

... Cook ...

On the morning of March 10th, 1897, the Medical Students of McGill met in one of their large lecture rooms to celebrate an annual event, the donation of a purse to their peerless janitor Cook. Hardly had the assemblage gathered, when Cook appeared seated majestically in an arm-chair, borne on the broad shoulders of four of his "juvenile acquaintances," as he loves to call them. He smiled in a dignified manner, and bowed his acknowledgments to the tremendous cheering that greeted his appearance. Then, moving with majesty, he took his place on a throne prepared for him, since, recognizing his authority in the Medical Faculty, the Committee had decided to offer him a crown. The following address, which was written on several yards of ribbon paper fittingly rolled on a couple of bones, was then read :

To His Imperial Majesty Old Man Cook, King of Janitors and Emperor of the Faculty of Medicine.

GREETINGS ;

Live, oh King. Be it known unto thee, oh Mighty One, that we, thy subjects present here to-day, are gathered together to do thee honor. We recognize the influence of thy benign rule during the days of our stay in thy empire of McGill, whither we were attracted by reports of thy Solomon-like wisdom. And we wish to thank thee for the many reforms brought about on our behalf. But for thee, oh most powerful monarch, we would have still been condemned to obtain knowledge of the many mysterious objects in thy museum under great difficulties, but, at a word from thee, order is obtained from chaos, and our path to learning made free and safe.

To thee, too, we owe an efficient postal system second to none in the world. Thou condescendest even with thine own royal hands to post the list along with proclamations, disobedience of which is attended with dire consequences.

We are glad to note that from a due estimate of the value of thy person, thou hast, oh, beloved monarch, moved to a stronger palace. Your Majesty may here hold court protected

