

Extemporaneous monologues is Jimmy Campbell's game,
He's a regular human dynamo and gets there just the same,
On prophylaxis he does harp the session through and through,
In therapeutics sure he's yet to teach us something new.
Standing at the head of the list is hydrotherapy,
We all agree it has its place, but not internally.

Dr. Anglin gives a clinic to us every day
He shows us how to fix an ulcer in the neatest way.
The Mayo Bros.' income has very much increased
Since Bill paid them a visit and a hint or two released.
But now alas since he came back he wears a look of pain,
And oftentimes he's heard to sob and sing his sad refrain—

Wallie Connell makes a hit on bugs and P.M. knives,
To find the death and then the cause, he hacks and saws and strives.
He talks of tissue changes while the boys nap o'er the notes;
On waxy kidneys, bacon spleen and tumor growths he dotes.
In the Lab. he shows the boys just how to make a slide,
And when 'tis done and on the scope, small wonder if he cried.

Doctor Ryan hails from Rockwood, out in Hatter's Bay,
And when he comes there's something doing nearly every day.
"I'll see you after class," he says, if someone talks too loud,
And then he starts out at a pace that sure would scare a crowd,
He gives the boys a chance to show their skill at surgery,
And surely gave them all they wanted up at 'Varsity.

Archie Williamson he's Prof. of Toxicology,
He tells about the poisons and of morbid anatomy.
He looks after the public health and does the best he can
To keep the water pure and also watches the milk man.
And he likes to rake in the coin as Sec-re-tary,
And woe to the man or darkey, that does not pay his fee.

Eddie Mundell, as you know, he has that surgery cold,
Those wounds he wants dressed with bichlor and gauze a double fold
And when he strolls along the street, revolving cane in hand,
You may be sure he's looking for Murphy's button in the sand,
And if he lays that cigar butt on the window sill 'fore class
It surely is there afterwards, in aseptic little mass:—

Oh all you smokers listen, while I tell of Eddie's cigar,
It cannot be aseptic, when he lets it go so far.
For those window sills have the staphylococc,
They play tag with the T. B. flock,
So Eddie cut out smoking, and save us from the shock.