

## BROKEN STOWAGE.

THE ENGLISHMAN AGAIN.—An Englishman once visited California, and he remarked upon the abundance of fruit in that State. He said he was sure the Californians could not eat it all, and he wanted to know what was done with the surplus fruit. His remark was answered by a Californian, who said :

"We eat what we can, and we can what we can't."

The Englishman, after awhile, saw the joke, and laughed heartily over it. A short time afterward he returned to England. One evening he went to a dinner party, and he determined to relate the story. He told the preliminaries, and when he came to the Californian's answer, he repeated it in the following words : "We eat what we can, and we *tin* what we can't," and then he wondered why nobody else laughed.

STILL ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN.—Although the name of Biddle is a well-known one to many besides the Four Hundred of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere, it seems that this magic name conveyed only dense confusion to an Englishman once visiting the City of Brotherly Love, as proved by the following little story : After a sojourn for a week in that quiet but delightful place, where he was feted and honored to his heart's content, he asked a friend confidentially, "Can you tell me what they mean here by a 'biddle' ? I hear it continually, and on all sides, 'She is a biddle,'—'oh, he is a biddle, you know,'—'they are all right of course, they are biddles.' Now, what in the name of all that is unmentionable is a biddle ?"

THE GREATEST OF THESE.—An Englishman once remarked in company that he had just been taken for the Prince of Wales on account of his resemblance to that personage.

"Oh," said a Scotchman present, "I was once taken for the Duke of Argyll."

"I have been taken for a greater man than either of you," broke in Pat.

"Who ?" they asked.

"Well," said he, "the other day, as I was walking down Sackville street, I met a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and the moment he saw me he shouted out, 'Oh, Holy Moses, is it you ?'"

TWISTED.—An Irish laborer having overslept one morning, and in his hurry to get to work on time put on his trousers hind side before, arrived at the building on which he was working a little late, and hurriedly ascended the ladder. When about half way up he slipped and fell to the ground. A crowd of fellow laborers soon assembled, and at once began to shout, "He's dead ! He's dead !" But Mike, looking him over carefully and turning him around, said, in a solemn tone : "*No, he's not dead, but he got a turrible bad twist.*"

## NOW'S THE TIME.

When approached by an agent for assuring your life,

Get right in it :

It's the right thing to do for your children and wife—

Then stay in it.—*Phe'ps.*

Don't tell him to call another day. Another day may not be yours. Better make sure of a good thing *to-day* while you have a chance. To-day you may be assurable ; tomorrow you may *not*. The saddest paragraph in the report of a Life Assurance office is that relating to the proposals rejected. "Too late !"

You can't afford to insure ! Nonsense ! Say you are thirty-two. Sixty cents a week will buy you a policy for \$1000 requiring only 20 annual premiums in The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. That sum will at least keep the wolf from somebody's door, if you happen to get promoted to the realms above.

By saving a trifle more, and taking out an endowment policy, you can enjoy the fruits of your own thrift ; if you live, you can draw your money at forty, fifty, sixty, or any other age you may decide for payment of your policy. Anyhow, *do something* to protect yourself, and others who may be dependent on you. A man who lives for himself, and has no care for others, is the most despicable creature on God's earth.

Time *was*—is past ; thou canst not it recall.

Time *is*—thou hast ; employ the portion small.

Time *future*—is not and may never be.

Time *present* is the only time for thee.