

say adieu to the old Royal we can only say that his many friends wish him a bright future.

No. 31. A. E. McColl, B.A., field-captain and official kicker in extra-ordinary to the football team, is well known to us all as a good student and the possessor of many original ideas. During the football season we have all admired the manner in which he discharged his official duties, kicking for the honor and glory of Queen's. If any of Mac's patients are obstinate enough to go and die when he tells them they can live, we are inclined to believe that he'll write up their case to the Ontario Rugby Union, lodging an official complaint and asking that the match be played over again on neutral grounds, situated midway between his office and the nearest graveyard.

No. 32. E. Harrison, one of the few men who has had the advantage of private lectures throughout his whole course. To this is attributed the fact that though coming in late different sessions, he has not fallen behind his class. There is a charming rusticity about his manners, and his silver tongue and musical guffaw will dispel the fears of his timid patients. As a fellow-sufferer with him at exams. we remember how his heart habitually went to his boots, and this accounts for their enormous size. This prominent feature will be turned to good account, however, in treading down the opposition of fellow practitioners. He is fond of a practical joke but we have not the remotest idea that he will ever allow this propensity to induce him to give aught but fresh, well-filtered tap water in his prescriptions. May our confidence not be misplaced.

No. 33. G. P. Meacham, the president of the *Æsculapian* society. Ah! now we come to a man of more importance than most men of his year, as is easily seen in his portly mien and stately stride. We venture to prophesy a bright day in the not far-distant future for this Canada of ours, when the present goal of his ambition is reached and he is duly installed Dean of the Women's Medical College. His speech on that occasion will be handed down to posterity, for he is no mean orator, as all who were present at the Medical dinner can testify. At present he wears a rather long face as he thinks of the parting in the spring. But never mind, George, that fatherly expression of yours will build up a sufficiently large practice in a year or two to admit a sleeping partner.

No. 34. W. J. Kidd, house surgeon to the General Hospital, conservative and dude, wants to graduate also. Billy is a long headed fellow in every sense of the word. It is a remarkable fact that his hair grows the wrong way. We suspect he trained it to lie that way in order to butt the *Concursus* successfully. However, his store of knowledge is not as slight as his moustache. When he has departed and taken his necktie with him one of the landmarks of the Royal will have disappeared but his name will be immortalized in the popular college song

She's my Anning,
I'm her beau.

No. 35. J. McLellan. Nova Scotia Jim is "little. but oh my!" There may be truth in the maxim that "there is no Royal road to fortune," but the exception proves the rule. Jimmy has found, moreover, that the Royal road is the short road, and has overtaken in three years

what most men require four to accomplish. No doubt his smallness of stature is due to his ambition to mature prematurely, but this deficiency in his make-up is yet to be remedied in the hope that his better-half will also be his bigger-half. If it were not a chestnut we would say that his hand has a strong affinity for his upper lip. His hourly toil, however, is rewarded in the best-trained moustache of the class. We hope he will get a front position in order that the moustache may be seen.

No. 36. William Walter Genge, the sad-eyed youth who is continually communing with himself around the corridors and dreaming of a pair of tender eyes which wait for the announcement of his graduation. Above a prominent chin he wears a perennial smile which betokens a heart at rest and a mind at ease. His neat little hand is equally skilful in running the scales on the piano, tossing coppers or writing at exams. He was once the leader in sport in The Den, but since the fiddle was stolen his occupation is gone. It is our constant wonder that such a gentle youth should have developed from the master of a whaling expedition, which, we understand, was his position before coming to college, and which occupied two years of his life.

No. 37. N. Raymond. Nelson, my boy, you ought to have a whole page to yourself, but as that cannot be we'll just write down your good qualities in a few short words, leaving the bad and indifferent to be imagined. Mister Raymond possesses many of the qualities essential to success in his profession; being a good student, fairly good looking and a favorite with the ladies. In addition to this being an actor of no mean ability (vide *News'* account of "Against the World") he will be able to drop tears as burning as molten lead on the grave of his early victims and dissimulate in such a manner as to avoid all action for manslaughter or malpractice.

No. 38. E. B. Robinson. How shall we tell the story of the life of one who is himself the biggest story teller of the class! This does not mean that he is the biggest man that can tell a story; neither let it be misconstrued to mean that his stories are too long. Not at all! His stories are not long. But if he does, occasionally perhaps, give one side of the story, at all events, it is always the bright side. From his firm conviction that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine" we are surprised that he is not a homeopathist. For one thing we are sorry. There is a misconception abroad that E. B. is cheeky. With all the vigor of a local politician we would say "This is not true," for careful observation, when almost too late, has revealed the fact that what superficially appears to be cheek is simple hypertrophy of the masseter muscle occasioned by his incessant practice of chewing gum. We are glad to be able to remove the only shadow that hovered about him, and we take leave of him with the certain knowledge that he is born to succeed.

No. 39. J. E. Spankie, a youth on whose cheek still lingers the bloom of the cabbage leaf or the peach, is sober beyond his years and is generally seen alone. This latter is the natural consequence of his having been brought up on an island. It is expected that this independence of spirit will lead him into the field of original research and that one day he will write a book and relieve his