

## UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

General Paper.

Examiner—Dr. Splints.

The questions though not so numerous are more difficult to answer accurately than those that were propounded last week, to the Law students. The reason may be that they are more mixed.

1. Mention the instruments used in body-snatching, with the usual dimensions of the shovel and the bag.
2. Distinguish between the term "dead-drunk" and "complete inebriety"?
3. What is the influence of the telephone on modern Medicine?
4. How would you prove "age, staleness and lumpiness in Nestle's Food? And do you consider the wrapper as merely an outside cover to conceal the true condition of affairs?
5. At what establishment would you advise your patients to have their prescriptions made up?
6. What are your chances of getting six patients within six months after you begin practice?
7. How would you like to settle in a horribly healthy locality. Name one in Montreal—if you can.
8. Demonstrate the exact amount of morality contained in the average medical student, compared with the student-at-law.
9. Do you intend to become a candidate for a position on the medical staff of the General Hospital, and, if so, which do you consider the best method of canvassing for votes?
10. What are the rules for professional advertising? Define the difference between respectability and quackery, with illustrations.
11. What is the proportion between the number of doctors and the number of deaths in any given city?
12. What do you know of Medical Science and how much do you know? (This answer to occupy at least a column.)

## ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE?

Her Majesty's subjects in Canada have recently added another interesting type of their belief that "Union is strength" in the persons or person it is a singular fact but we can hardly say whether the person or persons be plural or singular, of the Double-Headed Twins. People went half crazy over the Siamese Twins, who were nearly two perfect men joined together by a band of flesh. They fought, squabbled and tore each others' hair like Christians. Eng used to swear that if Chang did not give in he would cut his connection and run.

But our Canadian Double-Headed Twins are aristocratic compared with those democratic Siamese, and so far as the former is (or are) concerned the sex to which she belongs calls for more than a passing remark. Many interesting suggestions force themselves upon the mind of the student.

Should a fellow fall in love with the young lady on the right could he propose and be accepted without the consent of the one on the left? Supposing the left objected would that prove she was right?

Supposing he was accepted would it be a case of "two souls with but a single thought"—or two thoughts with but a single soul?

Then again, if he got married would he be liable to an action for bigamy?

But these questions may be premature and we dismiss them to consider the legal aspect of "the situation." When travelling in the cars or steamer would they be charged double fare?

Two of a trade seldom agree we are told, hence these young ladies must agree to differ on some recognized principle of mutual accommodation.

Will one be jealous of the other?

Will one sing soprano and the other alto?

When the time comes for woman to vote will they have the right to one or two votes?

We called on them yesterday and found one was named Rosa and the other Mary.

"How do you do dear JESTER, said Mary?"

"What do you think of this alliance, said Rosa?"

"Really, my dear girls, "it is amazing," we answered.

"Yes," said Mary, "this sister of mine sticketh to me closer than a brother."

"Now, Mary, "quoth Rosa, pray, behave yourself in the presence of a gentleman."

"Sister, mine, "returned Mary, your are married to my career and if you worry me I'll stick a pin in you."

"Go to sleep, mixx, replied the right hand one, I want to talk to this gentleman—alone." Here she sighed and murmured sadly. "Atas it cannot be."

We had a delightful conversation, and, reader wouldn't you like to know what it was all about? But you never will. Never.

## OUR CITY COUNCIL.

Dear Public would you know the men who rule our city?  
If so, pray go with me  
And witness such a farce, where "cheek" and "brass"  
Excite alternately, contempt and pity.  
Pray do not think, although a JESTER,  
There are not not bigger fools than me  
For wounds *will* fester and cuts *will* smart,  
Despite the very wisest surgeon's art.  
But come. A hundred yards from hence  
You'll find our Council Hall: where you'd suppose  
That men of sense in serious mood  
Would talk on questions which they understood.  
But such is not a case, quite the reverse  
And you will see that nonsense, if not worse,  
Creates distractions caused by party factions.  
Are they *all* fools then? I didn't say so:  
But 'twould be difficult, as things now go  
To say correctly which man "runs the show."  
If you'd dissect their heads you'd find few grains  
Of common sense. Though some *have* brains.  
Well, how do you like the Chamber? Think, it's gloomy  
Looks too stuffy, and by no means roomy:  
This costly pile has been a trial  
To many a pocket. You'd scarcely think  
Th' amount of food and drink it represents.  
The docket termed the "Orders of the Day"  
Will be the signal, when they'll fume and bray.  
And then you'll say that there are greater fools than I.  
—A dog will have its day.  
Well, I admit the Chamber is too small:  
And yonder Throne more like a funeral pall.  
But, then, you'll own they never yet left "well" alone.  
What's that you say, with waggish grin?  
They can't well leave what they did not begin?  
Most true. That gent, who's speaking yonder:  
Who talks so loud and says he hates to squander  
The people's money, if Report be true  
He's no great shakes, that man, 'tween me and you.  
But wait a moment, and you'll see a row,  
Ah, here it comes. You'll now learn how  
It is that *talking* and not doing  
Is the leading feature in the storm that's brewing.  
Yes, that's the man who's going to explain  
The reason why he's got more "gas" than brain.  
Dear me how they *do* talk! Of course they do  
They ne'er did else, and only one or two  
Have sense enough to let them have their way.  
And sit in silence till they've had their say.  
What words are those I heard? "A lie, Sir." "You're another."  
Is it not absurd? Why don't B— stop 'em?  
If I were he, I'd feel inclined to to whop 'em.  
In using words like that he's put as any.  
And only counts but one among the many.  
"Order" and "Chair": "—Do you mean that for me?"  
"I say you're"—"Silence." "I'd like to see,"  
"Be quiet"—"question." "Sir, I have the floor."—  
"Order"—"shut up." "—He's spoken twice before."—  
So day by day this charming scene's repeated  
Discretion balked and honest Wisdom cheated.  
But come dear JESTER, for I can't stand this  
A woman's tongue *compared to theirs' is bliss.*

N. B.—If it will soothe their feelings I might add  
The scenes in Parliament are just as bad.

## CURRENCY.

Just \$5,500,000. Payable—when?  
They make a big show out in British Columbia by giving every  
baker's dozen a representative in Parliament.

*A propos* the Buxster-Cheval escapade—We always thought there  
was more muscle than brains in a large percentage of our parliamentarians.

Which is the best guide for the Constitution—Todd or Toddy?

JACQUES CARTIER belonged to Canada First.

The way for Mr. Mackenzie to roll up a majority—Disenfranchise  
the Indians. Appoint sitting Bull a contractor on the Canadian Pacific  
Railway and let the Squaws run the Nebbing Hotel on the limited  
liability principal. There would be a good many take stock in it  
about meal time.

We have figured up the statistics for the past eight hundred years  
and think it's about time for another Fenian Invasion.