

## GRIP'S GALLERY

OF

# MEN OF TO-DAY

No. 3.—ERASTUS WIMAN.

LEADER OF THE COMMERCIAL UNION MOVEMENT.

ERASTUS WIMAN was born near Toronto in 1834. He was educated at the common schools, and in 1850 was apprenticed to a printer. Having spent four years in a printing office in all its departments, he graduated into the editorial rooms of the *Toronto Globe*, where for several years he was city and commercial editor, in the latter capacity earning considerable reputation. His connection thus formed with commercial news made natural the transition from this position to the mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co., on the establishment of a branch in Toronto. The success of the Agency in Canada between 1860 and 1867 was so largely due to Mr. Wiman that the firm became Dun, Wiman & Co., and in 1866 he was transferred to the head office in New York as a partner, since which time he has been a resident of that city.

Mr. Wiman is also known in connection with telegraph enterprise, being president of the Canadian telegraph system, which extends from Halifax, on the Atlantic, to the Rocky Mountains, permeating all points in the settled portions of British North America.

A residence of twenty years on Staten Island has resulted in Mr. Wiman taking an active part in revolutionizing the means of communication between that important suburb and the city of New York, and he is at the head of the Rapid Transit movement in this direction. Having acquired control of the Staten Island Railway Company and the ferry lines running between the city and the island, he and his associates are now constructing a railway around the face of the island, the object being to concentrate the whole ferry traffic at a point on the island nearest to the city, distributing the passengers by shuttle trains, up and down the shore, instead of in the slow and expensive mode now in operation of two lines of huge steamers.

A man of ordinary force of character would find these great enterprises enough to tax all his strength, but Mr. Wiman finds time, notwithstanding his extensive business duties, to take an active interest in everything pertaining to his native country. It is chiefly to his energy and liberality that the Canadian Club is now one of the recognized institutions of New York, and through this medium he has been enabled to make the Dominion and its resources better known amongst our neighbors. Mr. Wiman was the first to raise his voice in favor of Commercial Union, and the present commanding position of that question is due in no small measure to his eloquence and industry.

The character of the man is admirably set forth in the sentence of the *Toronto News*: "When Wiman gets hold of a great idea, the idea soon gets hold of Wiman, and before long, they get so mixed up that it is impossible to tell which is which."

In private life Mr. Wiman is a most genial and kindly man, the centre of a happy home, and warmly liked by all who know him.

## COMMON FOLK STORIES.

I.—FROM WARD C.

DOES it hurt me? Not much; but it did, sir, though I've kinder got used to it now,

As I s'pose a chap gets used to such things, they're all in his life, anyhow,

The only thing hurts me is thinking as p'raps it'll have to come off, And to make out a living with two legs I find is about hard enough. How old am I? Well that's a puzzler; I reckon I'm just on thirteen;

But Sue, she's my sister, says Billey is older 'an me—he's between Sue and me, and she says as she's sixteen, and as I can't be more than twelve;

But I guess as she figures it out, sir, so as to suit herself; Anyway, its thereabouts somewhere, for mother died six years ago,

And left us three kids all alone, sir, with nothing whatever to do.

Folks offered to take us, but Suey, she wouldn't get on to the scheme, And we all stuck together like leeches, and I wouldn't ha' had it ha' been

Any different now, for our Billy ain't strong like most little blokes, An' he might ha' been treated unkindly if he'd gone for to live with some folks;

But Suey, she's just like our mother, so thoughtful, and loving, and quick,

That it's always good for to see her, and soon makes you well if you're sick;

But you want to hear how it happened as I got this poor leg broke, Though I don't blame nothing but fortune, which was bad, and that blamed old spoke.

Well, you see, it was last Tuesday morning, as I was a-selling the *Mail*

At the corner of King by the Rosin, and having a pretty good sale, When coming across the roadway, just where the car-tracks meet, Walked a girl, sir, a real little lady; I never saw one so sweet As she was—not even a picture, an' I've seen some pretty ones too. In the *Graphic* and 'lustrated papers, as hangs in the winders, ain't you?

But she wasn't like none of them, sir, for she was more lovely and nice,

And I reckon if she had a picture, it 'ud fetch a jolly good price. Her hair was all gold in ringlets, and her eyes was so large and blue

That I thought I was dreaming of angels, which is lucky, according to Sue.

Well, she was a-crossing the roadway, and not looking round, when a van

Turned the corner and rushed right upon her, and I hollered, and yelled, and ran

And got past the horses, and shoved her as hard as I could, when the wheel

Knocked me over right under the wagon, and tumbled me up a good deal;

And my leg somehow caught in the spokes, sir, and I felt it was coming in two;

So I set my teeth hard and took it—for I didn't want her to know As it happened through her; but the people got round and kicked up a row,

And I tried to pick up and clear off, sir, but I couldn't more better than now;

And the girl as I shoved in the gutter came up with her frock all dirt,

And instead of giving me fits, sir, she cried and asked was I hurt? And I says "not much, miss, thank yer; only my leg's gone to sleep,"

For it made me wretched to see her a sobbin' so awful deep, With tears from them big blue eyes, sir, and saying 'twas all her fault;

I prayed that I might jump right up and turn just a somersault. But I couldn't, and so told her as I felt alright and would try

To get around again the next day, and I begged of her not to cry;

And she waited till that big p'liceman I used to make awful mad, Got a carriage and lifted me in it, and called me a brave little lad,

And told 'em to drive me slowly to the 'Orspital; I've been here since,

And I'm likely to be a long time, till they takes off these 'orrid splints;

And every day her mother and her as I shoved in the street Comes in to see how I'm doing, and brings me such nice things to eat;

And they call me their little hero, but I don't quite like that name As well as my own, which is Jimmy; but I guess its all the same.

But it makes me mad when them fellows come here for to hear the tale,

And write as I've done something plucky to the *Globe*, and the *News*, and the *Mail*;

For all I did was to holler, and shove a girl down in the road, And get my leg broke in the bargain, which ain't much of a trick,

I'm blowed;

But I reckon if I saw it again, sir, and that girl nearly under the van,

I'd do it again to-morrow, as sure as my name is Dan. For what is the likes of me, sir, to the likes of a lady like her,

And a chap as won't save a poor girl, why he ain't half as good as a cur!

P. QUILL.

It is not considered proper to throw banana peels on the sidewalk; the appropriate thing to do with them is to drop them into the Yonge street slip.