

## FIRST YEAR.

D——n, translating :

"Melle soporatum \* \* \* \* offam obiicit."

"She threw a cake of soap."

Can this be a classical reference to "Good morning, have you used? etc."

Who says a "flock" of cattle and "herd" of birds?

Dr. A. informs us that he has known people to live for a considerable length of time in spite of the fact that they indulged in a certain well known poison—tobacco.

We beg to remind the Sophs that their success at recent hockey match was due to the poor play of the Freshmen and not to their good play. '98 always blow their own horn, and we excuse their crowing over this little success. Let them remember that pride sometimes takes a fall.

## MEDICAL NOTES.

## THE PRESENTATION TO COOK.

On Thursday, February 13th, one of the most imposing ceremonies that has ever been witnessed within the hallowed precincts of the medical building was piously carried out by the First and Second Years.

Cook! The Cook! The only Cook! The expounder of the law! The silver-toned Deity, around whom the entire solar system of the Medical Faculty revolves, was honored.

Borne high above the heads of the cheering populace—the First and Second Years—seated in his magnificently decorated sedan chair, amid the delicate perfume of the dissecting room, his tall and commanding figure was most impressive. Solemnly and slow, in time with the music of the wind through *Tobin's Tubes*, he was carried to the spacious marble tiled hall—Lecture room No. 3—and seated in majesty upon the throne—the desk. Amid tumultuous cheers, mingled with the Indian whoops of the Freshmen, he bowed serenely and graciously to his minions, and said, "Let her go!" "And she went."

A mighty silence now fell upon the assembled multitude. Naught disturbed the quiet save the stridulous breathing of the sedan carriers. At length the orator of the day, Fox, arose, and delivered the address on behalf of the students. It was written in terse, compact style, and was only 11 ft. 7 in. in length. This finished amid loud huzzas, he commanded the precious casket—a beer keg—to be pro-

duced. It was rolled in. "Unfold the priceless gems and the store of fine gold!" he ordered. It was unfolded—that is, the head knocked in, and Cook gazed in wonder upon the gems—a heterogeneous collection of disabled and wasted bungdowns amounting to many dollars. A pair of smoked glasses had been provided so that his eyes would not be injured by the sight.

Amid loud enquiries as to "what was the matter with Cook," and satisfactory answers to the same, the "Guardian angel of the Chamber of Horrors" arose. Smooth as a stream of liquid mud, or a newly macadamized road, a flood of eloquence poured from his inspired lips. His sweet, low voice, "like unto one crying in the wilderness," charmed the ear, and ruptured several mastoid cells. Iambics and dactyls, in measured cadence, shattered the helpless air, even the wind amid the whiskers of the Fourth Year died away to listen in ecstasy to music "sweeter far" than its own. Many a tear flowed from eyes hitherto unknown to weep. Many a vow to do better in the future was breathed by the Freshmen, as they dispersed to the Oxford and other places of worship.

We have been fortunate enough to obtain copies of both the address and the reply for the FORTNIGHTLY.

## THE ADDRESS.

To the most Illustrious,

THE EARL OF GOLGOTHA,

KNIGHT (AND DAY) COMMANDER

Of the Lavatory.

COMPANION, if not of MICHAEL, at least of GEORGE.

Following in the footsteps of the generations which have preceded us, and animated by a desire to imitate all their virtues while we abjure their vices, it is appropriate that at this season we should take the opportunity of extending to you the united good wishes of the First and Second Years, accompanied by a more tangible recognition of those many virtues which have rendered the name of *Cook* not only a household word throughout the length and breadth of this Continent, but one of the sweetest and most fragrant reminiscences of early childhood.

Not one of us is there present who does not recollect with what vague doubts and apprehension, what unspeakable emotion—not unmixed with awe,—we first intruded on the sphere of your domain, nor shall we ever forget the sense of beatific calm and reassurance which stole along our vaso-motor stem upon gazing into your paternal retina, and listening to those dulcet and soporific tones which cause the whiskers of our Agrarian cousins to vibrate in sympa-