

**MEET ME  
TO-NIGHT**

**AT ALLAN'S**

STORES :  
661 CRAIG STREET and  
2299 ST. CATHERINE.

The Students' Outfitter.

**ANECDOTE OF CHARLES DICKENS.**

The following anecdote is authentic, and is related by one who has read the letters and who was acquainted with the writers. It reveals the kindness of this great author, who took the pains to reply to a letter from certain people whom he thought, and naturally concluded them to be, in the lowest state. Dickens was a man who had an almost perfect knowledge of human character in all its phases, but notwithstanding his undoubted perfectness in this respect, he could be "made a fool of," more especially if the weapon chosen to gain the end was flattery.

In 1842 the great novelist was the lion of the day at Montreal. Living there at that time was a young man who was fond of collecting autographs, and who desired to obtain one from Dickens. Hundreds had applied for it, but all had been refused or utterly ignored, and so it was no easy matter for this young man to obtain one. However, he tried original means, and wrote to Dickens, little anticipating a reply, as follows:

Mr. Dickens, sir. Me and my wife got a boy, and we've ahear tell a great deal about the beautiful book you've awrit for us pore folks. Now we has a thote that it may so be that you mite let we giv you're name to our boy. 'Tis is no scoldards, but we hope us wages is good and learning is plenty, that he will some day read what you've a-writ. An' so, sir, we a-ks

you're pardin, and wishes you prosperity an good luk. If so be as you rite, direct Andrew H. , Montreal Post Offis. So no more at present from you're humble servants to commend.  
there Andrew H. ,  
mark. Mary H. .

This letter was replied to by Dickens, who hoped that the boy would become all that the parents could wish, and that he was anxious to know whether his feeble efforts had been the means

of awakening in one a love for his fellow-man.

About 1876 the writer of the letter was the owner of thirty-three thousand acres in Bengal, through which he has laid sixty miles of road, and on which he has planted hedgerows and built villages. He is credited with having been popular among the natives, but his name is not added here, as now, perhaps, he is ashamed of the trick he played on Dickens.—*Scraps.*

