

Well may you weep in vainless tears,
Protesting your sad lot;
Although the cause of all our grief,
We know you will it not.

And so when Cavers at the dance
In Montreal this year
Was smiled upon, SHE did not know
She'd blighted his career.

So Cavers saw thro'out the game—
No puck the goal go through—
Bul far away two small white hands
And eyes of misty blue.

Thus Israel won! O well won spurs!
O victory, won by chance!
Go, tune your harps to milder lays—
"Five fifty and a manse."

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,"
"And Logie long live he,"
And when he next doth sally forth,
May I be there to see.

SCIENCE FLASHES.

If laziness is a sign of genius, there is but little evidence of genius around at present.

One member of the Engineering Society having read a bracketted article in the *Montreal Star* that Canada has proclaimed its neutrality, is surprised that the President of the Engineering Society has done nothing in the matter. The member has evidently not heard of our gunboat *Petrel*, or that a Montreal firm this year alone shipped \$5,000 worth of hockey sticks.

Both President E. T. Corkill and Secretary Scott held some very successful meetings, but most of them are in the rink.

No candidate for the degree of D. T. S. (Dominion Topographical Surveyor) has been successful since '94.

Word reaches us that McGill students are about to make an automo-

