

His office is in the headquarters of the railway, at the Windsor Station, Montreal—just off a long corridor that makes you feel when you enter it as if entering the big end of a telescope. You could pick him out because he is the only one that never appears to be working. If he is there at all, he is either just coming in or going out. If you are coming in, he is going out—or across. If you are going out, he'll go out with you—or across. And once you see him, you will never forget him. For he always looks the same. He always has looked the same. And after all, why shouldn't he? For into the many perplexing, annoying, and tragic vicissitudes of an unusually eventful life he has never failed to infuse the saving grace of good humour. The fun of laughing at the ridiculous side of things has kept him young, and for a quarter of a century he has provoked more wholesome mirth than any other man in the Dominion. And while as a matter of fact his humorous and unique personality has greatly increased the fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is equally true that he has been able to render peculiarly valuable service in several important adventures. All of which goes to prove that the genuine humourist