

NAUGHTY-FOUR YEAR BOOK—MEDICAL FACULTY.

WEARY WAGGLES WRIGHT.

Weary was a great acquisition to the Meds. when he joined the class of '04, and was put into immediate use as a flagpole, and to tell the atmospheric conditions of the upper regions. Great excitement prevailed in the School of Science one day when Walter's face peered in at one of the third story windows, which excitement was changed to amazement when it was ascertained that at the time he was seated in the second flat of the Medical Building. As a student Walter is a great success, devoting at least one night a week to his work. He is also a great acquisition to the cricket team, for when he is in the outfield he can cover all the ground, and the other fielders take a rest. In his chosen profession he will surely be a great success, for he is popular with the ladies, and adored by the children, and his "cunning, dimples" will lend themselves to an enviable bedside manner.

WILLING BELPRY HENDRY.

Bill is well named, for he is always ringing his own praises, but that's all that's good about him. He graduated once from Arts, and amid profound dismay took root in Ridley College. Amidst most profound rejoicings he led "Casey" Baldwin forth thence and enrolled with him in '04. While a winner with the women, where none but Walter Wright can head him, Bill's principal activities take place on the athletic field. Here, under assumed names, he managed to get on the football and lacrosse teams, and nearly got on the hockey team, as "Doc" Wright, but that worthy turned up himself, and so spoiled Billy's plan. Everything Bill does he does well, even to his patients, but whether they will do well or not we don't know, for to elucidate he may *do* them well, but may not do them good.

WM. ANHEUSEK-BUSCH APOLLINARIS FORD.

Yes, that is the name of the handsome guy with the emphysematous chest, exophthalmic eyes and Elizabeth Barrett Browning hair. Don't think he is a Willie, for he is not. He used to be the greatest athlete on earth, and was known from Belleville to Picton as the greatest sprinter and hurdler since the days of Louis Cyr. Today he is the nicest knee-actor at Varsity, and Geo. Ballard will certify to it. He was the fastest wing player in the Mulock Cup games this year. As a tackle, he was a marvel, using the half-Nelson and strangle holds with deadly effect. At present he is identified with the social reform movement among the Meds. He is a close friend of Carrie Nation, Ted Elkins, Emma Goldmann, Hettie Greene and many other noted philanthropists. It is said he once changed his boarding-house because there was an hotel on a corner two and a half miles away—no closer. On the occasion of the track team's last visit to Montreal he slept out two nights, one under a lunch wagon, and one on a picket fence, rather than sleep in an hotel. However, Bill Hendry says this was the fault of the manager of the team. He makes his farewell American appearance next summer at the St. Louis Exposition, where, as the Canadian Sampson, he will do stunts of strength and pose as the perfectly formed man in the Gallery of Living Pictures. He is studying medicine only as a pastime, for after graduation he will enter into the manufacture and sale of gold-bricks, green goods and other notions.

JOSEPH SHARKEY VAN BIBBER LORD.

Known as the best amateur hot air shooter since the days of Davy Dixon, and is a real bad package. He denies the rumor that his picture is in the Rogue's Gallery, or that he has done time. He is the slickest, smoothest confidence man among the '04 Meds., and a past master of the illustrious Order of Knockers. He was once known to laugh, rarely smiles, and never jokes. He first came into prominence on the tug-of-war team, which won, because he added so much dead weight. As a football player he is wonderfully fast for a big man. He wears a pair of No. 12 shoes, each weighing 14½ pounds, and his kicks through the scrimmage are always fatal. He has bucked the line for touch-downs on different occasions, mostly in his dreams. He was the backbone of the Meds.' team this year, and played a star game, which fact the press notices failed to report. Around School he is always trying to pick a fight with such scrappers as Alfie Stewart or "Cardinal" Newman. He says he has thrown the discus farther than Percy Biggs ever did, but this is only a pipe. After graduation he will accept a position as bookkeeper in the shooting gallery on King street.

GEORGE ISN'T BIGGS.

"Little, but oh, my!"

Georgie is a product of the wild and woolly west. He soon tired of associating with the other bronchos and of taming cowboys, so he came east to help run the University, and assist it in roping in a football championship or two. At various times he has taken a stab at Rugby, Association, Hockey, Baseball, Tennis and Ping Pong, but of late has been abandoning these comparatively tame amusements for the giddy excitement of Rugby dances and Victoria conversats. To judge from his success, this is something he should have done long ago. Here are a few remarks overheard: "Isn't he cute?" "I went in to supper with the loveliest little fair-haired, curly-headed boy!" "I think he's just a dear!" etc., etc., etc. Though his friends have their doubts, he declares he will make a blamed good doctor, and at present he is hunting an Arts man to look after the "undertaking" part of the business.

SIR WALTER BRUCE HURLY BURLY BURWELL.

"Our baby elephant."

Me, and Charlie Johnson, and Fat Cochrane won that cup; Biddy had nothing to do with it." If you do not believe this, ask Bruce. Bruce is one of those clever studious boys who come to the University really before they are fit to stand the work. His retiring disposition and somewhat delicate health have prevented him winning with his fellows, as much as he would have wished, though they have not been heard to express any keen feelings of regret. Following Biddy McLennan's advice, Foxy Grandpa has been taking a course in physiculture, but so far has done nothing more strenuous than play Rugby, and make the tug-of-war team. He is a leading feature at all social functions he can get into, particularly if the refreshments are plentiful. He expects to be a doctor some day, and probably a specialist in equine diseases.

[A number of other students of the various faculties have requested that their biographies be published, but want of space forbids.—Editor of THE VARSITY.]