

W. A. HIGINBOTHAM, ESQ.

The manager of The Sun Life of Canada for the State of Virginia proved his quality in other fields before entering upon the important one he now occupies.

Born at Guelph, Ontario, in 1848, he received his education in the public schools and the Collegiate Institute.

After a brief mercantile experience he was appointed, in 1884, Deputy Registrar for South Wellington, which position he filled for the next five years, when he resigned to enter into the service of The Sun Life of Canada as Inspector of Agencies in the foreign field. On leaving the Registrarship he was presented by the mayor and barristers of the city with a testimonial and purse of gold.

Since joining the Company's staff he has rendered good service in Demerara, Dutch Guiana, and several of the West India Islands. In 1891 he went to Peru and Chili to establish agencies in those countries and in the following year settled down in Valparaiso as Resident Superintendent for the two countries, being successful in building up one of the most extensive and profitable of the Company's foreign agencies. In the year 1897 he was recalled from South America to undertake the establishing of an agency in the State of Virginia, in which arduous task his efforts have been met with the same success which characterized his previous undertakings.

IS LITTLE BOB TUCKED IN?

"I've gotter go," she said, "an' see
If little Bob's tucked in;
He'll git his death if he's uncovered
In this col' storm an' win'."
"Oh, little Bob's all right," said I,
"You've bin to tuck him in
Four times this evenin', an' I wouldn'
Run 'way up-stairs ag'in."
But Cynthia'd worry, fret, an' stew,
An' raise a drefle din;
"W'y, I mus' go ag'in," says she,
"An' see if Bob's tucked in."

"W'y, Cynthia, jest sit down," I said,
"An' git some good er life.
A feller wants a chance to talk
Some evenin's with his wife."
Then she would take her knittin' out,
Or work upon her spread.
An' make b'lieve lissen, though she didn'
Hear quarter w'at I said.
She wouldn' much more than git set down
Then jump right up ag'in,
An' say, "I mus' run up an' see
If little Bob's tucked in."

Young Bob was allus on the jump,
An' filled the house with din,
An' kicked his quilts off ev'ry night
Fast as she tucked him in.
His laigs they went so fast all day,
As long as it was light.
An' got up speed so they couldn' stop,
An' kep' a-goin' all night.
So Cynthia'd keep a-gittin' up
An' gittin' up ag'in;
"I've gotter look an' see," says she,
"If little Bob's tucked in."

* * * *

She stood above the casket there,
She bent to kiss his fare,
To part a stragglin' curl of hair,
Or fix a bit of lace
Her heart was breakin' with the thought
That Bob, so round an' fat,
So full of pranks an' fun, should sleep
Within a crib like that;
But still she'd fix his little robe,
An' then come back ag'in,
An' take a long, last look, an' see
Her little Bob tucked in.

That night a storm er snow came on,
An' how the winds did rave!
The snow fell, like a coverlid,
On little Bob's new grave.
"I'm glad it snows," his mother said,
"It looked so hard an' bare,
So hard, so cruel, an' so bleak,
I cried to leave him there.
But God has sent the blessed snow,
I think—an' tis no sin—
That he has sent his snow to see
That little Bob's tucked in."

Sam Walter Foss.

"Papa," said Billy, tearfully, after a play-
full romp with the good-natured but rather
rough St. Bernard puppy, "I don't believe
Bingo knows what kind of a dog he is. He
plays as if he thought he was a little pug."