

The societies must give back to the tone they have first received I am persuaded that in any college where the prevailing life is true and earnest, the societies fed by its fountain will send back bright and quickening streams. They certainly give gladness and refreshment to our whole college life at Amherst.

I thank you Mr. President and Gentlemen, for the honor done me, and the pleasure afforded by the invitation to be present at these festivities. I accept the invitation, as officially given to the president of the college, and I gratefully recognize, in behalf of the college, both what this fraternity has already done in making its history so brilliant with illustrious names, and what it is doing to-day in adorning and strengthening the college in making its members purer, braver, truer men, and in using its increasing power for increasing growth in all that is honorable and of good report. I look on its past and its present as a bright dawn of a brighter day.

A MEMBER.

Personals.

J. G. G. Kerry, B.A.Sc., '88, is railroad locating in Gaspé.

Dr. J. Hewitt, who lately returned from Europe, is in town for a few days.

Thanks, Smaill, for the copy of the Glasgow *University Magazine*. It has been made good use of.

We clip the following item from *The Truth*, published in New Westminster, British Columbia:—"Proceedings of the City Council.—Water works.—From the Secretary of the Water Commissioners, reporting that they have appointed Mr. Arthur Hill, C.E., to the position of water-works engineer, at a salary of \$2,000 per annum." Mr. Hill is a B.A.Sc., '75.

It is with much sorrow that we chronicle the death of the wife of the Rev. H. E. C. Mason, Arts, '88, and sister of G. A. Craik, 3rd Arts. Mr. Mason had just got nicely settled in the Congregational pastorate at Brandon, Man. By diligent efforts he had secured the erection of a new church. In this unexpected bereavement, we extend to him and to G. H. Craik, our sincerest sympathies.

Exchanges.

This is what the *Dalhousie Gazette*, with its usual good sense, thinks of the Dinner Number:—

"THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE of Feb. 24, gives a full account of the great banquet, where the different departments of McGill University met, and where Professors, graduates and undergraduates to the number of about 400, enjoyed themselves. McGill is not co-educational, but, on this occasion, lady students representing the Donalda Department, were present in numbers, and, by frequent references made to them by the speech-makers, we judge they were chief among the attractions of the evening. There was much rejoicing over the passage of the B. A. Bill by the Quebec Legislature, and this recognition of the University was hopefully considered the beginning of a new educational era. The Banquet Committee are to be congratulated on their having made this initial Banquet a financial success."

Between the Lectures.

"Lives of poor men oft remind us—
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work, we have behind us
Bigger patches on our pants."

The latest thing out—The college student's night lamp.

A chronic law student has been named "necessity" because he knows no law.

Professor Hutchinson says that the number of English speaking students for the legal profession is very much smaller than formerly. What a calamity it would be if the supply of lawyers should fall short of the demand.

Newly fledged M.D. (wishing to feel fair patient's pulse), "Will you give me your hand?" F.P. (embarrassed), "Oh—but, doctor—you—you know—I am so—so unprepared—I must really ask papa first." ("He never smiled again.")

Perhaps some Arts man will give a literal rendering to the following versions:—

"Is ab ille heresi ago?
Fortibus es in aro!
Nova diets forte trux
Se vatium—pes and dux!"
"Stabile! Stable! haeres ago—
Fortibus es in aro.
Nobile! Nobile! Themis trux
Saevat in es em, 'Pes an dux."

I am going to resign my position as joker-in-ordinary to this establishment. I believe in the survival of the fittest, and if any man is a worse joker than I am, I ain't going to stand in his way.

I was loafing in the hall yesterday, watching the Sophomore crush at the English door, when a callow Freshman sauntered up, with a complaisant smile, and addressed me:—

"Say, Johle, if I sent in an exercise, and Dr. Pierre made me write it over again, what would be the difference between us?"

"Difference of opinion," I hazarded. (He was only a Freshman, and doesn't know much about such things, or he wouldn't joke about them; but let that pass.)

"Wrong there, old boy," he said; "there wouldn't be any difference; for if Darey read it, and I re-wrote it, we would be doing the same thing, don't you know."

"Why! How? Say it again, Fresh. I don't seem to catch on. Where's your joke, anyhow?"

"Well, now, look here; you've studied Latin, haven't you? (I forgive him that.) Well, *eo*—I go; *re*—back. *Redeo*, *redis*, *redit*—he goes back. Darey read it.

"Now, *roto*—I turn; *re*—back. *Reroto*, *rerotas*, *rerotat*—he returns. I re-wrote it. Isn't that the same thing? The Doctor goes back, and I return." Next!

JOHLE JOHKE.