

must possess the basic quality of seriousness. I have seen George Ham in his official capacity as representative of the C. P. R. stir men to the height of merriment while he himself was weighted down by some acute personal bereavement or rendered almost helpless by intense physical agony.

But I had been remarking that he always looks the same. For he usually wears a complete suit of plain gray tweed—trousers, waistcoat, and coat. "Neat, but not goddy," as he himself says in his admirable brochure, "The Flitting of the Gods." The pockets of the waistcoat are always bagged under the pressure of cigars carried there against every emergency, and the trousers are mostly of the regulation length, although he once complained of a pair being a little tight under the arms. Above all, there is a soft felt hat, which is worn outdoors as well as in. It covers a head not otherwise wholly covered, a head that has had more changes of pillows than any other head north of Forty-Nine. I cannot say whether the moustache improves his appearance, because I have never seen his face with it off. It is possible, of course, that it covers a feature suggesting some villainous tendency which so far he has been able to subdue. If so, he has been