

Why the Parson was Popular.—An old comrade of the civil war, the "fighting parson," we called him, for he was brave as he was loyal, delighted in telling this good story about himself:

"When I entered the ministry," he said, "my good old Methodist mother was greatly rejoiced, for the desire of her heart was fulfilled. Soon after my assignment to a charge to a small country district, an old woman of my congregation paid a visit to my native village. My mother forthwith called upon her and began eagerly inquiring as to my success in my profession.

"The old lady assured her delighted listener that I was doing finely, and got on amazingly well with everybody.

" 'Well now,' said my mother, triumphantly, 'I always knew John would make a good preacher.'

" 'Oh, preacher!' exclaimed the old lady, 'he ain't much of a preacher, but you'd ought to see him eat!'"

Making It Worth While.—An Irishman walking over a plank sidewalk, in counting some money accidentally dropped a nickel, which rolled down a crack between two of the boards. The Irishman was much put out by his loss, trifling though it was, and continued on his way swearing audibly.

Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack through which he had lost his nickel. The friend was, of course much astonished at what he saw, and, desiring to learn why Pat should deliberately, to all appearances, throw away money, inquired his reasons, and was fairly taken off his feet by the following lucid (?) explanation:

"It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday I was for passing this way when I lost a nickel down that hole. Now I reasoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel, but last night a scheme struck me, and I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."

The Bishop's Smoke.—We will call him Bishop Simmons. During the afternoon the younger ministers had listened to him with veneration and respect, and when their turn came they found him a dignified and careful listener.

The afternoon was delightful and the camp-meeting service was a long one. The good bishop was a keen lover of the weed, and, after the meeting had closed he strolled off for a smoke. At a little distance he found an abrupt ledge entirely out of the view of the camp-grounds, and going down around to the foot of this, he lit his cigar and prepared for a quiet half hour.

As it chanced, soon after one of the younger ministers took a walk from the grounds, and, finally came to the top of the same ledge, and, looking down, saw the bishop.

For the space of a moment or two he stood with a gleam in his eye, and then stooping down, he said, in a sort of triumphant tone:

"Ah, Father Simmons, I've caught you burning incense to the devil."

The bishop took out his cigar, and turned about till he had swung the speaker fully into view, and then added slowly in a deep voice:

"But I didn't know he was so near."

#### APPRECIATION.

OTTAWA, ONT., May 8th, 1899.

JOHN R. REID, ESQ.,  
Manager Eastern Ontario.

*Re 18188 Champagne.*

DEAR SIR,

Permit me to express my appreciation of the prompt and businesslike methods of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada in connection with the settlement of the death claim under a policy of insurance of \$4000 on the life of the late Rev. Isidore Champagne.

Yours very truly

JOHN E. O'MEARA,  
*Solicitor, &c.*