

One of the memorable and of course agreeable events in connection with the student life at Acadia is undoubtedly that which is long anticipated and longer remembered—a reception. The Seminary, always taking the lead in this line, entertained the Academy students on Friday evening, Oct. 12th. Frequent rings of the bell at about 8 o'clock announced the arrival of new bands led by the most heroic. The guests were received by Mr. McDonald, Miss Johnson, Miss Flemming, the President of the Pierian Society, Miss Darrach, President of the Y. W. C. A. and Miss Lounsbury, President of the class of '01. The entertainment consisting of blowing soap bubbles was very enjoyable because of its juvenile attractiveness. Prizes were awarded to those who excelled in the art—Miss Ebbett and Mr. Steele. Refreshments having been served the familiar chords from the piano informed all that the time had come to say “Farewell but not Goodbye.”

The word “football” is one which invariably arouses interest and enthusiasm. Accordingly the announcement that a game was to be played on Wednesday, Oct. 17th. was gladly received. Notwithstanding the cold, quite a number assembled on the grounds at four o'clock to witness the first match of the season between the upper and lower classes. Professor Jones refereed the game in a most satisfactory manner. One of the most noticeable features of the game was the good spirit which prevailed throughout; never has any game been played between the classes with less discord and ill feeling. Some good playing was done by both teams and the result was 5 to 0 in favor of the lower classes.

LOCALS.

“Who said Bill was caught?”

Prof:—Who wrote the Epistle to *Titus*?

L—mb—rd:—Tingley.

Freshie:—Why do the Cads wear big hats?

Soph:—So as to fit their swelled heads.

We understand that the Sem garrison is very strong, as they have had this year a large reinforcement of *Infantry*.

The *Hot time* auction sales of Chip Hall dry goods and crockery-ware was this year a great success; every type of Chip Hall life was present from the venerable auctioneer Hot Time himself to the long slim one, the last of the Bancrofts. Many of the articles posted for sale were not forthcoming and the whereabouts of these *Ken* not be found.