

VOL III

Nº 10



# The McGill Martlet.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE  
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INCORPORATED 1855

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
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## The College Man's Clothes

To the mind of the average merchant who does not know College Men, College Men's clothes are usually associated with everything that is rah-rah and of exaggerated type generally.

This is decidedly wrong, as the college student of to-day is not that sort of a dresser. Not at all. In fact they are very conservative in their attire, and all who make a specialty of catering to their wants unite in saying that college men are dictators of fashion, for after they are seen wearing certain styles for awhile these clothes are adopted to their followers outside of academic walls.

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# The McGill Martlet

EDITORIAL



The Martlet

wishes

all its friends, acquaintances and even its enemies

the

Compliments of the Season

**EXAM-TIDE.**

Now this is the merry time of year  
 When we purchase gifts for our friends,  
 When we plug all day in a feverish way  
 As we try to make amends  
 For the time we spend at the "Castle Blend,"  
 And the "semi-annual tears"  
 For the way that we shirked when we might have worked  
 Regardless of future cares.

Now this is the time when we seek to know  
 The growth of the "Animal Mind"  
 When we learnedly speak of "Grammaire Historique"  
 And at Caesar and Livy we grind.  
 And we know in our hearts that no tricks or arts,  
 Or our feeble attempts to make up  
 Will make them relent and give forty per cent.  
 To spare us the pain of a supp.

For it is not good for the student's health  
 To try to get through by bluff,  
 The Examiner smiles and the Student riles  
 But he cannot invent enough.  
 And the end of the fight is a tombstone white  
 With the name of the late deceased,  
 And the epitaph drear "A fool lies here  
 Whose chances to bluff have ceased."

**SHADING IT CLOSE.**

'14 (who has just cashed a cheque)—"I don't think this money's right."  
 Cashier—"Would you mind counting it again, sir; I think you'll find it  
 correct."

'14 (having done so)—"Yes; but you be careful, young man—it's only  
 just right."





SISTERS?

## CHRISTMAS.

Christmas seems to me to raise such a variety of topics that the great difficulty is which to choose. If you are of a religious turn of mind you can review the events of the past year, and, helped along by a good Christmas dinner and a large and satisfactory cigar, even find it in your heart to forgive your Professors for the wrongs they have inflicted on you.

If you are of a convivial turn, but with remnants of a conscience lurking somewhere within your system, you do not have to find reasons for a celebration—the season is sufficient.

If you are one of those unhappy beings who live for their work only, there is the term that is about to open and the work that is to be piled upon you to make glad your heart.

If you are attracted towards the fair sex—and I have known men even in Theology, who were given that way—what can be better than to saunter along the streets with a pretty girl, pointing out in the windows along the route the various objects which you fancy would be suitable as Christmas presents for men. By the simple device of changing your partner each day you may be able to raise a tie, or perhaps a cushion, or a scarf of surpassing loudness. But avoid as you would the devil the windows of the tobacconist, for it is well said, "The woman is yet unborn who knoweth a good cigar"—though many delude themselves on this point.

To my mind the one thing which is over-done at Christmas is the plum-pudding. I was brought up in a Christian house where Christmas was not Christmas without the plum-pudding, but when it had re-appeared day after day, cut in slices and fried (a universal custom), the novelty wore off, and the memory of Christmas day, which ought to have stood out clearly as one of joy and thanksgiving, became fixed in one's mind merely as a starting point for unlimited fried pudding.

How different it is with the mince-pie? It comes in hot and you eat it and that is all there is to it—no miserable anti-climax of a re-hash such as one gets from its over-praised rival. Yes, to my mind, the present government in England, instead of wasting its time endeavoring to abolish the House of Lords would be far better employed in bringing in a Bill to abolish the plum-pudding at Christmas dinners; or if this is too radical a change, they should at least insist that they be made in "small sizes only," so that they might be

polished off at a single sitting. Such legislation could be made applicable to the other parts of the Empire, besides England, and would, I am sure, meet with the approval of all right-thinking men.

But this reform is intended for all, and there are one or two points about the College Christmas that would bear changing. For instance, the exams—one hates to mention Christmas and exams together, but under our present system the two are indivisible—you come up to man with joy beaming from your face and say, "Christmas is coming" and nine times out of ten, what does he answer? "Yes, but so are the exams," and like the young man in the Bible you go away sorrowful for you have many supps. Why should we have exams at Christmas, and if we must have them should not a mark, of say 76% (in order to give a first class), be the recognized season's gift of the Professor to his student?

Since we meet the professors seven-eighths of the way in the matter of going to lectures, surely they might recognise that we also have rights, and, to show their recognition of them, bring in this simple custom? Think of returning home the day before Christmas and being able to say:—"Yes, father, I got an average of 76% this term! No, I think you left your cheque-book in your desk?" Why life would take a brighter tinge at once.

All these reflections were merely the result of catching sight of a 25 on the calendar for December, but alas! the reforms urged exist but in the writer's mind, and above, and to the left of the figures the ominous signs appear 15 and 20, shattering the happy dream and bringing home the stern truth that the exams are a concrete fact—76%, a pipe dream.

However, among the good old customs such as being patted on the head by the Principal at Convocation, the wearing of clothes and shaving every fortnight, Christmas holds an honoured place; and if one were a prophet he could venture to say that Christmas will still be going strong when hobble skirts, militant suffragettes, pompadour hair-cuts and unseasonable and superfluous exams are things of the past.

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"My curiosity is getting the better of me," gasped the side-show proprietor, as the three-legged man kicked him one in the solar plexus.

---

"I'm chafing under restraint," remarked the fair maiden trying to stir the fudge as her Romeo embraced her.

## THE GIFT GIVER.

A fool there was and she went and bought  
 (Even as you and I)  
 Pin-trays and ties and a copy of Scott,  
 Pipes and cigars and Heaven knows what,  
 For presents for people who wanted them not.  
 (Even as you and I.)

Oh, the weeks we lost, and the sleep we lost.  
 In the buying of odds and ends.  
 And the things we embroidered and knitted and drew,  
 (And perhaps some one liked them, but I don't know who),  
 And gave them away to our friends.

A fool there was, and her money she spent,  
 (Even as you and I)  
 And she made things herself with the best intent;  
 (Though no one knew for what they were meant)  
 But a fool must follow her natural bent  
 (Even as you and I.)

Oh, the grateful notes that our friends all wrote  
 For the gifts that we sent galore,  
 Though they never knew quite for what they were planned;  
 But a gift is a gift we all understand,  
 Though no one knows what it is for.

## THE NON-FUSSER'S MOTTO.

Some fancy the lasses athletic  
 Who run, dive, and swim like a breeze;  
 Some care for the brand which is social,  
 And feeds upon five o'clock teas;  
 Some like Brat and Somerset fair ones,  
 Their ten-below-freezing-point stare;  
 While another, frequenting the chorus,  
 Has picked out his "only one" there.  
 Some pairs like to pore over Browning  
 In the shade of the old apple tree;—  
 But, by golly, the girl on the dollar  
 Is the one that goes twosing with me.

—Harvard Lampon.

## THE ADVENTURES OF SPRINGBOK JONES.

## 2.—The Mystery of the Flaming Eggs.

It was just after Jones and I had brought to a successful conclusion our "Adventure of the German Band." Having seen the conductor bound over to keep the piece, we were returning home, and had just turned into Faker Street, when we were sharply arrested by cries for help from the rear. Jones, whose mind occasionally works more rapidly than my own, was the first to smell a rat. Placing his left arm across his breast, to afford elbow room for his right, and resting his mighty forehead on the other hand, he remained for a moment deep in thought. Then, muttering a suitable incantation, he suddenly turned around, and, dropping simultaneously on all fours, ejaculated:—"It is as I expected. Some one is in danger."

Following his example (by almost superhuman intuition), I at once perceived a soberly dressed old man in full flight before a dilapidated specimen of that modern Juggernaut, the road-roller.

Looking neither to the right nor left, but concentrating his forces to wear his already much worn pursuer still further down, he approached us at a full three miles per hour. Nothing daunted, Jones advanced on hands and knees to the very edge of the pavement. Then, rising suddenly to his full four feet six, and making a megaphone of his hands, he shouted "First Corinthians, seventeen, twelve."

The man's face, wet with beads of desperation, lighted as it were by a thunderclap, and, suddenly swerving towards us, he collapsed beneath our very feet, as the Juggernaut slowly screamed by.

Overcome with curiosity as to the meaning, if any, of the cryptic communication which had passed between Jones and the fugitive, I could not refrain from making an enquiry. However, Jones brushed my question rudely aside with a brusque

"Attend to your patient. I Cor., xvii, 12,—when tempted and sorely pressed, turn ye unto the right, and all will yet be well—yea, even unto the third and fourth generation."

And, as he would answer no subsequent enquiries upon the subject, I have never solved the mystery of that message.



"Well, Rotson," said Jones, as, through an oversight, my ministrations failed to keep the casualty unconscious any longer, "and what do you make of him?"

It is not often that Jones admits himself beaten, and refers his difficulty to me; but I am bound to add, in justice to myself, that I seldom disappoint him.

"Well," I replied, after considerable thought, "his escape gave evidence of such magical qualities that he can only be the seventh son of a seventh son. From his absence of style in running, I deduce that he is a graduate of a college with an attendance rule—while the fact of one trouser leg being turned up, and the other turned down, proves conclusively that—"

"Rot, my dear Rotson," said Jones with an unpleasant smile; and turning towards the patient, he continued—"Well, canon, it must indeed be a matter of importance that brings you up from your parish when your wife is away. But flamingoes are always a great responsibility."

"Flamingoes! Canon!—how, sir, may I ask—" spluttered the astounded cleric.

"Simplicity itself," replied Jones. "Who ever heard of anyone but a canon running away from a steam rolier? Then there is the peculiar wear upon your hand that comes only with the baptizing of more babies than even a curate has; and, moreover, you are wearing the clothes of a canon. The 'Yes, my dear' formation of your mouth, and your unquestioning obedience to my signal prove you to be very much married. If such a wife as yours were at home, the nails on your right hand would not be longer than those on the left. Perfectly simple."

"Marvellous," I exclaimed, "but about the flamingoes?"

"Really, sir, you astound me," exploded the canon, and as you have already discovered my connection with flamingoes, it must surely be that you are Springbok Jones himself."

Springbok sprang back—mortified that anyone save himself should presume to make an important discovery—and I ejaculated, "Marvellous," but hastily corrected myself.

While Jones was recovering his equanimity, the Canon rattled on—"I was just about to call on you, Mr. Jones, to seek your professional advice."

Here Jones conquered his chagrin—"Ah, yes, the flamingoes. But won't you step into my parlour, as the fly said to the spider, ha, ha? There we can discuss the matter at my ease."

Soon the Canon and I were unstably seated in the room to which Jones had enthusiastically referred as his parlour; and when the latter had curled himself up to his satisfaction on his favourite camp-stool, we were ready for the worst.

"You need have no more fear, my dear canon, of unburdening your mind in the presence of Dr. Rotson, than you would of confiding in a *wix* dummy." Jones' implicit faith in my discretion has more than once moved me to the point of tears—"so now for your story."

"I fear, Mr. Jones, that you will find in my story much that is stereotyped and commonplace. Like many another churchman whose services to the community are sadly undervalued, I have heretofore contrived to eke out my stipend by cultivating birds' nests for exportation to China, where, as perhaps you are aware—"

"I regret to perceive, sir, that you have not read my monograph on 'Chinese Customs and the Danish Douane' I am aware that birds' nests are very popular in China,—but then, so are missionaries in the Congo. Would it not be more profitable to fatten your curates, and export them?"

"I have tried that," replied the Canon sadly, "but they pack so badly, and their views on ploygamy seem to stick in the native's throats, which—er, where was I?—Oh, yes, in the birds' nests. Well, as doubtless you are aware, the rarity of flamingoes' nests—few people even know that flamingoes have nests!—creates a huge demand for them among the higher mandarins, and the lower oranges. For this reason, I took measures to keep the last herd of flamingoes that swarmed on to my mulberry tree—and then my troubles began.

"Four weeks ago, to-morrow, the very day on which my hens commenced to set, I was electrified to catch a man red-handed; that is, with a flamingo in his hands, and in the very act of abducting it. But, on his way across my preserve, he seemed to espy two others perched in a bush, as he instantly freed his captive, and climbed the bush with incredible rapidity. He returned to earth still more rapidly with one of the birds to break his fall—but the second eluded him."

"However, he seemed reconciled to making only one capture, and was making off with his booty when he saw two other birds on a second tree, and, to my great astonishment, was about to repeat the farce. By this time, I was thoroughly aroused, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, I shouted:—

'Pardon me, my good man, but would you kindly,—but he was off—my tone must have frightened him.'

"Aha, a clue," said Jones, "the field narrows. Our friend the enemy has never been in the artillery."

"I should imagine that your deduction is correct," rejoined our client, "though, with the facts at your disposal, I cannot for the life of me see how—"

"Quite obvious," said Jones. "Had he been large enough to serve in the artillery, I have no doubt that he would have made the Canon go off first. Pray continue."

I had just time to think "Marvellous, what an intellect!" before the parson recollected himself, and proceeded. "Nothing further occurred to reawaken my suspicions until this morning, when the event was vividly recalled by the discovery of the same miscreant sitting cross-legged on the nest of the first bird which I saw him capture on the previous occasion. As everybody knows, the flamingo stands when sitting, and he probably experienced no difficulty in wedging himself between bird and nest.

"Mr. Flamingo, on the ground, was leaning anxiously against the tree, with his neck twined, more in sorrow than anger, about the trunk. His partner, on a higher branch, was endeavouring to regard the matter with an impartial eye, and failing miserably. But most extraordinary of all were the man's gesticulations. At first they appeared to have no object, but a rhythmic Z-z-z-z-z, halting and recurring at regular intervals, attracted my attention to a dozing dog—evidently the butt of his remarks. Then, with a sudden access of rage, the man's voice rose, but alone among a number of incoherent epithets, all that I could distinguish was:—



'No, you are quite wrong. You must not,—you shall not say that again.'

"Just then I fancied I heard my neighbour's telephone bell ringing, and naturally hurried into my house to hear what—er—to apprise him of the fact. And having got that far, I decided to come to you at once."

For the past ten minutes, Jones had been industriously strumming on his trombone, and apparently paying no attention whatever to our client. When the story ended, however, he signified his approval by breaking ruthlessly into his favourite piece, "The Lost Chord," which, as usual, he played with actions, losing chord after chord. Fortunately the trombone suffered as much as we did, and contrived to run hot early in the second verse. Not discouraged, however, Jones brought out his microscope, and continued his search for metre among the exhibits submitted in the recent literary piracy case "Serving vs.



Kiplice." At the end of two hours, however, having found no trace of metre in either exhibit, he again condescended to become aware of our existence.

"Let us see, who—ah yes, the flamingoes. Well, Canon, I too shall invade your preserves to-morrow morning. Rotson, if you would dare to witness the sequel to this interesting little comedy, you might call and revive me at ten forty-five." Then, lighting his pipe, and, in spite of my protestations, charging his syringe, he continued in a mysterious tone—"I wish you both a very good evening."

"But before we go," I implored, "will you not tell me how—"

"My dear Rotson, the whole story is as plain as you are. If you cannot see that the marauder is a humanitarian and a cynical but harmless monomaniac with a receding chin, you should have no difficulty in completing the solution with these data. Canon, I think this is your hat. Good night."

It was all over, and the scoundrel safely under lock and key. Once more we were in Faker Street—Jones nonchalantly perched on his shoulder blades in the recesses of our chair—I adorning the mantelpiece, and sharing it with what Jones, for some inscrutable reason, described as "another deadhead." He was just explaining:—

"As everyone knows, there are only two possible uses for flamingoes, apart from that to which our client put them. If the latter had been the motive, the thief could only have been a fellow minister, and we may assume for the present that there is honour even among parsons.

"Until the advent of the new impressionist school of painting, flamingoes were in great demand in artistic circles, as models for sunset scenes—but now, of course, red sunsets are unfashionable, so this motive also is eliminated. Besides the man evidently wanted two flamingoes, whereas one would serve as model for an indefinite number of sunsets.



"And so we are reduced to the third alternative (discovered by one Lewis Carroll) of using them with hedgehogs as the croquet sets of royalty."

I was just about to exclaim "Marvellous!" when a thought struck me. At last I had him.

"Very wonderful, of course," I said, "but that does not in the least explain the lucky chance which led the man into the park while we were there."

"Really, Rotson, I must congratulate you on the increasing deficiency in your intellect. It is remarkable. You have seen how cynical he was regarding proverbs. He regarded two birds in the bush as worth more than one in the hand. He would not let a sleeping dog lie. But tell me—even your knowledge of zoology should suffice—when the eggs might have been expected to hatch."

"Why, at sunset to-day, as they started just four weeks ago."

"Exactly. And would not a man, so opposed to the advice imbedded in proverbs, be certain to return to count the chickens before they were hatched?"

"True," I admitted, "it is extraordinary; but how could the man have been a humanitarian? and why did he want two flamingoes? and—"

"Tut-tut, my dear Rotson, not so fast. Humanitarian because he wanted to find a playmate for his little hedgehog. And of course he needed two flamingoes—one to hit the hedgehog forwards, and the other to hit it back again."

"Marvellous! and doubtless that is why he was a lunatic."

"Not at all. His hedgehog was merely a delusion; does not the Bible distinctly hint that, some years ago, one St. Patrick drove all the hedgehogs out of Great Britain—and then expelled the snakes from Ireland to provide them with food."

"So it does," I was forced to admit, "and now just one more question. How did you learn of the man's receding chin?"

"Really, Rotson, your questions become more childish every day. Kindly hand me my trombone."

Having assured myself that there was nothing to prevent a hasty exit, I passed him the discord dealer, and hurried out. And never, to this day have I discovered why the man had a receding chin.

A. GOLDEN COIL.

## THE RED AND WHITE.

(Being the story of a hot-headed maid.)

## PROLOGUE.

Attend all ye who list to hear,  
A tale of direst woe,  
A tale to draw the scalding tear,  
From hearts as cold as snow.  
My tale is of a haughty maid,  
And a youth who strives to please her,  
The maiden's name is Gwendoline,  
The youth's is Ebenezer.

---

A Theolog to College went,  
A sinner wild was he,  
But Torryed waves made him repent,  
And try theology.  
His clothes were new; his tie was white;  
He thought he was a shining light,  
This embryo D.D.

He stalked along McTavish street,  
The winter light was dim.  
This made a maid he chanced to meet,  
Run squarely into him.  
Her hair was red; his hair was light;  
He thought that she was out of sight;  
She thought the same of him.

I have remarked her hair was red,  
I might say rather more,—  
It was the reddest red a head,  
Had ever had before,  
Full readily one might have read,  
By the soft radiance of that head.  
Had it not made her sore.

Upon a lake they went to skate,  
 Though he was far from light.  
 The ice gave way beneath his weight,  
 His was an awful plight.  
 You see her head's refulgent glow,  
 Had sort of thawed the ice, and so  
 He vanished out of sight.

Her lighter weight the ice upheld,  
 She saw him sink and then  
 You should have heard the way she yelled,—  
 Calm thee, my wobbling pen.  
 He lay ten hours beneath the tide,  
 And when they found him he had died.  
 She never smiled again.

She weeps eighteen great salty tears;  
 She cries thirteen sharp cries;  
 Her roseate head she slowly rears;  
 She gurgles thrice and dies.  
 The coroner upon her sat,  
 She did not e'en revive at that.—  
 This is the place for sighs.

---

EPILOGUE.

But in a land beyond the grave,  
 Where no man shovels snow  
 They've long ere this forgot the wave,  
 Which brought them so much woe.  
 And seated 'neath a banyan tree,  
 They're as happy as two clams could be,  
 And laugh at us below.

X. Y.

Helldodger (horror-stricken)—Friend, I'm surprised to see you coming out  
 of a saioon this bright Sunday morning!

Stude.—Well, yuh don't s'pose 15 cents will last all day, do yuh.



WHAT IS  
COLLEGE  
WITHOUT A  
COLLEGE GIRL

## TACTFUL AUNTY.

To Mr. Hugh Dale, Sherbrooke Street W.

Dear Mr. Dale,

I apply to you being in a difficulty. A friend who has no telephone has just sent me a note saying she has a Christmas present for me to take home tomorrow. You know we had not intended going until tomorrow but now we are going to-day as Katherine seems restless and says she hates Montreal, and is longing for the Heights, and has a lot to do as there are only two whole days before Christmas and that. She has moped ever since that dance at the Union, and says she did not take cold and I cannot understand it, as she looked so pretty in her new dress, and wanted to go so much and it did not matter about Christmas *then*! Oh! I forgot to tell you what you are to do for me and there is hardly time, as our train goes at 4.30. Do not mention what I have said, but be sure to meet us. My friend without the 'phone wants me to send for my present as it is important I should have it at once, and I think perhaps it is a *Charlotte Russe*, so carry it carefully.

Au revoir, this afternoon at 4.30, Grand Trunk Station.

Believe me, as ever;

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET GORDON.

P.S.—The Charlotte is at — Bishop St., not far from you. I hardly think it can be a C. R. after all, as she thought we were going tomorrow, but in any case it is urgent, so do not shake it. M. G.

Grim smiles lit up the woebegone visage of Hugh Dale as he read, and he said to himself "Tactful Auntie finessing again, and to what purpose? If all be true that the fluffy little schoolgirl said that night, why should I be dragged to the station during the perilous Christmas season to see the girl I love rushing with needless haste to the arms of my successful rival, the smug, good-looking Parson. Naturally she is wearying for the air of Gordon Heights, and this evening will find her there."

"Journeys end in lovers' greetings," and he lashed his misery into anguish as he pictured Katherine's beautiful head resting on the broad ecclesiastical chest, whence would, doubtless, proceed a sonorous voice welcoming back the wanderer to her duties in the W.A. and the Chancel Circle. How unsuitable

it seemed! Could there be any mistake? Had he been too credulous? He deliberately reviewed the scene. The dance at the Union. He sitting alone and unobserved listening to a waltz tune, "The Merry Widow," ever afterwards to him the Doleful Widow. Then close to him, on the other side of a huge palm, that youthful couple, and the words in a girl's voice—"Oh, you mean the pretty Miss Gordon of Gordon Heights. Well there's no use anyone fussing *there*. She's going to marry the Rector.

He's been in love with her for ages and ages, and nothing in the Parish goes right when she's away, I heard all about it from — (name inaudible) and his cousin lives at the Heights; and she just loves Miss Gordon, and wants to keep her there of course."

The words fell like lead upon his heart, he rose, slipped out of the room and was seen no more that night. Thinking it over this afternoon mechanically he hummed the haunting tune, doleful dirge to him, and suddenly stopped, giving vent to a long low whistle instead, "Sometimes a light surprises the Christian while he sings," and Hugh Dale, in name, if not at that moment in spirit a Christian, was indeed, while he sang, surprised by a light which showed him *himself*, *Hugh Dale* clad in motley, a fool indeed. Catching him in the act of reviling a fate that gave Katherine to a man old enough to be her *father*, his sub-consciousness suggested the word "Uncle" instead, and the riddle was straightway read. Little Chatterbox, of course, only knew of *one* Miss Gordon, the one all the boys talked about, his peerless Katherine; whereas Gordon Heights and Blank Blank's Cousin only spoke of one Miss Gordon as such, and that was Katherine's Aunt.

"Miss Kitty" being the full sufficient local name and style of the niece. Hurrah! all was now joy and gladness!! A Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year!! A sleigh! a sleigh!! and off we go to the house of the 'phoneless friend to collect the ice-cream freezer, or whatever the urgent present may be. Oh, inspired Aunty! to give us such a chance as this! The next moment the glory of the outlook was dimmed by the remembrance that although one solid obstacle, the Parson, was removed, the lover's path was still by no means smooth.

He had met Katherine three times since that fatal night and each time her greeting was cooler than the last, this morning reaching zero; no greeting at all, in fact. A half invitation he had previously received had not been ratified, though the manner and voice had shown, he thought, real pleasure at the prospect of his visit. Why was he in disgrace? As the sleigh jolted over the icy road, and he clasped carefully in his arms the large covered basket picked up in Bishop Street, he let his thoughts dwell for the first time on the dances given him by Katherine that night. Her's was the only name on his programme, how sweet had been that opening waltz, and then the two-step. Was there not a third? Had she not hesitated and then given in and blushed hotly when he showed her the card with "K," and "K" only, written upon it three times? Heavens

above! That explained another mystery. He had slipped away in his agony and never claimed that third. Any girl would resent the total disappearance of her partner, with no apology, no explanation either then or after. And now how could he explain? She would not let him. And the sleigh bumped over the car tracks, and landed him at the Bonaventure just as he decided to trust in Providence, and the intuitions of tactful Aunty. To facilitate the latter he hastily scribbled a line on the back of her own envelope and kept it for future use. Forging his way through the hurrying, jostling crowds, using the hamper as a breast plate, he at last found the ladies of his quest.—“Ah, Miss Gordon, here you are. How do you do, Miss Katherine.”—No response from Miss Katherine, but from her Aunt an ecstatic—“Oh, my Charlotte Russe! How good of you!!”—“I would gladly be your Charlotte Russe”—he replied, with what Katherine thought ill-timed levity—“But I was baptized Hugh”—“Oh, I *know* you were, but you are so good. Is it a jellied turkey do you think?”—“I have never held a jellied turkey in my arms before” said he, “but this one seems remarkably active, and keeps ringing a “tinkey temple bell.”

“I know what it is! That Kitten!!”—exclaimed Katherine shaken for a moment out of her stiff displeasure, but congealing again as Hugh, delighted, turned to her and said—“Can I be of use, have you a seat in the Pullman! Ah no, there is none on this train, what a pity you did not wait for the Express at 5.15.” Before they could answer, a comely clergyman trim and spotless, hove in sight, accompanied by a porter rendered almost invisible by the coils of evergreen wreathing, and boxes of all shapes and sizes with which he was laden.—

“*Good* afternoon, Miss Gordon! How are you, Kitty, my dear? Ah, a little pale, too many dances and theatre parties, eh?”—Then appealing to Miss Gordon.—“Am I entire, or in fragments? My whole anatomy has been pierced by hat-pins or impaled upon skis. Let me conduct you through this rabble. How fortunate that I am here to protect you.” His eye then lit upon Hugh, with evident disfavour. What was this? His own Miss Gordon (or rather, whom he hoped to call his own) had hardly a word for *him*, but was receiving and actually reading a note surreptitiously handed her by this serious personable young man. Then opening her handbag she drew from it her purse and boldly stuffing it into Hugh's breast pocket, she exclaimed—“Here, hold this for me, it is valuable and I am afraid of losing it. I have to get something at the parcel office. Keep the train for me.”

The reverend countenance grew longer and longer, but as she rushed away, he, from force of habit and inclination rushed after her, and the much burdened porter after him, leaving Hugh and Katherine all alone in the crowd, as tactful Auntie had intended.

Her manœuvring was in vain. The crowd pushed and shoved. Hugh was banged against Katherine, and Katherine hurled against the hamper, but words, friendly or hostile, there were none. As she *would* not speak, he *could*



not, and was thankful when the tension of the situation was relieved by the return of the procession headed by Auntie. She saw at a glance that her tactics had failed. "I'm not surprised"—she reflected—"they could hardly have had a heart-to-heart here," and she smiled as she thought of the trump card still up her sleeve, or rather, in the pocket of Mr. Dale. His short note—"There has been a hideous mistake, which has nearly driven me batty. Get me to Gordon Heights by fair means or foul. H.D.,"—had pressed her into his service, and help him she would, as she knew that her darling Kitty's happiness was bound up in his.

The Rector intercepted another interested glance and called out testily—"Come, come, we'll miss our train, they are calling all aboard." There was a rush a scramble, a stumbling up the steps. The basket was thrust into Katherine's unwilling hands, the Rector fumbled for small change for the deserving porter, ending by throwing him grudgingly a quarter, and they were off. Hugh Dale then sped along the station as fast as his legs could carry him, and in three quarters of an hour had returned and boarded the Express that would carry him also to Gordon Heights.

The Rector recovered tone and dignity as the train bore him towards his parish. That pushing youth was left behind, Katherine was occupied with the Persian Kitten, and his Margaret could now bestow some attention on him. The sun had set, the cold grew more intense, and Miss Gordon began to think with satisfaction of the comfortable sleigh that would soon convey her to her comfortable home, there to be warmed and fed by faithful, if not too obsequious, servants. They neared the station, and the Rector rubbing the frost off the pane with a discarded newspaper began to make observations. "Ah, there's Rankine! Good honest fellow. These farmers are the backbone of our country. The Rankines especially. Good Church people too, *very* good Church people, Always prompt with subscriptions. His wife too, a most *superior* person."

"Oh yes, I know her," said Miss Gordon, impatiently for her, "she was our parlour maid for years." The train stopped. "Now ladies give me your checks, and run to the waiting-room. We'll see to all the trunks and hat-boxes!" They ran, as bidden, Miss Gordon wondering why the voice of her own coachman did not greet her.

She and Kitty were scarcely seated when in came the Rector followed by his excellent parishioner clad in the usual coon coat, peaked fur cap, home-knit mitts, and thick leather boots of the Canadian farmer.....

Spake the Rector.—"Mr. Rankine has just told me there is no one here from the Big House."

"No one here for us," said the ladies in a breath. "And I telegraphed this morning"—from Miss Gordon.

"Wal Ma'am you see this is how it is," drawled the farmer—"There's a taffy pull back to Caleb Stilts."

"A taffy pull at Caleb Stitts" almost screamed Miss Gordon,—“Why his wife only died a short time ago.”

"Excuse *me*, Ma'am, it will be nine months come Christmas Day since Caleb buried his wife, and there warn't no sugaring-off parties at his bush on account of his Missus being dead like. But now he's picked out another woman, and he's axed all the folks to this here taffy-pull to celebrate like, I met the young lady from the tallygraft office to-day and she said they 'phoned and couldn't raise no one at the Big House, and youse was coming home unexpected and she was in a great taking about it. It was too late then to fetch them back, leastways I a'int the one to spoil sport, so I said as I had to come to the deepo after some finnan haddie that's coming from the city as my Missus fancied, so I hitched up the team in the old woodsleigh. So if you, Miss Gordon, and you, Miss Kitty, too don't mind waitin' fur the Express to come in, I reckon I can hap youse up pretty comfortable."

This timely offer gratefully accepted, the Rector began to think of himself, and ask why he also had been neglected. "For the same reason, Reverend, and more especially, seeing as your housekeeper is the party in question. Caleb has had his eye on her since before harvestin', and your John had to drive her back to Stitt's of course." Interest, amusement and dismay were the result of this announcement. Seldom had the Rector been so ruffled. He inquired hopelessly what was he to do if his housekeeper deserted him.

"There's more'n one thing you can do, Reverend, and you haven't fur to look for to see it. I don't hold with this here single business, neither single tax, nor yet single blessedness." The Rector's collar began to feel rather tight, Katherine played desperately with the kitten, and tactful Aunty, as usual, saved the situation. "But how are we to get into the house when we do get there, I can only hope all the doors and windows are fastened.!"

"Where's your latchkey, Aunt Margaret? You always carry it with you." Aunt Margaret looked guilty.—“It is in my purse, and Mr. Dale never gave it back to me, how awkward!”

"Don't you worry, Ma'am," said the invaluable Mr. Rankine. "I can open your pantry door with my jack knife, I got into the habit when I was keeping company with my missus. That was in yer Pa's time, and he was awful particular. I guess you aint changed the locks any since then." Assured that the lock of the pantry door was vulnerable as ever, Mr. Rankine produced more news from his budget. "I was well pleased when I saw Reverend here draped with artificial wreaths. There's been ructions, and no one has brought any boughs for decorating, allowing as there hadn't been no orders, and what's everyone's business is no one's. It's just this way, Reverend, it don't do for

you and Miss Gordon to be away together." "We were not away together Rankine," said the Rector sternly. "Leastways you come home together then, and it's all one. Youse were absent at the same time from your post of duty." "Ah, well well!" said the Rector relaxing—"I suppose a master mind is always needed in a community like ours." "I don't know much about master minds" replied Mr. Rankine.—"But I suppose you're the boss as long as the Bishop leaves you here, and Miss Gordon has a kind of a way with her, and if she can't get a thing no other how, she's willing to pay for it."

The Rector began to find his excellent parishioner somewhat objectionable, and was relieved when sudden animation in the platform and the shriek of an incoming engine announced the Express. Mr. Rankine went to meet his finnan haddie, and Katherine stood outside the door to watch the engine plunging in. Seeing her, Rankine returned and murmured in her ear.—"That's right, Miss Kitty, *you* just keep out of the way and give them a chance. *I* gave them the *hint*." As she stood musing on this cyptic saying, the express had dashed out again into the night, and Hugh Dale stood before her. For one idiotic moment he thought she had come to meet him, and he saw as plain as day a vivid gleam of joy in her eyes. But it died out as quickly as it had come, and so did his new-born hope. Without preamble he produced the purse, the silent explanation of his coming, and asked for her aunt.

"She is still here," said Kitty quietly, stepping into the waiting-room. There was shuffling, and hasty shutting of a small cardboard box that the Rector had just placed in Miss Gordon's hands, with the hurried words "I hope to make good use of it." Perceiving Hugh Dale his brow clouded again, which observing, tactful Aunty said in a low firm voice—"It's all right, I wanted him, so does Kitty really. *You* must help me, I have no one else." But for the obvious condition of the floor he could have gone on his knees. And was further deterred from adoring by the fact that Mr. Rankine was regarding him with a whimsical expression in his shrewd eyes, also he must needs join Miss Gordon in suitable expressions of surprise and pleasure, such as Dale's sudden appearance had not worked from Kitty.

She walked off with Rankine to be packed with the finnan haddie and "Charlotte Russe" among the clean straw and buffalo robes of the old wood sleigh, leaving her Aunt and the Rector to decide the fate of the strangely obtuse young man who had arrived unbidden with an obviously heavy port-manteau in his hand. What did it mean? and how could she bear it? She stifled a sob, and coughed, to deceive Mr. Rankine. She rightly judged that as he had taken this sudden, and (perhaps) inconvenient journey *solely* in order to return the valuable purse, it was her Aunt's place to show him hospitality. So Hugh was added to the party comfortably "happed up" in the honest farmer's sleigh. In view of the Rector's bereaved condition he also was asked to take "pot luck" at the big house, and gladly consented. Neither the jack knife

nor the latchkey was needed after all, for a couple of staid servitors had returned to see to the fires, so that warmth and light greeted the grateful travellers.

Miss Gordon shut her bedroom door, and arrayed in easy *deshabille*, sat down to enjoy pleasant reflection.

Vain hope, a knock, followed by the entrance of Katherine, pale, with blazing eyes, dispelled her dreams.

"Aunt Margaret! what made you bring that detestable man here?"

"That detestable man! said her Aunt. "Do you mean the Rector?"

"No! not the Rector!! You know that perfectly well," replied the young whirlwind. "I mean that abominably rude, conceited electrical engineer from town!"

"My dear Kitty! I'm so sorry! I had no idea he was so objectionable. I quite liked him, but I am so easily deceived. I must make some excuse and send him away by the first train in the morning. Indeed he shall go to the village hotel tonight, quite good enough for him. There, there, dear, don't cry, I shan't have you bothered," and Aunt Margaret tenderly patted the tired head that buried itself in the ample front of her dressing-jacket. Amid tears and sobs, Katherine replied.—"No no, don't send him away, but do find out why he treated me so. I *did* like him, but I *hate* him now!"

"Yes, indeed, dear," said Aunty. "He *must* explain," though what he was to explain she did not know, "and you must first leave him to *me* tomorrow. I do so want his help with the Star of Bethlehem. An electrical engineer is just the man to do it. Our poor Rector hung it last year, and did it *so* badly. Now run away, dear, and dress. Come to me before you go down stairs and hook me up. That foolish Lizzie is still pulling taffy I suppose. I'd like to pull her ears." Katherine gone, her deceitful Aunt hastily wrote on a sheet of paper:—"Dear Hugh, go to the dining room as soon as you are dressed, take the bull by the horns, and, believe me, she will not turn and rend you. Force her to listen to your explanation, and I shall really be,

your loving Aunt, M. G."

Then skipping across the hall, she knocked at Hugh's door, slipped the note in, and regained her room.

Katherine came back dressed, and lovely. She "hooked up" her Aunt and was departing to "see to the dinner-table," when the artful one having enclosed something in her pocket handkerchief, called her back. "There's something wrong with your hair; there, that's better," softly patting the glossy waves, and deftly inserting therein a spray of mistletoe, taken from the box presented by the Rector at the station.

Katherine's step upon the stair was soon followed by that of Hugh, and, after a discreet interval, by that of tactful Aunty. She was very much agitated,

"all on account of Katherine" she told herself. Peeping through the crack of the dining room door as she passed, she gathered that "all was well with the child," that the tempting spray, if not entirely necessary, had at least justified its position.

Quietly she passed down the hall, and was standing crying at a moonlit window, when she was discovered by the Rector, who had been ramping hungrily about, wondering when in the world the dinner would be ready—"Meg," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh—my darling"—she began brokenly, then seeing his look of sudden rapture, she hastily added—"My darling Kitty, I'm going to lose her!" "I'm delighted to hear it, my own dear old girl, *now* you will be able to think of *me*!"

\* \* \*

The Rector and Miss Gordon together hung the Star of Bethlehem, but did it so badly that the objectionable electrical engineer from town got up early on Christmas morning to put it straight.

Mr. Rankine, rightly or wrongly took to himself the credit of three important changes that were announced to take place in the Parish before Easter.

Firstly the transformation of Miss Kitty into Mrs. Dale, and her flight to Montreal. Secondly, the removal of the Rector's housekeeper to the establishment of Caleb Stitt, where she was billed to play hostess during the next sugaring-off season. And thirdly, and we might say, consequently, the desertion of the little Rectory by the "Reverend" who would thenceforward hang up the seemly clerical hat at the Big House, having been ceremoniously installed by the Bishop and several brother clergymen, as legal companion and protector of "Tactful Aunty."

C. VAN H.

THE END.

'12 (to little brother): "Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you get me a lock of your sister's hair."

Johnnie: "Gimme half a dollar an' I'll git the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it every night."

Have you seen MacBum's new book?

Naw; wot's it called?

"How to Spend a Pleasant Evening Without Spending Anything Else."



A CHRISTMAS WAIT.

**THE MAGILLIAD.—Book V.**

Being an extract from the wanderings of Hoi Magilloi and Hai Donaldai, describing their trials and tribulations during the Season of Torture inflicted by Hoi Facultoi.

---

Now they have among the strange tribe of Hoi Magilloi, of which Hai Donaldai form a part, a weird ceremony which, I am told, takes place twice every year. Their leaders and instructors, called Hoi Facultoi (sometimes corrupted into Daun-with-three-Faculty) hold these brutal orgies at stated times. The ceremony consists of a sort of combat or struggle, in which Hoi Facultoi attack Hoi Magilloi (and also, in an unchivalrous manner, Hai Donaldai)

Hoi Facultoi have for weapons only thin pieces of paper covered with writings, while Hoi Magilloi have various bits of armour entitled pens and ink, and an unlimited supply of paper—also an offensive weapon of uncertain value, called "brains." Yet so great is the efficacy of Hoi Facultoi's implements that most of Hoi Magilloi are by them humbled to the dust, and many, indeed, are "plucked."

Yet it seems that much "knowledge" (a commodity stored in the aforesaid "brains") may placate Hoi Facultoi to some extent, that after the combat they use not the Blue Pencil so fiercely (for they say that the slaughter is done not in the actual combat, but afterwards in a secret place). But this knowledge appears difficult of attaining, in spite of all the aids furnished by "lectures" and by an unwieldy machine called the "library."

And again Hoi Facultoi take not account of other businesses which Hoi Magilloi are forced to carry on. For some of them are employed in feeding a rapacious bird called the Martlet, of whom mention has been made heretofore. Both Magilloi and Donaldai are forced to this task.

Others again are occupied with a certain necessary work called Castle-blending, which, though indispensable, yet seems to afford Hoi Magilloi and Hai Donaldai some diversion.

There are those of Hoi Magilloi who get bruised and battered while fighting with other tribes for a thing they call Oldmagill (which appears to be one of their cherished gods). And there are some who leap, and run swiftly and throw bits of iron round about, all of which they consider adds to the glory of their Oldmagill. Yet are none of these things considered by the stern combatants, Hoi Facultoi, nor do they abate the strength of their paper weapons, for only those who have gotten knowledge into their brains that they may hurl it bodily

forth against these papers (and this seems to be the only way Hoi Facultoi is appeased), can withstand the cruel assaults made on them.

Now many and diverse are the writings on the various papers sent out by Hoi Facultoi. There is one among that body of torturers whom they call for the most part Scipio Brutus, and whose writings are among the most fearsome that ever were. It is said that he can take the brain of a victim and so twist it and mystify it by his crafty writings that one out of every two of his opponents falls by the Blue Pencil. And there is another, called among Hai Donaldai Deardoctortait, or some such outlandish name, of whom they say that no one can prophesy what he will write on his piece of paper, or when, or why, or where, and many there be that survive not his assaults.

Nor are these the only ones of Hoi Facultoi who are greatly skilled in felling their opponents, for all of them possess this skill to a greater or a less degree, which is one of the reasons why they belong to Hoi Facultoi.

---

This seems to be all that can be gathered from our manuscript, for the rest of the Chronicler's tale is so mingled with curses and strange expressions that the sense of it cannot be comprehended. It can be gathered, however, that the Chronicler has been, or is about to be "plucked," which seems to cause this strange agitation.

---

#### ALL ABOUT MACHINERY.

*In order to show how ridiculous is the position of those who oppose the idea of opening the Faculty of Applied Science to women students on equal terms with men, we take pleasure in printing part of a thesis by a young lady who is astonishing the Faculty of a great sister institution.*

On the threshold, as it were, of my third year, I am beginning to penetrate to the inner meaning of the great profession which I am entering. Never before did I more than dimly suspect the extent to which machinery, in its own little sphere, apes the fads and institutions of its masters and mistresses—especially the latter.

I have several times discovered machines, notably that horrid masculine-looking planer (I could imagine nothing plainer) with all the paint, actually refusing to work until its belt was put on! And it has little to be proud of. Even apart from the paint, its belt is so long that the funny men students all call it endless. But it couldn't be **quite** endless—now could it?



# HASSAN

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And then there is the calculus machine. We had an expert in the second year, who can turn it on without a belt; and if it refuses to work while he is there, it is generally a very bad sine.

Of course there are cranks in the mechanical world just as in real life. Some of the boilers for instance, and even tubercular ones, wear stays, and need to be fed at frequent intervals throughout their lives. However, they are to be pitted, as the steam which lives with them is apt to lose its head, and the only course then open to the poor boiler is to turn red, and burst.

In the last two or three days I have read a charming little character sketch on the theory of Lathe Design. Didn't you just love that little chapter about the life of the gear wheel? The dear little things seem to be almost human, as they have teeth at a very early age, and quite frequently they indulge in a bath—of oil, it is true, but still a bath. Poor dears, you can almost hear their teeth chattering, during the brief moment of inertia which the inexorable Laws of Motion permit them to spend on the brink of the morning bath.

For the amusement of those who are not mechanical engineers, and the confusion worse confounded of those who are, there are three kinds of teeth—the sick-lady, the invalid and the epi-something—and one can well imagine the little innocent looking into an unsympathetic world through those large eyes (which only appeal to the horrid men students as mere economy of material) and making up its little mind whether to choose sick-ladies, invalids or epi-somethings. Even from the first, however, you realise that the epi-somethings can never rise above the also ran class.

Both the other contestants for dental honours being 100% teeth, the natural process of elimination is for each to eat its way to the other, and masticate it to destruction, but a rule of the game is that the first one to bite the dust loses. As the invalid is strongly suspected of having a dangerous section, and senile decay is hereditary in the sick-lady's family, the odds are evens. First the invalid receives a succession of blows which, it seems, can only result in a hyperfluous fracture of the dangerous section; but, suddenly righting himself—even as a little boy with a new pen—he changes his tactics, and proceeds to wear his opponent down. And so the battle rages—strong men are moved to tears, and even women become amused. And then—the chapter ends without so much as telling us who got the heroine. Isn't it sickening?

And then there are the bolts—such wise little chaps, and always using their heads. So far as I can recollect, I have met only one eccentric bolt, and even that one did nothing more unusual than persist in standing on its head.

Of horizontal cross-compound articulated turbo-generators, and similar eyesores, all that I have to say is—

THE END (Ed.)

K. A.

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**BALLADE OF YE OLDE ENGLISH TEA-ROOM.**

I hied me down to the Castle Blend  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
For I had some money I felt to spend,  
Which is not very often the case with me.

In the joy of my heart I took a friend  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
We sat at a table down at the end,  
Where we could see all that there was to see.

The first to arrive was the "white-haired boy"  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
We saw him and chortled with secret joy,  
And asked of each other "Who can she be?"

Then followed some heroes of football bold  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
And we gazed with wonder and awe untold  
To see them calmly consuming tea.

Then the Editor came, and it made us beam  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
Our interest was torn from the football team,  
For he came with a girl from the R.V.C.

A lovely lady soon hove in sight  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
Her claim on our interest was very slight,  
For she came with one of the Faculty.

Then a Senior who hails from P. E. I.  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
Came in with a girl and sat down close by,  
I smiled at the girl and she giggled at me.

Next a youth with fair hair and a joyous grin  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
Waved his hands at his friends as he sauntered in,  
And his friends smiled back at him happily.

Many more there were but we knew them not  
(Crumpets and cakes and a pot of tea),  
So out of the door we rapidly shot,  
And went home to dine at the R.V.C.

# Stonewall Jackson Cigar



Sold at 5c. But—



By Special Appointment to His Majesty

## BENSON & HEDGES

IMPORTERS OF HAVANA  
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MONTREAL

## Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



They're a ripping  
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CAMBRIDGE 25c. AMBASSADOR 35c.  
regular size after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"

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Football and Basketball  
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Skating Boots. Skates.

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**Y**OU SHOULD GUARD your parents against the financial loss which they would suffer by your death. What *security* have they for the *money* which they have spent on your *education*?

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**Particular Men** wear our SHIRTS—they want a good fitting shirt and one that stands the wear and tear of the laundry—that's our Shirt. **Prices 75c. up.**

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TYPEWRITERS RENTED

*The* **SMITH PREMIER**  
TYPEWRITER

Model No. 10, Visible Writing.

The success of this machine is endorsed by the ever increasing sales.

**WM. M. HALL & CO.,**  
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## MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Reliable qualities and the best of values are offered here in Men's Needs. We carry a full range of UNDERWEAR AND SOCKS, the newest in TIES, SHIRTS, VESTS, GLOVES, DRESSING GOWNS, JACKETS, BATH ROBES, ETC., ETC. ::: ::: Watch Ads in Daily Papers.

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**JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,**  
Corner St. Catherine and Mountain Sts

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*When it's your afternoon visit*

## Ye Old English Tea Rooms

*Stanley and St. Catherine Street*

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Please mention the **MARTLET** when purchasing of our Advertisers

## THE BUCCANEER'S GHOST.

I had for some time been in bad health, and at last my doctor issued his ultimatum and pronounced sentence of banishment on me for a season. "You must go away to some quiet place," he said, "where you can get rest and enjoy the beauties of nature. Take my advice and go for a trip to the West Indies," and with that he gave me my destination.

I did not offer any serious objection, the name appealed to me, recalling tales of pirates and doubloons, dusky beauties and buried treasure. Truly a very region of romance. My preparations were soon completed and in a short while I was on the water on my voyage "Westward Ho."

My pen cannot do justice to the beauties of the trip—moonrise on the tropic waters, while lying in some sheltered harbour, or the wild scenery of islands so mountainous that riding is the only means of transit, and everywhere the luxuriant, ever-green tropical vegetation seeming almost sentient, so vigorous is its growth. But the most beautiful voyage must come to an end, and at last we dropped anchor at our destination. The ship was immediately surrounded by boats all soliciting the patronage of the passengers, and by crowds of little skiffs each manned by a couple of boys who expressed their willingness to dive for coins. Competition was very keen, a dozen or more going overboard for a single coin emerging again like porpoises, glistening in the sun and the fortunate one with the coin in his mouth for safe keeping. The necessary formalities having been observed, passengers were allowed to land, and I made my way to shore after rescuing my baggage from the clutches of at least half-a-dozen different boatmen. As soon as I got to land, I made my way to a hotel and began to look about me, but residence in the town did not appeal to me, so after a couple of days inaction I began to make inquiries as to a suitable house for rent somewhere in the country, but although I heard of several, they did not seem to be quite what I wanted. At last one day I chanced on an advertisement that attracted my attention. The house bore the pretentious name of Lord's Castle and was said to be of historic interest. My imagination was stirred, I thought of buried treasure, and princesses immured in dungeons and as I was tired of my present lodging I wrote immediately to engage the "castle."

On arriving at my new abode, I was not altogether astonished to find that the only resemblance that it bore to a castle was the fact that it was surrounded by a wall. This wall enclosed what had evidently once been lawns and gardens, but were now given over to grazing, and supported numerous goats. The house itself was a large square building, much larger than the ordinary it is true, but still furnishing no excuse for its grandiose appellation. However, I reflected I had come there for quiet and not adventure, and the place seemed desolate enough, perched on a cliff overlooking the sea as it was, to warrant the former.



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AND INVESTMENT AGENTS



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MONTREAL

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Reserved for  
THE GARTH CO.

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## Let us get down to Earth.

Advertisers print statements they would laugh at in a competitor. They get enthusiastic and from facts get on to exaggeration.

When a store says the greatest sale ever held or the best value ever offered!—What's the use? Every one knows it's not the greatest sale and most people know values. We sell good values.

**SUITS AND OVERCOATS FROM \$15. UP.**

AND GIVE 10% DISCOUNT TO MCGILL STUDENTS ONLY.

**"MALE ATTIRE"**  
*Liberty Clothes*

336 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST. 475 ST. CATHERINE STREET EAST. Corner Craig and St. Peter Sts.

## *Campbell's Clothing*

### THE COAT FOR COMFORT

HONESTLY NOW! Here's the smartest thing in overcoats for the coming winter—made of Heavy Scotch Tweeds, Cheviots and Friezes, COLLAR WORN THREE WAYS turns back with revers, buttons close to the throat as illustrated—or turns right up to protect the ears in stormy weather.

**Special discounts to Students.**

STORE OPEN EVENING EXCEPT  
WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

WM. McLAUGHLIN, REGISTERED  
21 McGill College Avenue, MONTREAL



\$15.00 to \$30.00. BUT BETTER  
VALUES THAN EVER.

Please mention the **MARTLET** when purchasing from our Advertisers.

On my reaching the door, I was met by an old grey-haired negro who issued orders concerning my baggage and then proceeded to welcome me and show me over the place. Once inside, it was evident that it belonged to the period when the islands were at their greatest prosperity. The old mahogany furniture and staircase, the huge rooms, the walls covered with mirrors, now black with age and their gilt frames tarnished, the elaborate ceilings and chandeliers, all pointed to the state in which had lived the original owners.

The story of the place, which I gleaned from the old butler is as follows:—

The builder of the house was one Samuel Lord, a "retired" buccaneer, who having amassed a considerable fortune on the high seas decided to spend the rest of his life on land.

He soon achieved a reputation on land that bid fair to rival that which he had obtained on the sea, and his exploits were a source of much inconvenience to the neighbourhood, and indeed, the island. He was, however, too powerful to be amenable to either force or threats as he was surrounded by a bodyguard consisting of the crew of his ship, which was moreover reinforced by any outlaw bent on escaping justice, and as the grounds were surrounded by a wall on the land side and were inaccessible from the sea, he was at liberty to carry out his villanies unchecked.

His favourite diversion was that of wrecking. The shore was overgrown with palms and cocoanut trees, and on dark or stormy nights he would cause lanterns to be hoisted on them, giving the shore the appearance of being a roadstead filled with shipping. The unsuspecting merchantmen seeking a haven would mistake this for the port, which was situated several miles further to the south, and they would consequently be wrecked. The sharks and breakers would account for the crew, while the outlaws gathered in the loot.

His cruelties to his slaves, at a time and in a place where slaves were of less value than cattle, are still remembered at the present time. Within the grounds was a large tank in which alligators were kept and to these brutes were thrown any slave who was unfortunate enough to incur his anger. Nor was death allowed to be too easy, for the poor wretches were let down by ropes and hauled up again as the saurians rushed for them, thus enduring most exquisite torture and being often severely mangled before being finally thrown to the enraged reptiles.

This, however, could not last, and eventually his slaves rose against him. He and all his crew were exterminated, and the tank cleared of its loathsome inmates.

Since that day the negroes declare the "duppy" of the pirate haunts the place and especially the neighbourhood of the tank, which was in after years used as a well, it being supplied from a spring. Colour was given to this by the fact that one or two people had disappeared, having gone to draw water, and weird noises had been heard to issue from the tank. Consequently no negro would now go within a hundred yards of the spot even by day.

## Reaching the Top-Notch

☐ Whether you are digging for Greek Roots or playing foot-ball, the top-notch is reached through nourishing, easily digested foods, combined with a careful observance of the laws of hygiene.

# SHREDDED WHEAT

is rich in the proteids that repair waste tissue. It is on the training table of every college and university. It is the ideal food for study or for play. Easily digested and full of nutriment. Try the Biscuit (with hot milk) for Breakfast, and toasted Triscuit for Lunch.

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SELECTED CANADIAN WHEAT.

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The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co.,  
LIMITED  
NIAGARA FALLS,     . . .     . . .     . . .     ONT.

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**BLACK CAT**



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MILD OR MEDIUM

10 for 10 cts

ON SALE AT ALL LEADING  
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Incorporated by Royal Charter in 1840

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Reserve Fund, \$2,433,333.33

Head Office, 5 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

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Battleford, Sask.  
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Drafts on South Africa and West Indies may be obtained at the Bank's Branches.

Agents in Canada for Colonial Bank, London & West Indies.

**MAX. USHER**

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396 St. Catherine Street,  
Near McGill College Ave.

Phone Up 1315

**PICTURE FRAMING**

G. R. HEASLEY, 315 Bleury St.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

Please mention the MARTLET when purchasing from our Advertisers.

I at once proceeded to explore, and in spite of the old butler's protestations went in search of the haunted pool. At length I came to it in the midst of a thick growth of the poisonous manchineel tree.

It was considerably below the level of the ground on which the house stood, as the ground at this point fell away suddenly the pool being at the foot of the low cliff so formed. The remainder of its circumference had been surrounded by a wall which had however been broken down and so on the east side one could stand at the water's edge. The heat in the dense foliage was intense and a desire seized me to bathe, but I put it aside—why, I do not know, and continued on my way.

I had with me a man whom I had picked up at our first stopping place and who had remained with me since my landing. A couple of days after my arrival he informed me that he had bet some of the men about the place that he would go and bathe in the "alligator pond" as it was still called. "But," I said, "the place is haunted, is'n't not?"

"Dese hyah niggers is foolish, boss," he replied, "dey cahn't skear me wid dere duppy talk": and off he went.

When after a considerable time he did not return, we went in search of him, but though his clothes were found where he had thrown them off, there was no trace of the man. It was then that I noticed for the first time a sort of track rubbed smooth and hard on the mud at the side of the pool, and a terrible suspicion flashed over my mind. Could it be possible that a survivor still existed of the old pirate's "pets", and I shuddered as I thought, if this were the case, how narrow my own escape had been.

I decided to set watch that very night to see if I could discover the cause of the tragedy, and accordingly at sundown esconced myself safely behind a thick clump of bushes and prepared for my vigil.

The sun went down and the night closed in with the suddenness which surprises those who are new to the tropics, but though I waited and watched for what seemed an eternity, nothing happened and I only heard the chirp of the crickets and the rustling of the land crabs foraging amongst the dead leaves.

I must have fallen asleep, for suddenly I awoke with a start to the fact that it was broad day; but there seemed to be a difference in the scene. The pool was still there, but it was now surrounded by a wall and men in the costume of a bygone century were passing to and fro in front of my hiding place, while in the pool itself I could see several large alligators basking in the sun.

All at once a strange procession appeared. At its head was a tall man richly dressed and well made, but on his face was the most fiendishly cruel expression I ever hope to see. After him followed a villanous looking crew, all armed, and leading bound, two people, a man and a woman, evidently slaves.

# PHIL MYERS,

FULL LINE OF SMOKERS PERQUISITES

ST. CATHERINE FOOT OF VICTORIA.

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## *The Students of McGill*

WILL FIND HERE THE FULLEST ASSORTMENT  
of College Text Books, Note Books, Mathe-  
matical and Drawing Instruments, at

## *The FOSTER = BROWN CO., Limited*

SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS.  
WRITE FOR PRICES OF BOOKS REQUIRED.

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IT ISN'T SO MUCH HOW YOU GET INK INTO A  
FOUNTAIN PEN—IT'S HOW YOU GET IT OUT

**THE  
SPOON FEED**



in all Waterman's Ideals, is the only absolutely reliable device ever  
invented to control ink. It always and positively holds the ink  
ready for immediate use and prevents overflow. The principle of  
the old-fashioned split reed—well tested.

Your dealer knows. Ask to try a filled pen from stock, any time.



*"The Pen you will eventually buy"*

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"Printing in all its Branches."

Embossing.

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Visiting Cards a Speciality.

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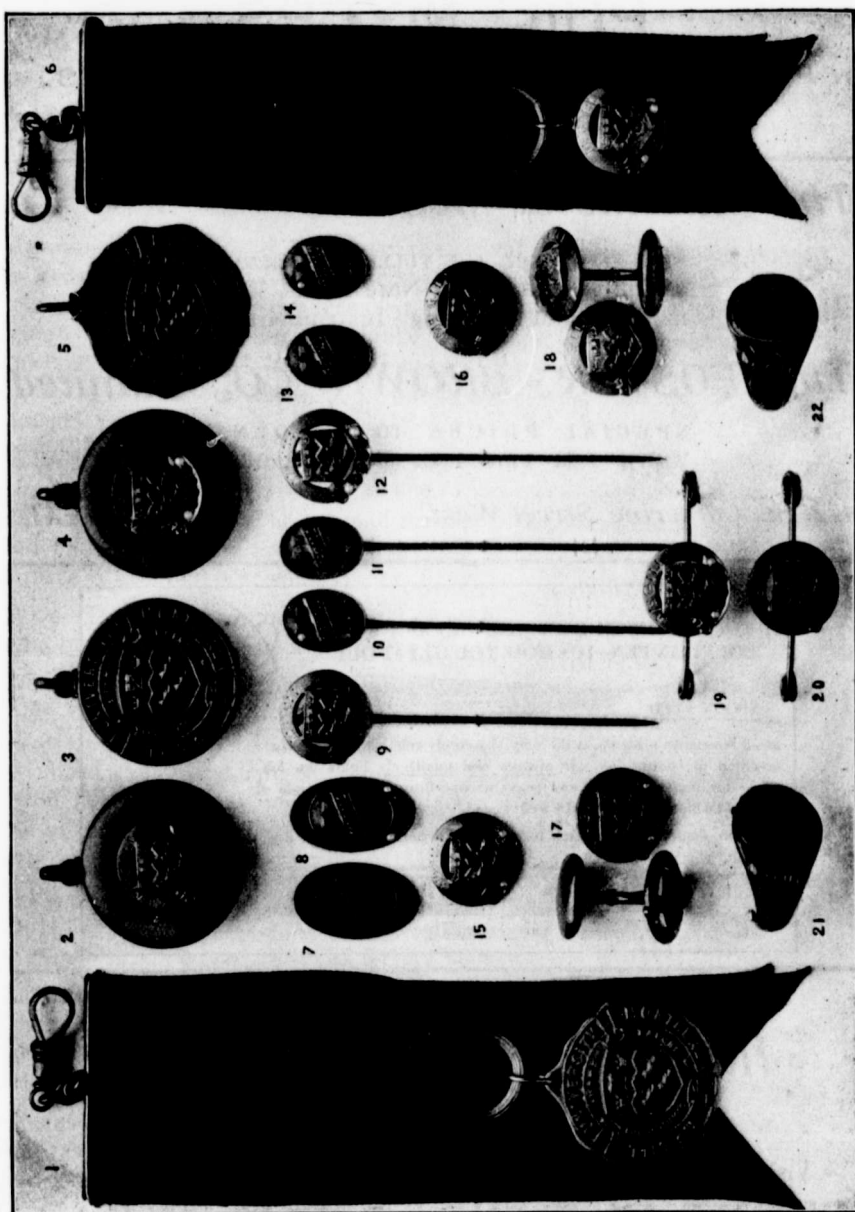
— 17 BLEURY STREET. —

Phones Main 273 and 2159

**The Chapman Dart Co.**  
**PHYSICIANS SUPPLY HOUSE**

155 Craig St. West. - Montreal

Please mention the **MARTLET** when purchasing from our Advertisers.



HENRY BIRKS & SONS

McGill Jewellery

PHILLIPS SQUARE, . . . . . MONTREAL



I divined that I was about to witness some tragedy, and when the group approached the pool it flashed upon me that this was the buccaneer and his band come to amuse themselves in their characteristic manner.

Arrived at the brink of the pool, a rope was placed around the man's waist and the leader gave some order which I could not hear. At this, the woman, wrenching herself away from the guards, threw herself before him and appeared to be making some supplication. She was young and handsome and from her gestures she appeared to be begging him to spare the man who stood motionless and silent, gazing upon his owner with implacable hatred.

The villain waited for her to finish and then by way of answer, kicked her in the face. At this I thought the man would go mad. He made a superhuman effort to get at his tormentor, his eyes bloodshot and foam coming from his lips; but in vain, his guard was too numerous and the pirate watched his struggles as one might watch a fly buzzing on a window-pane.

He then gave an order and both were placed at the edge of the tank side by side when one of the band suddenly pushed the man against the woman and she tottered and fell.

I heard the piercing shriek, the splash, the rush of the horrid reptiles towards their prey and then I think I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was the old butler standing over me shaking and trembling with fright. "Deed, boss," he said, "when I see you lying dere I thought the duppy had kill you."

My clothes were soaking wet with the dew and as I did not want to risk an attack of fever, I got up and went in the house, convinced that I had seen enacted one of those atrocities of which I had heard.

The next day I determined to get to the bottom of the business, so arming myself with my "Express" and ordering a goat to be tied close to the water's edge, I sat down under cover to await events.

I did not have to wait long, however, for soon I saw the snout of an immense alligator come up near the bank and soon the reptile emerged and made for the goat. I took careful aim for the eye and fired, and after convulsively writhing for a few moments the beast lay dead.

Thus was the ghost of Samuel Lord laid. The alligator must have been very young at the time of the destruction of its brethren and was thus overlooked. Subsequent revelation showed that its existence had been discovered and it had been kept supplied with food by the Obeah men of the neighbourhood. The reptile had outlived one or two generations, but the cult is hereditary and so its livelihood was assured, and it was a very convenient way of getting rid of undesirables. Needless to say, I did not remain very long at this place and sought the earliest opportunity of transferring my abode to some other part of this salubrious land.

B. I. M.

---

**PRINCESS**

**THIS WEEK**

**“POMANDER WALK”**

Interpreted by a Cast of London Favorites.

**500 GOOD MATINEE SEATS 50c.**

Prices Evenings and Saturday Matinee, -- 25c. to \$1.50.

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**JAEGER**  
*PURE WOOL*

**Underwear a Great  
Health Factor.**

Pure air to breathe into the lungs, pure food to nourish the body and pure wool underwear to protect the body are the three health essentials.

**Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear**

is the best safeguard against chills and colds that can be provided. Any underwear not wool is positively dangerous in our climate, any other than pure wool is not safe and JAEGER is recognized the purest and best underwear in the world.

316 St. Catherine Street, West, - - - MONTREAL

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**THE JUNIOR TATTOO**

The “Junior” is the alarm clock with the intermittent alarm. It has a cheery insistent ring which stops after ringing for some time, and after ten seconds silence starts again, and so on for ten minutes.

\$2.00 for the best alarm clock made.

**JOHNSTON BROS. 483 St. Catherine St. W.**

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**“ROYAL”** **Finest Egyptian**  
**CIGARETTES**  
**10 for 15 cents.**

**“FORTIER'S PERFECTOS”**

the high grade clear Havana Cigar.  
15 cents each or 2 for 25 cents.

On sale at the McGill Union and all leading tobacconists.

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We sell every class of Cotton and Rubber Lined Hose for Fire Protective purposes. We also carry a heavy stock of Unlined Linen Fire Hose, ready for immediate shipment. Also Hose Carts (large and small) either for Mill or Corporation use. We make a specialty of quoting upon complete Fire Protective Equipment (comprising Hose, Reels, Hydrants, Play Pipes, Axes, Crow Bars, Spanners, Lanterns, etc. etc.)

Mark of Quality

Head Office: Montreal.  
Established 54 Years

Telephone "East 3290, Montreal Sales Branch." Your request will bring our representative with prices and all information.

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO., OF MONTREAL, Limited.

## FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS

If you contemplate furnishing a home or any particular room, come and see us. We can supply the furniture needed for the different rooms in your home.

We have everything for the drawing room, dining-room, den, library, bedroom, etc.

This not only includes furniture but furnishings as well, such as rugs, carpets, curtains, curtain poles and fixtures, portieres, window shades, mattresses, pillows, conforters, oilcloths, linoleums, etc.

We are sole agents in Montreal for the Marshall Sanitary Mattress—the only sanitary and really comfortable mattress made.

This mattress is used exclusively in the first and second cabins of the "Mauretania" and "Lusitania." It convey mattress made which has interior ventilation—ask to see it.

### RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON Limited

CORNER ST. CATHERINE & GUY STREETS



DRINK **GURD'S** DRINKS



Gurd's Caledonia Water  
Ginger Ale Soda Water  
Apple Nectar, etc. . . .



**Charles Gurd & Co. Ltd.**

MONTREAL

LATE WITH GIBB & CO.

## DAVID REES CUSTOM TAILOR

17 Bleury Street, MONTREAL

### Welland Hotel

17 to 25 McGill College Ave.

Private Dining Parlours and Banquet Hall in connection. Rooms, single or en suite.

McGill Students especially catered to. Banquets a speciality :: :: ::

GEORGE E FULLER, Proprietor.

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Why Pay \$25.00 to \$35.00 for your SUIT or OVERCOAT when you can have often better, never worse for \$15.00 One Price Only, in the choicest of Imported Woollens, New York Styles, Guaranteed. Put it up to us . . . . .

## English and Scotch Woollen Co.

BENNETT'S THEATRE BUILDING  
289-291 St. Catherine Street W

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# The FOGARTY CO., Limited

BOOTS SHOES & RUBBERS



Cor. St. Lawrence and St. Catherine Sts., --- MONTREAL

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Telephone Uptown 4828

## MUSIC! MUSIC!

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY FIRE IN KING'S HALL FIRE.

**5000 Copies Sheet Music from 5 cents up.**  
**1000 Music Books from - - 10 cents up.**

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**WM. CLARKSON,** IN PIANO WAREROOMS OF  
GERVAIS & HUTCHINS  
588 ST. CATHERINE STREET., West  
BETWEEN DRUMMOND & MOUNTAIN.

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### *An Introduction to Unitarianism*

By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

and other Unitarian literature sent free upon application to Mrs. John W. Loud,  
624 Sherbrooke Street, West.

McGill students are cordially invited to attend the Sunday services (11 a. m.  
and 7 p. m.) at The Church of the Messiah (Unitarian)  
Sherbrooke West and Simpson Streets.

Rev. W. S. BARNES, LL.D. (McGill,) Pastor Emeritus.  
Rev. FREDERICK R. GRIFFIN, B.A. S.T.B. (Harvard) Pastor.

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SOCIETIES AND COMMITTEES will find it  
to their advantage to place their orders with

**The Benallack Litho. & Printing Co., Limited**  
80-82 Victoria Square, Montreal.

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**SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MCGILL  
STUDENTS. Satisfaction Guaranteed**

**Clinton Casselman's Personal  
Word.**

I have already many friends and customers  
in the colleges and universities of Montreal, and  
I feel like expressing personally.

The Slater Shoe may have earned the first  
acquaintance — but there are other Slater Shoe  
Stores — and I am particularly interested in this one.

I wish to emphasize the fact that  
this is a WELCOME STORE — with a  
smiling welcome for you whether you  
come to buy or but to see the new styles.

The Slater Shoe is made for Men,  
Women and Young People.

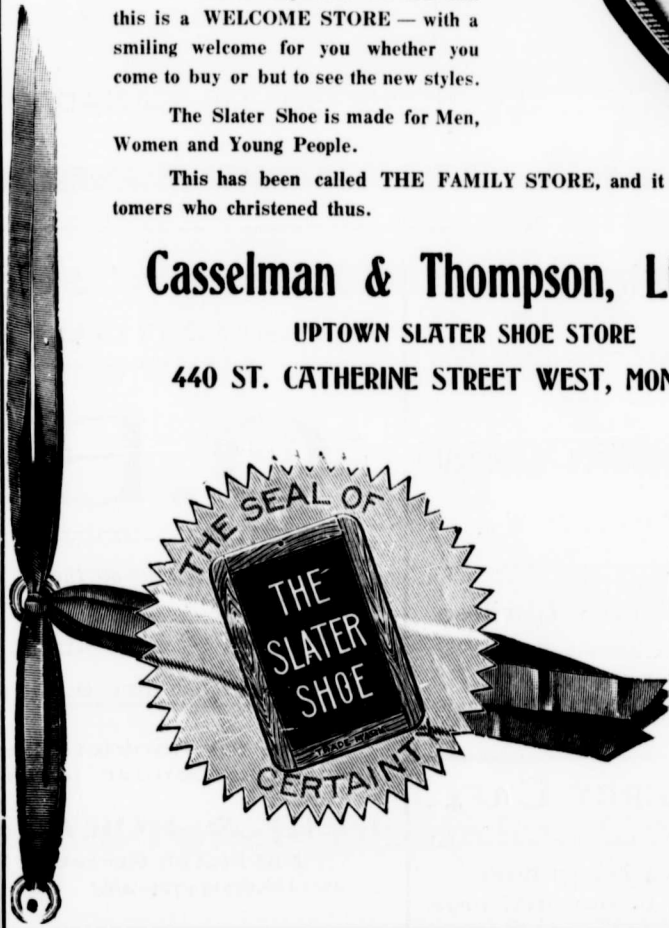
This has been called THE FAMILY STORE, and it was our Customers who christened thus.



**Casselman & Thompson, Limited**

UPTOWN SLATER SHOE STORE

440 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL



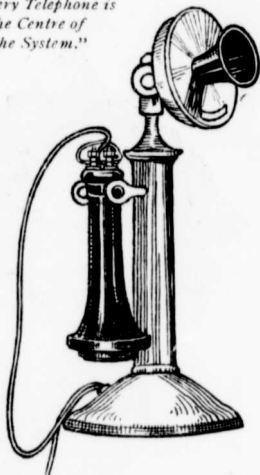
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BELL  
TEL.  
UP 4149

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EXPERIENCE has shown that among modern conveniences the telephone is in a class by itself.

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WHEREVER you practice your profession, you will need a Bell Telephone, giving

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Booksellers, Stationers  
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Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars  
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# O.B

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**Smart  
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Write for booklet filled  
with suspender facts.

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MONTREAL

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Special Discount to McGill Students in Trunks, Bags,  
Harness, Saddle and all kinds of Leather Goods . . .

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BALMORAL BLOCK  
NOTRE DAME ST WEST, MONTREAL, CAN.

UPTOWN BRANCH  
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HARRIS, HARKNESS & CO., Makers . . .

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TOILET because; for one reason, they are  
entitled to

**10 per cent**

off their laundry bills by using Special List to be  
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Then there is the satisfaction of dealing with a  
responsible concern.

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**The Toilet Laundry Co., Ltd.**

**425 Richmond Street.**

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**Phone, Up 3480.**

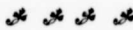
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GET  
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FURS AT  
NELSON'S

To buy HATS, GLOVES,  
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COATS with   
STUDENT'S DISCOUNTS.

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10% discount to McGill men on all

**OUR FINE SHOES  
AND RUBBERS.**

J. ROSTON, 235, St. Catherine St., W.  
NEAR BLEURY

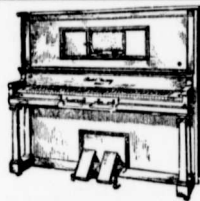
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Come and see our Cloths.

306 Bleury Street, - MONTREAL.



**MASON  
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Contain a remark-  
able mechanism  
using

**METROSTYLE AND THEMODIST**  
ROLLS TO ACCENT THE MELODY.



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EQUITABLE PRACTICAL  
PURCHASE EXCHANGE  
ECONOMICAL UNIVERSAL

**LIBRARY**  
PAY \$1. for ANY music ROLL  
10¢ to exchange

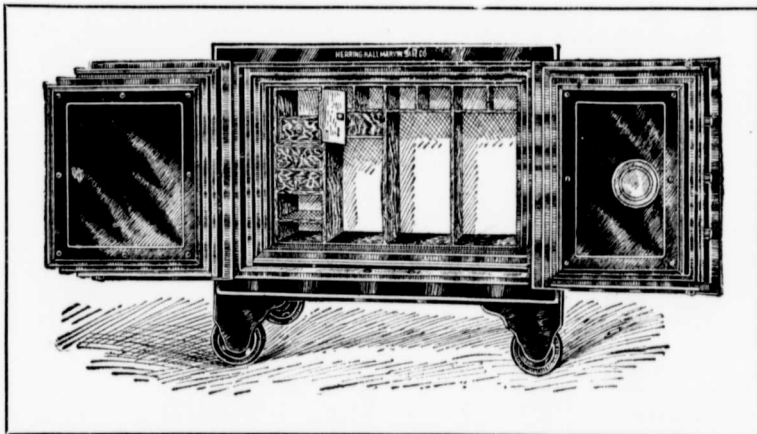
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Insure your Book Debts and Valuable Papers  
BY PLACING THEM IN A **DOMINION SAFE** **SAFE**  
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Unrivalled Facilities for Bunkering at NORTH SYDNEY.

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QUICK DESPATCH LOADING—BEST RESULTS STEAMING

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Plot of "Mother Earth" in Beautiful

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OFFER . . . . . **Lots at \$175. each**

Lasts for only a few days more. For Booklet and all particulars  
write or call

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<p>Telephone Up 1128  <b>WILLS &amp; WILLS,</b>          ENGLISH TAILORS          376 &amp; 378 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.          Three doors east of McGill College Ave.  <i>Latest Designs in Clothing for Gentlemen.</i></p>	<p>Phone Up 5201.  <b>MILLOY'S BOOK STORE</b>          241 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST.          We carry the largest assortment of Magazines in Canada. A glance at our stock will convince you of its completeness.</p>
<p>ECONOMY and SATISFACTION are the results obtained by buying your <b>COAL</b> from  <b>EVANS BROTHERS, Limited</b>          244 St. James Street, - Tel. Main 5364          10 Hill-side Avenue, - Westmount 19          25 Seminary - - - Tel. Main 5365</p>	<p><b>M. PHILBIN,</b>  <b>HARDWARE</b>          362 St. Catherine Street.</p>
<p><b>PICTURE FRAMES</b>          Suitable for Groups, etc.,  <b>:: :: EDLINGTON'S :: ::</b>          413 ST. CATHERINE ST. W., MONTREAL</p>	<p>Get your Prescription Dispensed at  <b>TANSEY'S DRUG STORE</b>          278 Sherbrooke Street West          Telephone Uptown 942.</p>
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<p><b>MORTON PHILLIPS &amp; CO.</b>          Stationers, Blank Book Makers &amp; Printers          115-117 Notre Dame Street West.</p>	<p><b>ARCHIE JACOBS</b>          353 ST. CATHERINE STREET, WEST          (Near Victoria)          Full Line of Smokers Perquisites          Special inducements for McGill Students.</p>

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**Caterer & Confectioner**

CORNER VICTORIA and ST. CATHERINE STREETS

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**The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

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This is the only Bank incorporated under the Savings Bank Act doing business in Montreal. Its chief object is to receive and safely invest the savings, however moderate, of the scholar, student, clerk, apprentice, widow, orphan, and of the working and industrial classes. Its charter, different from that of all other banks, is so framed as to afford all possible protection to Depositors. Every courtesy and attention will be shown to you whether your account be large or small.  
**N. W. POWER, Manager.**  
St. Catherine Street West Branch, corner McGill College Avenue

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**CAIRN'S** Scotch Jams, Jellies and Marmalades.

**BON AMI,** The World's Cleaner that cleans anything.

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**IF YOU WANT A REAL BREAKFAST TREAT TRY**

**GUNN'S** Maple Leaf Breakfast Bacon

NOTHING FINER PRODUCED THE WORLD OVER.

At all Leading Grocers.

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Headquarters for Sedgwick Dumb Waiters. Berkefeld Water Filter Co.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

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**Montreal's Greatest Home Furnishers—**

WILDER'S Basement is the brightest, best stocked and most inviting basement in Montreal, noted for their Ranges, Stoves and Heaters. Crockery & China a speciality

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**Fish, Oysters, Poultry, Game and Vegetables**

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Rooms \$1 a day and up.

Everything in Season.

**AFTER-THEATRE SUPPERS A SPECIALTY**

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**16 Victoria Street.**

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No Middleman's Profits : : : : : :

We do the whole Work Ourselves : : : : :

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. IS OUR SPECIALTY. .

10% OFF TO STUDENTS.

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LIMITED

**Manufacturers of OFFICE, LIBRARY and SCHOOL FURNITURE.**

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*Rice*

Fine Portraits

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❧ Popular Priced Hats and Furnishings ❧

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SOLD  
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**The McGill Fountain Pen**

Exceptional Value—New Style Cap. Feed and Holder  
14k Gold Pen, iridium point complete with filler and  
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162 ST. JAMES STREET - - - J. Haydon Horsey, *Manager*

COR BLEURY & ST. CATHERINE STREETS

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*A general Banking Business transacted.  
Savings Department at every Branch ∴*

LETTERS OF CREDIT AND TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED

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Capital, - - - - \$500,000.00. Undivided Profits, \$136,441.16.

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F. W. THOMPSON

V. J. HUGHES, --- *Manager.*

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## McCUAIG BROS & CO.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A GENERAL STOCK EXCHANGE  
BUSINESS TRANSACTED

INVESTMENT SECURITIES  
A SPECIALITY

157 St. James Street, MONTREAL

C. HOWARD LEWIS

G. ERIC McCUAIG

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First Class and Reliable Investments for large  
or small Investors always on hand yielding  
more **4 to 6 per cent** = = = =

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SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR

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∴ *Canada Life Building, Montreal*

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INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Paid up, \$6,200,000. Reserves, \$6,900,000.

Total Assets, \$95,000,000.

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STANLEY STREET,	- - -	CORNER STE. CATHERINE ST. WEST
MONTREAL ANNEX,	- - -	LAURIER AND PARK AVENUES
MONTREAL WEST,	- - -	WESTMINSTER AVENUE
WESTMOUNT : GREENE AVE.,		CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST
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**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES**

## APPARATUS & CHEMICALS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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COMPLETE EQUIPMENTS FOR

**SCHOOLS, COLLEGES,  
ASSAYERS and  
CHEMISTS.**

## LYMANS, LIMITED

474 St. Paul Street,  
MONTREAL. ∴ ∴

ESTABLISHED 1809

Total Funds Exceed Canadian Investments  
\$100,000,000 over \$8,000,000

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**North British & Mercantile**

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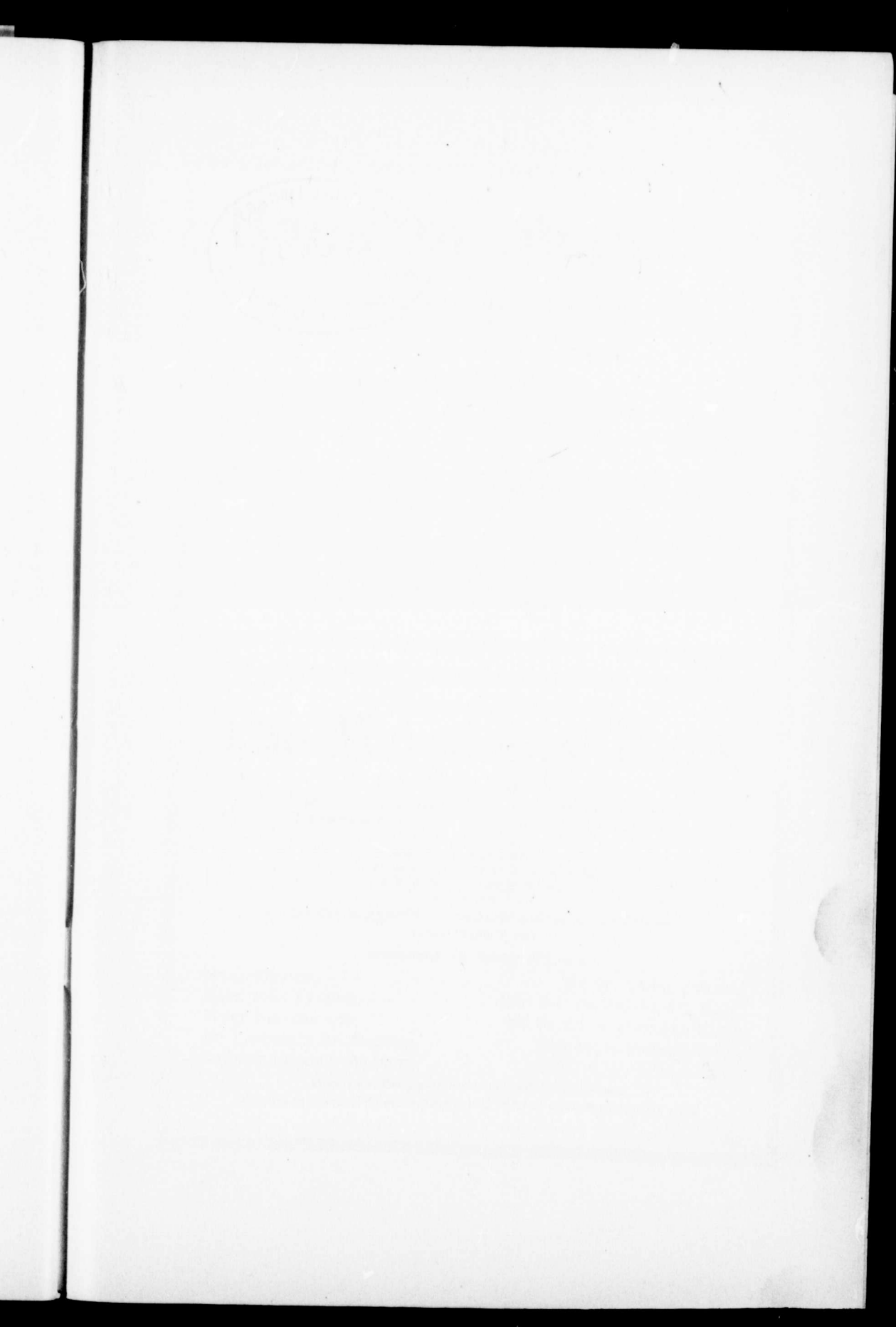
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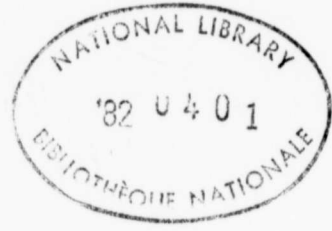
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