

WILLIAM JOHN WITHALL, ESQ.

Mr. WITHALL, like many others who have contributed to the commercial development of the Dominion, is himself a contribution from the Old Country, having been born on the Island of Jersey, November 22nd, 1814.

At the early age of twelve he came out to Gaspé where he had an uncle, and spent some years engaged in farming, fishing, trading, and school teaching until he had accumulated sufficient means to pay Europe a visit.

He returned to Gaspé, and entered into business, remaining until 1840 when he removed to Quebec, and soon found a good place for himself in the commercial arena of that city.

He was elected a City Councillor, and put on the directorate of a number of flourishing Corporations, such as the Quebec Bank (of which he is now Vice-President), the Quebec S. S. Company, Quebec Marine Insurance Co.; Quebec Rubber Co., &c.

In 1854 he was one of four who built vessels to trade between Chicago and Newfoundland, these being the first vessels to sail from Chicago to the Ocean. The venture, however, did not prove profitable, and was discontinued.

In 1884 Mr. Withall made Montreal his home, and associated himself with a number of the important enterprises of the city. He is a Director of the Canadian Rubber Co., the Guarantee Co., the Royal Electric Co., the Sun Life Assurance Co'y. and other flourishing interests.

Always cautious and far-seeing, Mr. Withall never committed himself to any enterprise beyond his powers, and the result of this sagacity has been the building up of a substantial fortune which he still actively administers. For many years he was intimately associated in various enterprises with the late Hon. J. G. Ross, of Quebec, and commanded the full confidence and esteem of that remarkable man.

DON'T LET THE WORLD KNOW.... *Kate Murr*
Detroit Free Press

The world is wide, remember this,
Nor shrink from fate's deep furrowed frown;
Woo fortune with your brightest smiles,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

It spoils your chance for future deeds
To frame your face with dull care's crown;
Brace up, and higher hold your head,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

The world will bow in servile zest
To one who sways it with a frown;
Toss up your head, and flash your eye,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If scandal's lip would seek to stain
The name you hold as honor's crown,
By your own life, refute the lie,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If bare your purse, your heart most sad,
Your life near crushed by sorrow's crown,
Then mask them well with jest and song,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

THE STARS.... *Robert Beverly Hale*... *Harper's Weekly*.

I lay at my ease in my little boat,
Fast moored to the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed
in the breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the
world,
And the pain and the grief they bring,
And I marveled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray
And faded from sight; and I grumbled at
Night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just a speck of a face
Peeped forth from its window bars;
And I laughed to see it smile at me:
I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening
That never would start from the world's cold
heart
But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is sombre and cold,
And the day was warm and fine;
And yet if the day never faded away,
The stars would never shine!