

PRESCOTT AND EATON, '86, took their first course in Medicine at the University of the city of New York last winter.

H. BERT. ELLIS, '84, and wife are on the way to Germany.

ARTHUR CALHOUN, '31, is on the staff of the Boston Traveller.

GEORGE WHITMAN, '87, is at Jordan & Marsh's, Boston.

J. MOROAN, '87, is reported ill at Woodstock, Ontario.

PROF. J. F. TUFTS, M. A., has resigned his responsible position as Principal of H. C. A. A suitable man is to be appointed to fill his place.

J. S. LOCKHART, '83, is practising medicine in New York; had a friendly note from him lately containing some valuable points. Write again when you feel like it Bro. Joe.

MISS BUTTRICK, teacher of instrumental music in the Ladies' Seminary, has resigned, and will take a year or two in Germany pursuing her favorite study. It is understood, the Hill will not lose her valuable services entirely as she will accept her old position on the staff of teachers upon her return.

LOCALS.

GOOD-BYE.

PHOEBIE.

"FOR what?"

L. R.

QUERY. If Bryan can set two posts an hour, how many will be in place in two days and one night?

THE following were elected editors of ACADIA ATHENÆUM for next year:—W. H. Jenkins, L. A. Palmer, Senr., Miss A. G. Jackson, C. A. Eaton, Jun., Geo. Corey, Soph., B. H. Bentley, Secy.-Treasurer.

WHEN you got up early, rouse round and disturb all your neighbors, for the sooner you're strangled the better.

THE grey-mare's day is over, her work is done. On a Tuesday at 9 of the clock she meekly "handed in her cheeks" and on the self-same day, shortly after the stroke of 12, was quietly laid to rest. During her short life "the mare" had many masters and a large circle of dependent friends. Sad to say, however, but one Soph. assumed the Sunday raiment and followed her on to that "narrow divide." So much for human gratitude, still in pounds (avoirdupois) a smaller representation might have been present for the one mourner is no mean man. In build "the grey" was short and thick, being especially adapted for "draft." Her disposition was ever patient and genial, and often its influence fell like oil upon troubled waters. Other worlds may yet await her, but while there is sleep may it be deep in the soothing assurance that to her day and generation of '88 she was in very deed a blessing.

At last things are as they should be, for now,
The parson loves the bishop,
And the bishop says, "'tis well."

AGAIN came round the 24th, and from the many flag staffs streamed out the loyal bunting. The Queen safely stood on rung 69, and it was a holiday, so all the Hill rejoiced. Many went to Kentville and there won laurels, more stayed home and didn't, and so in happy gurgles quickly flowed the day till the sun dropped. Still, as darkness gathered slowly round all felt disappointed, for on this afternoon no groaning table had leaned its shaky length against the West side of the Sem, no hungry 'screamers' had gathered round and generously partaken of its load beneath the shade of "my umbrella," no speeches had there been, no gymnastics. No, quiet and the yellow sunlight had reigned together till the star-light joined the quiet—and at last the laurel-crowned heroes came home to the tune of "Rock me Julia," and the new day noisily buried the old regrets.

ONE of our "enterprisers" now drives a covered buggy. The post-card came and all the sky grew dark.

FRESH! The next time you take in a Reception have the young ladies introduced in pairs, so that when the gong strikes their won't be more than six disappointed.

Oh, the Ocean Bird is a tidy craft!
As loaded with Juniors, the wind right abaft,
She ploughs the Summer sea;
Her sides are whitened by ocean's brine,
Her hold breathes strong of an "ancient time,"
With a puff or two from the bilge.

Magranahan, Captain, a right good man
For holding the dollar where none else can,
Smiles short neath his straight moustache.
Before him there stands his sturdy crew,—
The cook, and the man who has all to do
For he shipped before the mast.

And thus they sailed till the week ran out,
And the Juniors grew tired of the toss about,
And the Joggins they didn't see;
The bread grew scarce, so the "Bird" came home,
And her "brood" no more are tempted to roam
From bed and boarding-house hash.

So here's to the "Bird" and her rakish three
May they ever be found on top of the sea
Till they've safely moored at last.
And here's to the morn that she sailed away,
May the custom remain till another May
For those who may Juniors be.

DURING the past year we have been forced to admit that living in our very midst are thieves. Their depredations, though of small account in themselves, clearly bespeak the true No. 1 A, instinct, well developed. Two of the gentlemen closed the campaign of the year by a daring assault upon and