

Just two weeks more till the series of examinations on the subjects of the High School course, and we are beginning to find out how much of this work we have forgotten. Evidently the review of the High School work, from an academic standpoint, is going to prove considerably more difficult than most of us expected.

(Several of the students were looking over an old examination paper in Household Science).

W. W. D-x-s--, "Say, boys, how would you do this,—Describe how to make a button-hole?"

F. D. W-ll-c-, "Oh, cut it out."

.....

Exchanges.

THE MONTH.

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone.—*Lowell.*

The *Xaverian* comes to us from old Antigonish, N. S. It is attractive externally but not from "within." Its long articles on Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," "Cardina' Newman A Sketch," "The School and the Social Question," and "Settlement of Labor Disputes" are admirably written, full of beautiful thought and would fit well in the journal of some literary club; but for a college paper, we claim it is too narrow in its scope. Not that such articles as the foregoing make a paper narrow; on the contrary, when properly regulated in number and length with the paper as a whole, they surely give that paper a higher tone. But when such articles comprise the whole of a journal, then that journal becomes narrow. We would suggest, *Xaverian*, that you cut down considerably your literary space and introduce and give more room to a few of the other departments that constitute a college journal.

Mary had a little lamb,
She couldn't get a lot:
Her slice was just about the size
The other boarders got.—*Ex.*

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine with all of its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of his mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant