

Just to be Out of Doors.

Just to be out of doors! So still! So green!
 With unbreathed air, illimitable, clean,
 With soft, sweet scent of happy growing things,
 The leaves soft flutter, sound of sudden wings,
 The far, faint hills, the water wide between,
 Just to be out of doors.

Breast of the great earth-mother! Here we lean
 With no conventions hard to intervene,
 Content, with the contentment nature brings,
 Just to be out of doors.

And under all the feeling half foreseen
 Of what this lovely world, will come to mean
 To all of us when the uncounted strings
 Are keyed aright, and one clear music rings
 In all our hearts, joy, universal, keen,
 Just to be out of doors.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN,
 in *Cosmopolitan*.



An Old Picture of the Sun.

In the district of Chacula, in Guatemala, was recently found a round, flat stone, on which was carved a picture of the sun, and as near it are ruins of an ancient temple, antiquarians are of the opinion that it is a relic of ancient sun worship.

In addition to this curious stone, other evidences of a very ancient worship were found and all bore testimony to the fact that, when this old temple flourished the sun was adored as a god.

The picture on the stone, though some-

what crude, nevertheless shows careful workmanship, and the relic is certainly of exceptional interest, both from a religious and from an artistic point of view.

The face has a rather "down in the mouth" expression. This was carved of course many years before the Canadian "Sun" came into prominence. The men who did the carving would have had a brighter idea of the luminary if they had a record of the Sun's achievements as given in the table on the back page of this number.

**How it Began.**

At an Irish ball one gay Lothario, in crossing the room to request Briget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terrence O'Grady, who promptly arose, and in the politest manner said—"I beg your pardon, sir." "No offence, no offence, sir, at all," responded the other, "it was my fault." "I beg your pardon, sir, it was intirely my fault," was the response, accompanied with a graceful wave of the hand. "No, sir," answered Misther O'Toole, "ye're intirely in the wrong, sir, I tell ye, it was altogether my fault!" "I tell ye it was not, sir!" responded Misther O'Grady; "do ye mane to say I'd be tilling a lie, sir?" "Bad luck to ye, sir, d'ye mane to say I'd be afther tilling ye a lie, sir, whin I till ye it wasn't your fault?" responded O'Toole, quite wroth. "Bad luck to yer bad brading, ye ignorant polthron! D'ye think ye'd be a getting the bethther uv me in manners?" shouted Misther O'Grady, as with a tip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole flat as a pancake. The latter rallied, and a rough-and-tumble ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both from the ballroom.

The Sun Life of Canada is
 "Prosperous and Progressive."