

that he would not be in before one o'clock. At length his brother chanced to enter, a member of another firm on St. James Street West. I had met him three or four times years ago, and we knew each other's names. At once we struck an alliance, and again invaded the Bank. While I was called aside for a moment to paraphrase my signature, I noticed my ally engaged in earnest conversation with two or three officers of the Bank. Far from being able to personate me, I found him vainly attempting to personate himself. "At which Bank do you keep an account?" "Our firm deals with the Bank due—" somebody or other—he replied. "Well, just endorse this gentleman's cheque, and he can go down to your Bank, and they will cash it for him." He did so, and I moved eastward. Entering the Bank to which I was directed, I placed the cheque in the hands of Mr. Teller. He looked at the paper, then at me. "Why don't you go to your own Bank?" he growled. I meekly explained the inexorable course of events which had driven me to him for aid. He carefully examined the various signatures, and looked me searchingly in the face; smelled the cheque, and I began to doubt whether he would eat the paper, to make sure that the taste was also genuine. "Get the bookkeeper down there to certify to this firm's signature, and I will pay you." After applying at two or three wickets "down there," I found the bookkeeper at last, who readily appended the words, "Signature certified," followed by his own. Returning to the teller, I again proffered him the cheque. "I will charge you fifty six cents for this." I instantly demurred. "I guess I will try my own Bank again," I said. "Here's your cheque," snapped the hoary headed sin—or more correctly ain—t. I returned in a dejected mood along St. James Street. However, I had the inward satisfaction of having proved beyond a doubt that my cheque was no fraud. To refuse the acceptance, for the trifling sum of fifty-six cents, of nearly four hundred times its amount, was a bit of external evidence of authenticity which even the Tubingen School could neither counterbalance nor destroy. But my difficulty lay not in establishing the genuineness of my cheque, but of myself; and one o'clock, the hour at which the Bank would close, was rapidly approaching, when all hopes of redeeming my Sunday boots would vanish for that day. As I moved along the street, my eye fell upon a familiar sign—that of the — Insurance Company, from which I hold a policy. I was also personally known to the manager. If I could secure his signature on the growing list of endorsees, I would feel certain of success. I was courteously received, but his anxiety to serve me was only equalled by the regret he felt in saying that although he was morally certain I was the man, yet he could not claim to have a legal knowledge of my identity. What a change there will be next September, when I shall enter the same office to pay the yearly charge upon my policy. I venture to say that the whole company will be

ready to swear that I am the author of the Ignatian Epistles or Homer's Iliad, if I only demand to have it acknowledged in my receipt.

Failing here, I slowly continued my retreat towards the Square. The only feasible plan that I could think of to make the acquaintance of some "prominent business man," was to smash in a hundred dollar window. But I feared that the emotion called forth by an acquaintance so sudden and unique, would be too violent, and might involve the police. Not that the police of Montreal set much value upon emotion, or need be feared by an honest man. It's very easy, as the schoolboy says, to make them run; the only trouble is that they expect you to join in and lead the way. Rather than let them share in my operations, I would have accepted the offer for fifty-six cents. When about to give up in despair and return to the College, I noticed one of our esteemed lecturers passing up the opposite side of the street. Although we had never met in class, I recognized him, and running up, tapped him on the shoulder. I explained the situation and requested his assistance. "Ah, I have met you before," he replied; "what is your name?" "You met me at the — Sunday School at Christmas, and as for my name, I am trying to show the teller of the — Bank that I am Mr. —." "Well, I do not know the teller, but I may meet some gentleman there whom I do know;" and again we moved upon the Bank. Fortunately, a person was found there who knew our lecturer, and after another name was duly added to the back of my cheque, the formal introduction took place. "Mr. Teller, Mr. A says he can vouch for Mr. B, and I will vouch for Mr. A."

While paying me the money, the teller expressed his regret for the inconvenience to which I had been put, saying that necessity compelled them to observe the strictest care in such things: "However, I will know you next time." Next time I will present a cheque for five thousand dollars, and expect to have it cashed without a word.

J. H. G.

#### REVERIE.

ONCE again examinations are becoming uncomfortably near. Gorgon-like, with resistless impetuosity, they are bearing down upon us, possessed of an insatiable craving to see the atmosphere resplendent with feathers. It behoveth us possible victims to prepare for the deadly fray. Let us grapple the coming ordeal with ferocious intent, and, prepared with stoic-like fortitude, declare war against the approaching antagonist. "Forewarned is forearmed," therefore get ready to dive into the depths of subtle theories of varied descriptions, to traverse delectable fields of historic lore, to unearth and dissect the heresies of ancient and modern times.

[The above was found located on the table of a student who is well known to be of a lethargic temperament.]