

mind than the one with which I have the honor to be associated.

In conclusion, Gentlemen, allow me to return my very sincere thanks for this beautiful presentation, and to you Senator Ogilvie for the over generous remarks made by you. The Address, as it deserves, will find a conspicuous place in my little library where it will often remind me of the kindly sentiments entertained and expressed by you on this occasion. It is my sincere wish that we may all continue for many years to come the cordial co-workers we now are in the interests of the Sun Life of Canada.

PROMPT PAYMENT APPRECIATED.

ORILLIA, Feby 27th, 1897.

HOLLAND A. WHITE, ESQ.,

Manager Hamilton District,

Sun Life of Canada,

Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of cheque for \$1000.00 handed me to-day by your local agent, Mr. J. M. Watson, being the amount of claim due me under policy No. 44377, held by my late husband in the Sun Life. In doing so I desire to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the prompt and courteous manner in which your Company has settled with me.

Yours truly,

MARGARET C. GALLAGHER.

ORIGIN OF MAPLE SUGAR.

LEGEND OF THE ALGONQUINS.....ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet and with a stone gouge cut a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion which was long followed by white men, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niquasese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner or sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kokhs or pots, some of

which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and, that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance and as he departed she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife, and, filling her best kokh with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat down on a bearskin and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously died porcupine quills. This was a labor of love, for the moccasins, of the finest deerskin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kokh was forgotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it with a new bail of bark and the kokh was ready for serving again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so far toward the mark that she knew there was no time to melt snow to boil the dinner. Happily, she bethought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kokh with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching, it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle. The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so lifelike that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along the war-path, now on the neck of the fallen foe, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat to ease the shame of