

GRIP'S GALLERY OF MEN OF TO-DAY

No. 1.—SENATOR SANFORD.

WITH this issue GRIP presents free as a supplement, a lithographed portrait of Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, Ontario. In our recently published lithographed plates of Reform and Conservative leaders, the public already have authentic portraits of those in the front rank, and GRIP proposes therefore to occasionally send out a carefully executed portrait, with memoir, of men who, while not so widely known in political life, are nevertheless prominent in their respective parties, and are especially prominent in those pursuits to which they have more especially given their attention. We herewith present the following

MEMOIR OF SENATOR SANFORD

The Honorable W. E. Sanford, we see by the "Canadian Parliamentary Companion," for 1887, is a lineal descendant of Thomas de Sanford who was knighted by William the Conqueror on the battle-field of Hastings. Among his ancestry in the American branch of his family was Ezekiel Sanford, engineer, who built Fort Saybrook, Conn., in the year 1626.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of New York in 1838. His parents dying when he was very young he was sent ere he had reached his seventh year to live with his uncle the late Edward Jackson, Esq., of Hamilton, Ont., one of the pioneer merchants of that city, whose singular uprightness of life and large benefactions to religious, educational and charitable enterprises gained for him a widespread confidence and respect. In the home of such an one and surrounded by the most salutary influences he was brought up, and to this formative period of his life may doubtless be traced many of those elements of character which have since distinguished his career. His first position was in the employ of the publishing firm of Farmer, Brace & Co. of New York, with whom he remained a number of years. After leaving them he returned to Canada and we next find him in the firm of Anderson, Sanford & Co., carrying on a large foundry business in London, Ontario. It was at this time that he was united in marriage to Miss Jackson the only daughter of the gentleman before referred to. The happiness of his married life was not of long duration, for in less than two years his wife died. The blow was a severe one to him, and withdrawing from the firm and business in which he was engaged, he returned to Hamilton. A long period did not elapse before his restless energy led him to form a combination with some New York capitalists and engage in the wool business, in which line he speedily achieved success and won for himself an enviable name.

In the year 1861 he formed a partnership with Mr. Alexander McInnes, a brother of Senator McInnes, under the style of Sanford, McInnes & Co., and commenced the line of business which he has continued in to the present, and in which he has achieved his greatest success. To this branch of trade Mr. Sanford brought every quality that was requisite to the enlarged development of it. He had an eye to see, a brain to conceive and a hand to execute, and from a small beginning he has succeeded in working up for himself a business of magnificent proportions. The number of hands to which his firm gives employment is probably exceeded only by the large railway and such like corporations, and his business relations extend to every province of the Dominion. The personnel of his firm has changed several times, and now the business of which he is sole proprietor is conducted under the style and firm name of W. E. Sanford & Co.

In 1866 he was united in marriage to Miss Sophia Vaux, daughter of the late Thomas Vaux, Esq., of the House of Commons, Ottawa, a lady whose kindly disposition and active beneficent and Christian work throughout the city have made her beloved and respected.

As a contributor to charitable and religious enterprises his name is well and widely known. In the church to which he belongs he stands as one of its most liberal representatives, and outside the church he figures as a generous supporter of nearly all worthy and

deserving objects. By his action in dividing a portion of the profits of his business among his numerous employees, to which action publicity was given a short time ago, he has shown himself the kind of employer from whom if many would take example the bitter feeling and strife between capital and labor would be largely extinguished. Mr. Sanford is a strong supporter of the Macdonald administration, and in the late political contest did perhaps more than any other man to secure the election of the Conservative candidates for his city.

It has been his good fortune to be honored at the hands of the Government of the day by being appointed to the Senate of the Dominion. Expressions of almost universal satisfaction have been made respecting the appointment. Political opponents and friends have united in commending it, and of his eminent qualification for it there can be no manner of doubt. That he will be able to do good service in the Senate chamber his large experience as well as intimate knowledge of all parts of the Dominion are a sufficient guarantee.

A NEW OVERTURE TO MARTHA.

ONCE more the intrepid Alphonso de Brown evolved a plan to make the fair Araminta Van Goldstein bury the past in oblivion and trust her never-yet-touched heart to his tender care. He was naturally fond of music; so was she. Why, then, should not the advent of Patti, with her train of operatic stars, chase away the long darkness that had clouded their love? This was the question Alphonso propounded to himself as he cut his chin, whilst shaving the morning before the sale of tickets commenced, and as he rubbed a little alum on the wounded part, he involuntarily whistled some of the choicest *morceaux* from "La Traviata" and "The Waterman." Alphonso was enacting a scena from Lucrezia Borgia, assisted by the razor and strop, when a loud knock came at his chamber door.

"Hello," sang out Alphonso. There was no other reply than a second knock on the outside.

"Come in," warbled Alphonso, as he reached upper G and sliced a piece of thumb off. Still no response other than a series of raps. The amateur tenor wrapped his hand inside a towel, assumed his smoking cap and dressing gown and opened the door. There stood Sally, the servant, holding a letter:—

"Please, Mr. de Brown, missus says if you're not down inside of five minits, you'll have no breakfast." Alphonso seized the letter, paying no attention to the menial's message, and exclaimed, in tones of such exulting joy that Sally bolted down the stairs four at a time, "Great Scott! am I mad? Do I dream? 'Tis—yes, 'tis her own dear little snake-fence hand writing." Hastily tearing open the golden-crested envelope, Alphonso read the following:—

"Dear Alphy,—If you take me to the Patti concert, all will be forgiven. Ma joins me in love. From your own little ten-cent, Minty."

"Not much of the ten-cent about it," muttered Alphonso, fondly, as he pressed the loving epistle to his lips, "unless it's the white rose on the paper," he added, as he removed it. "Ten dollars is nearer the mark; but what of that?"

Another knock at the door. Alphonso replied by his immediate presence. Sally again appeared. "Please, Mr. de Brown, here's the laundresses' bill, which missus says you'll hev to pay yourself and will be glad to get a dollar or two on account of herself." Alphonso dropped an oath and the letter. "Tell the laundress to leave one clean shirt out, with collar and cuffs attached, and I'll call for the rest next week, and," added Alphonso, tenderly, "Sally, let her have ten cents for me like a good girl."