

Medicine.

ON Friday last, a very interesting game of hockey was played at the covered rink, between year '13 Medicine and '13 Arts, the result being a decided victory for the former. The final score, 8-2.

The game was fast throughout and was characterized by some fine individual rushes by both teams, while the Medicals showed their superiority in team play. Blakeslee at cover showed his usual good form, while Boyd in the nets, made some brilliant stops. Whitlock, the new man at point, showed great judgment in his play, very seldom allowing his opponents to rush in on the nets. On the forward line Collier, Hanna and Grace did some splendid team work, while "Peat" McLachlan starred in his checking back. With a few more good work-outs year '13 Medicine should easily land the inter-year championship. Manager Flood, Medicine '12, gave general satisfaction as referee. The Line-up:—

Medicine '13:—Sustentaculum Tali Boyd, Pseudoleukocythemia Whitlock, Hesselback's Triangle Blaksley, Anthrocosis Collier, Cholecystenterostomy Hanna, Microspira Grace, Conium Maculatum McLachan.

Arts '13:—Haggart, Priscilla, May Flower Pilgrim, Minnis, Campbell, Cormack, L. Fraser, Fraser.

Dr. Bogart has the sincere sympathy of every Medical student in his recent illness. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

We miss Dr. C. S. Dunham at the K. G. H. Charlie made many friends while House Surgeon at the Hospital.

Mr. J. D. Neville, Medicine, '10, represented Queen's Western Association at McGill last week. Jack reports the McGill union dinner a splendid success.

A WAIL OF MEDICINE '12, OR TO A. P. K.

They say that the stars in their courses are
Exceedingly steadily run,
Yet they once made a miss if my memory runs true,
When Joshua talked to the sun.

But we have a light that turns up every day
Despair of him drives me to rhyme,
For he not only never yet took a day off,
But he always goes on over time.

We thought he was enchred a few days ago,
It had got very cold in the night,
Iceicles hanging all over the show,
And the mercury down out of sight.

We were just getting ready to hit the back trail
When his voice through the hoar frost floats.
'As the room is unhealthily chilly to-day,
'I'll wait till you get on your coats.'

Naughty Eleven.