

## Obituary Notices.

## WILLIAM R. STEWARD.

Mr. Steward, one of the pioneer druggists of the city of Toronto, died at his home, 26 Willcock st., after a few days' illness, on Good Friday morning, March 23rd.

Early in the year he fell a victim to la grippe, and, although he apparently recovered, his strength had been sapped by the attack, and a recurrent visit of the trouble a couple of weeks before his death, found his system unable to withstand the complication of bronchial heart, and kidney troubles which ensued.

Deceased was a son of the late William Steward, a merchant of Yonge st., Toronto, and was born in that city on Dec. 9th, 1844. After receiving his primary education at the Louisa st. public school and completing it at the model and grammar schools, he became an apprentice to J. T. Shapler, who was then and for years after a leading city druggist. When his apprenticeship was completed he removed to Buffalo where he clerked for a number of years. Returning to Toronto, he started in business in the Drummond Block, opposite Trinity Square, on Yonge st., and remained there for a period of ten years. Having faith in the outward growth of the city he purchased the corner of College st. and Spadina ave., then on the outskirts, for \$15 per ft., and started there in business; and to show that his faith was well founded he refused an offer of \$600 per ft. for the same property ten years later.

By close attention to duty, consistent dealing and a thorough practical knowledge of the drug trade, Mr. Steward built up one of the most successful businesses in the city, and well earned the success which attended his efforts. In manner he was exceedingly mild and engaging, but was possessed of a spirit which showed righteous indignation at every form of injustice. From early youth he was imbued with strong religious convictions and was an active young member of the old Richmond st. Methodist Sabbath School, then under the superintendency of W. H. Pierson, who is now so prominently connected with the Toronto Consumers' Gas Co. During late years he has been a staunch supporter of Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, situated on the opposite corner to his place of business, and was one of the most respected members of that congregation. In 1876 he married Miss Hornbrook, of Toronto, and she, with their son, a young man of 17 years, still survives him.

Mr. Steward's funeral was very largely attended by prominent citizens, city druggists, members of Broadway Church, and friends and relatives from distant points. The services at the house and at the grave in Mount Pleasant cemetery, were conducted by Rev. Mr. Speer, pastor of Broadway, assisted by Rev. Dr. Parker, President of the Toronto Methodist Conference.

## CHARLES TYSON.

Charles Tyson, clerk in Tapp's drug store, corner of James and Cannon streets, Hamilton, died at his boarding house, 131 Macnab st. north, on Friday evening, the 30th ult., after a period of twenty-four hours' illness. On Thursday evening he left the store at nine o'clock, feeling unwell. Dr. Rogers was called in and subsequently Dr. White, both of whom paid several visits, but were unable to prolong the sufferer's life, and he died, as stated, after a few hours' sickness, the immediate cause being uraemia. The body was taken to St. Catharines, his native city, on Monday for burial.

Mr. Tyson had been in Mr. Tapp's employ for about six years, and was highly esteemed by his employer and by those who knew him. He was an earnest student and untiring worker, and it is feared that excessive study was, in a great measure, the cause of his early death. He attended the Junior Course at the College of Pharmacy in 1892, but, being then only eighteen years of age, he could not continue with his Senior Course. His standing at his Junior examination was high, and he was very much thought of by the staff and his classmates. After returning to Mr. Tapp's, he kept up his studies as well as his duties would allow, and in order to keep in training by practice at examinations, he went to New York and passed very successfully the examinations of both the New York State and County Boards of Pharmacy. It was his intention to attend our next Senior Course, and, after passing, to take up the study of medicine the following year. For the latter purpose he had recently tried and passed the matriculation examination for medicine at Trinity university, and had since fairly settled down to renewed studies when his death intervened.

In expressing our personal regret at his death we feel that we are voicing the general regret that a young man so full of promise, and inspired by laudable ambition to achieve the success we all desire but do not work so earnestly for, should be taken from our midst. We are confident that had he lived he would have added lustre to his name and to the professions with which he purposed allying himself, and we therefore the more regret the loss which so many have cause to mourn.

## JOHN J. HALL.

John J. Hall died at his residence, Woodstock, Ont., March 22nd, from paralysis, superinduced by an attack of inflammation of the lungs. Elsewhere in this issue we speak of his death as affecting the drug interests of the Province, and the Ontario College of Pharmacy in particular, of which he was an active member and ex-President. Below we quote from the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*.

"Mr. Hall was one of Woodstock's best-known citizens one who was held in the highest esteem by all classes, and his ability and probity elevated him to a position of honor in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of ability

and having the courage of his convictions had, while yet on the threshold of life's drama, earned a place in the hearts of his fellows of which any man might feel proud. He had occupied many positions of public trust and was justly looked upon as a coming man in this county.

Mr. Hall was the only son of Robert Hall, one of the oldest townsmen in Woodstock. He was born here in the year 1852, and was educated at the Grammar School where he evinced many of those qualities for which he became conspicuous in after years. He was for a number of years the representative for this district on the Council board of the College of Pharmacy, and in the years 1892 and 1893 became President of that body. In this capacity he distinguished himself by his vigorous efforts to remodel that institution, which became, under his guiding hand, one of the best institutions of its kind on the western continent. He was also a past president of the Home Circle in whose affairs he took a wide and earnest interest. He was a member of the town council for a number of years and in 1893 was elected deputy-reeve. At the last election he was a candidate for the mayoralty but, though defeated, was by no means discouraged. As an orator he had few equals in the county, and even his political opponents freely acknowledge the gifted eloquence which had charmed and graced many a political gathering. Though a leading member of the Liberal party during the past ten years, the deceased was as fearless as he was independent, and was not to be balked when he made up his mind on any particular course. As a citizen he will long be remembered for his active interest in the furtherance of all good and useful institutions, for his benevolence and extreme courtesy towards his fellow-townsmen, and the strong religious instinct which made him a faithful attendant of the Anglican church, though never a bigot or a fanatic. It might be added that he was for a number of years the acting churchwarden of New St. Paul's church, in which capacity he endeared himself to the congregation by his deep interest in the general welfare of the parish.

"Deceased has one sister, Mrs. Ingersoll, and he leaves behind a wife and two children who, in the hour of their trial, have the universal sympathy of the town and district."

DURING my second year at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, I had a classmate whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard. One of the professors said to this fellow one day: "How much is a dose of —?" giving the technical name of croton oil. "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply. The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a while, he said: "Professor I want to change my answer to that question." "It's too late, Mr. —," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient's been dead fourteen minutes," — *N.Y. World*,