



MEXICO—A Street Merchant (Un Vendedor de Calle).

Embarrassing.

A young man had been calling now and then on a young Toronto lady, and one night as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered instead, and asked him in a very grave, stern way, what his intentions were.

He turned very red, and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs:

"Mamma, mamma, that's not the one."



Andrew Lang once wrote to Israel Zangwill to ask him to take part in an authors' reading for the benefit of charity, and received in reply the following laconic message: "If A Lang will—I Zangwill."



A Horrid Dream.

Senator Dubois was lamenting the decay of oratory among American statesmen.

"With only a few exceptions," he said, "we have in Washington no orators

worthy of the name. On this account I had to accept in silence during the last session an acrid criticism from a clever woman.

"I attended a meeting of the Senate the other day," she said, "and that night I had a terrible dream."

"What did you dream"? said I.

The lady smiled.

"I dreamed," she said, "I went again."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



From an editorial in the Montreal Gazette of the 24th July, we take the following:

"There is practically no form of investment which in a long term of years shows more generally satisfactory returns than life insurance. It has commended itself to men of wealth as well as to men of moderate means. It has stood between many a bereaved family and want. In the endowment development it has been instrumental in teaching many the lessons of profitable economy."

Letters from policyholders in this issue of SUNSHINE are evidence of the truth of the above.