

Pabulum Digestendum in Futuro.

We speak to the followers of Hippocrates. We are not going to say what the nature of the following dissertations may be. Some may be thoughtful; others amusing; some grotesque and others foolish; but we vouch that none were in any degree intended to be offensive. When after many seasons have come and gone, and most of us have settled down to lucrative (?) practices, and we have so mastered the intricacies of work that time will be our own, we offer the following heterogeneous pabulum for digestion—trusting that if it does nothing else, it will at least remind us of former days. Because "annuals" like some of the small boys' bargains are made "for keeps."

Will some one please tell us why it is that the innocent suffer so much. His look possessed benignity and suavity. The anterior portions of his cerebral anfractuosities were really so impregnated with good intentions that they shone through his cranium in snow-white purity, and tended to make his forehead anæmic. He wears glasses. His light shone before him so penetratingly that hardly was the election of officers over in our first year than we saw and still see a great man amongst us. His voice is brazen, his composure of mind and body preter-natural, his forwardness in grinds and clinics was never bounded by a three-mile horizon; in fact the very colour of his hair makes him unique. Despite all this and more, we do not vouchsafe him scope to exercise his individuality. Why that vociferous, unmusical, stamping of feet when he enters late, or is asked for a song? Why is he at present a target at which the younger men of '99 sling, with unerring aim, their exuberant ridicule about his evangelical ideas in regard to the Chinese, and likewise certain members of the class? Yet there is hope in that budding mustache of his. He may still terrify

the enemy by his hairy visage, in the manner that the red-haired Jutes affected the Roman legions. It is, however, doubtful, and verily to conclude with a moral we say: "Be virtuous, but don't parade your religious proclivities in front of medical students. They are an odd class of men, and some will surely kick back in ways hinted at above. For some reason or others, evangelization fares badly among them."

A certain professor, who lectured to us in the forenoons of the first and second years, claimed that, "diagnostically speaking, it was a good rule to believe every man a liar till you saw good reason why he should tell the truth." This is the plain language of scientific doubt somewhat cynically but none the less truthfully expressed. If there was one virtue more than another attributable to this same professor, it was the subtle and convincing way in which he inspired men with enthusiasm for his subject. His stories were always entertaining; his hints by the way, brimful of common sense, and altogether his lectures constituted one of the most pleasing features of our first and second years at McGill.

Ad multos annos is our sincerest wish.

It was a cold, rainy, blustering night in the month of March, 1897, that two individuals, well-known to us all, could be seen stealthily walking down the College avenue, heading in the direction of Cathcart street. Their great coats could

