



COMIN' AWA' IN BITS.

JOHN W. STANLEY, a member of the Commercial Travelers' Association of Canada, who was very popular among his fellows, has gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns. He died on October 12th. He was one of the best known millinery men in Canada and used to travel for Thomas May & Co. He was a member of the Mutual Benefit Society.

George S. Findlay, traveler for W. H. Gillard & Co., Hamilton, died in that city on September 24th. He suffered greatly for many months from an internal cancer and slowly wasted away. He was a prominent member of the United Workmen and Masons.

AFFILIATION.

On October 5th, H. Bedlington, of Toronto, representing the Commercial Travelers' Association of Canada, met the representatives of the North-West association at Winnipeg, and submitted a scheme for affiliating the two associations, one advantage of which to the North-west men would be that they will get three times more insurance than as a separate body. After the Toronto delegate withdrew a private meeting was held, and, after full discussion, the representatives decided to recommend the acceptance of the offer at the general meeting to be held shortly.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade at a subsequent meeting decided to oppose the affiliation, which will, it is thought, have the effect of killing it, at least, for the present.

A TRAVELER SUICIDES.

The body of a well-dressed man was found in the woods at Windsor Junction, N. S., on September 20th with his throat cut from ear to ear. Letters found on the body

showed it to be that of Alexander M. Liddell, a well-known commercial traveler. He had been on a prolonged spree for three weeks, had been dismissed from his employ and was returning to Halifax. His last words to his wife in going away were: "Don't worry about me; I shall come back with a new record." Immediately afterwards he went on a terrible drunk. He had been given chance upon chance, and, ashamed to meet his family and employer he sought refuge in suicide. His wife belongs to a wealthy Prince Edward Island family, but he squandered her means. His brother, also a commercial traveler, suicided by cutting his throat in Montreal five years ago.

CITY TRAVELERS' ASSOCIATION.

The first annual meeting of the City Travelers' Association, Toronto, was held on September 25th, and was very largely attended. The report of the secretary showed a very substantial fund in the treasury, and the financial affairs of the association to be in a flourishing condition. Six new members were introduced. After routine business the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, and resulted as follows: President, M. C. Lynde, by acclamation; first vice-president, F. Gallow; second vice-president, J. Mortimer; secretary, J. Owen, re-elected by acclamation; treasurer, Gus Piper, re-elected by acclamation; chaplain, R. M. Corrie, by acclamation; marshal, S. H. Moore; guard, C. Spencer; directors, E. Davis, C. S. Fairbairn, B. McCann, A. A. Graham, T. B. Nicholson, G. Symons, F. McDonald, J. Graham, R. M. Corrie, V. F. Gingras, S. J. Martin and R. W. Beadie. After the election of officers, a very pleasant feature was introduced in the presentation of a gold-headed cane, accompanied by an address, to the retiring president, Mr. R. Maxwell, and the presentation of a gold-headed cane and address to the secretary, Mr. James Owen, both of whom responded in a manner only familiar to the Knights of the grip.

Before the erection of the new pier at the Castle Rock, passengers from Dumbarton, Scotland, had to be conveyed down the Leven to the Clyde steamers by a ferry boat, rowed by two sturdy and elderly ferrymen. On one occasion an English commercial traveler had seated himself on the gunwale, at the stern. One of the old ferrymen, aware of the danger of anyone so placed when the rope of the steamer should be attached to the bow of the boat, took occasion to warn the man of his danger. "Noo, ma man, com' doon aff that, or ye'll coup ower." The bagman only replied by telling him to "mind his own business, and trust him to take care of himself." "Weel," said the ferryman, "mind I've telt ye, as sure as ye're sittin' there ye'll coup ower." No sooner had the rope been attached and the boat got the inevitable tug from the steamer than the fellow went heels up over the stern. "Gowk. I telt him that." However, being in the water, it behove that every effort should be made to save him, so the ferryman made a grab at what seemed to be the hair of his head, when a wig came away. Throwing this impatiently into the boat, he made a second grab at the collar of his shirt, when a front came away. Casting this from him with still greater scorn, he shouted to a companion, "Tammas, come here, and help to save as muckle o' this man as ye can, for he's comin' a' awa' in bits."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man in the boot and shoe line reading a magazine. "Sir!" said the big man as he wheeled around "what would you do if challenged?" "Refuse," was the quiet reply. "Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a horse-whipping—then what?" "I'd take the whipping." "Ah, I thought so—thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foully slandered me?" "I never slander." "Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you, what would you do?" "I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!" When