

The examinations are almost upon us, and no doubt all of us will do an enormous amount of plugging through March, but we should remember, first, that it is not the important part of a College course to get off an exam., and therefore that the professors in marking our papers consider the judgment shown in the answers as well as their mere technical correctness, and, secondly, that if we do not take care of our health we will not be as able to stand the strain of the examinations as well as those who have taken proper care.

Ladies.

IN THE GOOD OLD WINTER TIME.

If on a fine day, you stroll into the rink,
You'll see something there, which will make you think.

A long row of maidens sit side by side,
While out on the ice, the men swiftly glide.

Such a smile of expectancy plays on their face,
Surely some kind gentleman will slacken his pace.

True we could not expect that the champion cyclist
Should pause: he, of all men, the unlikeliest.

As he whirls in and out, now near and now far,
He is composing a poem on the K.E.R.

But trembling and tottering comes Rip Vanwinkle,
Dear me! He will snatch off a girl in a twinkle.

But no;—As he pauses, his skates give a lurch,
And gone in a moment, is the maid of his search.

Nil desperandum, take courage my man,
Go on to the next and succeed, if you can.

The next one in order is a sport of great fame,
The winner of canes, cups and what else we can't name.

Such a graceful figure he cuts on the ice,
But to say, girls are fickle, is not a bit nice.

Hard tasks in all ages for love, men have done,
And the sweet days of chivalry are not yet out-run.

How he circles and curves, the man versed in Math!
But strewn with roses, is his home-ward path.

Of Freshmen persistent, we've no time to speak,
In circles more leaned, our subjects we seek.

There's Louis Quatorze, economically sage,
Trying hard to decide between Youth and Age.

He wavers, he pauses, only one could there be,
For a man in the heyday of youth, don't you see?

The devout Emersonian, a man of calm moods,
Favours each in her turn, and no one excludes.

Such unbounded resources he has at command!
He can even play hockey the best in the land.

The tall man of letters causes many a sigh,
His smile is so winning. His name is not "High."

How the maiden's heart throbs as she sees him approach,
For our handsome "Adonis" is void of reproach,