

# SUNSHINE

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May					1912				
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	26	27	28	29	30	31			

### Old Age.

Old age, the autumn season of life, has attractions peculiarly its own. With judgment matured, an open mind towards passing events, and a comfortable competence to prevent worry as to maintenance and comfort, no stage of a person's existence has so many charms.

Youth and middle age are so full of the hurly-burly of life that the real value of the passing hours is not realized. Everything is on the move. Business, with its keen competition, either pushes a person onward or aside.

But when the days come that others enter into the scramble, and the quiet nook—be it a country home, or a home away from the noise of business strife in city or town—is the rest palace of the retired veteran, it is then that the true value of time is realized; when matters that are not to the taste can be dropped, and books, and any hobby that was ever our ideal may be taken up and enjoyed.

A man so favourably situated does not yearn "for the good old days," when, if he were an ordinary mortal, he was a different kind of an idiot each year of his life.

"Hail, welcome tide of life, where no tumultuous billows roll,  
How welcome to myself appears this halcyon calm of soul,  
The wearied bird blown over the deep would sooner quit its shore  
Than I would cross again the gulf that time has brought me o'er."