

LETTER OF THANKS.

LADNER, B.C., 19th Jan., 1897.

F. J. HART, ESQ.,

Agent Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,
New Westminster, B.C.

DEAR SIR,

I desire to thank you for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which your Company has paid the policy carried by my late brother John Boyes, and gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1,040.00, being the face of the policy, together with \$40.00 profits, the latter sum being entirely unexpected on my part.

I have much pleasure in recommending the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, on account of the promptness and liberality which I have experienced in this matter.

Yours truly,

T. M. BOYES,

Executor Estate John Boyes, Deceased.

THE BLIGHT OF DISCONTENT.

QUEEN.

What a world of responsibility, what a world of meaning in that one plain word—Discontent! The misery of many a household, the frowning, gloomy faces, the warped, spoilt lives on every hand, could most of them point as a primary cause to a youthful sowing of discontent, and yet at a first glance we catalogue it with the minor ills that flesh is heir to, and speak of it lightly, as of a trivial ailment. "Oh, yes, he or she is just at an age when young people nowadays are discontented." We scarcely seem to realise that this seeming discomfort is the parent of a whole formidable brood of evils, which grow and multiply till they aim even at the vitals of our national prosperity.

The girl who, with sensible teaching, would make a good and useful domestic servant, as her mother and grandmother did before her, now turns into a half-fed, anæmic, inefficient shopgirl; the boy, who would have made a good mechanic, makes a discontented dyspeptic clerk; the daughters in middle-class households, who should relieve the overtaxed mother and eke out the small income by house-wifery care and homely duties, refuse to soil their hands, and cannot condescend to cooking or housework. They want a

larger sphere—must have more scope for their talents. Gone as a class are the faithful servants of old, who ministered in turn from generation to generation, through long years of contented, happy service in one family; gone the dear domesticated daughters whose greatest pride was to make home bright and happy, and who lost neither attractiveness nor charm in the process. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and our young people, who come first in consideration, and are *blasé* and cynical before they are out of their teens, drive the gentle trio, Faith, Hope, and Charity, into a corner, with their whirlwind of scorn and disrespect for "old-fashioned ways." We sigh and shrug our shoulders, and try to believe in the oft-repeated formula that this is a state of transition, and that by-and-by, when all are really educated and enlightened, things will be more comfortable. Let us still hope the prophecy may be a true one, but meanwhile let us hold up vigorous hands of protest against the incursion into our family and national life of this subtle and penetrating feeling of discontent. Can we not each one aim at bettering the lot of each class as it stands rather than at the uprooting of position, place, and fitness of things, which can but result in failure and misery? No need to crush or keep back the rare blossoms of genius or talent, whether found in hut or palace; but, on the other hand, let us avoid, in this age of extremes, the danger of forcing every cottage garden bloom, so charming in its own place, into the rarer atmosphere of the greenhouse, only to droop and disappoint us. Do not let us insist that silk purses should be made out of sow's ears, and refuse to see that it is wiser to make the silk purse of silk and leave the sow's ear to its own appropriate uses. It is a mistake to think that a dead level would mean equality or happiness, just as it is a mistake to conclude that there is not as much enjoyment and pleasure of its kind in the life of a cottager as in that of the rich man. You hear more light-hearted mirth and singing among errand boys and costermongers than among their betters, and though their lives may be hard, they have compensations and interests which we often lack. The importance of Mrs. A. in Brown's Buildings is quite equal to her set to that of the Countess of C. in her's, and there are wits and oracles in the homes of the peasant as well as in those of the peer. No good ever came of forcing the round peg into the square hole, and fitness and efficiency will never be attained by preaching discontent and upheaval.