

To a Medical man we next turn our
attention,
He may come to the rink, without
apprehension.

At Homes, Dances, Conversats and
things of that sort
Are dangerous to him, on account of
the Court.

Even writers of fiction disport them-
selves there,
The Editor-in-chief comes to "Vanity
Fair."

The Business Man also, the able
Assistant,
Finds time to spend there, through
being persistent.

Ere the sun has arisen, he is hard at
his work,
In the throes of exams, no fears for
him lurk.

The clever Arts Editor with the pretty
dark girl
Finds time in the morning to join in
the whirl.

In the afternoon though, he is not to
be seen,
He's writing grave articles or plugging
I ween.

A word to the wise is sufficient I trow,
The giant-like proof-reader should
begin skating right now.

Divinity's Editor, though sad and for-
lorn
Forgets not to prod "Cooke's Church"
with a thorn.

Moreover as Captain of hockey, he's
grand,
The Israelites march into victory's
land.

But there! The gong rings our song
must have ending
We wish them all joy their homeward
way wending.

MURDER!

The cloak-room door stands open, a
seething mass of gowns, books and
girls,—comb in hand, hairpins in
mouth, rearranging the dips. The
tall looking-glass throws back a long
vista of eager, flushed faces, peering in
to see if things of beauty are joys for-
ever.

"Nell, girl, were you at the dance last
night?"

"Yes love, say wasn't it dilly?"

"Well don't I think, it was simply
swell."

"Say did you have a dance with
Mr. X?"

"Is n't he spiff?"

"Land, I thought he was perfectly
killing."

"Did you see Herr Jones?"

"Who, in the dickens do you mean?
Not that brute?"

"Yes, why he's positively the limit."

"Jiminy, and what about Mr. Z?
Isn't he a dear?"

"Oh he's too sweet for anything. I
had a couple of extras with him."

"For the land's sake have you that
essay done?"

"Gee-Whizz—I never thought of it,
what's it on?"

"Something about steps in conscious-
ness."

"Good gracious,—Wasn't that blue
voile of Jen's?"—

"You just bet"—

"Mercy me, is that the last bell?"

"Oh Crackey!—Nell, where's my
note book? Now don't you breathe a
word of it, if I tell you—honest Injun?
—but last night—"

"Sh, Sh,—here he is."