

near his place of business. Early in 1859 he had married a Mrs. Dewig, the widow of a German grocer, whose husband had left her a tidy little fortune, out of which she built a brick dwelling which still stands on Gordon Street on the opposite side of the road from the Badminton club-house, then the family residence of Senator Macdonald. After the marriage Mrs. Moore hyphenated her name and had her cards printed "Mrs. Dewig-Moore." Several of Moore's friends ventured to address him as "Dewig-Moore," but the manner in which he received the innovation caused them to refrain from repeating the liberty, and so they returned to the more familiar if less musical appellation of "Jem" Moore.

"I want to be something more in the world than Mrs. Dewig's husband," Moore was accustomed to say. "I want to be known and appreciated for myself alone. I don't propose to have my personality buried in the Dewig grave and Dewig dug up and put in the front rank. Dewig is dead; let him rest. Moore's alive; let him live. If the widow of the defunct wants to carry the dead man's name on her card, well and good. It pleases her and does me no harm. But, by the gods of war, I refuse to be addressed in her dead husband's name, so don't call me by that any more." And they didn't.

Moore, as I have said, was a kind-hearted man and performed many acts of goodness which, no doubt, stand recorded to his credit in the Better