



WHERE ARE THE POLICE ?

THE STUDENT.

"He's only a medical student
He's passed neither College nor Hall."

Hark! hark! The dogs do bark,
The students have come to town,
We hear them howling through the Park
And they frighten good citizens after dark,
With their yells and cries when out on a lark,
These aspirants for a black gown!

And the medcs., the medcs. ! what a lot of swelled heads
They must have in the early morn,
What *spiritus vini Gallici* pale,
What bottles of English and Irish ale
They take when they rise, without avail,
As a recuperative horn!

And the "residents" up in their cloisters, too,
Arc scarce like the monks of old,
For they hoist in their ale with their oyster stew,
And perchance of neat brandy a pony or two,
And finish the night with unlimited loo,
At least this is what we are told.

And the good people ask "can such things be
With those high-bred youths demure?"
But I suppose it is now as it ever shall be
The students will have an occasional spree,
And as it has nothing to do with me
I'll wind up or they'll think me a boor.

-B.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE ON THE MEDICOS.

THE WAREHOUSE, Nov. 12th, 1885.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I've heard o' a herd laddie that was sic a deevil for playin' tricks on fowk, that he cam tae get the blame o' a' the mischief that was perpetrated within a radius o' twenty mile roon. The hale kintra side was doon on the pur sowl, wha, ta tell the truth, was nae waur than the feck o' ither laddies. If a stane cam crashin' through a window, it was Tam; if a dowg cam careerin' through the toon wi' a tin pan tied till his tail, it was Tam; if an auld wife's lum tap

was stuffed up till the auld body was smeeakit oot o' hoose an' hame—wha else but Tam did it? If a patriarchal cat was amissin', of coorse Tam maun hae made awa' wi't. An' wha but Tam preened the dishcloot tae the minister's coat tail when he was visitin', an' hauled out the bung o' the treacle barrel, when the shopkeeper's back was turned, an' rang the kirk bell at twa o'clock i' the mornin'? Didna the elder's wife, the cleanest an' maist pernickity woman i' the parish, come in frae an errand a'e day an' get a neebor's soo an' a' her litter o' pig's grumphin' awa' in her bonny clean bed, amang her snaw white sheets? Wha but Tam was possessed o' devilmint enouch tae dae sic' a thing as that? It didna maitter though Tam was lyin' on the braes watchin' the kye, or listenin' till a lairrick singin' on the edge o' a cloud awa' up i' the lift abune him, the time a' the cantrips were played; nae maitter though a complete *alibi* were proved—Tam did it nevertheless—he was like the deevil, he could be in twa-ree places at ance—an' as for his will an' ability tae commit ony kind o' outrage frae harrivin' a nest tae robbin' a kirkyard—naebody ever dooted either the one or the ither. At last the creater got doon-hearted ower the character he was gettin' an' a day he brak out in his ain defence—"Yer a leers! I may be had an' bad enouch, but mind ye, I'm a hanged sicht waur than I'm ca'ed!"

Noo, Maister GRIP, that, I jalouse, is just exactly the case o' oor medical students in the ceety here an' elsewhaur; they are a leevin' multipleed ockler demonstration o' the proverb, "Ye may as weel hang a dowg as gie him a bad name." Seein, however, that the body o' students wha represent this onfortun-ate onhanged dowg are a' sons, dear, cherish-

ed sons o' lovin' mithers, an' the pride an' joy o' kindly modest sisters, I maun confess that it's mair than I can stammack—tae believe that ony one o' them consented tae the on-manly an' diabolical atrocity o' exposin' in the public streets, like a beast slaughtered at the shambles, the sacred representation o' the sex o' his mither an' his sisters. Na! na! the medical students may be bad an' bad enouch, they may even be like Tam—a hanged sicht waur than they're ca'ed, but, no, a deed like this was left for creatures o' a lower type; an' that commercial traveller an' the butcher, whaever they are, noo in custody, if fund guilty should be tarred and feathered an' ridden on a rail by the medical students, the commercial travellers an' the butchers o' the city o' Toronto. As a rule, I dinna believe in Judge Lynch, unless in cases that there's nae law tae meet; but I dinna think there's ony law tae punish as it ocht tae be punished, an' cotrage like this, sac I propose tae open a subscription for the purchase o' ten gallons o' tar an' twa-ree pund o' guse fethers, an' hereby head the subscription wi' twenty-five cents as follows:

By cash:
For purchase of tar and feathers... 25c.
HUGH AIRLIE.

CRITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY OUR GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

Mention is made in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. Humph, yes! Crazy for more.

"Suspected Street-car Drivers," is the title of a *Mail* paragraph. A man suspected of being a street-car driver needs close watching. Possibly he might prove to be an escaped coal-cart conductor, or a ticket-of-leave expressman, or some other equally dangerous character. If the eagle-eyed detectives go on at this rate they may happen across a suspected reporter. I don't think he would prove to belong to the *Mail* staff.

The editor of the *Globe*, who, on one memorable occasion, graphically described "the loose fish of the Tory party sniffing oats through the Government fence," must be transferring his able efforts to the correspondents' column. This will account for the letter in that powerful journal the other day, in which this beautiful passage occurs: "Your electric political eel tickles your fancy, and down you come blubbering on his neck and cry, 'Johnny, you haven't done the square thing.'" I'd just as soon see a man mix his drinks as his metaphors. The one is the outcome of the other, anyway.

With the winter season the church revivals start up. I hope I can hold my opinion about church revivals without being, metaphorically speaking, fallen upon and beaten with staves. Well, my opinion is this: A man who is converted at a revival service, after the minister has preached straight at him, the praying brethren have prayed right down on top of him, the sweet singers stirred up his sympathetic soul, and the aisle canvassers one after another coaxed him to "go forward," is on a par with the subscriber to the "Monthly No." publication, who puts down his name because he won't be behind other fellow-citizens who have signed for it. He pays at first in desperation, then with regret, then gets mad, and finally repudiates the whole thing. A man should never act in such matters except thoughtfully, conscientiously, consistently and courageously. Then he will stick to it.