

A Brief Sketch of a Medical Student's Existence.

By an Old Ridleian.

The late pleasing and successful "meet" on the Cricket field, when the Old Boys were politely defeated by the Present, has awakened within me the dormant spirit of olden times. I say 'olden' for it is just four years to-day since I bade farewell to dear old Ridley, my first College Home. Since then I have often been with her in spirit, though absent in the body, and have come to be a firm believer in the lines "tho' lost to sight, to memory dear thou ever will remain."

When I left Ridley, the Sixth Form was composed of four boys, and I remember the ACTA RIDLEIANA of those days getting off a rather good joke at our expense. One of us was rather appropriately called Pussy; and the College paper said that the Sixth Form might be likened to that well known book "Three men in a boat to say nothing of the *Cal.*" The four who comprised the form were G. P. Macdonald, known as Quartus, who is now in California; A. C. Kingstone, who has just finished his Arts course at the Toronto University; W. R. Wadsworth, who has passed a most successful term at Trinity University; and myself. My three companions of those days chose the legal profession as their ultimate goal, while I, like a stray sheep, left the fold and entered upon the great field of Medicine. And, therefore, since I believe that my friend Mr. Anderson has already written an able account of a student's career under the supervision of an Arts faculty, I purpose giving a brief sketch of the existence of a student in the faculty of Medicine.

The first year of a Medical student is, practically, that of a student in any other faculty. He enters with an average class of about sixty on the study of Anatomy, and here for the first time is brought face to face with a huge, active dissecting room. There are but few freshmen who enter this room for the first time without some nervous forebodings. And here it is that the more ambitious freshmen are compelled to "hide their light under a bushel," the sophomores—the "gentlemen of the second year," as they style themselves—reigning supreme. Many an unfortunate freshman has here received his first hustling or had his head placed under the water pipe.

It is also in the first year that one is initiated into the Annual Elevation. This usually occurs about two weeks after the winter session opens. Two or three gentlemen are

sent from the senior years to invite the freshmen class to what is known as the "Old School." This building was the original medical college of the University, but within the last six or seven years the junior students have taken all their lectures at the University proper, while the two senior years are still taught at the "Old School," which is opposite the general hospital. So it is that the freshmen are captivated with the idea of seeing this old building which, for the last fifty years has been sending forth medical men to all parts of the world. Consequently they march down in a body to the mock reception. They are warmly welcomed. I say warmly for it is a most appropriate term. For no sooner are the visitors comfortably seated in the large theatre lecture room, than the sophomores are at them; nor do they stop till every freshman has been thrown or carried out of the building. It is called an "elevation," but in truth it is just the opposite, for as every freshman is bound to take a back seat, as all the others are occupied by the senior years before he arrives at the building, the freshmen find themselves huddled together at the top of the theatre; so that, to remove them, the sophomores are compelled to *elevate them downwards*.

After the second year the students change quarters and enter the "Old School" proper, where they receive their laboratory and theoretical instruction, while the hospital receives them for their clinical work. The third and fourth years are the finest years of the course, and every student, though naturally glad, is, at the same time, decidedly sorry when they are done.

The average medical student is a jovial, good-hearted fellow. He is also an exceedingly hard worker. It is by all odds the hardest course in the University and the term is the shortest. The medical student, however, believes that man was intended to enjoy life, and truly he does enjoy it. He may be noisy, he may even be uproarious at times, but he commits no crime, unless, as some people think, an extensive use of the weed be such. And lastly, he loves his profession and believes in it, feeling every day more and more assured that Pope was correct when he said:

"The true study of mankind is man."

At the cricket match with Grimsby when a difficult catch was coming his way, a sweet female voice among the spectators was heard to ejaculate "Oh, my I, look out!"