

nection with the proposed changes in the reading room.

The following were appointed Arts curators of the reading-room for the ensuing year: H. D. Borley, '02; J. Fairlie, J. M. McDonald, '03; D. J. Stewart, '04; D. Gillies, '05.

After the discussion of minor matters the meeting adjourned.

Medical Notes.

ACT II. FROM COMIC OPERA "MEDICUS."

(Curtain rises to burst of martial music, showing Throne-room of Medical College, students, spectators, debutantes, &c., in a smoky background. Throne on dais, with chair on either side—general odor of sweet caporal cigarettes and Prido del sewer cigars. Chorus by spectators, &c. (air "Hail! hail!")

Hail! hail! the gang's all here,
We wait the jurisdiction,
And hope for rows and friction—
Hail! hail! King Bob appears;
Rise up all, hail, hail!—the King.
(Orchestra breaks into "Strike up the Band.")

Strike up the band,
Here comes King Bobby,
Gown on his back—
Gad! he is nobby!
Watch P. I. Nash,
He's going to smash
The man who sings a note of C.
Columbo.

(Enter King Bobby, followed by Chief Vizier Patterson, Lord High Chamberlain Nash, Grand Marshall Sheriff, Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, herald, policemen, malefactors and court attendants.)

King Bobby (solo air "Coon, coon, coon!")

Although it is my fortune
To be somewhat adipose,
I'm glad to say my figure
Is just built to fit my clothes.
As king of this concursus,
I think I fill the chair—
The only chaps my equal
Are Slim-Jim and Spottswood
there.

I went out to the country
To take a practice vast,
When one big honest farmer
Remarked me, driving past,
He eyed my stalwart figure,
He viewed my muscle big,
Then stopped, and quickly asked
me
If I would skin his pig.

(Chorus by Chief Viz. and Lord High Chamberlain Nash.)

Pig! pig! pig! each night he hears
one moan;
Pig! pig! pig! he skinned that beast
alone—
Pig! pig! pig! he didn't think we'd
twig.
Now, he'd rather skin that farmer,
'stead of his pig! pig! pig!

King Bobby—The Herald will proclaim this court open.
(Fantasia on a tin-trumpet by Herald Gillespie, and reading of proclamation. Malefactors are brought forward.)

King Bobby—What charges have we against these misguided youths?
Chief Marshall Sheriff—Your Majesty, they have refused to pay their Aesculapian fee.

King Bobby—Grand Vizier, see that these parasites pay their dues unto the keeper of my Privy Purse, and if this is not done, let them be placed on the pauper list. Next!