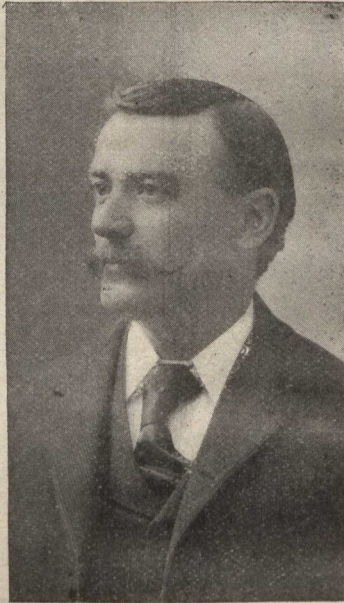


Freshie in the new Gymnasium. "Can any of you fellows tell me why the blood rushes to my head, when standing on my head, and not to my feet when I stand on them?" Voice from the "plunge," "Because your feet are not empty."

Dr. W. Gibson is at John Hopkin's studying the Opsonic Theory. We hope to have an account of his researches on his return to Queen's.



Dr. J. C. Connell.

STRICTLY GERM PROOF.

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
 Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambolled up;
 They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised—
 It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.
 They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
 They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;
 They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope,
 And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.
 In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
 They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
 They donned their rubber mittens, and they took it by the hand,
 And lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.
 There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
 They swim in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
 And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
 The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.—*Ex.*