

W. H. HILL, ESQ.

Manager For Central Ontario.

Mr. Hill was born in March, 1852, at Inverness, in the County of Megantic, Province of Quebec. He attended the Inverness Academy for some years, and then took a course in the Military School in Quebec City. In the year 1873 he went to Peterborough where he studied at the Collegiate Institute preparatory to entering upon the profession of teaching. From 1875 to 1883 he taught school in the County of Peterborough, but in the latter year resigned his position in order to accept the agency of the Sun Life Assurance Company for the counties of Peterborough and Victoria. So successful was he in this new sphere that his territory was again and again enlarged, until it came to include the whole Central Ontario District for which he was appointed local Manager. Under his administration the volume of new business secured for the Company has been thoroughly satisfactory and the old business has been kept in force in a way that bespeaks careful attention to the interests of both assured and assurer.

Mr. Hill has been a member of the Board of Education of Peterborough for the past ten years, and is at present Chairman of the Supervision Committee. He is President of the Peterborough Canoe Co. and Director of the Water Company and of the Public Library.

A KITCHEN FREE-FOR-ALL.

The fork said the corkscrew was crooked ;
The remark made the flatiron sad ;
The steel knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea holder a cad.
The tablespoon stood on its mettle ;
The kettle exhibited bile ;
The stove grew hot at the discussion,
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce
Kept their heads was something sublime ;
The greens dared the soup to mix with
them

And the latter, while it hadn't much
thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over—the fire
Felt put out and started to cry ;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease spot the
lye.

The plate said the clock in the corner
Transacted its business on tick,
And the plate, which for years had been
battered,

The clock said was full of old nick.
The salt said the cream should be whipped,
The cinnamon laughed—in a rage,
The cream said the salt was too fresh,
And its friend wasn't thought to be sage.

Next, the pepper, whose humor is spicy,
" I dare any fellow," did cry,
" To cast reflection upon me !"
The mirror took up the defi.

Then the axe, with a wit sharp and cutting,
Declared that the rug had the floor ;
While the key said the knob should be
worshipped,
'Cause it was the right thing to adore.

The bell, ringing in, said the cook book
Must be bashful, else wherefore so read ?
The stove brush, a thing of some polish,
Looked down on the saucer and said
It thought that the same was too shallow,
But admitted the cup was quite deep ;
The coffee tried to climb on the tea leaves,
But discovered the same were too steep.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey
As the sieve would have mixed in the
fuss,

But it did, for it said that the butter
Was a slippery sort of a cuss.
No one knows how the row would have
ended,

Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd,
(Her work being done) closed the kitchen,
And thusly shut up the whole crowd.

— Charles J. Colton in the New Orleans
Times—Democrat.