

ance. His nose, in particular, is decidedly Roman, and his square chin gives determination to a strong, rather than handsome, face. It happens that in features there is a marked resemblance between him and me; only, I suspect, my nose is slightly more hooked than his and my chin not so prominent. His friends used to smile knowingly at my father when, as a boy, I was with him, and I could sometimes hear them mutter: "A chip off the old block, eh?" This, I remember, used to please me at the time, for I was old enough to know that my father was a man of both wealth and influence. And so, thoughtlessly, I vaguely supposed that I, too, should be rich and influential some day.

When I went to school, I remember the masters told me that I must do well, for was I not the son of the Hon. Mr. Dickson?—he had not been knighted at that time. It had been determined from the first that I was to be a lawyer, for, as my father said, he could secure me enough business to get me a decent living. Besides this, he meant that I, too, should enter Parliament, and, as most politicians nowadays are lawyers, he was determined that I should not be kept back, as he had been, by a lack of academic training. I, myself, should have preferred at the time to have devoted myself to my favorite hobby, Botany; but, as my father said, boys don't know their own minds; which, I suppose, is true—to a certain extent.

At last I went up to the University at Toronto to take my college course. While there I studied political science, which, I must confess, I found decidedly dry. Great things were expected of me—for what reason you may perhaps guess—because I was Sir John Dickson's son, and, as a man who had seen my father and shaken hands with him said, "the very image of him." Unfortunately I was not very much interested in my work, and when I returned to Ottawa after getting through my first year, and with no very high place in the class-lists at that, I determined to speak to my father about changing my course at college. I found him in the library one evening after dinner, and so, after some hesitation, for my father always awed me a little, I spoke out:

"I suppose, father, you noticed that I did not do very well at the examinations," I began.

"Yes, I did," he replied; then added kindly, "but you were strange at your work; I shall expect you to do better next year."

"I was thinking I should like—that is, I don't seem to take to my work."

"Come, come, Edward; don't talk nonsense—talk like a man," my father broke in rather impatiently. "You must remember you are not a child any longer. You really must have more decision and manliness; you annoy me sometimes; you seem so childish. You know you are to be a lawyer, so you must make up your mind, and then you will be all right."

That was the end of my interview. I determined to work hard during my next session at college; and with this good resolution I went up to Toronto in the autumn.

During that year and the succeeding two years at the University I managed to get along fairly well. My position was never particularly good, but it was, at any rate, above mediocre. Some of my relatives were kind enough to suggest that my only fair standing was due to my, perhaps, excessive indulgence in athletics. Of course I always have been fond of sport—indeed very fond.

At last, after putting in my course at law, I was called to the Bar, and went to practise my profession at Ottawa. My father with his patronage was able to turn a good living towards me, and for a while, what with the novelty of my position and a comfortable income, I was fairly happy. I derived considerable importance from my father's position, and I can remember how charitable I

used to feel when I would sometimes overhear on the street: "There's young Dickson, Sir John's son, you know."

Now this was all very well—for a time. But after some years I began to grow a little tired of the same formula, for, as I thought, it was about time for me to get some individual notice. Not that I was particularly desirous of notoriety, but, if I *was* to be remarked, I preferred, as I grew older, to be noticed, not as the minister's son, but as myself. It was, perhaps, this fact which caused it to occur to me one night while enjoying my evening pipe that I was not mounting the ladder of fame as quickly as I might, and I began lazily to speculate on what the cause of my non-success might be. I saw that, after a considerable number of years' practise, I had not pushed my way to the front, as I should have done. I was not recognized as a prominent lawyer. Few big cases came my way. As my thoughts were drifting along in this fashion, there sounded a rap at my door. "Come in!" I shouted.

My friend Dick Wheaton entered, and, saying he had come to have a chat with me, he laid aside his cap, coat and gauntlets, for it was winter, and sat down in my second armchair with the assurance that betrays old-time friendship. Dick proceeded to stretch out his legs to the fire, and then began, as he invariably does, to light his pipe.

"Cold night, Dick," said I.

"Yes, it is," he replied, crossing his legs.

Silence fell upon us for a moment; then, my thoughts recurring to what had been in my mind before Dick came in, I asked a question which I regretted, before I had finished uttering it.

"Look here, Dick, why do you think I have not got famous when I have had such good opportunities?" And then I added, rather lamely, I fear, "I was just thinking about this before you came in."

"Really, old man, if I were you, I should give up thinking; it is very hard work."

"Don't be a fool. Wheaton," I replied, for, now that I had introduced the subject, I thought that, to be dignified, I must go through with it. "I really want your opinion."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Dick, looking at me rather curiously.

"Yes, I do," I retorted.

"Well, if you are going to get angry about it, I suppose you must have it," and Wheaton thoughtfully puffed at his pipe.

"Well, Dick," I resumed rather more amiably, "What is your opinion?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I don't know, haven't the faintest idea. By the way, I haven't seen such a good exhibition of hockey for a long time, as I saw this afternoon," and Dick went off into a glowing description of a match at the Mattawa rink.

I saw that he did not want to be bored with my stupid question, and I was, to be honest, rather glad that he had been kind enough to extricate me in spite of myself from my silly blunder.

When Wheaton was gone, I saw what had made him so determined not to answer me: evidently a true answer would have been decidedly uncomplimentary. It must appear to him that, if I had had abilities above the ordinary, I should have risen to the top; and conversely, as Euclid says, if I had not risen to the top, it was because I —, but I did not care to follow this to its logical conclusion. This was, surely enough, Dick Wheaton's opinion; but, and I am speaking as honestly as a man may under such circumstances, it was not my own view of myself, nor is it now; and I think I know more of myself than Mr. Richard Wheaton does. So I unhesitatingly rejected Dick's opinion as being wrong. What, then, was