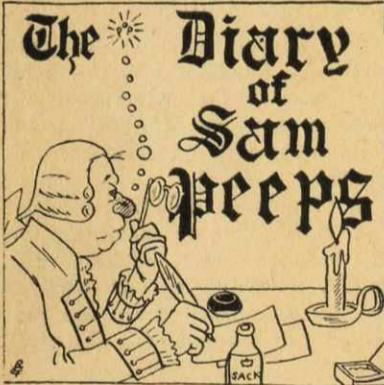


### Official Proclamation

At Dawn tomorrow, Sam Peeps will be hanged. The execution will be carried out by the all-victorious Women's Marmalade Hovel Vigilante Committee. Chief executioner, Birdbrain Absurdy will spring the trap when the final order is given by the long-suffering head of the committee, Fancy MacTermite.

In order that students everywhere may know what a craven sot was the diarist, the Committee have ordered that this last excerpt from the Diary of Sam Peeps be printed. It is anticipated that the notorious Knave Flusher will be deported for his insults toward the Marmalade Hovel Vigilante Committee. Vive la revolution!



**The Diary of Sam Peeps**

Tuesday, March 29—Alas! I am undone. This day to the office early, where came a great mob of women, snarling and shouting like animals in the street below, and clambering up the stairs so that I was fortunate to creep away through a rear entrance and make my way home, where I am now.

I disbelieve that I shall escape, for they are gathered in thousands outside my door, and one is causing them to cheer loudly and swear death to me, for I have insulted their committee.

I am resolved that I shall not leave this world a sober man, for it is much too late for amends. I have with me several bottles of the finest sack from my cellar, which I brought up with me while my ugly wife was busy smashing in my barrels of ale at the other end of the cellar. She, too, has deserted me, and I am all alone, a tired old man.

As I peep over the sill, I see her, with her hair in a great pile on top of her flat head, cheering savagely. Taking a brass spittoon from the floor, I did cast it out the window, smiting her fair on the side of the mouth, and loosening her teeth, I vow. She did fall among the crowd.

Did ever a man live such a life? Since I have come to the college on the hill, and been employed at the business of writing for the Spectator (early edition) I have

had naught but trouble, worry and fear, in addition to the most damnable attack of the gout.

None have left me in peace—all have attacked me. Led by President Car and Kernel Lorry, they have done all they could safely do to cause me discomfiture, but I have survived and yea, even thrived. But I am afraid those days are over and done, for the women below are shouting: "Hang 'im, hang 'im, hang 'im!" And they have brought up a great length of rope—Pushie Bluecoal and Choice Wentron (the charwoman) and Batty MyKeenOne (the gossip). I have ever perceived that women are a bad lot, but when they have a committee I do see they are even worse, for they know not the law, taking the punishment into their own hands, at which I am greatly frightened.

There is a great pounding and smashing below now. They are breaking in my fine front door, which was of considerable expense to me. I am resolved that they shall pay dearly for this, if I live. Now Beverly Fishingdone and Surely She'sCoy (the silent members of the council) are at the stairway, and I do see that time is short. This Surely She'sCoy woman doth believe she is doing this for mine own good, as she did say so when she did want me sacked from the Spectator (early edition) at the time of the great altercation.

I have now but one bottle of sack left with me, and I shall save it for drinking before I speak my last words, which I am resolved to make many, the better to prolong the final minutes, and stave off what I now see is inevitable. I shall be hung, by a mad horde of savage, bestial women from Marmalade Hovel! Even my true friend, Knave Flusher, has deserted me—he could not help in any case if he has not a troop of

cavalry and several cannons of the King's Guard.

Earlier they did send up a note on a long poll, saying that if I would apologize for attacking their silly committee, I would be let off. I am resolved to apologize now, but I see it is too late for they have reached my cellar and are despoiling it.

They are at the dishes and fine things in my main rooms downstairs now and I do hear mysterious crashing and banging, and hurly-burly down there which speaks bad for my possessions.

Now they are on the steps that lead up to my room, and time is shorter than it has even been before. I see that there is no way out, and I shall attempt to die a man, albeit I am a greatly scared one.

They have asked me to come out and surrender but I shall not. Now a disturbance, and I hear a male voice, which says:

"Now, Mr. Peeps, you must come out of there. It is against the regulations of the college on the hill for you to be locked in that room, and you are drinking too, as usual. It will be hard on you, Mr. Peeps, if you do not obey!"

Recognizing the voice as that of old Otto, I did reply in the usual manner:

"Get thee to hell, dog!"

At this a great roar of rage was made by all the women, and they began to smash at the door of my chamber. It will not be long now before I am taken from my happy home.

The door is giving way. The things I have wanted to do, I have not done, and many things I have done I wish were undone, but it is too late for that now. One more drink of my precious sack, and yet another, while the door holds.

And so goodbye, I shall not "home to bed" this night.

"Heat Merchants Since 1835"

## S. Cunard and Company, Limited

COAL — COKE — FUEL OIL  
OIL BURNING EQUIPMENT  
Installed and Serviced

HALIFAX, N. S.                      DARTMOUTH, N. S.

Attractively set up departments

Featuring—

- BOOKS
- MUSIC
- RECORDS
- PIANOS
- ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

## Willis Piano Co. Limited

127 Granville St. (at Duke),  
HALIFAX, N. S.

## How to get your man the EASY way

1. Buy him one of Arrow's famous shirts. (Neatest way to collar a man.)
  2. Add one of Arrow's neat-knotting ties. (Brand new patterns for college men.)
- When he sees his face above his Arrow tie framed by his Arrow collar, he'll purr like a kitten . . . and you'll have him!
- P.S. You might get him a box of Arrow handkerchiefs while you're at it.

Look for the Registered Trade Mark ARROW

# ARROW SHIRTS

TIES • HANDKERCHIEFS

## SPORTSMEN

prefer this pure, clear hair dressing

NO MUSS  
NO RESIDUE  
NO DRY SCALP\*

● Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before brushing or combing checks Dry Scalp, helps keep your hair naturally soft and easily groomed. This clear, natural hair tonic makes your hair behave—without stickiness, without that "plastered down" look. It's economical, too; one bottle lasts a long, long time.

\*Symptoms: Itchy feeling; dandruff; dry, brittle hair; loose hairs on comb or brush. Unless checked may cause baldness.

# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK