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COMPANIES REPRESENTED,

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL OF SCOTLAND  
NORWICH UNION FIRE INS. SOC'Y OF ENGLAND  
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO'Y. OF CANADA.

COMBINED CAPITAL AND ASSETS:

\$45,520,000.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE & MARINE.

INCORPORATED 1851.

Capital and Assets.....\$2,551,027 09  
Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... 1,797,995 03

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FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES

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Assets in Canada about.....\$1,500,000

Surplus to Policy Holders..... \$327,000

World-Wide Policies, Absolute Security.

LIFE rate endowment Policies a specialty  
Special terms for the payment of premiums and the revival of policies.

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QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY . . .

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Paid \$549,462.00 for losses by the conflagration  
at ST. JOHNS, N.F., 8th July, 1892, without a single  
difficulty or dispute. . . . .

H. J. MUDGE, Resident Manager, . . . MONTREAL.

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Miss Leaser (whirling toward him on the piano stool)—Mormon!

Mr. Martin (starting back)—Are you crazy, dear. Have you got a headache—or are you ill? Can't I do anything?

Miss Leaser (coldly)—Thank you Mr. Martin, I never was better in my whole life!

Mr. Martin—Well, then, why aren't you sensible? Look here! Rose, there is a limit to my patience, even if I am engaged to you, and I insist—

Miss Leaser (in a high key)—And this to me? You poor thing. Philip you'd never make a real hero after all! You can't even remember over night to whom you are engaged.

Mr. Martin (bewildered)—When I left this house last night I was engaged to the only woman I ever loved, and—

Miss Leaser—So you don't even love her. Worse and worse. It's just downright mormonism.

Mr. Martin (wildly, and seizing both Miss Leaser's hands)—Rose Leaser, will you be kind enough to give me the diagram that goes with this very peculiar joke? I'm not "clever" enough for you, that's certain.

Miss Leaser (snatching one hand free and pointing dramatically to a crumpled paper on the floor)—There! there! there!

Mr. Martin (picking up a copy of the society paper and reading the marked passage)—Damned impertinence! Liars!

Miss Leaser—Oh! Philip!

Mr. Martin—And you believed it? Why I wouldn't believe your engagement to anybody else if I saw it in a million papers.

Miss Leaser (frigidly)—Very likely you think nobody else wants me, I suppose.

Mr. Martin (eagerly)—Rose, darling—

Miss Leaser (in great agitation)—Oh, leave me, do leave me! I see it all now. You haven't even denied it. You took this cruel way to let me know that you regretted our engagement. And it hasn't been twenty-four hours. You wanted the engagement kept a secret, you miserable man, and I—

Mr. Martin (absolutely dumbfounded)—I wanted it kept? Why, I was so happy and proud, and should like to have shouted in everybody's windows—

Miss Leaser (in a tone of resignation)—And now it is too late. It would be only polite now for you to marry her. They say she is extremely nice and—

Mr. Martin—Yes, she is—but—(hastily as he looks at Miss Leaser's face) that's neither here nor there. What can I do darling, to make you trust me?

Miss Leaser—And people will say she jilte! you and I was your second choice—a dernier resort! Don't sit there staring at me like—like a chump! Act, act! do something! "Oh! that I were a man! I'd eat his heart in the market place."

Mr. Martin (apprehensively)—You mean him? (pointing to the paper.)

Miss Leaser—Assuredly, sir.

Mr. Martin (heroically)—You want me to do something—

Miss Leaser (calmly)—Violent—or lingering.

Mr. Martin (drawing a deep breath between his set teeth)—I will. But suppose I should not find him?

Miss Leaser (decidedly)—You need not come back until you do!

Mr. Martin (tragically)—Good-bye, darling.

Miss Leaser (trivialously)—Auf wiedersehn, dear.

(Mr. Martin plunges from the house, and Miss Leaser after executing a step a la Lole Fuller, begins her arpeggios, while muttering to herself.)

Miss Leaser (solus)—Now this is something like living. I wonder what he will do? I hope he won't kill him. How he loves me!

Finale.