

DR. MARK HOPKINS makes a strong point against the hypothesis of evolution. 'Man is spoken of as originating from a monkey, as if it would be sufficient if some one man had thus originated. But it would not be sufficient. To secure the perpetuation of the species there must have been a simultaneous development of two persons—one of each sex—and the chances against this, from any mere tendency or operation of natural law, are beyond the power of computation.'—*School Journal*. A strong point rather against the claim that he has yet learned that 'nature doesn't jump.' Again, 'the discovery,' as Clifford said, 'of the missing link would only be required to show what animal was man's ancestor, an ape, as Darwin supposes, or with Vogt, some other animal.'

DR. DOGIEL has discovered that music has an influence on the circulation of the blood, generally causing the heart to beat more rapidly. *School Journal*. Dr. Richardson traces the effect of alcohol to a paralysis of the nerves, which restrains the action of the heart. Music, then, is literally intoxication. O! those wretched old teetotal drunkards, with their church organs and their ten-cent concerts! Talk about sprees!

KWONKI CHIN, a Chinaman, has compiled a dictionary of English idioms and slang terms. He has two appendices, lives of Jesus and Confucius.

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DURANCE, no letters must you give  
To any student resident,  
Till scrutinized they all have been  
By me, the College President.'

So spoke it was; and closer drawn  
Are the too closely fitting fetters,  
And grads must wait, no odds how late,  
Until the porter brings the letters.

ONE fool at a time in a house is quite enough, but be very careful that that one is not yourself.

WHEN you pass a suburban residence and notice that the only part of it out of order is the front gate, you may be sure of one of two things—either the owner of the house owes money all round, or else he has a pretty daughter.

LORD NAPIER, of Magdala, is to be offered a field-marshal's staff. Wouldn't an editor's staff do just as well? Because in that case we could supply him—cheap.

A DAIRYMAN I know has sunk a new well, and after bragging a good deal about the difficulties he had overcome, looked around for the applause. He got it from an old gentleman in the corner, who quietly asked if he had got down on the chalk.

THE evening had been convivial. 'And now, gentlemen,' said the chairman, 'I'll protose a post.'

THE late William Shakespeare has observed, with his accustomed perspicuity, that 'All the world's a stage.' So it is. And if you would preserve the illusions of youth, never try to get behind the scenes, but accept the characters of the players as by themselves represented.

A TISSUE-PAPER party was enjoyed by the many friends of Miss Eva Bogardus, at her home in Champaign, last evening.—*Illini*. If a 'tissue-paper party' gets its name like a 'calico ball,' what shall we say now for co-education?

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Who'll wisely reprove?  
"I," says Queen's *Journal*,  
"Because I'm so VERNAL,  
"I'll mildly reprove."  
—*Sunbeam*.

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It has a long time been a matter of wonderment to me what manner of man it could be Matthew Arnold described as an 'exponent of sweetness and light.' I've found the fellow at last. He keeps a general store in Yorkville, and his window displays, in close contiguity, a choice assortment of sugar-plums and tallow candles.

THERE is some talk at Oxford of the Agamemnon Company playing either the whole Orestean Trilogy or else the 'Alkestis' next term.

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JAMES WATERS lay in the hospital; his legs had been amputated. He had been racing home from school with young Martin, one of his schoolmates. While crossing the railroad the train ran over both of them, Martin being cut to pieces.

'Nurse,' said Waters, 'I want to see Tommy Page; he has got the pencils I raced him for. I touched the gate first, because they brought me here on it. If Martin had the pencils they would have been smashed with him on the railway.'

'Yes, my child; now, go to sleep,' said the nurse.  
Those two sticks of slate pencil are now preserved carefully in memory of the young sportsman.

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THE *Boston Post* says: 'Mrs. Langtry and the other professional beauties of London have a rival in the shape of a beautiful youth named Oscar Wilde, a poet and an "aesthetic." His picture adorns all the shop windows, and is even taken in the aesthetic style, with a bunch of lilies in his hand. He must look as lovely as a yellow cat having a fit in a dish of stewed tomatoes.' Let us hope that the Jingo's love for the Turk is not bringing England back to eastern manners.

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MARIE ROSE has been photographed in one hundred and fifty different positions. The only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a chair at a funeral.

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THEY had women doctors in Egypt over 3,000 years ago. They used to bend over their patients, crowing, 'Let me kiss him for his mummy.'

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TOO TRUE.

GENERAL ROBERTS, with five thousand men,  
Went out to Natal, and—came back again!

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IGNORANT men should keep their mouths shut. You can't tell whether a locked cupboard is full or empty.

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IT made me groan to discover that a number of our readers had not the slightest idea as to who Immanuel Kant was.

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THE Communists of London celebrated the outbreak of the Commune the other day by a dinner. The price of the tickets was 4s. 6d. This reckless extravagance has, it is hoped, utterly destroyed the pecuniary resources of the Socialists for years and years to come.

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As the Cornell men 'row along feathering their oars so nicely,' they sing gaily:

'Our tailors, duns, and jolly friends  
Had plucked us altogether,  
But now of a truth it can be said  
We are again in feather.'

I won't vouch for the strict accuracy of the above, but talk about being at a loss for an observation.

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TRY again; spin out something under this heading, viz: I wish *bon voyage* and a big triumph to the Cornell fellows. The consolatory impression is pretty general in England, that if Hanlan, Foss & Co. are not to be beaten, at any rate, when it comes to the question of a crew, it must be a case of Rule Britannia; when it is borne in mind, as the boat-rigger at Henley will prove this year that all the tips received from this side of the Herring Pond, as to swivel-rowlocks, length of slide and width of oar-blade, have not by any means been thoroughly adopted. This sort of blustering confidence is a very small improvement on priggishness.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.—A year or so ago the Harvard undergraduates produced upon the boards of a prominent Boston theatre a 'burlesque' which was artistically and financially a great success. A unique feature about the entertainment was that the female parts were taken by members of the sterner sex, and the illusion was said to be perfect. We in Toronto University have never had even the simpler parts of the drama or opera, the answer to aspiring souls being "there is no talent here." It would be worth the trouble even to these pessimists to see the Toronto Amateur Opera Company in their new venture. They having very successfully performed 'Pinafore' and 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' have taken hold of the 'Pirates of Penzance.' I had the pleasure of witnessing a recent rehearsal of the opera, and was exceed-