

Presentation to Mr. Cook.

The most successful celebration of the day which is dearest to every medico's heart, and which is looked forward to as the red letter day in the calendar, was held on Wednesday, March 10th. There is, we understand, a proposition before the faculty at the present time to make a holiday of this important date. Mr. Cook, in all his glory, of purple mantle and jewelled crown, sat in the throne of state, while his dear boys and ever-loyal subjects presented him with an address and something else.

Perhaps what tickled Mr. Cook's eye the most was the gold-rimmed spectacles presented to him by '97.

The following is the address presented to Mr. Cook and his reply thereto:—

To His Imperial Majesty "Old Man Cook," Emperor of the Faculty of Medicine.

Greetings.—Live, Oh King! Be it known unto thee, oh, Mighty One, that we, thy subjects, are gathered here to-day to do thee honor. We recognize the influence of thy benign rule during the days of our stay in thy Empire of McGill, whither we were attracted by reports of thy Solomon like wisdom, and we wish to thank thee for the many reforms thou hast brought about in our behalf. But for thee, oh most powerful monarch, we would have been condemned to obtain knowledge of the many mysterious objects in thy museum under great difficulty and danger, but at a word from thee order is obtained from chaos and our path to learning is made free and safe. To thee, too, we owe an efficient postal system, second to none in the world. Thou condescendest, even with thy own royal hands, to post the lists along with thy proclamations, disobedience of which is attended with dire consequences.

We are glad to note that from a due estimate of the value of thy person thou hast, oh beloved monarch, moved to a stronger palace. Thy Majesty may here hold court protected by gilded bars unlike those of the "H'xford." And since thy royal person is now protected from contact with the masses we may expect to see thee appearing in the gorgeous uniform of the Royal Army of Janitors, amongst whom is conspicuous by his door blocking tactics he who is known by his nom de guerre of "Pompadour Jim."

But, oh King, we pray thee that for the sakes of thy admiring subjects thou temptest not the violence of the foes without, by appearing on the highways of the city with gold spectacles of enormous value astride of thy noble nose. Be content, we beseech thee, with the spectacle thou already furnishest to onlookers, without tempting the envious minds further. The fourth year,

we are charitable enough to believe, had no idea of the great danger they were exposing thy sacred person to by making that injudicious, if valuable, present. The recent sacrilegious assault thy Royal Majesty sustained on Milton street should have warned them not to add to the dangers of one whose affluent appearance already has tempted the cupidity of the wicked.

Under thy royal supervision the feasts of learning to which we daily sit down might be compared to royal banquets, where seated on (Rutan) chairs around tables of well (Girdwood) we ate not only of the fatted calf, but also of (Buller) two from the flocks, tendered by the faithful (Shepherd) and the growling George, and fruits grown by the Royal (Gardner). Thy (Stewart), with a (Roddick) knowledge of the symbol office, was always careful that (Lafleur) from the (Mills) was of the best, and when repaired by thee, O Royal (Cook) was food fit for the Gods. At the sound of the (Bell) we rushed to the feast. No one crept like a (Blackader) amongst the guests whispering words of treason, and not an oath was used. Even (Adam) never heard. 'Twas not (Cameron) the still bottom of a lake then at thy feasts. And all the while waiters with (Armstrong) for the work rushed round the hall. Finally the feast was finished and (All-o-way) we rushed, making the (Wilkins) ring with shouts of joy.

To thee, too, oh great king, we pray for mercy in the coming terrors of the spring exam's. If any luckless ones must be selected to serve as a warning, oh, most powerful king, we pray thee to select from among the verdant freshmen, and spare, we pray thee, the second year.

Long live King Cook.

Signed on behalf of the Second and First years
March 10th, 1897.

MR. COOK'S REPLY.

Mr. Cook replied as follows:—

Children, once more I meet you in the old familiar way, Received your kind donation, and heard what you had to say;

And while your silvery cadences provoked me nigh to tears,

The ring of copper coinage has charmed my hoary ears. And while self-depreciation just now might seem most fit,

'Twixt you and me, I don't believe in that a little bit.

In these "last century" moments, in the advent of the boomer,

The man must drop his modesty and turn an honest "boomer,"

For he doesn't drink his horn, but blows it hard aloud, And says he comes from "Old McGill," that one will "top the crowd."

So, altho' inherent candor tempts me to disagree With the complimentary phrases you have applied to me, I feel within my honest heart a glow of satisfaction—