

beer. Of coorse I sint it back. The low power shows the organs and tissues to be reduced in size, but the high power shows healthy cells indicatin' no injury from bad habits as alcohol. No nicotine was found.

That small, quiet, good-looking bhoy is Charlie Hudson, sometimes called Lulu. The bhoys tell me Percy Bannishter is tachin him in midicine and therapeutics, but as Percy sees through colored glasses, I'm afraid that he may lead Charlie astray. When he intered first he practised high kickin' with Joe Brophy, but he has given up all frivolity except an occasional leap year dance. So I'm going to give my certificate that Charlie is of age, knows lots of midicine, and possissis my highest confidence. With this he will succeed because he is allus a favorite, stedly and attinds to his business.

Peter M. Campbell, B.A., and Benjamin Webster, B. A., are the tallest men of the year. They shmoke their own pipes, for howly shmoke I can't. They are careful studints, conscienshus workers and counted the bist men in the year. They present characteristic tonshurial habits. Both wear short hair on top. Ben has a very long mustasche, while Pete has very attraktiv sideboards. Ben attinds the Salvation Army, while Pete goes to St. James' at night. Ben belongs to Kingston, and Pete has a big interest in some of the people. Ben is an oratur born and they tills me he used to practise down by the shore, shoutin' agin the wind and waves. Pete is sicritary of the Æsculapian, and sits as quiet in the matin as he does in class when his feet reach down to the floor.

Arthur McLaren, Hugh Walker and Tom Kelly are heart brakes to me. The divil himself niver knows phwat they be up to, for where there is any divilmint, you're shure to find thim there. I mate thim at night, and they are nivr alone. In the mornin' they joke each other, but ye can't tell phwat they mane by the motion of their fingers. I go to the rink to kape my eye on Arthur. He seems to be larnin' some little girrul to skate. Hugh and Tom have a fondness for picnics and leap year balls.

H. Murray and Fred McDonald always go toghether. Fred is Herb's silent partnur, and shure one night whin I wint home he began to monkey with our ice waggin, but he'll till ye nuthin about it now. He sacrifices his own thoughts and actions to plase Herb. Herb is that sleek lookin', mouse-colored bhoy, who has bin vice-president of the Æsculapian, Justice in the Coort House, Surgeon, and the bhoys till me is likely to be medallist. They tills me he is A one at commurshal wurk, but Ford won't accept his resates.

J. P. McManus. I'm more feared of Jack than I iver was of the Rooshans in the Crimea war. You

niver knows where he is goin' to hit ye or what he is thinkin' about. I niver saw Bath, but I knows all about it from Jack, who thinks it is the centur of the univarse. He was Kinnidy's right hand man in football, but his nose played too far forward and he couldn't kape up to it. He has raised a fine crop of whiskurs to gain confidince in the Profs. and to bring him a degree. He took no spechial coorse but will be a good all-round docthur.

Mike McDermott stayed wid me two years and thin wint to Shicogy and came back a new bhoy. He tuk to football this year and was sint to the fince for hittin one of thim gintulmin cadets. By manes of the cathode ray I find his hair is parted strate over the longitudinal sinus, is not a wig and measures 3 feet long. His muscle fibres luk as if he had bin doin' pugilar training. His heart lies in a strate line wid the part in his hair. The duodenum was found to meshure 5 feet long and I was so surprised that I gave up the exam. Mike aspires for the medal in Doc. Moonduls class but does not like to be questioned.

Jesse Dunning, alias Hunt, and A. Mackie have not been long under my care. I've kept my eye on thim, but they are make as Moses round the college. Dunning seems to attend ivery class in college. The Dean thinks Mackie is an authority on gurruls, but take my word that Dunning knows twice as much, though he is an innocint lookin lad. Each will do well in his future coorse.

Alex. Embury, Etson Teepell, and Charlie Macpherson may seem too young to go into the wurruld but I have taken good care of thim. Besides I have been trying the latest "Coffee's Moustash Generatur" on thim, and already I see good results on Teepell. With the 'schope I find no sebashus gland and hair follikuls on Mack and Embury so I advised thim to stop the thrial for a few years.

Teepell is House Surgeon, has biniffitted grately by advice and is becomin more modest ivry day. In the Spring I'll sind him back to Watertown an A 1 docthur.

Embury has interviewed all the big min of the city: Col. Duff, MacIntyre, and Prin. Grant. Now he hopes to git a sartificate of good conduct from the ministhur of Sydenham. He tills me they have the best choir in the city there. When he leaves me he'll be able to resthore the dead.

MacPherson, so Doc. Soolivan says, is of a phlematic timpermint, whatever "in the wurruld" that manes, for I haven't come across it yit in midical rading. He is not a noisy bhoy and to my knowin' he has only bin out at night on the last two Soon-days. He has such power even now over sick people that even the soobs turn over when he inters the room.