

trip to China, which, by the way, is much like B. C. The president has long felt the need of some suitable material for vivisection, and having recently heard of the unlimited supply of Chinamen who would be only too glad to keep us busy, is bent on growing a pig-tail so as to be doubly acceptable to the Asiatics. The importance of growing the hair will be emphasized, for without a pig-tail great opportunities will be lost. If this scheme succeeds we will each have a couple of Chinks a day instead of one mangy dog for the whole class, as we had last Thursday.

Freshie.—“Why is you stiff like Long-boat?”

Soph.—“Because he goes fast.”

Freshie.—“No. Because he has a running brain.”

Last week's “History of Medicine” lecture was splendid — too good, in fact, for the twenty odd men who turned up. Make an effort next Friday, so that a proper roomful may be there to hear Dr. Mac-Phail. If a more suitable hour can be found it is most probable that a change will be made.

“Yes, I saw the chisel. It's up there on the ceiling, just near the electric light,” said Josh, and “Selater” immediately began to search the ceiling.

The man who says the “cervical fascia is attached below to the crest of the ilium” must have been dissecting a giraffe.

#### A Class Report.

It is to be hoped that all who heard the lecture last week on the “Art of Gassing, and How to Use It,” will at once begin to kick at our present profs. so that in time we may get some who are fit to teach such worthy beings as we most assuredly are, for then we shall always get

what we want and not what any other man wants, nor shall profs. butt in and give us subjects which have absolutely nothing to do with the science of being a swelled head, which we came here four years ago to learn, but which we now know is much better taught across the line, and the effect of last week's lecture will only have the effect of causing some of us who know what big men we are to go to Columbia to finish our courses, where stones are taken off walls practically without calculation, nor accidents and practice and not theory is taught; so this is why we write the above to show what a back number we are having this set to music and sent round the country with two-for-a-cent sugar sticks, so that all may know what we are, why we are, and how sorry we are we came here instead of ging elsewhere.

P. S.—For preceding chapters, see The Martlet, Nos. 1—14, “Letters of a Sore-Head,” and read them while waiting for the rest of the tune next week. If you can't understand it you're not to blame, for we can't either.

When it is remembered  
**ARTS'10** that three events of such importance as the Arts Dinner, the R. V. C. skating party, and the Union Dance have occurred within one week, the following effusion may perhaps be pardoned:

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over books arrayed around me, on my desk and on the floor,  
And 'gainst drowsy slumber fought, suddenly there came a thought:  
“Fool, this work all is naught, therefore cease to study more—  
What availeth all this labor, all this weary dreadful bore,