

And when he's done his daily task And if they meet along the line
 And made the motor go, A henry or farad',
 Like chickens home to roost, he hikes They'll treat him as they did the ohm,
 Back to the dynamo. For which we should be glad.

Or, perhaps he takes the A. C. line, For if the busy little volt
 Because he thinks it pays, Did not work day and night,
 And takes his family along— Where would we get our kilowatts
 And then we have a phase. And our electric light?

D. Y. Namo.

Medicine.

WE are glad to print elsewhere in the JOURNAL an excellent address given by Dr. Ryan, at the last regular meeting of the Aesculapian Society. Dr. Ryan is a true college man in the highest sense of the term. Along in the eighties while attending the University, he saw the need of an organization that would serve as a bond of union among the Medical students, and at the same time bring them as a body into relation with the faculty. As a result of his efforts we have our Aesculapian Society of to-day of which we are all so proud.

Dr. A. P. Knight left for Stratford, where he was to give an address at the Normal School on Friday last. He has been appointed under the Provincial Board of Education to give a series of addresses at the various Normal institutions throughout Ontario.

"'12" Medicine is a year of unlimited talent—they have discovered in their midst a temperance lecturer—He is travelling under the pseudonym of "Sylvia."

The JOURNAL regrets to learn that Dr. S. W. Arthur, B.A., ('03), is ill with typhoid fever at his home, Redvers, Sask.

Dr. Wood:—"Gentlemen, it is impossible for a patient to live on boiled milk for any length of time."

E. E. St-le:—"Doctor, I was seriously sick for two months and got nothing else."

Dr. Wood:—"I was just going to say that we have idiosyncrasies and abnormalities."

TO DR. F. E.

Watch him pass with step majestic	Listen now his voice majestic
Down cadaver littered room,	Tells of nerve in hidden nook,
On his face one sees depicted	Then unerring draws it forward
Harder work or coming doom.	With his silver-plated hook.