

BRAHMAH'S PATENT LOCK.

Joseph Brahmah, the famous inventor, was the pioneer among modern manufacturers of burglar-proof locks. He placed a lock upon his shop window with the offer of a large sum of money to anybody who would pick it. It was found to be unpickable by any known device.

A lock of such a quality upon a safe or upon the door of a house would give to the owner a happy sense of security. He would know that humanly speaking his property would be safe.

A policy in The Sun Life of Canada resembles Brahmah's lock in respect of the security it affords. No investment is safer. Nothing else affords so complete a protection to a man's property against the last enemy. It is the sheet anchor of hope.

G. M.

BROKEN STOWAGE.

A sharp Answer—A well-known bishop was making his annual round among the Sunday schools of his diocese, examining the children and encouraging them.

One Sunday after having spoken on the lesson, whose subject was Jacob's Dream, he said, "Now is there any question you would like to ask me?"

For a moment there was silence, then a small girl on a front bench, spoke forth, in a timid voice, "Please, my Lord it the angels had wings, why would they need a ladder?"

This question was so unexpected that the poor bishop did not know what to reply, and was racking his brains for an answer, when the eager voice of a farmer's little daughter cried out, "Please my Lord, I know."

"Why was it, my dear?" asked the relieved bishop.

"Because they were moulting."

Mike's Leg.—Mike was once fixing the roof of his house, when Pat came along and inquired: "How are ye, Moike?" "Got a bad leg," says Mike. "Well you canna expect better," said Pat, "you are getting old now." "It canna come of that," says Mike, "the other leg is old, too."

The Heavenly Way.—Cannon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress, He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way."

A Question.—An English hostess was entertaining about three hundred people at a reception and had provided only about seventy-five seats. In despair, she said to a compatriot: "Oh, I am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!" "Bless my soul, madam!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with them?"

Eligible.—A class of girls about ten years of age each, whose teacher was fond of forming clubs, tried to form one of members who could trace their ancestry three generations or more, and offered a prize to the girl whose family went back the furthest. Therefore she gave each a card for her parents to fill in.

One girl, going home to her dinner, said to her mother: "Oh! Mamma! Teacher is forming a club and it is called The Holland Dames of America. If you can tell how far back we can trace our ancestors I can join."

The mother, being busy, answered: "Oh, tell the teacher we're mongrels." The child returned to school, and as soon as the teacher mentioned the subject, arose from her seat and said: "Teacher, mama says I can join, our ancestors were all scoundrels."

A Kean Anecdote—In playing Richard III, Charles Kean indulged in a series of dreadful grimaces which the conventions of the times regarded as appropriate accessories of the role. He was playing the piece in a prominent town, and had occasion to take on a man to enact the part of the Sentinel who awakes Richard and announces: "'Tis I, my Lord, the village clock hath twice proclaimed the hour of morn." Unfortunately Kean made such dreadful grimaces that the Sentinel forgot his lines and stammered: "'Tis I, my Lord, 'tis I, my Lord; the village cock! 'Tis I, my Lord, the—village cock!" By this time there was a decided titter all over the house, and Kean then said: "Then why the mischief don't you crow?" which, needless to say, brought down the house.

Gas sometimes escapes, but the consumer never does.