



VIEWS OF CUBA.—THE PRADO, HAVANA.

Corralling the Engine.

"Can you run an engine?" asked Pat, a round house workman, of the yardmaster.

"No," he answered; "can you?"

"Can Oi run an engine!" sniffed Pat in derision. "If there's anything Oi'd rather do all day long it is to run an engine. Huh! Can Oi run an engine!"

"Suppose," suggested the yardmaster, "you run that engine into the house."

"All right, Oi kin do that same," Pat bluffed, and he climbed into the cab, looked the ground over, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest handle he could see and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the roundhouse. Pat saw the bumpers ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again.

Then the yardmaster yelled: "I thought you said you could run an engine."

But Pat had his answer ready. "Oi

had her in three tiras. Why didn't you shut the door?"



The Last, First.

It gives us much satisfaction to be able to publish herewith a letter received from Alister Fraser, Esq., son of the late Governor of Nova Scotia, relative to the payment of the assurance issued by the Sun Life of Canada on the life of his father:

HALIFAX, N.S., Nov. 3rd, 1910.

W. J. MARQUAND, Esq.,

Sun Life of Canada, Halifax, N.S.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your cheque for \$2,500.00, the amount of life assurance on my father, the late Lieutenant-Governor's life, under policy No. 234728.

This policy is the last one issued on his life, and your cheque is the first one we have received.

Please accept my thanks for the promptness with which you have handled this matter.

Yours truly,

(Signed) ALISTER FRASER.