

the victim made a rush for the front door to escape a man with a note-book who was coming down the stairs.

"Well, well," remarked the graduate as he left the college, "how things have changed since I was a merry undergraduate!"

A house-surgeon at the K. G. H., not so very long ago, had just been inducted into his office. A call came to an out-door patient and the newly-fledged doctor was despatched to the case. On his arrival he found the patient, a woman, badly cyanosed as he thought. Rushing to the nearest phone he telephoned the hospital: "Send up a doctor quick; patient very badly cyanosed. She's black in the face." House-surgeon No. 2 was at once sent to his assistance and on arrival found that his colleague had spoken the truth. The patient was indeed black in the face—she was a negress.

Medicine's candidates for the Alma Mater elections received the support not only of their own Faculty but of the students of Arts, Science and Divinity. The fact that Mr. Etherington headed the polls speaks volumes for the 1st vice-president's reputation as a speaker and as an executive officer, for Mr. Etherington did little or no canvassing.

Mr. Singleton, the committee man, has yet to win his spurs, but here, too, the medical students feel that they have a representative well worthy of a place in the executive of the Alma Mater Society.

Dr. Malcolm '93, now practising in Wisconsin, and Dr. Porter '00 were among the visitors to the Medical College last week.

Dr. Sullivan returned from his trip to the Eastern Provinces bringing with him kind remembrances to their Alma Mater from Dr. Henderson, Dr. Meyers and Dr. Ferguson, old graduates of Medicine and now among the leading physicians in the Maritime Provinces.

Overheard at an Aesculapian meeting.

Z-i-k-r- "Didn't you collect money for last year's election fund T. O.?"

T. O. "Yes, you were the only one who didn't pay me."

(Collapse of Zwick).

ONE NIGHT WITH THE BOYS.

Now a student one day
To his comrades so gay
Said "Verily, what is the fun
If we plug like the deuce
And can never cut loose?
Let us get on a 'lovely bun!' "

So these fellows so grave
Sang one roistering stave
Of a song which tho' old is yet new;
'Twas the "Oil, whiskey, wine,"
That the meds think so fine,
And the science men, yes, just a few.

In a *cafe* so bright
From their cab they alight,
Their order: "Bring everything
good!"

Then a bottle went round,
And its contents were downed
In a cheerful, hilarious mood.

One bright little coon,
Whose smile lit the room,
Was telling somewhat of a fable,
When the tall one in green
Disappeared from the scene,
And was found with his head 'neath
the table.

Now a pickle right plump
Caught the eye of one chump,
And he gave it a furious bite;
When a squirt soaring high
Hit the tall waiter's eye,
Well, say! can you picture the sight?