

his master is so justly famous. All who have ever attended classes at McGill will grieve to hear that Cook's dog is suffering from symptoms of a very serious nature. The patient was at first submitted to the consideration of the members of the Faculty of the Veterinary School, and a diagnosis of *carcinoma recti* of the infracaudal variety was given. The constitutional symptoms, however, not being grave, it was decided by Mr. Cook that an expectant attitude suited the exigencies of the case. As time wore on, the general condition improved somewhat, and Mr. Cook became dissatisfied with the opinions of the veterinarians. The University Professor of Surgery was called in, and we understand that certain features in the case have arisen of such a nature as to enable this distinguished practitioner to give a more favorable prognosis, and to hold out the sufferer some hopes, if not of actual recovery, at least of mitigations of his suffering. This interesting patient has an intimate connection with the Medical Faculty. He is the son of the dog of the father of the Professor of Anatomy, by whom he was given to the Professor of Ophthalmology, who presented him to the janitor of the college, and he is the uncle of the dog of the Professor of Clinical Medicine.

*BABY was HUNGRY.*—A physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hallo! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed. "Baby is crying, doctor; what shall I do?" came across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. "No," was the reply; "I'm sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well-simulated solicitude. "No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother; "he doesn't act that way." "Then perhaps he is hungry," said the doctor, as a last resource. "Oh, I'll see," came across the wire, and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterwards he was again awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message—"You are right, doctor; baby was hungry."