

ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, Esq.

MR. MACPHERSON is a native of Canada, having been born at Lancaster, Ont., on the 10th August, 1830. He received his early education there, and in the year 1850 came to Montreal to seek his fortune. He first entered the establishment of the late John Henry Evans, one of the leading Wholesale Hardware Merchants of the day, but after remaining five years in his service decided to branch out on his own account. Accordingly he formed a partnership with the late Walter Benny, whose place was subsequently taken by his brother Robert, and the firm of Benny, Macpherson & Co. became one of the best and most favorably known in the Wholesale Hardware Trade of Canada. This business association continued until 1892, when Mr. Macpherson withdrew, and taking his son Alexander into partnership with him, formed the firm of Alexander Macpherson & Son, which continues to carry on an extensive business in the same line. Although always closely devoted to commercial interests Mr. Macpherson has not allowed them to absorb his entire time and energy. As an Elder of St. Paul's Church, and Chairman of the Temporalities Board, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, he has rendered faithful and valuable service for many years, and in other lines of religious and philanthropic work he has taken part in his own unostentatious way. Upon several occasions he has been appointed a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He takes a deep interest in the prosperity of the SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, upon whose Board he has sat for a number of years.

THE BEST ARBITRATOR FOR THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.—Mr. W. G. Grace, the champion cricketer. He knows the duties of an umpire, and is sure to make "a boundary hit."—*Punch*.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.....*Horace Smith.*

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which seemed only to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his Serene and raging Highness :
Whether he twisted his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness

Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows : his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, " 'Tis time to stop that breath :

Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death :
Silence, base rebel, no replying !
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust.
"Since my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the mode to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

A VALUATION.—He : "I love you more than myself, darling." She : "That's not saying much. You are always giving yourself away."—*Pick-Me-Up*.