

his mouth feels when full of tobacco. It will make my mouth feel "shockin'" to learn to use tobacco and then I will have to keep on using tobacco afterwards just to keep my mouth from feeling "shockin'" any more. I guess I won't use tobacco."

THERE is one chap in Chipman Hall who would better pack up his duds and leave. His recent depredations in the tailoring line were too designing for a baby, too diabolical for a consummate fool, and too contemptible to be tolerated in our boarding-house. The sneak may rest assured that more than one of his own class-mates would be glad to see him ousted by the authorities from the institution.

"ACADIA MISS. SOCIETY" held its November meeting in Assembly Hall on the third Sabbath evening of the month. The following was the programme:—

ESSAY by C. A. Eaton, Subject, "St. Francis Xavier."
"H. S. Shaw, "Joshua Marshmen."
READING, by Miss. Wallace, "Heavenly Blossom."
ADDRESS by Rev. J. R. Hutchison.

The service was opened with reading of appropriate scripture and prayer and the above programme was interspersed with music. The exercises were good from beginning to end and all agree in pronouncing the meeting one of more than ordinary interest. Miss Wallace's reading was a touching story from Missionary life rendered in her usually attractive style. The next meeting, for which a good programme has been provided will be held on the third Sunday evening in December.

THIS is Jubilee Year indeed. The Fisk Jubilee Singers sang to a large audience on Friday, 11th Nov., and fully sustained their high reputation as artists of no common ability. For an hour and a half the large audience was delighted, encoring again and again. The thunderous crashes of bass which rolled round the hall were especially admired. Good talent is pretty well appreciated here after all, and we only wish more of it could be secured. Many thanks, respected Faculty.

PICTURE-tucking is the rage. The Seniors got into their best collars lately, and solemnly marched to the scene of action, when the following occurred just prior to the impression: Senior in front row, anxiously. "Mr. ——— can't you place my feet so they will not occupy quite so conspicuous a position?" Artist: "Don't be alarmed, Mr. ———, my utmost expectation is to be able to take *half* the body at one impression." And the Senior looked relieved.

WE have always considered the principle that every man has a right to himself an established fact; but some people seem to imagine they have the combined rights of the building at least. It may require a considerable exertion of mental ability, possibly indicate remarkable intellectual endowments, to go to bed about ten time and then get up, rooster like, some three hours before the rising bell rings and go ranging about the halls, clambering down stairs, battering in doors, etc., etc., till the rest of the building is awake. We say it may be an indication of so-and-so, yet in lunatic asylums, for

instance, the authorities are unkind enough to confine such people in straight-jackets till the outburst works off in some degree.

THE latest dodge to escape tuition fees is to substitute French for Classics, and then take the latter as an "extra." By the way, several of the students who studied French last year decided not to continue this term, but rather unexpectedly changed their minds. It was hinted by those interested (of course accidentally) that classes possibly would be held consisting of students together with the ladies of the adjoining building. The effect of a wise word dropped in time is something wonderful.

CONCERNING "Hints" the conjecture has been hazarded that if a certain man whose claims to would-be eccentricity consist in a fondness for red flannel night caps, lame attempts at French whiskers, sighs, and a general air of immovable stupidity, should withdraw his patronage from or cease to wag his oracular tongue in the presence of certain other local celebrities, there would result one of the greatest literary crisis this century has ever witnessed. In other words a respected and profound journal, which weekly graces just two feet of our reading room, would ignominiously collapse.

ONE of the most heartrending events which has ever befallen the students of this institution occurred this month: it was the death of our only remaining child. It was not a twin, but love enough was showered upon it for a quartette. Its birth gave great promise, but soon the seeds of that insidious, dreadful disease, listlessness and loss of appetite, showed themselves. The poor, gentle darling gradually fell away during the latter part of September, and October saw its wasted little form struggle for breath and its feeble hands toss restlessly in the agonies of despair. Bleak November brought a last sad relapse; a low moan escaped the drawn lips; a convulsive gasp shook the emaciated body, the hands fell to its side, the eyes fixed in their glassy stare, and the weeping, agitated crowd knew that the object of their affections, their idol, delight of their eyes, balm of their hearts, solace of their waking and dream of their sleeping hours, had wafted its flight to that land where the weary cease from troubling and the wicked do their best. We sorrowfully laid it in the cold, cold ground, strewed flowers o'er its head—flowers which will too oft be watered by our falling tears—and breathed a prayer that some day, far, far in the dim, distant, uncertain future as it may be but some day, we may clasp it in our arms again and murmur over the alabaster form, "never to part more." It was christened soon after birth the "Acadia Amateur Athletic Association," and even then, as if by intuition, a spasmodic jerk seemed to hover over its form which will never be forgotten. It is generally thought that ponderosity of cognominal appellation, facing it there in its helplessness at the very opening of childhood, gave it a mental shock from which it never entirely recovered. And still they ask, "What's in a name?" It will be remembered that our first-born, named "Glee Club," suffered an ignominious death at the cruel hands of persecutors some two years ago, and this, our second bereavement, makes our hearts bleed.

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