

After all, the plans of mice and men take time to carry out. A notable example has been the Reorganization Staff of Toronto General Hospital. After fourteen months' cogitation the names of those appointed have been given to the press. The Reorganization Committee grappled long and tirelessly with the very difficult problem before them. That their appointments, on the whole, have been just, may be admitted, with the exception of their treatment of the old Trinity men.

The arrangement of Toronto General Hospital staff
Has but resulted in making some men laugh.
Others have been treated in a way that is rough
Don't you think that their lot is decidedly tough?

A few men have been chosen who meet with the approval of all: hats off to the *Crowned Heads* where the headgear fits. A very few have been appointed who so far have never distinguished themselves in the world of medical science, or even as ordinary practitioners. Perhaps they will make the very best kind of assistants and be willing to be clay in the hands of their seniors, ever at their feet learning, and by sheer hard work win laurels and add their names to the roll of fame. Time will tell. They very wisely have appointed a kindergarten class of those of younger years, on approbation, that is a nervous way to be; almost as bad as being engaged when the dear girl is coy and hard to please, but there isn't a doctor in Toronto who begrudges them their share of the birthday gifts.

But the warmest place in our hearts is ever for the names now on the Consultants' Roll. The men of the Old Brigade who made the Hospital, and who were there by right of the work they did in the old days, before Hospital Boards were composed of god-fathers who made money speak—these men have now been given passes to the *Bald-headed* row. Well, the Bald-headed row is the best place for watching the fun.

Next come the *Dead Heads*—the over-the-age ones who have been told to sing their swan-song—"Grow old with me"—the unappreciated ones, and those who are all right but are just too many—like the old darkey woman's baby. She only knew eight Bible names, and said to the preacher: "This blessed baby can't have no name till one of the others dies; then he'll get hee's name."