

### Life Assurance Not a Necessity.

Of course life assurance is not a necessity. If it were a necessity, the same as food or clothing, life assurance agents would not be a necessity. Men in that case would walk right up to the counter and buy their assurance without solicitation, just as certain impractical theorists in Massachusetts fondly believe they will do now, the opportunity being given through the savings bank of that State. No, it is not necessary to carry life assurance; it is MERELY A DUTY. That is why we so generally defer the matter to a more convenient season. You cannot put off indefinitely the purchase of food, but one is very prone to defer the performance of a mere duty. That again is why life assurance agents are a necessity. Men simply will not assure, save when moved to action by the persistence of the agent. That explains, also, why the agent is not always a welcome visitor. It is unpleasant to be reminded, however diplomatically, of a duty unperformed.—Mutual Interests.

### His Name Was George.

Some years ago an elderly lady, Miss Armistead, from near Montpelier, Vt., had occasion to go to Boston with her niece, a young lady named Kitty. They travelled on the night train, but were unable to secure berths in the same sleeper, Miss Kitty having to take one in the second car and the aunt in the first.

In the morning, when about half an hour distant from Boston, Miss Armistead entered the second car to awaken Kitty. She found the number, an upper berth, and, putting her hand through the curtain, shook the occupant, calling, "Kitty! Kitty! It's time to get up. Kitty! Kitty!"

A bald head, with bushy whiskers around the face, poked itself through

the opening of the curtains and said, "Excuse me, but my name is George."

The old lady gave a horrified scream and beat a hasty retreat. She had mistaken the number of the berth.—Boston Herald.

### Clap Your Hands.

An amusing incident occurred at Tremont Temple, Boston, a while ago, during a Sunday school convention. The musical talent was good, and the appreciative audience applauded each number of the programme, until Dr. Lorimer, feeling that the demonstration was out of place, stepped to the front of the platform and said that he was glad those present were enjoying the concert, but he must request them not to clap their hands, considering that they were in the house of the Lord.

The next number following his comment was a vocal duet by Winthrop E. Ferguson (the boy soprano at the Church of the Advent) and Walter Boyd (son of Professor Boyd, director of music at Tremont Temple). They had not anticipated Dr. Lorimer's request, and the audience was somewhat startled when their clear voices rang out with "O clap your hands, all ye people."

Even Dr. Lorimer joined in the smile which spontaneously spread over the entire audience.

### The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed;  
That is the question.  
Whether 'tis better  
To remain single,  
And disappoint a few women—  
For a time;  
Or marry,  
And disappoint one woman—  
For life?

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