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THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

We feel the subject of this article will cause the keenest speculation as to her identity—but all the vows put upon us by the Unknown, are as shouts from the house-tops compared to the necessity for silence in this case.

We cannot reveal the lady's name, but she is fair, with two eyes, one on each side of her nose, and a perfect figure—"perfectly superb" as Mr. Nisch would say.

She is a McGill student, as are all the Tin Gods, and is in the noble Arts Faculty, year of —. Moral Philosophy, Economics, early Dutch History, Sanskrit and the Higher Mathematics are the broad basis upon which she rests her education; while English Literature, German and French are taken in as light extras.

In the R. V. C. she is well known and her voice carries much weight. The Y. W. C. A., the Delta, Sigma, the Fancy Skating Club, the Darning—no, we mean Dorcas Society, have all benefitted by her accumulated wisdom; while in the Readers' Club, her essay on "Suffragettes in Prose, Prison and Poetry" met with a warm reception.

At dances she is to be seen treading a waltz or gliding through the twostep—perhaps it should be the other way about, but anyway she does it, and on occasions she has done a barn dance in a way that would astonish the natives. On Friday nights the genial Peters looks like a damp rag in his anxiety to get to the door before the bell is worn out by the thronging crowd on the steps, and the lights are dim and the clock has struck ere the last reluctant youth has been pushed out of the door. Football matches have seen her there also, and happy is the man who is entreated earnestly by the crowd to answer the question, "Is she your sister," while she cheers on the players to victory.

But we cannot go on and catalogue all the virtues of this latest of the noble company of Tin Gods. There will be no use writing to us for information on the subject. As gentlemen and students we cannot break our word and reveal who it is, and anyway when one has a line and a bonanza—why, let everyone in on the ground floor? Never!