

medical students. Who wouldn't be a medical? After all, they haven't lived in vain.

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There was a report going round on Friday that a picture valued at \$3700 had been destroyed at the Windsor the night of the dinner. As a matter of fact, \$1 would probably cover the damage.

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A meeting of the Third and Fourth year men was held in the lower lecture room on the 30th ult. to discuss a very important question. It seems that the money for paying expenses of the delegates to Toronto and Kingston had not all been collected the day that Mr. Lawrence left. Mr. Bostwick opened the meeting, and waxed eloquent in his condemnation of those who were tardy in handing over their 50 cents. Mr. Walker rose and demanded that the defaulting students should "put up their stuff like men." With these impressive words, he violently shook a bunch of keys in his pocket, and gazed fiercely around. Mr. Goff suggested that the necessary sum should be subscribed for by the Fourth year men, thereupon a deadly silence crept over the theatre, broken only by the whispered remark: "He must be a millionaire." Then it was suggested that one of the students should advance the money, and the name of Mr. Fleming was introduced as a suitable money lender. The President of the dinner, however, while fully appreciating the delicate compliment, most emphatically declined the honor. Finally the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of everyone, and Mr. Lawrence was guaranteed his expenses.

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I slept, and as I slept I dreamed a dream. And to my sleeping vision appeared, as it were, a woodland glade surrounded with many noble trees, whose spreading branches waving gently to and fro in the wind did cast a most grateful shade.

Now, in this lovely spot methought I saw four goodly flocks of sheep, all deep mottled with black, and in each flock there were more than one black sheep. And looking closer, I perceived that the yearling lambs were all gathered together and made up one flock; the two-year old sheep formed another flock; and in the other two flocks were no lambs but all sheep. Now, the ground of this most curious spot was covered with books of diverse colors, mostly Gray; and nearly all, both sheep and lambs, were very busy devouring the pages thereof, and endeavoring to assimilate and digest the contents thereof—the which seemed a hard thing to do, for they were ever complaining with many groanings.

And over them I saw standing a Shepherd—not one of those simpering, rustic, idyllic, Arcadian shepherds such as Monsieur Watteau used to paint sitting beside a similar kind of shepherdness, but one of a short and sturdy figure, with a decided voice. And whenever he spoke, the yearling and two year old lambs ceased their book-devouring to listen. And he seemed to be teaching them, so I drew nearer in order to catch his words, and this is what I heard: "I had a curious case the other day. A man came into the hospital with his left

external ear dislocated, owing to a habit he had got into of constantly twitching that organ. I set it and applied splints, with quite successful results, and when I had heard so much, I went away.

Now not far off, I perceived a Mill (s); and this Mill was built, like many others, with long arms (and legs) which moved around now slowly, now quickly, even violently, driven by the wind called eloquence.

And I learnt that this mill did grind only on Mondays, and that every other day it gave forth good flour of the brand called "Physiolog." Knowledge; and I further learnt that tho' it ground but slowly, yet it ground exceeding small. And I observed that the lambs went towards it in the afternoon and placed themselves around it in order to receive the good flour that then came out of it. And as I drew near to watch them, I saw a curious thing. One of the lambs was suddenly lifted up and bandied about by the others underneath, and I heard cries of "Elevate him," "Elevate him;" whereat there came a voice out of the mill: "Have ye not yet put away childish things?" it said. And at this a yell that pierced the air, and a stamping of hoofs, and a whistling arose.

And the voice thereof awoke me, and I knew that it was a dream.

DWILLR.

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The Third year may be a geographical class, but the sophmores carry the greatest class McGill has known in history.

At all times there is a king with a big Beard striving by Blow and Gunn for his Wright over the republican Grant with Cleveland at his back. But 95 has earlier history than that. For were not Anthony and Alexander prior to either Oliver, the Gallant and the Williams, or premier Mowatt and the Bishop of one church? Shaw! even Darwinians would consider 95 beyond price when looking over the rivers Frazer and Tees by Day around the Wood. They May see Basken in the sun in Converse, or taking a Knapp our Fox, Cowie, Hogg and missing Link, though the last may be a Slack.

The Professor said—"My assistant will now snare the Polypus," and soon the heroic specialist was seen acknowledging the plaudits of the assembled disciples of Æsculapius.

Dr. B. F. Boyce ('92) has severed his connection with the Montreal Maternity, having accepted a good appointment in British Columbia. During his Hospital service in Montreal he made for himself many warm friends, who will regret his departure.

The first clinic in the new theatre of the Montreal General Hospital was given by Dr. Stewart on Friday last. Messrs. G. F. Shaw, R. F. Rorke, J. W. A. Seguin and A. S. Esty, in the order given, were the first students called upon to diagnose cases.

C. A. Staples, B.Sc., has taken up the First year work in Medicine.

The Second year was the only year that sloped no lec-