

The Sort of Man Buller Is.

Here was a man with some six thousand pounds a year, a beautiful house in fair Devon waiting for his occupation; a seat in Parliament all but secured, and yet, for the patriotic love of leading that strange medley of reckless adventurers, he was living squalidly in the South African veldt, sleeping in the open for three nights out of the six with a single blanket thrown over his body; his hands so disfigured by cattle sores, the curse of the veldt, that I never saw them not bandaged up, writes Archibald Forbes about Sir Redvers Buller.



With his intrepid heroism he had saved the lives of so many of his men that in talking to them, it almost seemed that he had saved all their lives. A strange, stern, strong-tempered man, whose pride it seemed to be to repress all his own emotion and to smother its display in others, he would order a man peremptorily back to his duty who came into his tent to ask him to read a letter in which a mother thanked him for saving the life of her son.



A Fam'ly Matter.

An Australian, signing himself "Arthur Maquarie, Sydney, New South Wales," sends to the "London Times" some spirited stanzas called "A Fam'ly Matter," which neatly puts the Australian view of the present situation. The first stanza runs:—

Come, my hearties—work will stand—

Here's yer Mother calling;
Wants us all to lend a hand,
And go out Uncle-Pauling.
Catch yer nags and saddle slick!

Quick to join the banners!
Folks that treat the fam'ly thick
Must be taught their manners.

The other stanzas each end with the refrain, "Here's your Mother calling."

Items of Interest About the Sun Life of Canada.

—It is now 28 years old.

—Its assets are nearly nine million dollars.

—It has a surplus to policyholders of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

—It has about fifty-three million dollars of Assurance in force.

—It has paid to Policyholders over five million dollars.

—It has nearly doubled its income the past five years. Its income is now about two and a half million dollars.

—It has doubled its assets in the same time to about nine million dollars.

—It has policies that are modern.

—It is to your interest to be assured in the Sun Life of Canada.



The Dying Year.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

* * * *

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.