

would rather forego the pleasure of his embrace.

Octopi live in the fissures of rocks, or beneath large boulders along the shores of the ocean. When they walk or creep they elevate the sac-like body above the head and progress slowly upon the extremities of the arms. Their swimming movements are very rapid. Body foremost, with the arms stretched beyond the head, they dart backward with great rapidity, being propelled by the successive expulsions of water through the funnel.

Mr. Patterson's specimen is medium sized, but is remarkably well preserved. The arms of this octopus are not more than eighteen inches in length, but specimens have been caught on the Vancouver coast which had arms nearly five feet in length.

When the student has studied the shape and structure of this creature he should read Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," in which is described a most realistic combat with a giant devil fish.

Following is a clipping from the Vancouver *World* describing how Mr. Patterson obtained the monster:

"I want that Ceratopterus Vampirus," said T. F. Paterson, to A. M. Tyson, this morning as he paused in front of his fish store.

"Ay mon, I'll be glad tae sarve ye wi' onything in the shop, but ye maun put it in the Doric. I'm Scotch, ye ken, but I dinna speak the twa talks. When ye speir in Gaelic I canna' follow ye."

Mr. Paterson explained that he was not speaking Gaelic, he was referring to the cartilaginous fish of the ray family, shaped like an isosceles triangle that he was exposing presumably for sale.

"I ken verra weel what ye're sayin', Frank, but I dinna ken what ye're talkin' about."

"I mean the one with the large cavernous mouth, the protruding eyes, auricular opening at the rear of the mouth, with large cartilaginous protuberances at the side of the mouth, and a tail like a sword. One of the cephalopteridae, don't you understand?"

"Oh ay, mon, I understand, ma certie, its a whole halibut ye're wantin'."

"Halibut nothing, I want, what the, the—well I believe in the vulgar parlance of those who have not studied biology, it is called a devil fish."

"Hoot, mon, why did ye no say so; but it's no good eatin' it'll make I'm thinkin', but every mon tae his taste, an' where'll I send it tae?"

Then Mr. Paterson explained that he wanted it carefully packed in ice and shipped to the biological department of the Guelph Agricultural College forthwith before it had a chance to deteriorate, and Mr. Devil Fish, accordingly, departed by express today.

The specimen will be very useful for illustration purposes to the biological class at the College, which had no good specimen when Mr. Paterson was a student there. The octopus was captured by some fishermen just outside the Narrows. They are common enough in these parts and a *World* reporter met one once when trying to find out what it was like to be down in a diving suit in the Narrows. He immediately decided that he had urgent business at the surface and signalled accordingly.

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