

On account of the unusually early visit of "smiling spring" the schedules of the Inter-Mural Leagues have been left unfinished. As a consequence we cannot say with certainty who would have been champions if winter had lingered a little longer, and this is most unfortunate, as all were working enthusiastically, with more or less chance of success, for first honors. Next year the schedule will have to be arranged that all the games would be played earlier in the season, as our open-air rink cannot be depended on after the first of March.

Several of the students will be honored by the Labor Department with the title of "Knights of the Shovel," in reward for the constant and especially generous services which they rendered during the winter to keep the rink clear of snow. Now who should be numbered among those chosen few? On the other hand it has been discovered that there existed in the Small Yard a secret society of loafers, going by the name of the Ancient Order of the Sons of Rest. To avoid being molested, they kept their existence, and the practice of their principles, or rather the non-practice, an absolute secret. But the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master (the two laziest members, who were very likely born tired) were found out from the fact that they used to go and hide themselves away every time there was a call for work.

The hockey season ended with some very interesting, free-for-all games. In these contests it was customary to assume the name of some great hockey expert, and to hear the comments on the play and players a person would imagine himself present at one of the great professional battles of the season. Ross, Gilmour, Johnson, Taylor, Moran, and many others were all represented, and what clever stick-handling, what tricky dodging, what magnificent stops, what wonderful headwork, etc., went to make those struggles brilliant! Our last game was played on March the 11th. It is with regret that we took our skates off our boots and relegated them with our hockey sticks to their summer resorts.

Two in One—Jo-s and Ma-t-eau.

Three Inseparables—Do-is, F-k, and La-ie.

A juvenile rhyme-maker trying to imitate "Mary had a little Lamb" gave us the following poem:

Br-son has a fine big lamb,
 All tenderly fond and true,
 And where'er you find Br-s-on
 There you'll find the big lamb too.