

fine. The professor captured his audience at the outset, and by his skillful renderings of the dramatic and comic held them throughout the evening. The professor has, over and above his proficiency as an elocutionist, a manner decidedly taking. * * Prof. Connery will be heartily received should he visit Acadia again."

Marchmont Home, Belleville, has secured the services of D. McG. Gandier for the winter. His duties in this Institution, we believe, are of such a nature as to permit him to pay much attention to his health, which is rapidly improving.

DE NOBIS.

A DIVINITY was preaching a few Sundays ago. What he meant to say was: "A man is put into the world not to waste his life in the way that so many do, etc." What he did say was: "A man is put into the world not to lace his wife in the way that so many do." The congregation are still wondering.

That joke on me in the last JOURNAL was screamingly funny.—[Prof. McN.

Mr. Chairman, I move you, sir, that a royal commission be appointed to enquire into what the Secretary has been taking.—C. Mc-B

Here's a clipping from last Monday evening's edition of a city paper:

"Touching the gymnasium question H. R. Grant advised a \$5,000 building, and raise the fee to \$2, this would pay the interest and \$500 per year on the *principal*."

I guess Geordie wouldn't sit on *that* scheme.

Murphy—Did you see the owl?
Phwat Owl?
The owl-maid.

Say, H. R., what a pity Thanksgiving day comes but once a year.—[R. L-r-d.

Prof. (hopelessly giving up the attempt to extract an answer)—"Did you read this, Mr. ———?"

Student—No, sir; I didn't have time.

Prof.—Ah, I think you have been having too much time.

Can you see the point?

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

He turned sternly from the slight, quivering figure, convulsed with sobs, and, leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece, gazed darkly into the empty grate.

"Then it is true?" he said, as the frown deepened on his brow.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed, rocking to and fro in her grief and amazement.

"But you told me you had never loved before—that no man had ever stirred your heart."

"Not as I have loved you," she cried wildly.

"And yet you admit that you were engaged to Ferguson of the class of '87?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"And that before that you had an understanding with Williamson of '86?"

"Yes."

"And with Graham of '85?"

"No, no," she cried, "not with him; with both his brothers in the Sheffield Scientific, but not with him."

"But you were engaged to Sandiman of '85?" he went on, referring to a letter in his hand.

"Can you not forgive me?" she pleaded.

"I could, Clara," he said, after a pause. "I believe I could bring myself to it if that was all. But you were also engaged to Mc-Haffy of '84?"

"Ah!" she cried feebly, "do not spurn me from you!"

"What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded hoarsely. "Speak, woman!"

She rose to her full height and looked at him with a pathetic dignity in her glance.

"Ah, George," she said, "you little know the exigencies of a young girl's life in a college town."

For an instant he hesitated, as if his better nature moved him, and then he turned towards the door.

"Farewell!" he said, and walked rapidly away. In another second the street door clashed behind him.

With one heart-breaking cry the girl flung herself on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the parlor sofa.

"All is over!" she cried brokenly. "He was my last hold. Henceforth I am reduced to freshmen!"—Ex.