

## An Interesting Genealogy

**The Martin Family—Martin De Tours the First of Nobles, Statesmen, Warriors and Scholars—Alderman Geo. G. Martin a Lineal Descendant.**

The following is contributed by Eleanor Lexington to the Los Angeles Times:

The name Martin is derived from the Latin Martius, meaning warlike, or from Mars, the god of war.

In the Gaelic, mor is great, and dium, a man; hence, mordiun, a chief, or warrior. By some circumlocution, the name Martin may be derived from Martyn, Martin, Marten, Martain, Marceen, Martine and Martin.

The first of the name of whom records appear was, Martin de Tours. He came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and made a conquest of Commaes, or Kemeys, in Pembroke County, England, about 1077. He was also made Lord of Combe-Martin of Martinshoe, in the northern part of Devon.

Martin de Tours had a sister Concha, or Concha, by name, wife of Calurnius, whose son was the famous St. Patrick of Ireland.

No sooner had Martin de Tours completed his conquest than he devoted a portion of his wealth thus acquired to the founding of a monastery for Benedictine monks at St. Dogmael's, near Cardigan. This monastery was dedicated to St. Segwell, and was annexed as a cell to the Abbey of Tyronne in France. This institution was endowed with lands by Robert Fitz-Martin, the son of the founder.

Martin de Tours and his successors were summoned to the King's council as barons of Commaes, and continued to be lords of the English Parliament. The third baron, married Angharad, of Rhye, Prince of Wales.

More than one knight, or man-at-arms, is recorded in the roll of Battle Abbey as bearing the name of Martin.

It is perhaps superfluous to explain of what this roll of Battle Abbey consisted. On October 4, A. D. 1066, the battle of Hastings was fought, and William the Norman was seated upon the throne of England under the historic title of William the Conqueror. Close by the field of Hastings, William caused a stately pile to be erected, which was named Battle Abbey in commemoration of his victory. A roll, or catalogue, was prepared, in which was carefully prepared the names and titles of the Norman chivalry who had followed William's banner in the enterprise. This was the famous Roll of Battle, or "Battel," Abbey. It has been of inestimable service to the herald, the genealogist, and the historian. Some portions of the abbey still remain.

Battle Abbey was dedicated to St. Martin. In the "Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester" are the lines:

"And then as the bataille was  
An Abbey he let rear,  
Of Saint Martin for the soules  
That there slayn were."

In the reign of Henry II. William Martin, a lord of Commaes, was sent with the Abbot of St. Augustine and other persons of note into different counties of England to makequisition touching the behavior of all sheriffs, bailiffs and other officers, likewise of all archbishops, bishops, abbots, friars, earls, barons, vassors, knights, citizens and burgesses.

In 1245 Nicholas, the fifth lord of Commaes, for services to the King, obtained license for a market every week, and a yearly fair at his manor.

South Moulton, in Devonshire, was held by the Martin family by service of finding a man with a bow and three arrows to attend the Earl of Gloucester when he was hunting in the neighborhood.

It is believed that from the barons of Commaes, whose ancestor was Martin de Tours, are descended those of the family of Martin, who came to New England in 1635.

The immigrant ancestor was John Martin, who was one of the founders of the town of Swansea, Massachusetts. He had five sons and four daughters, each of whom married and had a family. Robert Martin, in 1640, settled at Weymouth, Massachusetts, afterwards Rehoboth. Among other early settlers of the Martin family were Abraham, Isaac, Richard and Samuel. The latter was born in Lancashire, England, May 2, 1760, and was a son of Richard Martin, nicknamed "Mad Dick," who was member of Parliament. Samuel Martin's wife was Jane Trotter, daughter of a landed proprietor of Belfast, Ireland.

From the bequests of Abraham Martin, who died in 1670, it may be inferred that he was a Puritan of the good old stock and solicitor for the welfare of the colony. He left three pounds, ten shillings, for the "pastors"; one pound "towards the burying ground"; ten shillings to be laid out in the making of a Bier, and one pound "for the procurement of a bell to call the people to God's worship." In those early days, before the introduction of bells, it was customary to beat the drum to give notice of the time of public worship. It is, therefore, probable that the colony was indebted to a Martin for its first church bell.

The Bible of John Martin, the immigrant, is still extant. This he left to all his children, but its home was to be with the eldest son. Similar provision was made for another valuable volume, the "Book of Grantham," as he calls it in his will. The book, which is now in the possession of a descendant, is an exposition of the views of the Baptists, and was written in 1678 by a Thomas Grantham, of London. On the margins of the leaves of the book are various curious inscriptions, written by members of the family, whose penmanship was unique, orthography sui generis, and punctuation nil.

The most important legend is this: "You all my friends desired are to wash your hands and read with care."

On another page is written: "Manasseh Martin, his book, the 9th part; my father gave this book to his 9 children and I am his 4th son, Manasseh Martin."

One of the last pages is written: "I find this book was my great grandfather's John Martin's, who brought it out of old England. I have perused this book and find it worthy of any serious person's consideration."

The Martins seem to have been a patriotic family; at least, the number of those who have applied for pensions, at different times, runs into the hundreds. Capt. Simeon Martin, of Providence, Rhode Island, fourth from immigrant John, was one of the first to enlist in the Revolution. He was in the first campaign with Washington, in 1775. He was also in the Battle of Trenton. He was later adjutant-general and major-general of the militia of his State, and at one time lieutenant-governor.

Ebenezer Martin served in the first brigade of Massachusetts, 1781. Capt. George Martin was engaged in scouting expeditions. Another George Martin, who was "a scholar and a good penman," was deputy quartermaster in the Revolution.

Martin also served in the Indian wars. A John Martin was in the Indian campaign during King Philip's war, and a Richard Martin advanced £15s. 4d. towards carrying on the war against Philip.

Upon the Martin arms appear two red bars on a white or silver shield, or in the language of heraldry, argent, two bars gules. Crest, a red star of six points, or an "etiole gules." These arms are found cut on a tombstone in Copp's Hill graveyard, Boston, with

simply the name Martin underneath. A bird—probably a martin—forms the crest of the arms of one branch of the family.

According to heraldic lore, a star is supposed to symbolize the Creator, its rays, which point in every direction, indicating the all-pervading attributes of the Supreme Being. The presence, therefore, of a star, in a coat-of-arms implies the existence or the presumption of pre-eminent qualities in its possessor. Gules, or red, signifies strength or boldness; the spotless whiteness of argent, and the virtuous qualities, and when combined with red, purity and courage. From the Martin arms, then, it may be inferred that the ancestor who achieved them was a God-fearing man of pure life and charitable heart, who, with a firm reliance on the divine protection, marched forth with his fellows and by deeds of valor and manly prowess was in the service of his king and country the military girdles which are represented by the two bars gules.

At what time or for what particular achievement these arms were bestowed is not known, but in 1675, in the Barony of England, these arms were given with an account of the Somersetshire family of Martin. The patron saint of the family is St.

Martin, the son of a military tribune, who was born at Salaria, a city in Hungary, about A. D. 316. The saint attained great celebrity on account of his sanctity. The festival of St. Martin, which occurs November 11, was instituted by Pope Martin, about A. D. 650. Upon that day the casks of new wine were tapped. Our English ancestors kept the feast by the consumption of roasted geese. The old tradition is that St. Martin hid himself on account of his unwillingness to become a bishop, but his retreat was discovered through a goose.

No less than seven churches in London and Westminster are dedicated to St. Martin. The excessive admiration of the saint led to many towns being named in his honor, and pious parents, when bestowing his name in baptism, felt that they had insured a potent protector for the new-born child.

Alderman Martin says he was well aware of all these facts before, but that his usual modesty prevented him from speaking out in meeting. He says he belongs to the Welsh branch of the family, who are numerous in Wales now. Mrs. Gladston was a kinswoman.

## .. SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE..

Where is this here band business going to end?

I wonder what kind of pavement will be put down on Queen street?

This is the open-work season on shirt-waists and—well, never mind.

The bakers must be using a lot of shortening in their loaves just now. It's a wise family that keeps his troubles to itself.—Hamilton Spectator.

The citizen band blew themselves on new uniforms and new instruments.

Some of the band boys complain that the brass wasn't all in their instruments.

Let me see. It's bitulithic pavement they are going to have on Queen street, isn't it?

Is it a case of the band going to abandon the regiment or the regiment the band?

These are the days when most everybody would like to be able to raise the wind.

Nearly every street corner has its loafers, and in every back shop you can generally find a loafer too.

Wanted, a few lessons in law in regard to military matters. Kindly furnish references. City Lawyer.

The band had made a hard blow in their time, but the hardest blow was a week ago last Monday night.

The Sheriff might write a thrilling story on the missing clarinet. Wonder who could write the sequel?

It has been suggested that the electric fans in the Council Chamber be run by Ald. Martin's electric oratory.

What's bothering me is whether the Queen street pavement will wear as long as it has taken to get it or not.

Some of the aldermen suggest that there is enough wind at either end of the aldermanic row without electric fans.

It has not yet been decided whether the oppressive heat in the Council Chamber is caused by the eloquent alderman or by the weather.

No, Dear Aldright Yes, a skipper is not necessarily a St. Thomas bank manager. He may own a yacht at Brieau and be otherwise respectable.

The firemen in the stove holes can go up in the fresh air every little while for a breathing spell, but when Ald. G. G. Martin starts his eloquence he never stops.

I would like to know what the Property committee is going to do with that \$48 birdcage whistle. Perhaps they might lend it to the band to blow themselves.

Ald. McCoig suggests that the Property committee do not put electric fans in the Council Chamber at the northwest end of the aldermanic row. It wouldn't do to have all the wheels at one end.

### NOT HIS RACING SUIT.

The latest thing in church wear is a striped flannel suit and slippers. For further particulars apply to the chairman of the C. C. I. Board.

I am glad to see that the Council are going to act on the Satellite's advice and endeavor to improve the atmosphere of the Council Chamber on rainy nights. Ald. Mounter put the matter very aptly when he said, "I know that not one of us would transact our own business in such a hot place."

A lady who had taken The Planet for 45 years moved to Brieau when the hot weather began. She ordered her Planet to follow. Owing to their being no mail service, the G. H. J. arrived very irregularly. This aroused the lady and she said she would have to quit The Planet after 45 years and take a local contemporary. So Monday night a copy of the "News" was purchased, but it was thrown aside in disgust because all the news in it had been read in the Big Saturday Planet, two days previous.

TOO HOT.

Too hot to crawl, too hot to sleep.  
Too hot to wake, too hot to sleep.  
Too hot to stand, too hot to fall.  
Too hot to laugh, too hot to bawl.  
Too hot to ride, too hot to walk.  
Too hot to whisper, or to talk.  
Too hot to starve, too hot to eat.  
My head's too hot—so are my feet.  
Too hot to write, too hot to think.  
Too hot to drown myself in drink.  
Too hot to live, too hot to die.  
Too hot to work, too hot to try.  
Too hot to kick about the heat.  
Too hot for eggs, too hot for meat.  
Too hot another line to sing—  
Too dagdummed hot for anything.  
—Baltimore News.

### TWO SCENES.

Last Sunday a preacher was holding forth from a gospel wagon near Cass park. A carriage containing a white-haired man and woman came dashing up. Abreast of the gospel wagon the coachman slowed up and the dignified old gentleman courteously lifted his hat until past the preacher. Ten minutes later an automobile came roaring down the street. The occupant's hat seemed to be tied to his head. The driver as he whirled past the gospel wagon gave warning: "Toot! Toot!"  
—Detroit News.

### WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her lord away,  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another.  
To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
And teach the race its duty,  
By keeping on its wicked heart  
Their eyes of light and beauty.  
A million sleepless lids, they say,  
Will be at least a warning;  
And so the flowers would watch by day,  
The stars from eve to morning.  
On hill and meadow, field and lawn,  
Their dewy eyes returning,  
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn  
Till western skies are burning.  
Alas! each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame and crushing,  
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells  
And some are always blushing.  
But when the patient stars look down  
On all their light disfigurement,  
The traitor's smiles, the murderer's frown,  
The lips of lying lovers.  
They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavor  
We see them twinkling in the skies,  
And so they wink forever.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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### THE SONG OF LIFE.

One must sing of the sunshine;  
One must sing of the rain;  
One must sing us the songs of joy;  
And one sing woe's refrain;  
Yet in the end all the song's will blend  
In one harmonious strain.  
One must sing of the future;  
With hopes and fearsings rife;  
One must sing of the misty past—  
Its dreaming and its strife—  
Yet they will meet in a chord full sweet  
The marvellous song of life.

One must sing of the mountains;  
One must sing of the sea;  
One must sing us the song of love;  
And in late's shrill key;  
Yet all will rise to the blending skies  
In one grand harmony.

Love and hate and compassion,  
Sorrow and right and wrong,  
Past and future and war and peace—  
Rise in an anthem strong,  
And all will grow, as they ebb and flow,  
To life's unceasing song.  
—Josh Wink.

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We all live and learn; but some of us live a whole lot more than we learn.

## A Forgotten Weapon

**Second of a Series of Interesting Articles for Sunday Reading.—The Significance of Recent Rains and Summer Sunshines.**  
(Specially Prepared for THE PLANET by Mrs. Anna Ross.)

The argument of this paper is that, if the Gibeonites had understood and claimed the treaty rights secured to them by that old covenant with their fathers, then Saul could not have hurt a hair of their head, but because they forgot it, they suffered to the death.

"Whoso readeth, let him understand."

A. R.

**GOD'S COVENANT WITH THE GIB-  
EONITES—A FORGOTTEN WEAPON AGAINST SAUL.**

If God's covenant with Noah is still in force (and it must be, so long as the rainbow bedeck the clouds), then the one reason why famine gets hold upon any part of this earth is that Noah's sons have forgotten it. Forgetfulness is a fruitful source of loss in every direction; but when it comes to forgetfulness of such a covenant promise as this, "Seed-time and harvest shall not cease," and the consequent loss of the fulfillment of the same, it is surely time that stupid memories should be stirred up into activity.

It is no new thing for man thus to forget his covenant opportunities with God. A sorrowful instance of just such forgetfulness, preceded by a signal instance of the opposite conduct, is to be found in the story of the Gibeonites.

The inhabitants of Gibeon, in the days of Joshua's conquests, in spite of difficulties that seemed insurmountable, had succeeded in securing a covenant or league with the people of Israel and the God of Israel.

It was a narrow affair, securing only for them their liberties, for it left them bondmen to the sacred people. But it was like all God's covenants with men, it was sure.

As soon as it was known in Canaan that Gibeon had gone over to Israel, all the kings of the hills, and of the valleys, gathered together against them.

What could the Gibeonites do? They knew right well what to do. They had a covenant, and they promptly claimed it. It was no vague cry for mercy that was sent to Gibeon. It was the bold, almost imperative, covenant claim, "Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us and help us; for all the kings of the Amorites are gathered together against us."

The answer to this covenant-prayer was just what you would expect when the covenant-faithfulness of the living God was involved. Joshua, with the ringing assurances of his God in his ears, marched all night. In the morning he came upon Gibeon's enemies suddenly. "And the Lord discomfited them before Israel. . . . And the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them. Then Joshua spake, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed." All this was God's answer to the cry of the people, who remembered in their time of need that they had a covenant, and put in their claim for its fulfillment.

But these poor Gibeonites were not always so wise. Years went by. Generation after generation lived and died, and the covenant at first so eagerly sought and so dearly prized, came to be only an old story amongst them. Israel asked a king, and God gave Saul. This warrior king was full of crooked blunders. He was slack in dealing with the Amalekites, whom God had doomed with a sentence of death; and he was cruel in his dealings with the Gibeonites.

Taken from The New Covenant, a Lost Secret, by Anna Ross, price \$1.00. Address David Ross, corner Bay and Alberts streets, Ottawa.

whom God had fenced round with a covenant of life.

But what did he care for the covenant made with the cities of Canaan five hundred years before? Perhaps he cared just about as much as the Salisbury Government to-day would care for a treaty made with the gipsies by Richard II. one hundred years before the discovery of America, especially if the treaty was one which the gipsies themselves had forgotten. How much attention would the politicians of to-day pay to such a treaty? Just about as much did Saul pay to the covenant with the Gibeonites. If some warning voices were raised amongst his people, he paid no heed. He looked only to the (supposed) interests of his own people, and turned his murderous might against the strangers.

What should Gibeon have done the moment she saw Saul's evil eye upon her? Just exactly what she did in Joshua's days. Right up into the ears of Jehovah she should have sent the old covenant cry, "Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us and help us; for the king of Israel himself has gathered his armies together against us." The Lord's hand was not shortened, neither was His ear heavy; but He listened in vain for that covenant cry, and Saul did his deadly work unhindered—deadly work for the Gibeonites, for their blood reddened the land, and deadly work for Israel, for that shed blood cried aloud to heaven for judgment, and got it.

Saul's reign ended under the thunderstorms of defeat and disaster. But all these calamities did not settle for the blood of the Gibeonites. David's reign ushered in victory and prosperity, but the blood of the slaughtered Gibeonites was not brought to mind. Year after year was given to David, and his own peaceful kingdom, to call to remembrance the violated covenant. David had forgotten, and Israel had forgotten, as well as the Gibeonites, all about that old covenant. They all forgot that it was still in force.

But God had not forgotten. His judgments visited the land in the days of David three years, year after year. And David enquired of the Lord, and the Lord answered, "It is for Saul, because he slew the Gibeonites."

God had not forgotten, though Israel had done so, and Gibeon too. Had the harassed people remembered this covenant they could have laughed at Saul's malice, as they had in olden days defied the combined wrath of the Canaanite kings. But they forgot their covenant, put in no covenant claim, and suffered to the death in consequence. True, it is a serious thing to forget a covenant. It is as though Englishmen were to forget their Magna Charta, and so lose the liberties it had handed over to them.

Is not this latter story of the Gibeonites a perfect picture of the position of the whole human race relative to the ravages of famine? They have forgotten the treaty of Ararat. Four thousand years have buried it out of sight, and out of mind. The rainbow is still hung in the sky; God still looks on it and remembers His covenant; but man looks on it, and only says, "How pretty!" When the rains are withheld, God listens in vain for the covenant cry. Noah's descendants have forgotten the treaty made with their father in their behalf. They do not know its terms, they put in no claim on the strength of it, and famine works his will in the earth as Saul worked his will among the Gibeonites.

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