

and stationers, of this city, and was then engaged with his father and brother Thomas in the bookbinding business until 1856, "when the three brothers, Thomas, John and Richard (the eldest of the three, Thomas, died a comparatively young man about sixteen years ago) succeeded their father under the style of Brown Brothers, as stationers, account book manufacturers, bookbinders, &c., and by their combined business efforts soon got to a foremost position in the trade, and which they have ever since maintained. Their business is one of the largest and most complete in the Dominion, and it is known far and wide whatever they undertake can be depended upon." Over twenty years ago when, owing to the war, American goods advanced to such high prices, to fill a much needed requirement, they commenced the publication of office and pocket diaries, which they have continued ever since, increasing in interest every year, until now they amount to over 160 varieties. Subsequently the manufacture of wallets, satchels, and other leather goods was added to their other departments.

Major Brown was a man of the most kindly disposition, genial, large-hearted and open-handed, of great integrity and high honour, he could not condescend to do a mean or small action, had an intuitive perception of the just and true; a good business man, energetic and constantly at his post, early and late.

Joining the volunteers as far back as 1854, he was a member of Major Brooks' Company No. 1, subsequently that force was disbanded, the Queen's Own formed some time afterwards taking in many who had formerly been enrolled in the older companies. In 1856 he was enrolled as a private in what is now Company A of the Queen's Own. In 1860 he obtained his commission as Ensign, and four years later was promoted to a captaincy, going to Niagara in command of No. 1 Company, doing frontier service; here he remained during the winter of 1864-5. In the Fenian troubles of '66 he took an active part, and was present in command of his company at Ridgeway on that memorable 6th June, when he proved himself not only a brave soldier but a warm friend to the men of his command. He obtained his Majority in 1867, and in 1870 retired, retaining his rank, giving his entire attention to their constantly increasing business. His retirement was made the occasion of a presentation and address at the hands of the officers of the Queen's Own, who in losing Major Brown lost one of the most popular officers of the regiment.

He died July 7th, 1882, at his residence, Gerrard St., Toronto, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and five children. The two eldest boys are now grown up, and following in the same line of business as their late father.

THE FATHER OF BIBLIOMANIA.—There is a growing taste for autobiographies. We can scarcely put M. Paul Lacroix in that category, but we will give the critic's views of one who did not write his own biography. The father of Bibliomania is dead, the famous "Bibliophile Jacob," as he called himself, M. Paul Lacroix. The good Bibliophile had reached a patriarchal age; he was of Victor Hugo's generation; he was one of those who fought under the banner of Hernani, and entered literature with Alfred de Musset, Sainte Beuve, and the author of *Les Misérables*. They are almost all gone now, all but the master of them all, the immortal Victor Hugo. The Bibliophile, of course, did not in any way enter into rivalry with the Master. If ever he wrote poetry, which we doubt, it has passed beyond the memory of man, and disappeared among the withered romantic leaves, only known to collectors. Though his genius by no means lay in that direction the Bibliophile, when a young man, wrote a great many novels. Every one was writing much, inspired more or less by Scott, and by a general belief (to use a vulgarism) in the duty of "making things skip." Classicism was over, the reign of passion at any price had come in, and the Bibliophile, too went in for passion. Romance, revel, the knightly wooer, the fair frail *châtelaine*, the ferocious and inopportune husband, doublets, trunk hose, rapiers, convents, jesters, duels, vaults, graves, and all the rest of the materials were as much at the command of the Bibliophile as of his neighbours. He, too, could write idylls of guillotined ladies and dead donkeys—so, at least, says tradition, for only three words of the Bibliophile's novels can be said to survive. These words are *l'orgie echevelee*, quoted by Théophile Gautier, and those words are quite enough. The rest can be taken as read. Not fiction but erudition, bibliography, book collecting, and research were the forte of the Bibliophile. He well deserved his name, for no one loved books better, and wrote better about them. He could not compete with Rothschilds and the Leopold Doubles, Pixérécourts, or even Charles Nodiers of this world as a collector. He was not a rich man, but he was always on the spot, always had his eyes open, and his sale will probably be among the most interesting of our time. He once picked up for a few pence a copy of "Tartuffe," which perhaps had belonged to Louis XIV. himself. The Bibliophile was at the head of one of the great public libraries of Paris, the right man in the right place. His most valuable books are doubtless his *Bibliographie* and *Iconographie* of Molière, volumes of prodigious research, full of every possible information about all editions, translations, criticisms, biographies, portraits, and illustrations of the great comedian. These books of course have no popular interest, but they are delightful to the lover of letters. As a critic and Biographer the Bibliophile was, perhaps a trifle too ingenious, too ready with his conjectures, always clever, but now and then disproved by Time, and by later discoveries. But hypothesis has its value and use in literary as in scientific research. The most generally pleasing of the Bibliophile's works are probably his great and richly-illustrated books on the Arts of the Middle Ages. Better reading, for the right class of students, was provided in his gossiping papers of anecdote about books and men. These he scattered in magazines, in the pro-