

of captains and men of action. How diminutive they are, to be sure, yet did they not enclose within their narrow compass the most dynamic human energy that ever startled mankind. Take courage, then, all ye whose inches are few, for a small coat may still contain a master spirit. From the front windows of the Paris office, looking down the Rue de L'Echelle, one may catch a glimpse of the Rivoli, and the bypasser in the Rivoli may have his curiosity piqued by the gold letters of Canada's most enterprising assurance Company glinting in the sunshine. Fire a pistol, if you like, from any one of the office windows and you will scarcely fail to strike some place of architectural grandeur and historic interest—the Opera, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Comedie Francaise, the Tuileries, all these and more, which go to make up the glory of Paris, are within a stone's throw. And what a place is the Avenue de l'Opera, what symmetry, what taste! Ah me! as I write these lines in the gloom of a great toiling English city what a contrast is evoked. And yet how I love that gloom—

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—

There has been a fierce sun in Paris this year, and the white shutters—made to let in the light and keep out the sun—are carefully closed over each of the office windows, and the big outside gold sign of the Sun of Canada looks almost incandescent in the midday heat. Inside the office the white walls, the ceiling covered with landscapes—the work of a former tenant of artistic tastes—the subdued light, the lowered temperature, the rhythmic click of the typewriter—this is indeed a harbour of refuge to the sun weary pedestrian. At his desk sits the worthy cashier, Mr. George Cherrier, and near him a photograph of the President's private office at Montreal, the President also at his desk, grave, tranquil, alert—the photograph, I suppose, to remind Mr.

Cherrier of his far away home across the rolling Atlantic. A French Canadian in Paris has immense advantage over men of foreign origin. He is both a Frenchman and a Briton at one and the same time. Some years ago at one of the open air variety theatres in the Champs Elysées, I remember that a character was put on the stage dressed as a sailor in the front and as a soldier at the back, and when he made a few pirouettes, as the theme of his song changed from land to sea, one became bewildered about his identity. A twist of the heel turned the sailor into the soldier, another twist turned the soldier into the sailor, and this is the happy position of the French Canadian. There is, however, some small difference. The characters of soldier and sailor were equally balanced. But a French Canadian is not quite equal in this respect—he is a good Frenchman but a better Briton. I asked Mr. Cherrier—he being a French Canadian—how they reckoned him up in Paris.

"They think I am a Frenchman," he replied, "but they know I am not a Parisian."

"Ah! that is just what I complain of," I sighed, "they never take me for a Parisian."

The Sun of Canada, I must not forget, has now taken possession of the river Seine. On each of the small landing stages used by the Seine ferry boats, one may see an attractive and prominent signboard bearing the legend—

LE SUN OF CANADA,

COMPAGNIE D'ASSURANCES

SUR LA VIE.

Everyone who uses the ferry boats must read the signboards. When M. Hanotaux descends from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and strolls on the Quai D'Orsay, the signboards of the Sun of Canada will confront him and disturb his meditations. When the members of the Corps Legislatif cross the Pont de la Concorde the