

tary, a committee to draft resolutions and by-laws was selected, and a full temporary organization effected.

To relieve the monotony of business the orchestra was asked for an overture, and while it was playing Evan was called behind the scenes. A gentleman, whom he took for a bank official, was waiting to speak to him.

"My name is Jacob Doro," said the gentleman; "I am a friend of your movement. Let me congratulate you on this splendid success. I want to make a suggestion, Mr. Nelson, and hope you will not misunderstand me. Will you accept an endowment for the establishment of a sort of club here in Toronto, where bankclerks can congregate, have a library, a gymnasium, and recreation of every kind? I am president of a loan company, and if you will not accept a donation, you will at least accept a loan on a long note."

Evan was, of course, surprised.

"That is a good scheme of yours, Mr. Doro," he said, "but why should you want to throw away money on us bank-fellows?"

"It won't be thrown away, Mr. Nelson," replied the stranger; "I was not always rich, but now I am, and it would give me great pleasure to endow this bankclerks' association. In the days when I was struggling I had a son enter the banking business, and they killed him with work. Now perhaps you understand?"

No one could have doubted the sincerity of a man