

The fine grace of manner, the dignity, the simple joy with which the old gentleman told his story made the æsthetic young lady forget for the moment that he was a "picturesque habitant."

Before the close the young man told them of the poor woman who was going to sell her cow. They agreed to help her, and then and there made their small offering. This part the business man could understand.

"What is this for?" he asked of the young man.

"To save the cow," he answered simply.

The business man returned the fifty-cent piece to his pocket.

"Here," he said, "I hate to throw good money away, but I don't want that cow to go to purgatory."

And the æsthetic young lady smiled at him with her head on one side, and said softly, "How sweet of you!"

A twenty-dollar bill.

And if you look at the list of Pointe aux Trembles scholarships, you will see this entry, "Toronto, Ont., a Friend." That's the man.