



MR. GEO. E. REID.

Mr. George E. Reid, manager of the Sun Life of Canada for the United Kingdom, entered the Company's service as cashier of the Toronto branch in 1887. In 1894 he was advanced to the position of cashier of the branch office for Great Britain in London. In 1897, on the managership becoming vacant, he was appointed manager, and the success of the Company's business has proved the appointment to have been a wise one. Mr. Reid has also been eminently successful in gathering to his aid a force of capable and loyal agents. Every mail brings to Head Office abundant evidence, in the form of proposals, that the Company's interests are well cared for at every point.

### Hullo!

When you see a man in woe,  
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"  
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"  
How's the world a-usin' you?"  
Slap the fellow on the back;  
Bring your hand down with a whack,  
Walk right up and don't go slow;  
Smile an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho,  
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"  
Rags is but a cotton roll,  
Jest fer wrappin' up a soul;  
An' a soul is worth a true,  
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"  
Don't wait for the crowd to go,  
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,  
They saloot an' sail away.  
Just the same are you an' me,  
Lonesome ships upon a sea;  
Each one sailin' his own log  
For a port behind the fog.  
Let your speakin'-trumpet blow;  
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"  
Other folks are good as you.  
W'en you leave your house of clay,  
Wanderin' in the far away,  
W'en you travel through the strange  
Country t'other side the range,  
Then the souls you've cheered will  
know  
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

—S. W. FOSS.

### Will Power.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control,  
The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
Gifts count for little; will alone is great;  
All things give way before it, soon or late.  
What obstacle can stay the mighty force  
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,  
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?  
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves,  
Let the fool prate of Luck! The fortunate  
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,  
Whose slightest action, or inaction serves  
The one great aim.

Why, even death stands still  
And waits an hour, sometimes, for such will.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.