

that he occupied all these positions at once, nor do I know whether he was commissioner of dog licences or a registrar of good deeds. In any case, no one begrudges him the huge emoluments of these offices. And although he has been out of public life for about thirty years, there are in the Dominion but few men who are as widely known as he is. And to know him is to like him. For he is the kind of man whom you can call George fifteen minutes after first meeting him. Because he will call you Tom, Dick, or Harry right from the start, and thereby open the way for a lasting friendship. If I wished to strengthen my claim as to his popularity I could enlist the opinion of any railway man in Canada, any newspaper man in Canada, any politician—indeed, any all-round good fellow. For he himself is the prince of good fellows, and, to use a phrase that is much abused, he is as well a gentleman and a scholar. It might be expected, in order to make his attributes complete, that I should record him as a judge of good whiskey. But as a matter of fact, his judgment is better as to ginger ale, a beverage which, curiously enough, he had to eschew a few years ago owing to ill-health. He did not let the incident