

Brady, the Real Estate Man.

Then a certain Brady was called upon to tell about his relations with Proulx as a gambler. The Gambler is generally a pretty roving sort of a "guy". He will move with police chairmen. The wave of Civic Reform will drive him hither and thither, like the fish that knows enough to run away from warm water when July sets in. The moment some crazy journalist lets out: "Down with the joints!" he will take his shirt-bosom diamond, his cane and his silk hat across the border to some quiet place like New York or Chicago — where honest trade is never disturbed — until the reform wave has receded and he can come back to the shores of his ungrateful city. He seldom burthens himself with real estate. It is too heavy. It is too cumbersome. It is too apt to draw the eye of the Reformer. Add to this that the Gambler has a way of his own of spending money. The sieve of the Danaids was in reality a gambler's pocket. Brady, nevertheless, came out as a real estate man of the first magnitude. For years he had been employing Ald. Proulx as a notary — for this is the profession thru which Ald. Proulx has acquired all his wordly goods. He had paid him chèques of from five hundred to three thousand dollars at various times, for the discharge of mortgages in the names of friends. Who the friends were, he knew well, but he had lost track of them. He could not tell where they were, and the Commission's endeavors to unearth them proved fruitless. Ald. Proulx' evidence was still less precise. The idea of asking a busy notary to recollect every trifle of a three thousand dollar transaction that goes thru his hands! Regarding appointments, the results were rather meagre. A few people had been told by police officers of hold-ups at a toll-gate, and some others swore to having been held up by Alderman Proulx' professional partner, but denials poured in thick and heavy,