

the interest in the Alma Mater Society revives at least once a year. The excitement rose, and as the voting was open a pretty accurate guess could be made at the chances of the opposing candidates. Some of the latter even went so far as to employ cabs to bring down some of the city graduates to help roll up their majorities. At about 10:30 the polls were closed and the results made known amid enthusiastic cheers. The following gentlemen will manage the affairs of the Society for '82-'83:

President—D. A. Givens, B.A.

Non-resident Vice-President—Rev. James Ross, M.A., B.D.

1st Resident Vice-President—W. G. Anglin.

2nd Resident Vice-President—A. Givan.

Secretary—J. P. McNaughton (accl.)

Treasurer—J. F. Kidd.

Committee—Æ. J. Macdonnell, H. M. Froiland, C. Clancy.

Amid loud cheers Mr. D. A. Givens was called on to address the meeting, and in a neat speech he expressed his thanks to the students and declared that it was "the proudest moment of his life." The other candidates successful and defeated were heard in turn. The former declared they had reached the summit of their ambition, and the latter that they were just as glad they didn't get the office after all! With renewed cheers for the victors, the "Ladies' Candidate," and the "Burly Freshman," a procession was formed and one of the well-known and oft-repeated serenades given to the tune of "Old Grimes," &c. Thus ended the great Alma Mater elections.

→ DE + NOBIS + NOBILIBUS.←

JUNIOR philosophy is so tough this year that some of the boys have to go down to "Hades" to make it out.

STUDENT, who has eaten too much pastry, quotes from Shakespeare: "And chattering pies in dismal discords sung."

PROFESSOR of metaphysics (to student who has read a long paper on "Space.")—"Well, sir, what follows?" Student—"I took up "Time" after that." Professor (settling himself back in his chair)—"Well, then proceed. I suppose we will have to take up more "time" now."

PROF. in philosophy (questioning on a previous lecture—Mr. M.—Mr. M breaking in with anxiety and haste: "I'm not prepared on that lecture, sir." Prof.—"Do you know what question I am going to ask you?" Mr. M.—"No, sir." "Then how do you know whether you are prepared or not?" Student gives it up.

COR-r-r-r-r-r-nur-r-r kick!!!

PROF.—who has just heard the avowal of a student, that he knows nothing of the subject—Well, Mr. C., go on—O miserum te, si haec non intelligis
Great commotion among the pedal extremities.

A BAINE-FUL SCENE.

At the close of the last sitting of the Concursus Iniquitatis, the jury having brought in a verdict of "Guilty," his lordship proceeded in solemn tones, while breathless silence pervaded the Court assembled, to address in the following words the unhappy freshman who figured as prisoner, convicted of all the charges brought against him and which were for the most part attributed to indomitable "cheek."

Prisoner—As I contemplate thy beardless youth, and look upon that face of thine not furrowed by a long acquaintance with crime, I can scarce bridle my emotions to censure you in wisdom. Though this pulsating vessel in my bosom were one vast iceberg instead of tender meat yet would it to aqueous fluid melt at this dire sight. From my optics are wrung the hot lachrymal drops of pity, and that without the aid of any tearful bulb. Perhaps my tears are to you unseen, but are not things invisible the strongest in nature? Witness steam, the unseen kick of a mule, the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Crimes that would cause an older visage than thine to crimson have been brought and proven against thee. The motive that has driven you to deeds so ghastly is undoubtedly "cheek." "The side of the face below the eye" is Dr. Johnson's definition of it, one of the most suggestive words in the language. Taken in a merely physical sense woman's cheek is enchanting to behold, yet more so to kiss. What epicure whose teeth have not watered over "pigs cheek." Taken in a metaphorical sense cheek is simply the most marvellous thing in creation; it is lofty as the sky, profound as the sea, boundless as space. The word *cheek* has a talismanic influence on poets, awaking them to strains of sweeter melody. The immortal aspiration of Romeo that he were a glove on Juliet's hand that he might touch her cheek, is pretty and fanciful to both lovers and glovers.

There are four lines I would rather have written than dine with the Principal:

"Daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Which heaven's alternate beauty will display,
The blush of morning, and the milky way."

There is a divinity student who labors under a strange infirmity of vision and memory, which incapacitates him from distinguishing between any two women. To him they are all alike. In this distressing state of circumstances his girl hit on the expedient of sticking a wafer on one of her cheeks that he might know her from the rest of her sex. But even this precaution has not prevented him from mistakenly kissing the wrong woman—an error which he seems rather to relish. "My dear," he said to her the other day, "I have not words to express my admiration of your cheek." "My cheek, indeed," expostulated she indignantly, "your own is past endurance."

In its popular interpretation cheek is a synonym for impudence, audacity and effrontery. As such it is the most precious gift bestowed on a human being. The man who has not cheek will never get on. The woman who has not cheek—but where's the use of talking, happily there is no such woman. Fortune favours the brave, which means the "cheeky," and no aspiration is more essential to success in life than that of the Scotchman, "May heaven grant us a good conceit o' ourselves."

But, prisoner, mistake me not. To your youth it is an unbecoming garment. It is something not to be donned till manhood, till your senior year. "How many things by season seasoned are. The nightingale if she should sing by day when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren."

Learn Ovid's maxim:

"Fortior est qui se, quam qui fortissima vincit
Mænia, nec virtus altius ire potest."