

## PICTOVIANA.

IN DEBATE a few nights ago one speaker expressed the opinion that his respected opponent was in imminent danger of "bursting." From what cause he omitted to state.

On the same evening a speaker said that "further comment in favor of women was superfluous," *Quid non sentit amor?*

One day last week as the student were coming down from the academy, one of the students stumbled and fell on the hard road, and on being asked if the fall had hurt him replied, "no, but I stopped so quick I hurt my knee."

The other day as we were visiting one of the student's boarding-houses we heard a most doleful combination of noises coming from the region of the garret. After it had been continued for some time we asked if any-body was sick upstairs. "Oh no" they answered, "its only "John" practising on his new mouth harmonicum." We suggest that "John" be arrested for cruelty to animals, and bound over to keep the peace.

It is currently reported that one of the prominent speakers at debate was seen last Friday afternoon poised on one foot before the looking-glass, his left hand over his heart, and his right elevated at an angle of 172 degrees, exclaiming in impressive accents, Mr. President and gentleman, being totally unprepared to speak this evening—a *Rustle* in the hall prevented further observations. *D'you see the joke.*

A new and interesting feature was introduced into our debate a few nights ago, when an inspiring junior gave us an interesting exhibition on fire works in the front seat.

Time 1 o'clock. Scene cloak-room. Hungry student, "Where the dickens is my hat." "If I get hold of the fellow that took that hat", just about this time the aforesaid hat may be seen reposing gracefully on the floor and every person who comes along feels that it is his duty to give

that particular hat a kick, and does so, to the infinite amusement of the owner. We would suggest the advisability of getting a larger cloakroom as the present one is by no means suited to accommodate over 100 hats.

We are glad to see that we have at least one *ma(ho)n* at the Academy.

What student has the most books?

Our esteemed mathematical professor thinks that just as all mankind have to pay the penalty of Adam's sin, so the advanced seniors have to suffer for the misdoings of the juniors.

Heard at Truro on day of foot-ball match, student going up to *Rec. D—*, say then have you any of those \$1.00 prize-packages left.

*Rec. D. very much astonished*, I-I dont understand you.

*Student.* O excuse me I thought you were the news agent.

Translation of *Mari est mi scur* by an adv. Senior. "Mary is my brother." Oh ye gods.

We advise the gentleman who delivered the oration in the hall the other day while under the influence of Laughing-gas, not to get up in debate again and inform us that he never gave the subject any consideration before he comes in.

"Man is prone to fall" sadly exclaimed a grave and reverend senior, as he sat down quietly on a patch of ice and scattered all his books within a radius of 25 feet.

"Study the Calendar brother 1—son study the calendar.

Heard in debate. "Yes I repeat if things went on in this way, soon every man you would meet. *would be a roman.*" Oh no man naught one.

We skipped a fable in ovid the other day, and it was amusing to see one of the