

turned with several bottles of very choice wine. After having lost his way, he had suddenly found himself in a large vault, surrounded with shelves loaded with bottles, and he had brought up a few to sample them. The result was so encouraging that for many days he went down and returned with spoils. At last the poor boy came in one day looking rather depressed. Most affectionate inquiries were made at the cause of his melancholy. That day at dinner he had heard his father say to his head clerk: "John, have you noticed that that famous Port of '96 in the Duponts' vaults has been disappearing mysteriously? Some one is stealing it!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a general impression that a dissecting room is very dirty and very disagreeable. Of course it may be, but is not necessarily so. It cannot,

under the best of circumstances, be called "home-like" in appearance, but a "post-mortem" examination for family reasons, or an "autopsy" in the interests of justice, may be infinitely more disagreeable.

When one settles down to the quiet dissection of an arm or leg, or the following out of the distribution of the branches of blood vessels or nerves, it is rather pleasant than otherwise, especially as often happened in those "good old days," when the ladies of the house would bring in their work, sit down for a pleasant chat, and manifest a deep interest in the surroundings; and when it was so pleasant to explain to them all the mysteries that were explainable,—and this was more than half a century ago, before the idea of entering the medical profession had ever been contemplated by the coming sovereigns of the universe.

## A SILHOUETTE.

Blood-red, the angry sun sets in a haze  
 Of pearl-gray smoke from distant prairie fires,  
 Behind the Bow's high banks. And, as expires  
 The sinking orb, there glides upon the gaze,  
 Full in the glory of the dying rays,  
 A gaunt, swart figure, of a race whose sires  
 Once ruled the plains, but wraith-like now retires  
 Before the pale-face, and, despised, decays.  
 He halts, and, turning to the fierce-flushed West,  
 Dark silhouette athwart a lurid light,  
 Stands statuesque, high on the cut-bank's crest,  
 Lone watcher of the daylight's sullen flight,  
 The sombre sinking of the sun to rest,—  
 Sad symbol of his people's hastening night.

CALGARY.

—FRANCIS H. TURNOCK.

