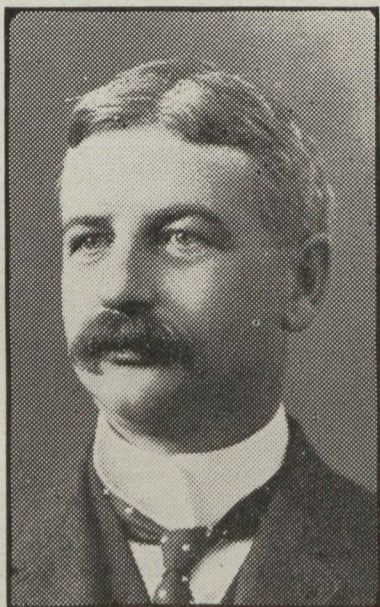


Then there's Electrical I, and which way the currents run,
That's the problem, and it always puzzles me,
I can't see what use it is, nor why the deuce it is,
That the Prof. and I so often disagree.

Now you may think it queer, but I can't get the *idear*,
Of the "dope" that we call Metallurgy One.
And the axe is at the end, if by chance I do offend
By the Wednesday morning lectures that I shun.

Now these are just the worst, of the woes with which I'm curst.
Oh, I love them as I once loved castor oil,
Though I'd like this to conceal, I've as much chance now, I feel,
As the microbe in the water that we boil.

With no girlie dear to cheer me, when the spring exams are near me,
Comes the fear of being but an also ran,
The preceding are the reasons, which I hope but for the season,
Are the troubles of a Junior Science Man.—*J. S. M.*



G. Y. CHOWN, B.A.