

Ottawa, Ont., October 17th, 1900.

JOHN R. & W. L. REID,
Managers Eastern Ontario,
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sirs :

In October, 1890, I took out a policy at age 27 on the 10 year Optional plan, paying thereon a yearly premium of \$40.80.

At that time I was given to understand that the profits earned during the term might be sufficient to enable me to reinsure at the end of same for premium of a like amount. Of course, this was only a possibility, and thereon, having regard for the fact that the interest rate of the country has been gradually lowering during recent years, I was preparing to face the prospect of having to reinsure at an increased premium. Consequently, it goes without saying that I am agreeably surprised to find that the profits earned on the policy are sufficient to enable me to reinsure for the next ten years for exactly the same premium.

I consider that the Company is dealing very fairly with me in this matter, and think that the result of my policy speaks well for the ability of the Sun Life of Canada to earn profits.

Yours very truly,

R. URQUHART.

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

Asking the Way.

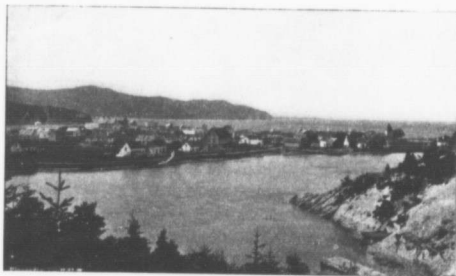
A few weeks ago a rather stout passenger stepped from a train at a small station in Scotland. He was a stranger to the village, and the only passenger to alight there. After walking the whole length of the poorly-lighted platform he failed to discover the way out. Not even a porter could be found, and the gentleman was almost in despair, when he noticed a ragged little urchin peeping through the railings, evidently vastly

interested in the stranger's appearance. "I can't get out of this confounded station of yours," said the traveller. "Can you show me the proper way?" The lad critically surveyed his questioner, moved away a yard or two, and asked, with a grin: "Have you tried sideways?"

Do not lay aside this number until you have read the record of 1900 on the last page.

Breaking it Gently.

A ship returning from abroad, some years ago, had among the passengers a lady who had a pet parrot, which she had placed under the care of a sailor. On going to attend to Polly one morning he was surprised to find the bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face, and touching his cap, he said: "I don't think that'ere parrot of yourn will live long, marm." "Oh, dear!" said the old lady; "why not?" "Cos he's dead!" was the comforting reply.



Placentia, at one time the Capital City of Newfoundland.