

certainly appear to get as much exercise as a man could want out of it.

A regular ladies' class has been formed this year, and we are assured that some of the ladies will make very good fencers. At any rate the more that go in for it the better.

A just tribute was paid to the value of Rugby football and other forms of athletics at the nominations for the Alma Mater elections. If a man had sufficient standing as an athlete it was taken for granted that he possessed all the other qualifications for an executive position.

At last athletics is beginning to take its proper place. Soon the professors will be relegated to the few hours now spent in the gymnasium, on the campus or in the rink. Then will athletics come into her own, and we shall see the mistake in the view that we have come here to put things into our heads instead of using the time more profitably for our bodies. Perish Greek, Mathematics, English! Long live football, hockey, tennis.

We have heard that the McGill Rugby men have a grievance as well as we. Their's is about the shortness of time allowed them for practice. They have even gone so far as to represent to their board of governors that they would be forced to abolish football if they could not devote a little more time to it.

We have not heard the result of their protest, but we sincerely hope that matters may be arranged more to their liking. The loss of McGill from the Intercollegiate would be indeed a heavy one, and we should grieve to see them go.

### *De Nobis.*

Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,  
 Feed me on gruel again just for to-night.  
 I am so weary of shoe-leather steak,  
 Petrified doughnuts once vulcanized cake,  
 Oysters that slept in the watery bath,  
 Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;  
 Weary of paying for what I don't eat,  
 Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.  
 Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;  
 Give me a whack at grandmother's jam,  
 Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed;  
 Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;  
 Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,  
 And then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

### *"Nowadays."*

Hush, my little one! Hush my pretty one!  
 Daddy will rock you to rest,  
 Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one,