

fore calling upon them, President Mason asked Mr. C. E. Race, President of last year's "Lit.," to say something. Mr. Race was well received and made a very neat speech, especially congratulating us on the improvements which have been made about the building since last year. His good wishes were with us, and so are ours with him. Mr. Murray, now no stranger to O. N. C., made a speech in his usual happy vein. It is always good to hear a man who has deep down in his heart an undoubting belief that life is worth living. Mr. Murray's rugged optimism is perhaps the most striking characteristic of a strong personality. Dr. Montague apologized for being unprepared to speak becomingly to a society of such weight. But his apologies were only less graceful than his address. Like Mr. Murray he believes in marriages. He even noted the suggestive coincidence that the Society can count itself by twos of unlike terms without any remainder. The only exact parallel Dr. Montague could remember was from some statistics which showed that the number of Doctors is just equal to the number of Life Insurance agents in this province. The speaker was a teacher himself when about 16 years old. But you can't remain a teacher if you want to be a statesman. Dr. Montague did not repeat the old platitudes about what paragons teachers ought to be. He knows how hard it is to keep prodigies of culture working on less per annum than a good singer receives in a single evening. Before closing his remarks he expressed his approval of the Mock Parliament idea. Last of all he hoped to be with us some time again. In this hope we all join him. Mr. Martin's motion for a vote of thanks was not put by the President for reasons known only to himself. Mr. Murray and Dr. Montague were thereby prevented from saying one more word to the Society. The criticism by Miss Hutchinson was

brief, but full of points. It was perhaps the best we have yet heard. Who says abolish the office of critic?
ADAM.

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Lines on My Cigar.

Thou ugly dusky Goblin Elf,
I prize thee only for thyself.
Thou nut-browne mayde!
Thou art not fair to look upon—
Not fair—but all a dusky brown,
A warm and comfortable brown,
My own cigar!

Beneath thy coat of sombre hue
I see enrolled
A fortune rich men never knew,
With mines of gold—
A treasure vaster there I see
Which even kings might envy me.
When worn with care, and tired of
glee,
I spend a happy hour with thee,
My own cigar.

Alas! thou liest there my friend,
Thou liest there.
Thy presence serves no more to bring
A thrill of joy—thou fragrant thing—
But blank despair!
For I have sworn the vow to keep
Which ends thy reign with charm
replete.
Thy throne is filled—Good-bye sweet
mate,
I yield to the decree of Fate—
My Jenny brooks no rivalry
And she and I are one you see.

A. W.

❁❁

Account Problem.

A liquor agent held the office for one year at the close of which he gave the following statement of his accounts:

Cash received on assuming office.....	\$ 32.17
Liquor at the same time.....	57.51
Amount paid for liquor bought....	59.91
Cash received for sale of liquor....	107.97
Value of liquor at end of year.....	31.37
Salary of agent.....	25.00

Does the agent owe the firm or does the firm owe the agent, and how much?

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TEACHER—Where is the Rock of Gibraltar?

PUPIL (who reads)—In Hogtown, owned by the Boom and Bust Life Ins. Co.