

### Capitol Building

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corridors, or waits in the rooms which art and money have done their utmost to beautify, he may read in the mosaic beneath his feet, the decorated ceiling above his head and on the garnished walls about him the names and symbols of those kingly leaders of the race whose genius has impressed an age, and whose prowess has shaped the destinies of nations.



### Ran the Limit.

A certain busy merchant, almost worried to death by the persistent attentions of an assurance agent, suddenly wheeled round in his chair and demanded: "Is your own life assured?"

"Of course, sir."

"In case of your death, who benefits?"

"My wife, sir."

"H'm. Send your wife to me."

Rather puzzled, the agent withdrew, but being a man who did not stick at trifles, he prevailed upon his wife to call on the merchant, who was sure, he said, to "do something big in the end."

"Mrs. Z." remarked the merchant when the lady called, "I understand your husband's life is assured?"

"That is so."

"And that you would be entitled to claim in the event of his death?"

"Certainly."

"Then, madam, if you can prevail upon your husband to visit me once more—only once mind—I'll see you don't have long to wait for your money! That's all! Good morning!"

Z. didn't call again.—Business.



### Shaving Mania.

The following is told of a politician in a Pennsylvania town well known for his ardent support of the principles of the Prohibition party. According to the

physician who was consulted by this man, who fancied himself quite ill, he was told that there was really nothing the matter with him. "What you need," said the doctor, "is a stimulent—a little whiskey now and then will make you all right in no time."

"Whiskey!" gasped the politician, "Why, doctor, my folks wouldn't stand such a thing for a minute! Don't you know that I am a Prohibitionist?"

"I think," replied the physician, "that the difficulty may be overcome. I'll send you a jug of excellent liquor. You'll take it in hot water from three to four times a day."

"But, doctor," persisted the Prohibitionist, "when I send for the hot water the family may suspect something."

"You shave, don't you?" suggested the physician. "Send your shaving mug down stairs. The hot water may be sent to you in that."

A short time after the physician called to see how his patient was getting on. Everyone in the house appeared to be greatly perturbed. In response to the doctor's surprised query, the family chorused:

"Oh, he's all right physically, doctor, but we really think he's quite out of his mind. Why, he's been shaving himself every hour or so for a week."



Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big assurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oi want to tek out a pawlicy."

"Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk, with infinite sarcasm.

"All three, oi'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant. "Oi'm going for a stoker in th' navy."—T.A.T.

The Sun Life of Canada is  
"Prosperous and Progressive."