

But, hark, loud bursts the Science yell,
Its echoes cut the wind ;
It makes the hair of Israel stand,
Their ties are blown behind.

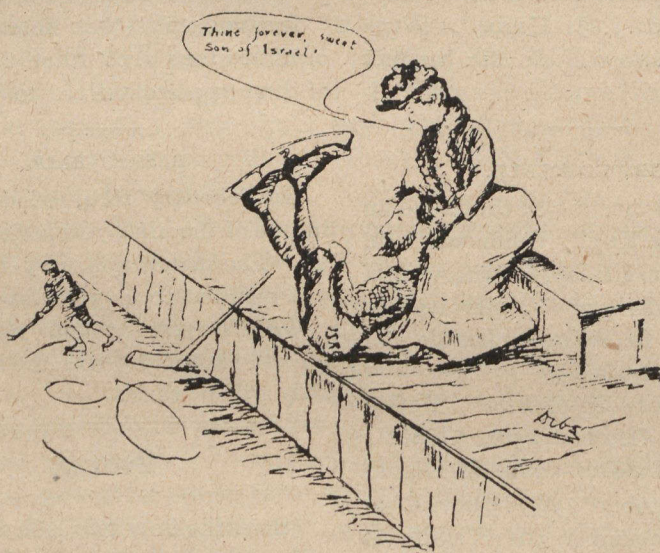
The puck is off, the trembling walls
Re-echo with the clash ;
Quoth Logie, reaching for the puck,
"Just watch me make a dash."

They watched his scintillating blades
In mazy circles wind ;
Screamed Miller wildly to his chief,
"The puck is left behind."

When lo! a chance to score presents,
Elated by his luck,
He swings aloft and strikes with vim,
But doesn't hit the puck.

But sly K. C. conceives a ruse
To save the host disgrace ;
He slicked his whiskers to a point,
And eyed a lady's face.

Then with the puck in full career,
And trusting to his charms,
He tripped o'er foe and platform
And fell into her arms.



The shout heard Logie and apace
To check his course he tried ;
His blades in blazing circles spun,
The sparks flew far and wide.

And while the chief thus vainly strove
To gain his ground once more,
The Science men swept down the rink
And made a brilliant score.

But now the chief of Israel's host
Is back into the fray,
And chafing o'er his dire mishap
Swears he'll redeem the day.

The wile succeeded ; Science men
With laughter loudly roared,
And while their eyes were blind with
tears,
Four goals their foemen scored.

But what of Cavers in the goal
Who in his brilliant prime
Had blazoned H_2S in gold
Upon the dial of Time ?

O woman, source of all our woe—
Of Caver's too, alas—
Since Eve of old her hubby's taste
Tempted with apple sass,