

WILLIAM THOMAS McINTYRE, Esq.

The Manager for the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada in the Toronto District was born at Peterboro, Ontario, in the month of January, 1852. He received his education in the public schools and Collegiate Institute of that town. Having in mind the profession of teacher he fitted himself therefor by a course at the Normal School, Toronto, after which he taught for several years in the Province. Giving up this occupation for the more arduous and as it happily proved more lucrative one of life assurance, he brought his whole energies to bear upon the securing of desirable lives for the Canada Life Company in the cities of Lindsay and Ottawa. In the year 1876 he resigned from the Canada Life in order to accept a general agency for the Sun Life of Canada in Belleville, which position he filled so entirely to the satisfaction of the Company that three years later he was promoted to the position he now occupies where he has continued to flourish and prosper with unabated vigour.

A RIGHT AND A DUTY.

"Equal rights" means "equal duties."

For responsible women, no less than for responsible men—for moneyed women, money-earning women, women who exercise their right of interest and activity in the world's work—life assurance is a duty.

The Sun Life of Canada is a progressive, wide-viewed company, which has frankly recognized this right and duty of woman-kind, and has made provision for it in certain liberal policies for women.

Brief descriptions of these policies, with tables and rates, will be willingly and promptly sent, on application. Assurers become sharers in the profits of the company.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

It was an old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. BUNNER.