

THE RUGBY DANCE.

One of the most enjoyable functions of Varsity life took place last Thursday evening in the Students' Union. The "Rugby Dance," always looked forward to with pleasure, has come and gone, and seems to have gained in favor. This year's dance was unusually well attended, for not only was the dancing floor filled, but the gallery was occupied by fair maidens and their gallant escorts, and the end of the Gymnasium was flanked by surplus men.

The hall was gaily decorated with banners of the different years, with bunting, and little pennons of different colleges, run along on strings extending from one end of the building to the other; some imposing athletic instruments were suspended from the ceiling.

The orchestra occupied the east end of the gallery, and pealed forth the strains of waltzes and two-steps, generously responding to every encore. Beneath them cosy corners were arranged for the patronesses and chaperons, among whom were Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. P. B. McDonald and Miss Salter.

The hours flew by on winged feet, so exhilarating was the music, the floor was in such excellent condition, the faces and gowns of the maidens so delightful to look upon. At the end of the thirteenth dance thirty minutes intermission was given for refreshments on the upper floor. The long tables, "shining with snowy nappery" and crowned with beautiful chrysanthemums, were soon filled by gaily flushed dancers. For those who were unusually enthusiastic, the piano continued the latest popular airs until the orchestra and dancers were refreshed.

It was with reluctance that the evening was finally brought to an end. By twos and threes bright opera cloaks and nodding fascinators by the side of imperturbable black coats disappeared into the tunnel of black and red canvas and "out into the night were gone." Then one by one the lights went out, and the Students' Union loomed up dark against the sky, waiting until music, light and laughter should again fill its halls.

RHONA ADAIR.

How dull the links to me,
Rhona's not there!
She's far across the sea,
Rhona Adair!
Who has a swing so true;
Who such a follow through;
Who, who can putt like you,
Rhona Adair?
Who drives her ball so far,
Far through the air,
Swift as a shooting star?
Rhona Adair!
Who hits her ball so clean,
Landing, whate'er's between,
Dead on the putting green?
Rhona Adair!
Whose strokes, of all who strike,
With her's compare?
Who has a waggle like
Rhona Adair?
Of all the girls I've seen
Playing across the green,
You, Rhona, are the queen,
Rhona Adair!

—W. H. E.

EXCHANGES

COULD YOU HAVE LOVED ME, DEAR!

Could you have cared for me, ah Dear,
How different the world would be!
Then would the skies be ever clear,
Then would the birds sing e'er for me;
Then would this haunting, nameless tear,
Shrouding the future with blackness drear,
Vanish in love's sweet ecstasy,
Could you have loved me, dear!

But it was not to be. Ah, well,
Such is the tale of life, my Sweet,
Hearts must be broken, ambition crushed,
Friends say farewell, ne'er more to meet;
Ne'er a day passeth but rings the knell
Of some long-cherished hope. So fleet
By the sad years, till, the battle hushed,
Flies the bruised soul where the angels dwell.
—Harvey Denton, in *University of Virginia Mag.*

There was a young man in Port Said,
Who wanted to kiss a fair maid;
But the kiss missed the miss
And the miss missed the kiss,
Because the young man was afraid.

—Tech.

HER MANNER.

There is something strange, illusive in her air,
I can see and catch a glimpse of life most fair,
Yet I'm mystified and puzzled,
And it keeps my spirits ruffled,
Fearing she will spurn my waiting open arms.

There is something undefined in her eyes,
As I see them deep and clear, fall and rise.
I can read but half the story,
When I look in their brown glory),
That I think, yet cannot say, within them lies,

There is something hidden deep within her heart,
Something sweet to me as carols of the lark.
If the lips and heart would tell me true,
Then I'd know just what to do
With my aching, longing, loving, fearful heart.

Ah! she made her airs and ways most clear.
She is no more my true, fond dear,
For she told me with a sigh,
And a twinkle in her eye,
That my tie had crawled around beneath my ear.
—"Amego," in *Ottawa Campus*.

AWFUL.

Sezzit—"Smith's wife is an awfully clever woman."
Herdit—"Yess, she even uses words that are not in
the dictionary."—*McGill Outlook*.
"I heard you were arrested,"
The Braying Jackass mocked.
The Horse replied, "You're wrong, my boy,
My tail was only docked."

—Ex.