

THOMAS GILROY, ESQ.

THE KING OF LAPLAND....*Alice Cary*
Ladies' Home Journal.

MR. GILROY, Manager of the Sun Life of Canada for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, who enjoys the distinction of being the longest in the Company's service of any of its officials, was born in Norfolk County, Ontario, in 1848. He was educated in the public schools, and at the Grammar School of Simcoe. He early turned his attention to life assurance, and in the year 1871 was appointed Inspector of Agencies for the Sun Life of Canada which had begun to issue policies only a few months previously. Mr. Gilroy established the first agency, and secured the first application outside of Montreal, the locality being Brockville, where the Company has ever since been favorably regarded.

After eleven years spent in opening up agencies throughout Ontario, Mr. Gilroy was appointed first to the general agency at Winnipeg, and subsequently manager for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, which responsible position he still occupies to the entire satisfaction of the Company.

Throughout his many years of service Mr. Gilroy's zeal and fidelity have been unremitting, and the wonderful growth of the Company during his long connection with it naturally affords him no small degree of pride and satisfaction.

In 1871 there were only 100 policies in force for a total of \$200,000. At the close of 1896 there were about 27000 policies assuring over \$35,000,000. In 1871 the investments were less than \$60,000—now they exceed \$6,000,000.

Mr. Gilroy has always taken an active interest in public affairs, was a member of the City Council of Winnipeg for several years, and in 1895 was elected to the civic chair which he filled to his own credit, and the approval of his fellow-citizens.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his
 command

Within a quiet region, where a faithful
 little band

Of people do his bidding, or yield him
 homage true,

And watch his faintest gesture, as old
 vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling
 arms,

And keeping in their shelter, he is safe
 from all alarms ;

This land is sometimes "rocky" if he
 feels inclined for jest,

Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he
 would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is
 known as Mother's Brow,

While east and west are twin-gray lakes,
 reflecting, I avow,

The prettiest bit of Nature that a human
 heart can see

Whene'er the little monarch is alert for
 jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary, from the
 riding out in state,

Or bowing to his subjects and serfs impor-
 tunate,

Retiring to the castle, his regal head our
 King

Lays down in princely grandeur, while
 loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat, you need
 not sail the sea,

For—strange enough—his throne is set in
 this home of the free.

Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to
 the command .

Of the loving little monarch, who is King
 of all Lapland.

Anger wishes all mankind had only one
 neck ; love, that it had only one heart : grief,
 two tear-garlands ; pride, two bent knees.
 —Richter.