

The following gentlemen were admitted Licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians, London, on January 31st: William Graham, M.B., Toronto; J. B. Loring, M.D., Montreal; S. W. McConochie, M.B., Toronto; E. R. Woods, M.B., Toronto.

Dr. McCAMMON was elected Mayor of Kingston by acclamation. Dr. Stewart of the same place not being satisfied with the election has carried the matter to the Courts to try and find out why there was not a ballot taken. Dr. Stewart was also a candidate for the Mayoralty.

The case of *Lennox v. McCammon* for slander in which judgment was reserved as to the question of privilege, and referred to a higher court. The higher court have rendered a decision in favour of the defendant. We heartily congratulate Dr. McCammon on the successful issue of his defence.

Miscellaneous.

THE COMFORT OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Speaking of the Harvard Medical School's new building, the *Medical Times and Gazette* says: "There is a spacious reading-room, a library, a coat-room, lavatories, and—a smoking room. It is indeed a new step on the part of the authorities to recognize that the student is a being with bodily frailties like themselves. Hitherto in most medical schools it appears to have been an article of belief that the student had no appetite or thirst that needed solacing or quenching; that his backbone was of iron, and his ischial tuberosities of adamant; that he could see like a bat, and flourish on carbonic acid like a bay-tree. As to his being so weakly organized as to need an occasional fillip from excisable articles—such as tea, coffee, alcohol, or tobacco—that is a notion to which many authorities still remain blind. There is another side to the question, as one of the speakers at the Boston ceremonial seemed to suspect when he quoted the lines—

'Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

The appetite for comfort grows by what it feeds on, and, when we find our students lolling over their afternoon tea or cigarettes in all the luxury of a club-room, we may look back with regret to the days when theatre benches were hard and polished by long sitting, when the pipe was a surreptitious open-air indulgence, and tea was left to women."—*N. Y. Med. Jnl.*

URINARY CHEMISTRY OF DAYS GONE BY.—"A Woman whose Husband has bruised himself, took his water, and away to the Doctor trots she, the Doctor takes the water and shakes it about, How long hath this party been ill (saith he) Sir, saith the woman, He hath been ill these two daies. This is a man's water, quoth the Doctor presently, this he learned by the word *HE*; then looking on the water he spied blood in it, the man hath a bruise saith he. I indeed saith the woman, my Husband, fell down a pair of stairs backwards, then the Doctor knew well enough that what came first to danger must needs be his back and said, The bruise lay there, the woman, she admired at the Doctor's skill and told him that if he could tell her one thing more she would account him the ablest Physician in Europe; well what was that? How many stairs her husband fel down, this was a hard question, able to puzzle a stronger Brain than Mr. Doctor had, to pumping goes he, and having taken the urinal and given it a shake or two, enquires where about she lived, and knowing well the place, and that the Houses thereabouts were but low built Houses made answer (after another view of the urin for fashion sake) that probably he might fall down seven or eight stairs. Ah, quoth the woman, Now I see you know nothing, my Husband fell down thirty. Thirty! quoth the Doctor, and snatching up the urinal, is here all the water saith he? No saith the woman, I spilt some of it in, look you here quoth Mr. Doctor there were all the other stairs spilt."—*From the English Physitian Enlarged by Nich. Culpeper, 1655.*—*N. C. Med. Jnl.*

A FACETIOUS old dame who had reached her four-score and ten, died. On opening her last will and testament it was found that she had bequeathed to her physician, "to whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions," she owed her long life, "all that is contained in an old oak chest in her boudoir, the key to which could be found under the mattress of her bed." Fancy the feelings of the said enlightened and wise physician when he discovered, instead of the expected fortune, all the drugs and potions, still intact, which he had prescribed for the old lady (peace to her ashes!) for many years back.

THE man who "threw up his hand" must have been very sick: what a 'retch!