



RAILBIRDS.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay and Mr. Cope taking things easily.

### Assurance a Life Saver.

"I think we have said before that a famous physician who attended the late King Edward said that more deaths were caused to men by worry about the future of dependants who were left unprovided for, than by any other cause. My experience is that this is correct. There is no peace of mind equal to that which arises from the possession of a big life insurance policy in a sound company, especially when the premiums have been paid for many years.

"So life assurance is a life saver right enough. It is also a life saver in another way.

"Have you not felt the unique sense of elation when having been medically examined for life assurance, you are, after doubts and fears lest you will be turned down, told you are a first-class life. You feel endowed with fresh vigour. You go to work with redoubled energy and your whole mental outlook on life is vastly brightened.

"How many people understand this aspect of life insurance? Yet if it was put to them clearly how few people would hesitate at struggling to pay a premium for a good sized ordinary policy. It will add years to their lives."—*Canadian Insurance.*

### Quite Different.

"Oh, Willie, you must put your drum away. This is Sunday."

"But, mother, I was goin' to play some sacred music."

### Strange.

"What a mistake it is to judge men by their clothes!"

"Yes, I know a self-made millionaire who dresses as well as any of the clerks in his establishment."

### What He Came After.

Pater—"I wish Mary's young man would come round after supper."

Mater—"That's all he does come after."

### Observation.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he asked. No one answered. "And yet," continued the school inspector, "all of you eat many an apple in the course of a year, and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and at recess the teacher overheard them discussing it. A little girl, getting her companions around her, gravely said:

"Now, children, just suppose I am Mr. Taylor. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll grow up to be fools. Now, tell me, Minnie," she continued, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers are there on a hen?"

### The Usual Result.

Muggins—"Whatever became of that friend of yours who used to have money to burn?"

Buggins—"He's sifting the ashes."



"LES GENS DE QUEBEC."

A group of French Canadians from the Ancient Capital