

THE LATE GEORGE TOLLEY.

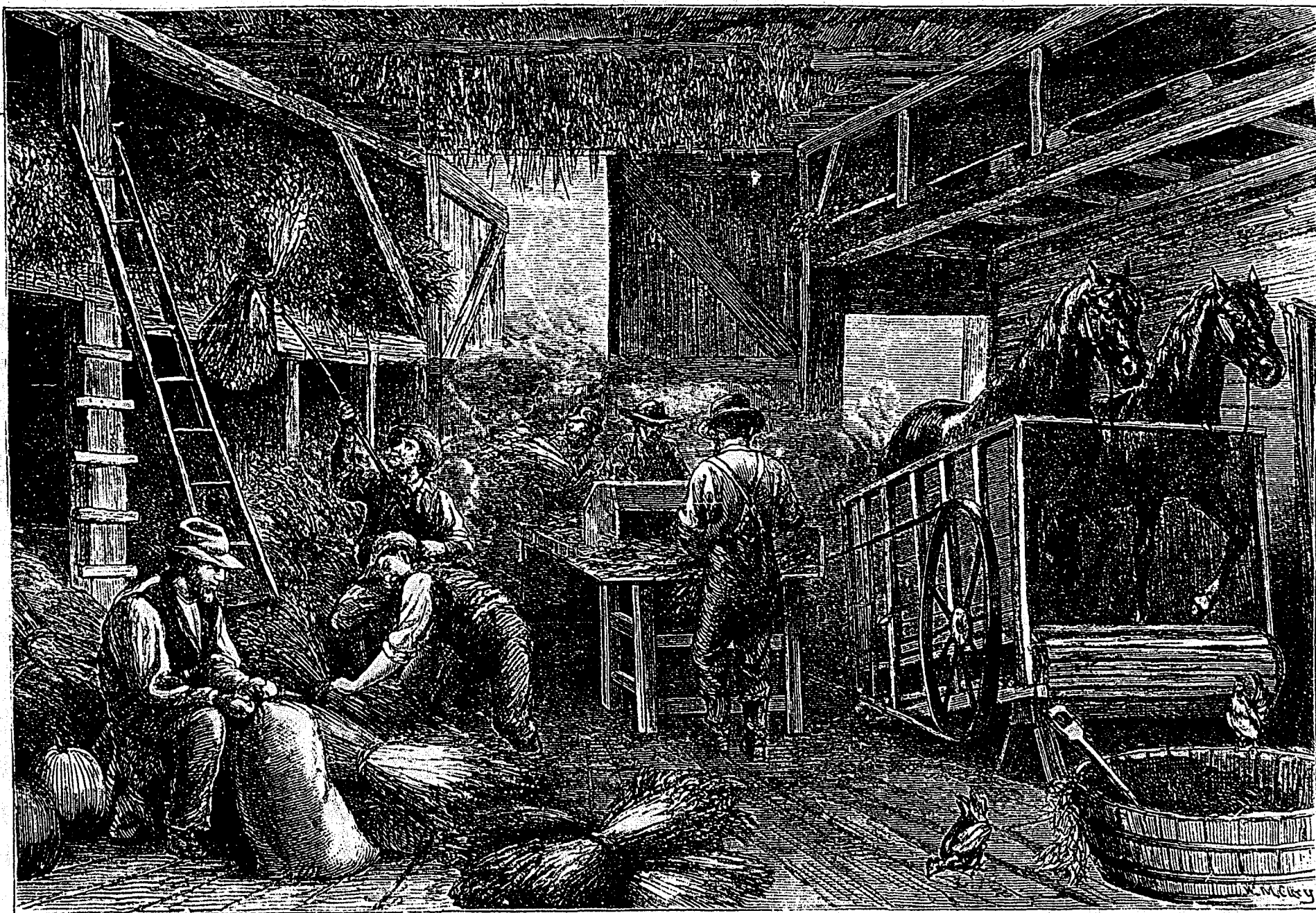
One of the best known and most popular journalists of Canada lost his life by drowning, near Brockville, on Saturday night, Sept. 6th, between the hours of half-past nine and half-past ten. The meagre particulars of the sad accident were published by us last week, and we regret to say that nothing further has been ascertained. Mr. Tolley was a native of London, Eng., where, we believe, his father and mother are still living, along with a sister. A brother of his is also a resident of the metropolis and an architect in good circumstances. The subject of our sketch came to Canada eleven years ago and settled in Montreal, entering in the employ of E. Chanteloup. Although his training had been that of a skilled workman, young Tolley looked to more rapid advancement in another sphere, and when, a short time after, the *Evening Star*, of this city, made its appearance, he joined the staff as a collector. It was not long, however, till he transferred his services to the reporter's department, and after a brief experience in that sphere, his talents were considered sufficiently valuable to entitle him to the responsible position of editor. It is in that capacity that he became most widely known and achieved the reputation which has survived him. During the seven or eight years that he presided over the literary destinies of our excellent contemporary, he displayed industry, punctuality, tact and moderation. He dealt rather in short paragraphs than in long leaders, and he had the knack of compressing much matter in a small space. He may be said, in a measure, to have made the *Star* what it is to-day, a tribute which does not detract from the merits of those who assisted or followed him, and we are sure that the energetic proprietor will concur in the justness of our estimate. About three years ago, Mr. Tolley paid a visit to his old home, extending his tour up into Scotland, and he contributed to the *Star* some very readable letters containing a description of his travels. He had the pleasure of meeting

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THE LATE GEORGE TOLLEY,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

all his family and finding them prosperous, and this, as he stated in a private letter to the writer, gave him courage to return to this side and begin, as it were a second career with fresh enthusiasm. It was not many months after his arrival that, having resigned his position on the *Star*, he accepted one on the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS* as Special Correspondent. The scheme was to visit the principal towns, cities and manufacturing districts of the Dominion for the purpose of illustrating their principal features and writing accounts of their resources. This was intended as a species of Illustrated Industrial Guide, and Mr. Tolley's purpose was, had he survived, to compile the whole in a volume. He was two years engaged in this work and our readers will agree with us that he did it well. He had reached the fifteenth section of his studies, stopping at Gananoque, the history of which appeared in our pages only a fortnight ago. The very last line of his description referred to the beauties of Alexandria Bay which he promised to dilate upon more fully in his subsequent number. By a sad coincidence he met his death almost in sight of that beautiful spot. While Mr. Tolley did all his work conscientiously and wrote with much ease, it was especially in description of natural scenery and in narratives of sport and adventure, by field and flood, that he was at his best, his heart being evidently in his work. We would refer the reader more particularly to his account of his novel trip along the Upper Ottawa. He was passionately fond of the water and it was in that element that he met his untimely fate. Mr. Tolley was an universal favourite and his death was a shock to his host of friends in this city and elsewhere. His habits were of the most correct description, with no taint of Bohemianism, although he was amiable and amenable to all. He was in good standing in the Orders of Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and when his body is recovered his fellow-craftsmen will join his journalistic confreres—his host of friends—in doing honour to his remains.



THE HARVEST SCENE.