

Spend as You Go.

"O, make it two crates of the best oranges you've got."

"You always want the best and plenty, don't you?" remarked the merchant genially, catching a whiff from his customer's choice cigar.

"The very best. I've got a good family and I want to treat 'em right. Apples we've tired of and it is oranges we crave. And don't forget us on those fancy brands of ham and bacon. The best, remember."

Passing on to the cigar store he obtained a couple of boxes of 25-cent cigars which he stowed under the seat of his auto which was to take him back to his farm. Then a few new cravats and an extra pair of shoes all round for the wife and children, and he was off for home.

At the door his wife met him, with kiss of welcome, and the children came to hunt through his pockets—their almost daily hunt, always well rewarded.

"They'll send over the oranges and things, Mame. How about the whist party for to-night?"

"O, fine. All are coming, at least four tables. And Susan's making the cream."

"What else? Nothing but cake? Well, I guess—Here, phone over to the store for some strawberries. I saw them as we came along. Yes, strawberries—way ahead of the season. Get six quarts. Then get up some salad and things of that sort; the boys will be hungry by eleven o'clock."

It was indeed a great "party," but only just such as Fred always had. Bless his generous soul! He and his wife were living it over in memory the next morning when a messenger brought a package, \$75 C. O. D.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "That's my spring suit. I'll borrow the \$75 from

you now and, for interest, I'll pay \$100 for yours when it comes. Then we'll go to the city for a week and take in the theatre and everything. We'll have a grand good time, Mame, and bring a barrel of candy and toys home for the kids."

But they did not go to the city. The next week the generous hearted man was sick with a cold, and it struck deep.

A week later a neighbour was saying to another neighbour, returning from the funeral: "Too bad, too bad. Fine a fellow as he was, he didn't leave a cent. Everyone is chipping in something for the family."—The Phoenix.



From the Monetary Times.

It is a satisfactory incident, when, after a year's business greatly increased over its predecessor, a life company can report the larger business done at a decreased ratio of expense. This is the condition reported by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, which announces in 1909 the great sum of \$21,509,000 assurance issued, an increase of \$1,725,000 over 1908.

These are splendid figures—all the more splendid if contrasted with the corresponding figures of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago.

An item that arrests attention in the report is the extent of the Company's annuity business, the premiums of which last year amounted to \$648,000.

The Company's assets must be well invested, for the profits declared are very cheering. Any company that can earn a million dollars profit in a year, and pay a third of it to policyholders in that year, is not likely to lack that most pleasing kind of advertising, the grateful announcements to their friends made by persons who have had the advantage of such profits.