

Perhaps through this sequestered spot is
strewn,
Some heart, of mitral murmur now long
dead,
Lungs, that the râles of phthisis might
have shewn
And waked to ecstasy the listening
med.

Some Martin through whose fistula dry
dressed,
No Beaumont watched the gastric juice
at play,

Some Hayvern with four convolutions
blessed,
Some "crowbar" case within these walls
may lay.

Full many a case of pure leukæmic spleen
Is hid perhaps in this unfahomed cave;
Full many a kidney suppurates unseen
And wastes its sweetness on a name-
less grave.

Their names and years on greasy cards
are spelt;

Religion—P or R—is writ there too,
The latter "to supply a want long felt"
And teach sectarian larvæ which to
chew.

Oft for his cough the Mist. Pect. Chron.
we tried

Or would with four-grain drops his
eyes instill;

Gave him galore of Potass. Iodid.;

And filled him up with every sort of
pill.

Haply some oft plucked chronic then may
say

Oft have I seen him at the Oxford bar,
Brushing with hasty sleeve the froth
away,

Or purchasing a two-for-five cigar.

"One night I missed him at the 'customed
pub,

Beside the bar, and near his favorite
beer,

Another came; nor, when I went to grub,
Did he for hash, nor yet for pie appear.

The next from off a wood-sleigh ('twas
his hearse),

We saw him through the Students' En-
trance hauled;

Approach and read (I never read) the
verse

Upon the wall in colored crayon
scrawled.

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head, this greasy coat be-
neath,

A youth to graveyard and to vault un-
known;

No Burial Service solemnized his death—
The Demonstrator marked him for his
own.

Large was his femur, and his landmarks
clear,

Whiskey a liver did as large bestow
And when he died he gave his corpse—I
fear

'Twas all he had of chattels here below.

—Guy Palmer., Reprinted from Mc-
Gill Gazette, 1882.

STUDENTS

WEAR OUR SHIRTS

You'll save Dollars and wear less Shirts

BRENNAN'S

TWO STORES

251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST
7 " " " " EAST