

Medical College.

THE STORY OF MY ENTRANCE TO QUEEN'S MEDICAL.

I WAS always told I would make a good physician, for on the farm I had especial good luck in administering "balls" to horses and could teach any calf to drink out of a ten-quart pail without blowing all its vittles up my sleeves, and I knew I would be an excellent surgeon because I could cut a rooster's head off or pluck a live goose without trembling. I never felt the least bit sick at hog killing time either. One of the fellows from out our way was a regular booby at such work, but when he spent a year or two in college he came home wearing good clothes and looking so slick,—well! if you had only heard him talk! One of our neighbors got blue one day and cut his throat (the neighbor's throat), and this fellow examined him and said he was sure to die for he had completely severed his ligamentum nuchæ and no one was ever known to live after that. But to make things still more certain he showed the man's relatives that both the œsophagus and the œsophagi were cut slam across. By hedges, I never knew till then that there were two passages down a man's throat, but he said any fool would know that. The œsophagus was for the drink and the œsophagi was for the food and that there was a kind of a double swinging gate just like the one in the threshing machine to fill one bushel and then to turn it into the next, so you see how busy it would be, going flippity flop, when a fellow was eating bread and milk. Before he went away soft soap was good enough for him, but when he came back he said his hands would not be clean unless he used urethral soap seven times and then held them up in the air to dry, for all the best surgeons dried their hands that way. There was one day we were glad he had been to study medicine, for Bess the Messenger mare, dam Message Boy, grand dam Slow-coach out of Waggonette, she by The Rake, got her foot in a hole in the stall and hurt it so she could not step on it. He put on one of mother's night gowns and said it would do for a sterile apron, washed his hands seven times in urethral soap and held them up in the air to dry, and then went into the drive shed to examine the mare. He would not look at her in the stable because he said microbes lived in damp, dark, moist places and stables were just full of them. After twisting it around a good bit and making old Bess jump so we had to put a twitch on her nose to keep her quiet, he said the internal cupoid bone was twisted and that if we would get a sursingle he would show us how to make a clove hitch and bring it back again to its place. He then put on a slick

bandage and sewed it up with slippery elm bark as there was no kangaroo tendon around, and said he would take it down in a few days but old Bess had it down as soon as we took off the twitch. That night I made up my mind to be a doctor, and getting hold of a copy of the Royal Medical College Herald, I vowed that I would see the next night in Kingston, and he was the most bewildering scintillating Knight I ever saw. I said goodbye to my sweetheart, and feeling very badly at leaving my Nellie, could not help mentioning it to my young friend, the doctor, who comforted me much by saying that the first two years I would be much occupied by listening to the tones of the camp bell and would not think much about her, but when I struck the third year I would be giving much time to Con Nell, although some of my hours would be spent in the dissecting room getting the Coffey boiling.

NOTES.

The Aesculapian Society has held two or three important meetings, the chief business of which has been to make preliminary arrangements for the annual medical dinner. The committees appointed are all hard at work, and everything so far points to the most successful dinner in the annals of the Royal Medical College.

The attention of the Faculty is drawn to the statement on the calender *re* anatomical material. There was a time in which the morals of the medical student did not prevent him from acts considered by most persons, desecration. That time has passed and the Faculty should not by their neglect "lead them into temptation." *Verb. sap.*, and "us boys" are *sap.*

The "Court" has met, presided over by him of the prospective "bay window" of aldermanic proportions, the "sky pilot," and the fellow who can tell us "what the Jew has done for civilization," the best combination the students could produce. Two prisoners were before this august body, one who, if experience is any kind of a teacher, should not have been there, and the other because he thought he was judge at a New York show instead of a humble student at a hospital clinic. The Chief Justice very clearly pointed out two things, 1st, freshmen can occupy back seats and back seats only at all lectures and clinics; and 2nd, that the ex-president of the Aesculapian Society who defended the prisoner should have known what a clinic was before he attempted his lame defence. It was defined as a class at which something was taught and learned. At a p.m., according to the Chief Justice, much was "taken in" and "given out." The prisoner was let off with a very light sentence. In the other case the