

a smile on his face. "Name, age and residence I have," he said. "Father and mother still living?"

"Yes," admitted the young business man.

"Married or single?"

"Married."

"Any children?"

"Two; say, here's a picture of them on my desk. Let me show it to you. You saw it? The deuce you did! Well, if you ain't the —. On the dotted line. All right. I'll call in on the doctor to-morrow. Good day. Say! I know a fellow right across the street here that needs it worse than I do. Joe Jones, second floor. But don't you mention my name! Goodbye. You're welcome!"—Chicago News.



A Whistler Story.

A friend of the late James McNeil Whistler saw him on the street in London a few years ago talking to a very ragged little newsboy. As he approached to speak to the artist, he noticed that the boy was as dirty a specimen of the London "newsy" as he had ever encountered—he seemed smeared all over—literally covered with dirt.

Whistler had just asked him a question, and the boy answered:

"Yes, sir, I've been selling papers three years."

"How old are you?" inquired Whistler.

"Seven, sir."

"Oh, you must be more than that."

"No, sir, I ain't."

Then turning to his friend, who had overheard the conversation, Whistler said: "I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years, do you?"

The Sun Life of Canada is
"Prosperous and Progressive."

The Conqueror.

I like the man who faces what he must

With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer;

Who fights the daily battle without fear;

Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust

That God is God; that somehow, true and just

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear

Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,

Falls from his grasp: better with love, a crust

Than living in dishonor: envies not, nor

Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,

Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,

But with a smile and words of hope gives zest

To every toiler: he alone is great

Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in *The Youth's Companion*.



A Cure for Anxiety.

Silas K. Hocking, the eminent English novelist, whose books command such a wide reading public, has this to say about life assurance: "I am of the opinion that the gospel of life assurance should be preached much more frequently than it is. For my own part I take every opportunity of urging it, not simply as a matter of policy but as a Christian duty. Every man, I take it, should be, as far as possible, his own Providence; and it is not faith but presumption to expect the Almighty will provide for his family, when he might have provided for them himself. If men would carry out the injunction, 'Be not over anxious about to-morrow,' let them assure their lives."



Origin of the Umbrella.

In the year 1750, Jonas Hanway, a celebrated traveller and philanthropist, returned from Persia to England, and it is recorded in his life that he was the first man who ventured to walk in the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. After carrying one for nearly thirty years he saw it come into general use. At this period it was used in