

Several members of the First year have been excused from attendance at the supplemental examinations. It was felt that it would be advisable for them to concentrate their energies upon the spring examination, this being regarded as an entrance into the Second year. We wish them success.

Professor.—“Multorum annuum fontes sunt parvi.” Students translates. “The sources of many minds are small.”

It is becoming an exciting question among members of the Fourth year whether the University “Pin” will appear before the University “Song Book,” or vice versa.

We would like to wear our pin as students.

Perhaps an extra ten cents would hasten matters.

Juniors lament that the examiner in mechanics did not accept the minding of our P's and Q's as an equivalent for a “tension.”

Bivalve! Saturday 9.30 a. m., a feast of oysters and a flow of souls.

10.30 a. m. Donald! Did you say every oyster had sixteen shells?

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

The whole four years extend their hearty congratulations to Dr. Birkett on his narrow escape.

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We all deeply sympathize with Dr. Shepherd in his sad bereavement.

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At a meeting of the Fourth year men, Mr. W. E. Deeks, B.A., was elected valedictorian for the year 1893. His opponent was Mr. Robert Wilson, jun. Mr. Deeks, in a neat little speech, thanked his fellow-students for the honor which they had conferred upon him.

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The class photo has raised an endless discussion. Who are to occupy the two central positions? It would seem that the Valedictorian and the President of the year are entitled to the place of honor.

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The opening of the new wing has proved an immense improvement. The system of holding clinics in the wards was greatly to be deprecated.

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The Fourth year men are all agreed that Dr. C. F. Martin is one of the most genial and obliging of house surgeons. If anyone is in doubt, or requires information respecting the identity of a certain bacillus, the question is invariably asked: “Where is Dr. Martin?”

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In a recent number of *The Critic* a valuable article appears from the pen of Professor Adami. It is entitled “Eliot's Bible at Cambridge University.” The volume is the first translation of the Scriptures into the Indian language, and appears to have been lost for a great number of years. It has been unearthed from

amid a pile of ancient tomes in Jesus College by Professor Adami, and is valued at \$3,500. According to Dr. Adami, the title-page of the New Testament is in the Indian language, and is dated 1661. It is succeeded by Eliot's metrical translation of the Psalms, following upon which is a single leaf beginning “Noowomoo Wintin- Noowaonk God;” and ending, “Kah netat up labatlantamoe kesuk. FINIS.” The Indian is a very pretty language. It appears to be a kind of cross between the Gaelic and the Welsh.

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We are happy to see that Dr. Henderson is around again. He is shaking hands with Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie. They are both authorities upon typhoid.

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The following has been received from “Susan Brent:”—

“Freshmen! beware! The great work of Epitaphs has been resurrected again, and this looks like a big plucking in the Spring. It is well known that over every “Med.” who is “pulled” in Botany some kind friends write a few words in kind remembrance. These are all preserved in this celebrated volume. The writer happened to be fortunate enough to see the book in question, and also to get a peep at the last page. Thereon was written:—

“Here lies, alas! a first year Med.
With fragrant flowers around his head;
His pen its task would not fulfill,
And now un *halloo*-ed rests he still!”

It has been suggested that alcohol thermometers be placed in the dissecting room, as the mercury will likely collapse under the strain of the continued cold snap.

The moral training imparted in the histological laboratory is unique.

Dispose of your expensive but practically useless instruments to your “*Frands*,” and with the profits buy the cheaper and more useful ones—such was the advice most affably insinuated.

We notice that many of our Freshmen friends, who have been in the habit of inspecting public buildings by the tender light of the moon, have enrolled themselves under the banner of the “Knights of the burning lamp.” Adieu, fair youths, your departure dims the lustre of St. Catherine st., the disconsolate beauty of St. Lawrence Main must now sigh in vain for those genial smiles. Yet bear up under the black shadow of fate and hope for a better time.

Quite a number of the Second year men are planning the purchase of Laryngoscopes. Ascheme is already on foot to send to Germany should the supply in the city prove insufficient.

Professor to Student who has been giving some rather wild answers: “Now, Mr.—, I should like too ask you at how much you value all this at examination standard?” Student: “I think I would be satisfied with seventy five per cent.” Collapse of the Prof.

Donnez-moi une clique de tabac, mon ami.