

stand guard and sponsor for the foremost and best of her possessions. (Tremendous applause.) Who dares to say that the Imperial eye is dimmed, the Imperial heart numbed, or that the irresistible might of her strong right arm is shattered? Rather do we affirm that the insular has become world-wide, that the merely national has broadened into the truly Imperial, and that the sphere of Britain's influence and the grandeur of her power are immeasurably advanced. (Applause.)"

### DEATH CLAIMS PAID DURING OCTOBER.

8387.....	Lane .....	\$ 1000.00
30149.....	Carter .....	1000.00
24540.....	Canals .....	4866.66
21906.....	" .....	1338.33
52388.....	Beckwith .....	525.60
57058.....	Watt .....	973.33
10751.....	Nicholson.....	5000.00
72020.....	Burrell .....	1000.00
3088.....	Fraser .....	1000.00
15868.....	Lohead .....	1648.00
64229.....	Bulmer .....	500.00
16217.....	Caron .....	1000.00
31035.....	Nantel .....	523.00
50188.....	Bennett.....	5000.00
14028.....	" .....	2226.00
16509.....	" .....	2226.00
28974.....	McPherson.....	2000.00
28975.....	" .....	500.00
13734.....	Craig .....	500.00
51431.....	Amon .....	4940.00
24329.....	Thorpe .....	2500.00
24665.....	Mattoe .....	2000.00
72488.....	Bai Parvati .....	650.00
23577.....	Hassumbhoy .....	1625.00

### A COMPLIMENT OF THE SEASON.

SUNSHINE has received from one of the most esteemed ministers of the Methodist Church in Ontario the following pleasant note:

"I read with much pleasure the monthly numbers of *Sunshine*, and appreciate the little paper very highly. Do you know the best investment I ever made was when I took out policy No. 19870 in The Sun Life of Canada? Will you kindly see that my address is changed as below?"

We are much obliged to our reverend friend for his cheering words, and trust that his good example may be followed by many others.

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS.....*Austin Dobson*  
*Cornhill Magazine.*

Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella case.  
You may see him pass by the little  
"Grande-Place,"  
And the tiny "Hotel-de-Ville";  
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose,  
And the pompier Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "Marché" cool,  
Where the noisy fishwives call;  
And his compliment pays to the "belle Thérèse,"  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a "pain d'épice."

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with a "Ma foi, oui!"  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter, too;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a "Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!"

But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan;

Forever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella case.

Cork.—Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him if he had ever been at Cork. "No, sir," replied Foote, "but I have seen many drawings of it."