

a modern Aladin can rub a string and summon a Sc.D., home-made degrees should be within reach of ali."

We understand that there are several students at Queen's who have been inspired by this timely editorial and have invaded this newly-opened field of what may be called "the minutiae of every day life," and that several extensive volumes will soon be added to the library where new shelves are already being prepared for them. The names of some of these books were given in the last issue, but unfortunately space will not allow for any sort of a review of them.

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SUDDEN DEATH GAME.

When the Sons of Kant assembled to play,  
The Pol. Econ. men were in full array.  
In goals there were two quite lengthy men  
Who stood like lions in their den,  
And swept the puck from out their ken,  
And sent it on its way.

The game was played quite clean and neat,  
(That is while the players were on their feet).  
One man upon the "Wattie" side,  
Saw moon and stars the puck beside,  
For he and the ice did oft collide,  
Much like two engines meet.

The game begun, the crowd did roar,  
The players played but couldn't score  
But just one goal; till the second half,  
Then Wilson tried and broke his staff,  
So he went off to join the laugh;  
And have a rest once more.

Then, "Dug" they in, with "O mon' dear!"  
The Philosophers, played but didn't Fear?  
Two goals they made, the score to fix,  
But the Cavalry of the Pol. Econ. six  
With the "biows" of the Cornett,  
And Colquhoun's little tricks,  
In the thick of the battle called forth a cheer.

Gibson and Skene were the giants on the ice,  
Dobson and Shaver fell down only (twice?)  
But the theories of Hegel were of little avail;  
For the Pol. Econ men didn't even turn paie,  
But unto their nets with four goals did they sail  
And led out at the finish by one point precise.