

be abroad, while the church vestibles will be thronged with curious and, perhaps, envious would-be June brides—bless them! and well they might, for is she not the most exquisite product of the western world—a lovely girl with, of course, the maximum of beauty and charm, and adorned with the dress-makers' finest art.

But this June Bride, looking far more like a dream than a reality, has nevertheless substantial needs. You would not think it, perhaps, but she eats and drinks just like a human being. Ah! what a sacrilege it would be if, poverty coming in at the door and love flying out of the window, she should ever know want. Surely there should be some guarantee that this would never happen. She should be absolutely guaranteed against such a contingency—who is to do it?

This leads us to introduce a very insignificant personage of whom you scarcely hear, but who nevertheless is absolutely necessary to the June Bride, namely the June Bridegroom. It takes two to make a bargain, and little as you hear of him, if there were no June Bridegroom there could be no June Bride. This man is as important to the occasion as the organ-blower in a country church is to the music.

It is up to him to provide the ring, the license, and, ah me! the funds. And this is where another important person steps in—the prospective bride's mother. The mothers-in-law-to-be in one of our western towns have organized a daughters' protective association, to the end that no young man shall be entertained who is not entirely capable of maintaining a household, and sensible ladies they are.

Among other things daughters and mothers should insist upon the bridegroom providing, in addition to the license, the clergyman's fee and the ring, a life assurance policy.

This is the moral of our tale. The finest and most substantial gift of the bridegroom to the bride is a life assurance policy, and of course it is expected of us to say that it be with the Sun Life of Canada. There are none better.



Scottish Sports and Pastimes and Something Else.

Scotland has been called "The Playground of the Race," and undoubtedly, while its sons have the reputation of being hard-headed, they are genuinely fond of sport and relaxation. Its wide open spaces of short sandy turf, mark it out as the home of golf. Its rapid and clear rivers call to the angler to pack his rod and case, and with his creel on back to tempt the wary salmon and trout from its famous rivers the Tweed, the Tay, or the Spey. The glorious lochs of the West coast, especially those of the Clyde, offer ideal conditions for yachting. Her craggy mountains tempt the hardy mountaineer to scale cliffs which try the head and foot of the most experienced Alpine climber. Her extensive moorlands give the sportsman unrivalled facilities for promptness and patience when out after its world famous grouse, and in the inaccessible corries of the Grampians and Cairngorms, the deer are stalked by her wealthy and well-to-do, including royalty and nobility, with a good sprinkling of American and Canadian sportsmen, to the latter of whom many of her valuable moors are let in the shooting season. While her summer is brief, it has undoubtedly an indescribable charm, especially towards its close, and when the long winter comes on, daylight beginning only about nine a.m., and fading again about four p.m., the social life in Scotland is at its height, the charm of song and dance always making a strong appeal to a race to whom home and fireside have