

The *News Letter* devotes a page to the recognition of a gift of \$50,000 to John Hopkins University, from the heirs of Charles L. Marburg; the condition of the gift being that it shall be used either to establish a professorship, or an endowment fund, to bear the name of Charles L. Marburg.

McMaster University has also been remembered. She is to receive \$60,000 from John D. Rockefeller. Referring to the gift, *The McMaster Monthly* says: "The only taint about John D's. gift is 'taint enough."

Professor,—“Did you look over this work before class?”
 Student,—“No, I overlooked it.”

“Is the class of 1907 to wear Caps and Gowns at Graduation?” is a burning question among the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Heretofore Teck. students have not worn caps and gowns, but the seniors have come to the conclusion that it is “just as dignified to build a bridge as to dig up a Greek city,” and a strong plea has been made to the faculty to have the graduating class put on this “last outward sign of academic recognition.”

Sir. Victor Horsley: “In Toronto, in a street a mile long, I have looked in vain for a public house.” (Laughter from backsliders.) He should not have looked in vain—he should have watched the corners as they went past.
Glasgow University Magazine.

Jocoseria.

WITH commendable enterprise, and in preparation for the summer campaign, several of the denizens of Divinity Hall have already staked out sites for moustaches. Those whose foresight prompted them to cease shaving some time ago, have already upon their upper lip what looks like a circumflex accent above a very large O. *Nil desperandum.*

The morning of Feb. 21st will probably go down in history as the day on which the Senior Phil. Class came nearest to having their wrists paralyzed. W--y was exhibiting his marvellous powers as a dictator to quill-drivers. One passage was particularly appropriate,—“Since many cases occur in which one needs the love and sympathy of others—.”

“Hear, hear,” interpolated a voice hoarse and desperate to whom the lack of time forbade a sigh. ’Twould have inspired pity in any one except W--y. —Comments after class,—“Who the dickens is that man Kant anyway?”

“I just wish I had *him* down to copy the rubbish I could spiel off, I’d make him hump a bit too.”

(At noon.) “I’ve been swearing ever since 9 o’clock.”