

city, everything was ready in the last car—everything except George. He was not in sight. Two of the party went to fetch him. They found him somewhere up near the engine. It was a long train, and George had to walk back through car after car, until finally, as he entered the last one, he muttered to himself, almost inaudibly, "Great Caesar! They'll have me back in Guelph again, first thing I know." Then he received the present, and replied with the kind of speech that has made him famous, not so much because of what he says as because of his inimitable manner of saying it.

His great popularity is due in part at least to his spontaneous human sympathy. In everything except politics he is liberal, so liberal indeed that he can be sorry even for Judas Iscariot or for one German Emperor. His sympathies are so wide in fact that they have earned for him the singular distinction of being the only man member of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Of course, his membership is honorary, and although it is many years since he quit the field of active journalism, he is *de jure* (the italics are mine) still a newspaperman. He began as a printer, and has been successively reporter, war correspondent,