

And that reminds me of an occasion when he was responding to a toast to the Canadian Pacific Railway. He said he would rather be President of that railway than be Mayor of Westmount or laid to rest under the tallest shaft of marble in the English-speaking world.

It is said that his right palm is callous from much hand-shaking. Whether it is or not, one thing is sure, his heart isn't. For if there is a big, generous heart in the world, it is George Ham's. But I was attempting to describe his appearance, not his besetting sin. I had got as far as the moustache. On either side of that adornment there is a deep wrinkle which an undiscerning person might mistake for a sign of old age, but which as a matter of fact is merely a result of the efforts of an optimistic man to play a joke on his friends by appearing to be pessimistic. For George Ham is fuller of optimism than some persons are of philanthropy. In that condition he displays a fine expansive figure, in keeping with his five feet, twelve inches of height when well heeled. He has indeed a soldierly appearance, due no doubt to the fact that he was the first Canadian war correspondent, that he enlisted in the Canadian mi-