

THE LATE ROBERT ANDERSON.

MR. ANDERSON, who recently passed away at the advanced age of 95 years, was one of the best known capitalists of the city, the estate that he had accumulated, through his own ability and economy, entitling him to rank with the millionaires.

He was a native of Scotland, and after receiving a good education began his business life at Glasgow, where he presently became manager of a China and Glass-ware establishment. Thence he removed to Ireland, continuing in the same trade. In 1840 he came to Montreal, and spent some years as a clerk, gaining experience, and saving money.

Starting on his own account in the China and Crockery line he made money so rapidly that in a few years he was able to retire, and to devote himself to the career of a capitalist. In this he was exceptionally successful. He made many gains and few losses, and his own way of living being extremely careful, his fortune grew rapidly. He invested largely in stocks, became a director of numerous Companies, including the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, and exercised a large influence in the financial world.

Under a somewhat eccentric and brusque manner he hid a kindly heart, and was capable upon occasion of generous things for which he was not generally credited. In his own quiet unostentatious way he gave much to charity, and he was interested in a number of religious and philanthropic institutions.

He never married, but had a number of relatives to whom he willed his great fortune, not forgetting to distribute more than one hundred thousand dollars among the churches and charities of Montreal in which he was particularly interested.

DE QUINCY'S DEED.

HOMER GREEN.....SYNDICATE.

The prize-poem of the McClure Syndicate's recent contest.

Red on the morn's rim rose the sun ;
Bright on the field's breast lay the dew ;
Soft fell the light on sabre and gun
Grasped by the brave and true.
Death to the many and fame to the one
Came ere the day was through.

Loud on the sweet air rang the call--
Blast from the bugle and quick command ;
Swift to their saddles they vaulted all,
Sat with the reins in hand,
Spur to the steed's flank, fears in thrall,
Eager to sweep the land.

"Straight to the hill-top! Who's there
first,
We or the foe, shall win this day."
So spake De Quincy ; then, like a burst
Of splendor, he led the way ;
He and his white steed both athirst
For the mad sport of the fray.

"Charge!" What a wild leap! One bright
mass
Whirls, like a storm cloud, up the hill ;
Hoofs in a fierce beat bruise the grass,
Clang of the steel rings shrill ;
Eyes of the men flash fire as they pass,
Hearts in the hot race thrill.

See ! from an open cottage-lane
Sallies a child, where the meadow dips ;
Only a babe, with the last refrain
Of the mother's song on its lips.
Straight in the path of the charging train,
Fearless, the little one trips.

Under the iron hoofs ! Whose the fault ?
Killed ! It is naught if the day be won.
On ! to the—"Halt !" How he thunders it !
"Halt !"

What has De Quincy done ?
Checked, in a moment, the quick assault,
Struck back sabre and gun.

"Back !" till the horses stand pawing the
air,
Throwing their riders from stirrup to
mane.
Down from his saddle he bends to where
The little one fronts the train,
Lifts her with care till her golden hair
Falls on his cheek like rain.

Bears her from harm as he would his child,
Kisses and leaves her with vanquished
fears,
Thunders his "Forward !" and see the
wild
Surge of his troops through tears.
The fight ? Did they win it ? Ay ! victory
smiled
On him and his men for years.