

pass, however, without marking it by one of his characteristic observations. For, as he himself explained afterwards, they first cut out the appendix, then the thyroid cartilage, then, worst of all, the booze. His cheerfulness in time of sickness has been a marvel to his friends. And it is marvellous, also, what he has survived.

"You must have a great constitution," said a caller at the hospital one day.

"Yes," said George with a grim smile, "a great constitution, but no by-laws."

His good humour is irrepressible, and although it has been recorded only in the minds of his friends, he won the admiration of Mark Twain, who presented him with his portrait and autograph. I have never known him to be at a loss for a brilliant sally, and his wit has been summoned many and many a time when other men would have been at home in bed. At a luncheon tendered a few years ago by the late Senator Jaffray to Colonel Watterson, I was placed next to George, which is a privilege that Sir Wilfrid Laurier always requests when he attends the annual dinner of the Press Gallery at Ottawa. George was by no means well, yet his vivacity was not in the least affected. Opposite