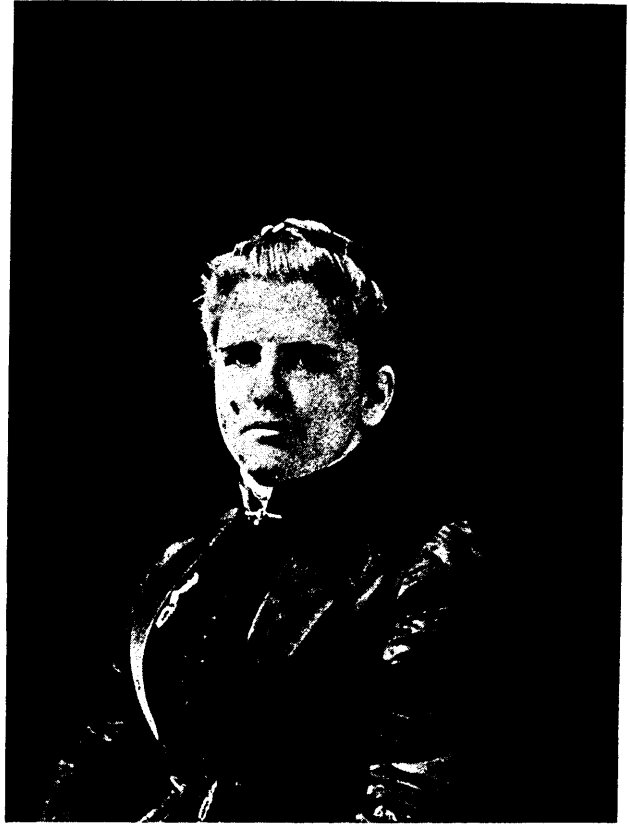


THE LATE REV. W. H. LAIRD.



REV. ANNA SHAW.

"Oh Lord!" gasped the reporter. "Was it thick enough for that?"

"Ah-hah."

"And empty?"

"Ah-hah."

"And do you feel as well as you did before the encounter?"

"Ah-hah."

"Then," said the reporter joyously, "there is still hope for humanity. Why I would as soon have thought of tackling the sea-serpent in his lair or Mr. Plimsoll on his hobby horse as to think of approaching a bank teller swathed in his dignity and surrounded by his myrmidons. My brother, you are a public benefactor. Such deeds as yours deserve to be recorded on the tablets of enduring fame. I know a bank teller whose scalp shall grace my girdle ere the sun goes down. Farewell!"

The reporter borrowed the warrior's best scalping knife and set forth on his errand. It is understood that unless there is a marked and immediate development of politeness there will be a startling development of bald heads among bank tellers in general.



THE LATE REV. W. H. LAIRD.—The above is a striking likeness of the late Rev. Wm. H. Laird, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, Ontario. The subject of the illustration died very suddenly on Sunday, January the 11th, while in bed from an attack of neuralgia of the heart. Deceased was one of the most eminent and popular preachers of the Methodist denomination in Canada. He was born near Brantford in the year 1836, and was educated at Victoria University of Cobourg, Ont. He commenced preaching at the early age of 19 years, and being a young man of ability rapidly came to the front. He presided over many important charges, among them being congregations at Woodstock, Toronto, (Elm St.) Hamilton, Port Hope, Whitby, Oshawa and Dundas. Deceased leaves a widow, one daughter, wife of Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, and three sons, Fred. C. Laird, the well-known Chicago publisher; H. W. Laird, of the Port Hope *Times* and Roland, a boy at home, 14 years of age.

THE REV. ANNA SHAW, M.D.—This lady whose portrait we give this week was born in England, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and tells that the only particular of her English life that remains in her memory, is that of seeing her mother sitting upon the steps of her house knitting, while men, whom she learned afterwards, were tithe-gatherers, took out articles of household gear sufficient to pay the tithes due, but which, like the Quakers and some other persons who did not support the Church of England, Mrs. Shaw refused to pay on principle. At the age of three years Miss Shaw was taken with her family to America, and lived in Boston until she was eleven, when the family again moved into the then new State of Michigan. Always given to study the school girl was far in advance of children of her own age and began to teach school at the age of fifteen. Continuing her education for the sheer love of it, Miss Shaw prepared herself for college without any assistance beyond one year at the High School for the sake of its large opportunities, entering the Michigan College whence she graduated. In 1872 Miss Shaw was licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church, and entered the Divinity School of Boston University in 1875, graduating in 1878, and holding a pastorate at Hingham, Mass., during her last year. In speaking of the amount of work she does, and the area she covers, Miss Shaw says she delivers an average of twenty lectures per month, and for the last six years has travelled an average of 30,000 miles per year, "yet I keep well and strong and enjoy my work." She awakens affection at first sight and the better she is known the better she is loved. Astute, logical, humorous, profound and eloquent her public utterances have gained the ear of the strongest opponents of the enfranchisement of women, and the most exacting have no fault to find with Anna Shaw neither in public nor private life. She came to Toronto first in 1889 on the invitation of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association, then newly organized, and at once received public favour. Her whole energy is devoted to the cause of women, of which she thinks the key is the vote, the right of citizenship, of equality with man as a human being, the diversities of the sexes she knows will right themselves in this as they have done in so many other fields of development. Miss Shaw's home is in Boston, but her public address is the Riggs House, Washington, D.C., an hotel that has been so long and so often the temporary home of the various associations for the advancement of women, and particularly for their conventions that it may be regarded as the headquarters of the movement.

### The Montreal Hunt.

(Continued from page 115.)

on the island of Montreal, and, as usual with everything that Mr. Baumgarten did, the arrangements were of the most successful character. It was one of his happy ideas to make some slight recognition to the agriculturists for their kindness in allowing the Hunt to cross their land. Everybody who follows hounds knows what damage is liable to be done by outsiders and inexperienced ones, and one of the most difficult tasks the master and secretary have to overcome is making arrangements afterwards. The Hunt's policy has always been to keep on the best of terms with the farmers, and the good example set by the master has been followed since.

Any notice of the Hunt would be incomplete without reference to Mr. W. Drysdale, the ex-huntsman, who faithfully served the Hunt as whipper-in and huntsman for thirty-six years, extending from 1854 to 1889, a period which covers more than half the existence of the Hunt. These huntsmen are long-lived fellows too, for since the Hunt's foundation in 1826 there have only been five huntsmen, namely,—Outhet, Morris, Kennedy, Drysdale and Nicholls. As a testimonial to his long service, Mr. Drysdale, on September 10th, 1890, was presented with a gold watch by the members of the Hunt, and a large cheque by Mr. Baumgarten, as a special recognition of his services during Mr. Baumgarten's term of office. The present huntsman is Wm. Nicholls, who came out from England last year to take the position.

Talk to me about the dangers of the chase! Pshaw, man, you are a weakling who will probably die young from consumption or some other equally common-place complaint; you will save your vertebræ at the expense of your lungs, and then, maybe, you will console yourself with the idea that the good die young. Of course they do; for they don't live long enough to find out how to be bad. Your spare time may be passed in the mild insipidity of lawn tennis in the long summer days and progressive euchre in the long winter nights; you may even condescend to look on at a game of Rugby, but you will wonder why those young men find any delight in being dragged about in a fierce tackle and practically jumped upon. You can't understand why anybody should take such risks, and you can't likewise understand why you have no flavour for your victuals, while the fellow who, according to all theoretical reasoning, should be killed half a dozen times a day, eats three of the biggest kind of meals diurnally, and then breaks Mrs. Todger's heart by demanding supper at night.