortnight; this is a good suggestion, and if more of our boys began to take an interest in the matter no doubt something might be accomplished.

WHAT profound thought is contained in the following:—"We can't tell what we can know, but we can tell what we *can't* know." That senior must have been entangled in a *w-c-b* of doubt.

MR. B.—"Prof. will you please tell me the name of that green stone?"

PROF.—"That, Mr. B., is known by the name of *Apatite*."

MR. B.—"O, yes, I have a very good specimen of that myself."

DIALOGUE heard at Sophomore table:

MR. M.—"Mr. F. will you be helped to some more *soup*?"

MR. F.—"No, thanks, I have had *super-abundance*."

Collapse of Mr. M. who thinks more remarks would be *super-fluous*.

ONE of our new additions must have been imported from the Arctic regions, judging from his never changing coolness. One day when requested to explain the "Theory of Limits" he replied: "Well, Prof., I don't think it would be expedient for me to store my brains with that sort of trash." Don't you think the precocious lad would really be worth listening to?