

entire elimination of the loafing element.

Speaking to the graduates the Dean warned them against professional jealousy, the besetting sin of the medical profession, and urged habits of association and mutual intercourse with one another. The interests of the profession are best served by cordial sympathy, harmony and good fellowship.

Principal Gordon, on being asked to speak to the graduating class, pointed the members to the life of Principal Grant, dwelling especially on his power of concentration in his work, his courage and his spirit of helpful service.

THE NEW JOURNAL STAFF.

The following are the members of the JOURNAL staff for the session 1906-1907:

Editor-in-chief—G. A. Platt.

Associate Editor—Miss M.D. Harkness.

Managing Editor—W. M. Hay.

DEPARTMENTS

Ladies—Miss I. McInnes, Miss M. Clifford.

Literary—A. H. Gibson.

Arts—R. C. Jackson.

Medicine—R. A. Scott.

Science—A. G. Fleming.

Divinity—R. M. Stevenson.

Athletics—R. Potter.

Exchanges—J. S. Huff.

Alumni—A. E. Boak.

Business Manager—H. P. May.

Assistant Business Manager—D. I. McLeod.

Business Committee—T. McGinnis, F. J. Keely, Miss E. Spotswood.

ABOUT ABBIE.

Abbie Ben Adams, may her life be spared,

Awoke one night, and felt a trifle scared:

For on her shirt-waist box, cross-legged, sate

A Vision writing on a little slate.

Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake;

And to the Vision timidly she spake:

"What writest thou?" The Vision looked appalled

At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:

"The list of our Best People who depart

For watering places sumptuous and smart."

"And am I in it?" asked Miss Abbie. "No!"

The scornful Vision said. "You're poor, you know."

"I know," said Abbie; "I go where it's cheap.

I can't afford mountains or prices steep,

But, ere you leave, just jot this item down,

I never leave my cats to starve in town."

The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next night, late,

He came again and brought his little slate,

And showed the names of people really best,

And lo! Miss Abbie's name led all the rest.

—C. W.

Freedom's secret wilt thou know?

Counsel not with flesh or blood;

Loiter not for cloak nor food;

Right thou feelest, rush to do.

—Emerson.