

S. H. EWING, ESQ.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton Ewing, the Senior Director of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, is a native of England, having been born in London on the 10th May, 1834. Before entering his teens he came out to Canada, and soon after joined his father in the Coffee and Spice business, through the successful conduct of which the family name has become so widely and favorably known.

His commercial career was distinguished by unflagging zeal and unfailing courtesy and as the result of more than quarter of a century of prosperous effort Mr. Ewing was some time ago enabled to retire from active business in order to devote his attention to the numerous corporations and philanthropic institutions in which he was interested.

He is now a Director of the following important and substantial organizations: The Montreal Cotton Co.; Dominion Cotton Mills; Trent Valley Woollen Mills; Canada Accident Co. and Montreal Freehold Co., to the success of which he has contributed in no small degree. He is also Vice-President of Melseons Bank.

As Treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital his services have been of the utmost value, and he grudges neither time nor energy in behalf of this admirable institution.

In politics Mr. Ewing is a staunch Conservative, and although he has had no ambition or desire for public life he takes the warmest interest in the welfare of the country, and does what he can in his own way to promote public prosperity.

A PREJUDICE.

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's too,
When I ran across a *Prejudice*
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited—
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking *Prejudice*
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by
He smiled, but as for moving
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule,
My time was short, no other path,
The mountain winds were cool.
I argued like a Solomon;
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion;
I danced and howled and swore;
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore.
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill.

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe.
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat; I took my stick;
My load I settled fair.
I approached that awful incubus
With an absentminded air,
And I *walked directly through him*,
As if he wasn't there!

—Charlotte P. Stetson.