

At the last reception only one senior and three juniors were present. It is gravely hinted that Leap Year had something to do with these absences. Don't be alarmed boys.

Righteous determination of a senior. I came back to Acadia with only one resolution. I have resolved *with desperate calmness* to sin no more. Listeners look incredulous.

Chipman Hall was recently visited by a sort of mathematical prodigy who could give the cube root of any number up to one million in a quarter of a second. Quiser, wasn't he?

There is a large increase of students in Chipman Hall, this term. This is probably due to the fact that the students prefer association to solitude, and not to the allurements of the dining hall.

Sharpness is, no doubt, a very desirable element in a freshie's make up, but when it takes the form of perpetual monkisms in the dining hall it is likely to expose its possessor to unfriendly comment.

Those hard-working(?) freshies who occasionally try to convert the dining hall into a drill-shed would be more generally respected by their fellow-students if they exhibited a little more *head* and a little less *feet* culture.

Professor trying to make satisfactory arrangements as to the hour of recitation. "Mr. K. you have an *engagement* in the Academy at that hour, I understand." Mr. K. (Cautiously) "I teach a class at that hour, sir."

The seniors and juniors have made arrangements to have their table supplied with milk from the village. The college "Jerseys" are beginning to lose their reputation both for the *quality* and quantity of the lacteal fluid.

The recent sale of papers and periodicals in connection with the reading room was the most lively and profitable for years. The bidding for some of the magazines and leading periodicals was very close. This speaks well for the literary taste of our students.

Acadia has got its literary(?) thief. This person shows his sneaking propensities by clipping articles out of papers in the reading room. Has he no respect for the rights of others? or is he ignorant of the fact that each paper in the reading room is the property of some one of the students?

Professor in logic: Mr. K. how many objects do you think you could see at once? Mr. K. (confidently) perhaps five hundred, sir. A facetious class mate whispered that there were times when a single object would fill the horizon of Mr. K.'s mind.

Scene.—Photograph saloon.—Sophomore class sitting for a picture,—youthful soph. conspicuously in front. Operator from behind the instrument: "Will that gentlemen in the foreground please remove his overshoes?" Youthful soph crushed—overshoes disappear.

The students in the old academy boarding house are delighted with their kind and obliging matron. She attends to their wants when they are well and visits them and ministers to their comfort when sick. Few will remember and appreciate these attentions better than a student.

At the January meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society, the following officers were appointed:—President, F. M. Kelly; Vice President, G. R. White; Secretary, E. L. Gates; Treasurer, J. W. Brown; Executive Committee, E. H. Sweet, S. W. Cummings, F. H. Beales, Miss Wallace.

Junior in the throes of composition—a Cad intrudes. Junior (wildly) "Say, get out or I'll cause you to perform rapid gyrations through yonder oblong orifice." The Cad timidly asked for a translation of the awful sentence, but immediately vanished through the door with various articles of furniture taking up the rear.

Two students were groping their way through the Cimmerian gloom of the corridors of Chipman Hall, when suddenly the nose of one was inserted into the left ear of the other. "Where are you going?" yelled the man with the ear. "Into my room," growled the knight of the nose. "Why don't you follow your nose then?" snapped he of the ear. "I prefer a *furnished* apartment," was the crushing reply.

The following lines are dedicated to that festive youth who tries to pass himself off for a whole circus company in the dining hall:

There is a little "freshie"
Who frisks among the boys,
He's neither tall nor fleshy,
But makes an awful noise.

His baby tricks at dinner,
His silly acts at tea,
Should place the little sinner
Across his papa's knee.