



MR. W. T. MCINTYRE.

Mr. W. T. McIntyre, manager of the Sun Life of Canada for the Toronto agency, entered the Company's service in 1876, as general agent at Belleville. Three years later he was promoted to his present responsible position. Mr. McIntyre is one of the Company's most trusted and successful managers. He came to the Company when it was small, and no one rejoices more than he does at its great advancement. It occurs to us that, right here, it may not be amiss to show the growth of the Company as witnessed by Mr. McIntyre in his twenty-four years connection with it.

Here it is :

#### INCOME.

1876 . . . . .	\$102,822.14
1899 . . . . .	2,596,207.27
<b>Gain . . . . .</b>	<b>\$2,493,385.13</b>

#### NET ASSETS.

(Exclusive of uncalled capital.)

1876 . . . . .	\$265,944.64
1899 . . . . .	9,247,664.61
<b>Gain . . . . .</b>	<b>\$8,981,719.97</b>

#### ASSURANCES IN FORCE.

1876 . . . . .	\$2,414,063.32
1899 . . . . .	52,806,035.93
<b>Gain . . . . .</b>	<b>\$50,391,972.61</b>

The remarkable growth as shown above will no doubt cause a smile of satisfaction to pass over the genial face of Toronto's manager. It must be especially gratifying to him, for he has had no small share in the Company's success. We trust Mr. McIntyre may long continue to send in an abundance of applications and that Canada's own and only "Sun" may continue to shed its rays of kindly light over Canada's "Queen city of the West," and that the new year and century may be the brightest and best of them all.



#### Will Honor Annie Laurie.

A movement is on foot to erect a tombstone over the grave of Annie Laurie. Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figment of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie and was born in Maxwelton house, which stands on the "braes" immortalized in the song. Her birth is thus set down in the Barjorg MS: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George, minister of Glencairn."

Maxwelton house is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and the author of original song was young Douglas of Fingland, but in the sequel she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Alexander Ferguson.

—Manchester Guardian.