

Medicine.

DR. R. K. Patterson, now practising in Ottawa, spent a few days of the holidays renewing acquaintances in the city.

Dr. Johnston, of Gowganda, was in the city for a week or so on vacation.

Congratulations are extended to Dr. C. Laidlaw, Ottawa, on his recent marriage to Miss Eleanor MacDonnell.

Dr. R. J. Ellis, '08, is enjoying life on the ocean wave this winter. He completed his first round trip across the Atlantic, arriving at St. John's, N.B., on Dec. 17th. The doctor gives a very vivid account of the city of Antwerp. Any person reading his letter would certainly change any preconceived opinion he may have had of the Dutch being a plethoric or austere race.

We are printing in this issue part of the final year song at the Medical Dinner. Owing to lack of space the whole song could not be published.

We all like Dr. Connell
The Dean of the Faculty.
It all depends on how you start
And with him we agree.
He talks of Uvulitis
And Tonsillitis too,
Anosmia, parosmia
Oh, these are just a few.

CHORUS.

He's always on the job
At nine, at nine
On Tuesday morn, on Wednesday morn
He's got the time down fine.
We all come straggling in
At nine, at nine
Now it's a shame, but we're to blame
Its five minutes after time.

Oh, Dr. Mundell slams at us
In Senior Surgery
If there's anything I don't explain
I want you to tell me.
You've simply got to know this
You'll need it every day,
If a man can't cut the appendix out
He had better fade away.

CHORUS.

Are you sure you have the idea?
(Cough, cough)
I guess it's best to leave the rest
We'll take it up next day.
Now just review the fractures,
(Cough, cough)
I do not care what else you do,
But learn your surgery.

Our Government Pathologist,
His P.M.'s are a treat
His saws they shine, his knives are fine
He loves to carve the meat.

He slices up the liver,
The brain and stomach, too,
And puts them in his little jar,
He's saving one for you.

CHORUS.

There's nothing that escapes him
Wally, Wally.
He finds the worm or the little germ
That's causing all the fuss.
Most all Bacteria know him
Wally, Wally
When they hear him yell, they scoot like—
As fast as they can flee.

Now this to Dr. Garrett
And his Gynæcology.
Three times a week he tells us
Of things we'll never see.
We all think of race horses
He goes so Bloomin' fast;
If he'd hit the pace of his old nag
'Twould surely suit the class.

CHORUS.

We've filled two books already,
Daddy, Daddy
We have to write with all our might
And listen to his say.
You'll surely take this notice
Daddy, Daddy.
Now please say whoa, and just go slow
If only for one day.

You all know Dr. Williamson
The head of the Board of Health.
He always has a pleasant smile,
He's not struck on himself.
How about the eye opener
He can tell a story too,
Next time you meet him, stop him
And he'll tell one to you.