



MR. J. R. JOHNSTON,
 Manager for North and South Carolina,
 Sun Life of Canada,
 Raleigh, N. C.

The Manager for the Sun Life of Canada, in the States of North and South Carolina, is another illustration of the schoolmaster abroad achieving success in a different sphere of work.

Born at Oxford, in the Province of Ontario, more than forty years ago, Mr. Johnston received a sound education at the Chesterville Public School, and the Metcalfe High School. In the year 1874 he entered the teaching profession. Three years later he took a full course at Queen's University, from which he graduated with honours in English and Mathematics. He soon obtained an appointment on the staff of the Carleton Place High School, of which he presently became Principal. After nine years in that position he resigned it to accept the Principalship of the Sydenham High School.

In 1895 he entered the service of this Company as Special Agent in Western Ontario and the State of Michigan. In the following year he was appointed

Manager for North and South Carolina, and is representing the Company faithfully and well in these important States.

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His Prayer.

The way sometimes is dreary,
 And the gloom some times is deep ;
 The cup is often bitter,
 And the path is often steep,
 But there's one who kneels at night,
 In his little robe of white,
 And asks the Lord to bless me,
 Just before he goes to sleep.

The burden oft is heavy,
 There is little chance to rest ;
 Through the day I hear the murmur
 Of the weary and oppressed—
 But at night he still is there
 To repeat his little prayer,
 To appeal to God to bless me—
 And I know that I am blessed !

—S. E. Kiser.

♦ ♦

His Name Was Michael.

The Park Avenue trolley line in the city of Rochester is crossed by three consecutive streets which bear masculine surnames. An Irishman with a carpet bag entered one of the cars the other day, and sat down gingerly near the door. Four or five other men completed the list of passengers. The car swung around the corner of Chestnut Street.

"James!" shouted the conductor. A man signalled him, the car stopped and the man alighted. A half minute afterward the car neared another cross street.

"William!" announced the conductor. Another man got out. The Irishman's eyes grew visible larger.

"Alexander!" shouted the conductor. The third man left the car.

When it had started on, the Irishman arose and approached the conductor.

"Oi want to get out at Avnoo B," he said. "Me forsht name is Michael." —

Railroad News.