



Mr. Chas. Liffiton has accepted a position with the Montreal Watch Case Co. He is a son of Mr. W. T. Liffiton, of the old firm of Liffiton & Chandler, the same having been former clerks of Mr. John H. Jones. Charles has been traveling for his father.

There are two items of news concerning the American Waltham Watch Co.'s office in Montreal which will be read with great interest. The first is that "Tommy" Mackenzie, the alert and notable shipper, has discarded short "knickers" for long "pants." Tommy sought to change his spots in a most inostentatious manner, for he is a modest lad, but Mr. Harmon was not going to let such an auspicious occasion pass without some demonstration, and, so, Tommy, that same day, found that he had a surprising number of journeys to make to the wholesale trade and was astonished when he found what an interest was being taken in his "breeches." Tommy, however, was rewarded with several handsome testimonials, and by the time night had come had grown several feet taller. The other item of much interest is that Mr. Thomas McGovern Robertson, the able watch doctor of the firm, accompanied Mr. Harmon to Boston. It was Mr. Robertson's second visit to the canned bean and tomato sauce city, but as he still remains innocent of urban wiles (a very exceptional case) Mr. Harmon toted him along so as to keep his innocence still free from stain. That was surely true philanthropy!

A ghastly discovery was made shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of March 19, by Aime Martin, a young man who was employed for some months as clerk and assistant to J. B. Boivin, watchmaker and jeweler, 1578 Notre Dame Street, corner of St. Vincent. Mr. Boivin was to have left for St. Vincent on Thursday night, and his clerk went to the store as usual on Friday and Saturday, but as he supposed his employer was at St. Hyacinthe, he did not trouble about his non-appearance. This afternoon, however, as Mr. Boivin was to have come home the previous evening, the young man, after dinner, went to his employer's apartments, only to find him stretched out dead, and with every appearance of having been there some days. The body was just beginning to decompose. Young Martin immediately ran for assistance, and the police and coroner were notified. Mr. Boivin was originally from St. Hyacinthe, and was about forty years old.

Mr. Archibald Blue, of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, has received a letter from Mr. George Edwards, the millionaire silverware manufacturer, of Bridgeport, Conn., saying that the corundum lands which he controls in Eastern Ontario will be at once developed. He states that orders have been given for the erection of a building and equipment on the York branch, a tributary of the Madawaska, in the Township of Raglan, on which corundum has been discovered.

The Ville Marie Bank case has given Montreal and the Dominion many surprises, and the recent trial of Baxter and Lemieux for conspiracy to rob the bank has furnished another. Before a jury could be empanelled, it was necessary to call two hundred tailsmen, including some of the most prominent citizens, a fact almost unprecedented in the history of celebrated cases. As a side issue of interest, the demand of assent upon Baxter, made by R. Ridgeway, recalls the failure of J. B. Williamson. Baxter is contesting the demand,

alleging among other things that Ridgeway holds as security large quantities of diamonds and precious stones and jewels of a value far in excess of any pretended or alleged claim which he may have against Baxter, or J. B. Williamson, whose name appears upon the back of the note. It will be remembered it was the discovery through the Ville Marie Bank case that Williamson was in the hands of the money lenders which was the immediate cause of his being forced to assign.

Mr. Jas. A. Pitts, with his usual up-to-date energy and foresight, has added a full line of photographic supplies to his already large assortment of stock. He has engaged Mr. Rice, an expert, to push this business.

Mr. Goldenstein is looking for bigger (family) premises. Thus do the coming of the little ones ever add a story to the houses our wives choose for us and increase the size of our front doors.

Mr. Robert McKenzie, of Smith, Patterson & Co., and formerly with the American Waltham Watch Co., was in the parade with Lord Strathcona's Horse, in his capacity as a Highland Cadet. "Tommy," his brother, although not a member of any regiment, tramped around the city just the same, and displayed the greatest enthusiasm.

All the wholesale jewelers closed during the reception of Lord Strathcona's Horse.

The store of Mr. M. Cochenthaler was one of the most profusely and tastefully decorated of any in the city during the reception of Lord Strathcona's Horse, and on St. Patrick's Day.

The city of Montreal was green all through on St. Patrick's Day and the people turned out as a body. Irish flags floated on every street and almost everyone wore the "dear little shamrock." The Irish soldiers have done nobly in South Africa, and the command of Her Majesty that Irish regiment shall wear the Shamrock is a fitting recognition and will do more to foster good feeling and further the union of hearts than a bushel of acts of parliament. Englishmen, Scotchmen and others who would never wear the shamrock when it was too often taken to be the emblem of disloyalty, will now cheerfully sport it on every anniversary of Ireland's patron saint.

We have in Canada gold, silver, nickel, iron, copper, lead and coal in abundance; it is probable that we have in our corundum deposits some sapphires. Mr. Blue, of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, now tells us that there are most likely diamonds in Ontario. It seems very probable that soon the jeweler will not have to go farther than the Dominion for any of his materials.

So far as the snow is concerned and so far as Montreal is concerned, the last part of the winter has been of the old-fashioned sort and the streets of our city are a sight for the gods and little fishes. On many of them the "beautiful" is piled up seven or eight feet high, and what we shall do when the spring thaw sets in in earnest Thor himself only can tell. Already when the sun is out for a few hours good old Craig Street is a morass and a quagmire and a deep dark raging torrent all in one, and if no one is drowned presently it will only be because of the interposition of a kind Providence.

HOCHELAGA.