

AN INCIDENT OF THE "STELLA" DISASTER.

GEO. H. ELDRIDGE, Woollen Merchant, of Cheswick, London, England, assured with The Sun Life of Canada in April, 1897, for £250. He was one of the Passengers who sailed in the S. S. "Stella," which was wrecked a short time ago on the Casquet Rocks at the Channel Islands, with the loss of so many lives. Mr. Eldridge was amongst those drowned.

A reward of £25 was offered for the recovery of the body, and it was found at Dieppe on Friday, May 5th, by some French fishermen.

One sad feature of the case is that Mr. Eldridge was engaged to be married in August next, and amongst letters found on the body were some from his fiancée.

The claim on The Sun Life of Canada for £250 was promptly paid after production of the necessary papers.

A SATISFIED POLICYHOLDER.

BETHANY, ONT., April 3rd, 1899.

W. H. HILL, Esq.,

Man. Central Ontario District,
Peterboro, Ont.

re Policy 44241,

DEAR SIR,

Five years ago, at age 60, I insured with your agent, Mr. McCartney, for \$5000 on the straight life plan and have to-day received notice of my first dividend which I assure you is exceedingly satisfactory. Three options have been given me. 1st. A bonus addition to the policy of \$481.00. 2nd. I may accept a temporary reduction of \$74.75 a year for the next five years. Or, 3rd. A single cash payment of \$316.00. This last option being practically the return to me in cash of 17½ % of all premiums I have paid during the five years. I hold two policies of \$5000 each in the Sun Life of Canada and the results in both cases are exactly the same. I can only say I am well pleased with the results I have received—the latter being considerably more than I was led to expect. With best wishes for the success of the Sun Life of Canada,

I am,

Yours very truly

MIDSUMMER.....*Jenny Terrill Ruprecht.*

Thine is the sunny tide of languorous sweets,
Where poppies flaunt their gorgeous silken
blooms,

And flowers less gay lend quieting perfumes
Until the heart of nature softly beats,
And dreamy echoes, with their low repeats,
Grow less, and less, and sink in twilight
glooms,

Within the silence of Pan's lichen'd rooms,
Then rise again, where zephyrs sail their fleets
Freighted with drowsy murmurs. Thus the
days

Slip by, till merged in cycles of the past,
Not wholly lost, since they have left a spell
Of tender warmth to hide the fickle ways,
And changeful moods of hours that follow fast
Enough to hear thy lingering farewell.

Lippincott's.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO-DAY?

On that terrible night in mid-ocean, when officers, crew, and passengers all expected to be lost, I thought: 'How much assurance am I carrying, and are the premiums all paid?' and this comforting answer came to me. 'Yes, they are all paid, and my family are above want.'

"Ah! it was not then, 'How much insurance had I a year ago?' but '*How much have I now?*'"—*Extract from a sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

That's the word—*Note.* The question is not as to what you had some time ago, or what you propose to have some time ahead.

What have you *to-day*? What is there for your family to rely on were you to leave them to-night? If you cannot immediately and satisfactorily answer that question the fault is yours and not that of life assurance; and don't be mean enough to try and put the blame on any one but yourself.

Without further delay secure a substantial policy in The Sun Life of Canada.