

who spoke with the feeling Doro evinced. Evan held out his hand.

"We will be needing friends," he said; "may I use your name, Mr. Doro?"

Mr. Doro thought a moment before replying.

"I'm not afraid of the banks," he said, finally; "and, besides, by telling my name and why I give the money, you will attract other contributions. I know you will. Tell the boys I donate \$25,000, and that I know others who have several thousands to spare."

Feeling a bit unsteady, Evan offered Doro a seat on one of the wings of the stage, then went back to the platform. When the overture was finished he stood before the assembly again.

"I have great news for you," he said, and related the newly-found philanthropist's offer. There was perfect order while he spoke, but it was evident the clerks were restraining themselves.

"Let us see Mr. Doro," one fellow shouted. Everyone clapped the suggestion.

"He will appear at our meeting to-night," said Evan, answering for Doro, "when we convene to elect permanent officers."

They were satisfied with that. Mr. Doro's suggestion was talked to informally by different men from Montreal, London and other cities, all of whom were in favor of some such institution as the one proposed. The general opinion was that it would be a fine thing for the boys; would serve as a rendezvous for transient clerks, make a good club for city