

foamed, and rolled their relentless enemy, just too late to reach them. Out of the large number of well equipped boats that left the ships that morning, only these two escaped undamaged, and the loss of the season's work was irremediable. Over fifty men were badly injured, and six, one of whom was the unhappy origin of the whole trouble, were killed outright. The triumphant avenger of her slain offspring disappeared as silently as she had carried on her deadly warfare, as far as could be known unhurt, and with an accumulated hoard of experience that would, if possible, render her more of a "devil" to any unsuspected whaleman who should hereafter have the misfortune to meet with and attack than she had proved herself to be already. Dejected and crippled, the fleet lost no time in getting away from the spot and fleeing north to San Francisco, there to refit for other and more profitable fishing grounds.

BOTH PROTECTION AND INVESTMENT.

SMITH'S FALLS, ONT.

JOHN R. REID, Esq.,
Manager Eastern Ontario.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of cheque for \$1264.95 from the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada to cover policy 15002 on my own life. This amount represents a return of all premiums which I have paid to the Company and \$334.80 besides, or about 4½ per cent. compound interest on my investment. In addition to this, the Company has carried my risk for 13 years for nothing which is very satisfactory.

J. M.

Nero is described by historians as one of the most abandoned and wicked of the Emperors of Rome. One of the indictments against him is that "he fiddled while Rome was burning," which event is regarded as the acme of heartlessness. But are there not too many persons nowadays who copy in a smaller but not unimportant way this sin of Nero's? Doesn't the shiftless farmer who lets his crops fail from neglect do this sort of fiddling? Doesn't everybody, in fact, who sinks into trivialities and dismisses therefore his more serious concerns? To the uncrowned man human life is Rome—his domain to exploit or to ruin. He must be judged by his care of it to the end, and by his best provision for others when the end has come to him. He is a Nero, "fiddling while Rome is burning," if he has neglected an adequate life assurance policy in The Sun Life of Canada.

THE WINTER BROOK.....by Minna Irving.

The shelving shores on either side
Were smooth with crusted snow,
And hung with tiny icicles
Like jewels in a row.
A net of branches, black and bare,
Above it met and crossed,
And every slender twig was twined
With filaments of frost.

The sunless world for many a mile
Was bleak and white and chill,
With snow upon the furrowed field,
And silence on the hill;
But still between its frozen banks
The brooklet danced along,
And never ceased by night or day
The music of its song.

For at its heart a living spring
Sent up its silver spray;
Like hope within the human breast,
It kept the ice away.
And through the winter's bitter cold,
Its dark and silent hours,
Yet still its babbling voice foretold
The coming of the flowers.



There is an old and tender song entitled

Why do Summer Roses fade?

It's a pathetic lyric and melody on the transitoriness of things. Everything passes—naught abides. The life of man, which is the most interesting human matter, has a brevity which is often likened to that of the grass and flowers. To give this life its best fruition, to help to complete its plans, nothing after human effort ceases can compare with Life Assurance, especially if your policy be in so sound a company as The Sun Life of Canada.



"It is better to do well than to say well." It is better to insure for five thousand now than to say you intend to take out a twenty-five-thousand-dollar policy "when business picks up." There is an old Dutch proverb which says: "One 'take this' is better than four 'shall have's.'" One small policy in The Sun Life of Canada, signed, sealed and delivered, is better than four existing only in the nebulousity of the future.