

would be found, yet it would spurn the idea of having "nothing." The truth is, not many original ideas are evolved now-a-days but simply a new combination of old ones, and frequently a simple reproduction takes place.

Things Around Home.

Snow-shoeing and coasting.

Senior, writing a letter—"Say, Prep., how do you spell vexed, with one *x* or two?"

The gymnastic club are more on their muscle than ever. They expect to make important additions to the Gymnasium ere long.

Academy class in Latin came to the word, "*Decemviri*." "Put the accent on the '*cem*,'" observed the teacher. The Sem. smole.

One of our portly old neighbors says he "reminds himself of the *fellow* in Scripture, 'The breadth whereof was equal to the height thereof.'"

"We wish to know," remarked the Dr. to the Psychologists, "what the common mind thinks on these points. Mr. A., will you give us *your* idea on the subject?"

In another column will be found a letter from a young lady formerly studying here. It would add to the interest of the paper if other of our lady friends would remember us thus.

Junior, reciting in mechanics—"Every action is accompanied by an equal and opposite reaction; therefore when a cannon-ball is fired from a ship, the ship is sent backward as far as the ball goes in a forward direction."

There has been a marked senioric development during the five months' study of Porter. One of the class recently stepped into the President's shoes. We mean over-shoes, and he did it as he came forth from Reception the other night.

This leads us to remark that a new element has been introduced into the Receptions. The Professors and their wives have been present at the last two Senior-and-Junior soirees.

While we are speaking of the Seminary—and we know that we are not expected to say much anent it, though we may be suspected to keep up a deal of thinking—we must mention that with the new term came a respectable addition—quantitate et qualitate—to the number in attendance on that Institution.

The Preps. of the present year are, as usual, "the most promising class that have ever prepared for College at Horton." That's right, boys; a hopeful disposition is a great help under all circumstances, only don't depend on it too far, as you have stern realities to encounter in Matriculation.

Officers of Acadia Athenæum for present term: W. P. Shafner, President; E. J. Morse, Vice President; J. E. Armstrong, Critic; E. A. Corey, Recording Secretary; C. L. Eaton, Corresponding Secretary; G. W. Gates, Treasurer; G. J. C. White, G. W. Gates, Syd. Welton, O. T. Daniels, A. W. Armstrong, Executive Committee.

The French classes are striking out into new and pleasant paths. Once a week all the divisions meet for a grand pow-wow. A social hour is spent in conversation on the topics of the day. The monotonous character of the weather during the last few weeks must be a source of grief on such occasions. The conversation to be entirely French. Who will start a series of *Greek* soirees?

OUR CHIP BASKET remarks that "all anxious parents who have daughters at the Sem. may sleep peacefully now, since there are two entrances in the new College which will be exclusively used by the young ladies; but some mothers will not rest easy till they know that a private street has been laid out by which the female students may reach any desirable point without meeting or associating with 'those dreadful boys.'"

The Seniors have bade a long, if not a sad good-bye, to Noah Porter. Immediately after the last examination on him, endured a few days ago, they gathered together in No. 9 and held high jubilee, closing with a lusty rendering of:

Should Noah Porter be forgot,
And ne'er remembered be?
Should Noah Porter be forgot,
And Psy-chol-o-gy?
Psy-chol-o-gy, my boys,
Psy-chol-o-gy,
We'll take a cup of Porter yet
For Psychology."

As those Solid Seniors, formed in an ellipse, and grasping each the hand of his neighbor, their countenance illuminated with a joy that the world at large knows nothing of, sawed up and down to the modulations of the tune, and came out in a grand burst of melody in the chorus, the sight would have brought tears to the eyes of a carpet-duster, and caused the hearts of the friends of Acadia to thrill with the sweet thought that their labors had not been in vain.