

Dr. J. Y. Ferguson, '05, has gone to Formosa as a medical missionary.

Dr. "Tansy" Randall, '05, of South Milwaukee, visited friends in this vicinity recently.

Dr. H. McCarthy, '03, has returned from New York Hospital and is visiting in city and vicinity.

Sophomore at Queen's - Ottawa football match to Dr. Etherington—"Turn the crowd back, Doc., you often turned us back."

The following are the officers of the various years in Medicine:—

'06.

President—E. Bolton.

Vice-President—A. E. Baker.

Secretary-Treasurer—A. M. Bell.

'07.

President—J. R. Losee.

Vice-President—H. M. Bower.

Secretary-Treasurer — R. Wightman.

'08.

President—W. Morrison.

Vice-President—F. R. Sargent.

Secretary-Treasurer — C. Patterson.

'09.

Hon. President—Dr. Etherington.

President—J. C. Gandier.

Vice-President—N. Wormwith.

Secretary-Treasurer — S. M. Polson.

Marshall—E. A. Baker.

Freshmen to-day, Seniors to-morrow! Who would think that those quiet, lamblike unassuming boys, who entered the "Hall" about a month ago with a far-away, homesick look in

those deep blue eyes, would develop into such a roisterous, boisterous, rollicking crowd of stirring manhood? What a difference just a few hours make! The ingenious youth with shadowy premonitions of a future Dr. Lorenz has learned that there are other things than fish bones (and moreover that they don't stick as well), and later with Shakespeare he sighs, that "O this too solid flesh might melt," but all to no purpose. The Demonstrators are so inquisitive, the Professors so importunate, that the medical course seems to be nothing but the "Eternal Question." With the first flesh of youth and inexperience he sought to devour Gray, Cunningham, Moore and Mylks, with one titanic gulp, the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. He cheerfully recognized his Waterloo, the indulgent Seniors smiled and look wise, the iron entered, and "'09" thenceforth as a body resolved to drink Life's pleasures to the lees.

And oh! didn't they do it at the parade. In elegant evening dress that was a beautiful blending of the prevailing robe de soie, and turkish turban, "'09" made night hideous with their uproar. Preceded by a float gaily decked with heavy festoons of the famous yellow, red and blue, and other artistic devices, this promising year held up their end with the best of them. Their "gingery" yell was heard loud and often, and as it behooves Freshmen of Aesculapius they were all safely tucked in, and cuddled down, when the curfew rang, and dreamed, that night, of the day when they would be Seniors in reality.

2nd Year Med. (on rear platform of street car, 11 p.x.)—"By the gosh