



MR. L. PARDO,
General Agent Sun Life of Canada,
Santo Domingo.

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The views in this issue have a peculiar historical interest on account of the close relation of Columbus with Santo Domingo. The Capital city, bearing the same name as the Republic, stands on the South coast of the Island of Santo Domingo, at the mouth of the Ozama River. It was founded by Columbus, as early as 1494, on Easter Sunday—thus the name Santo Domingo, meaning Holy Sunday. One of the many buildings of interest is the Gothic Cathedral where the ashes of Columbus found a resting place from 1536 till 1796. A view of the cathedral is given elsewhere. The population of the city is in the neighborhood of 25,000. Sugar growing is the principal industry of the Republic. Tobacco of a superior quality is now grown while the production of coffee, cocoa and bananas is on the increase.

The inhabitants are chiefly of the old Spanish stock and are thrifty and enterprising.

"Enough's Enough."

The blithest man unknown to fame,
I've met 'neath heaven's vault,
Was one that took things as they came
And never once found fault,
But smiled in manner most elate,
And simply snapped his thumbs at fate.

When every crop failed on his lands,
He'd sing with wholesome cheer,
While clasping both his horny hands :
"They will succeed next year."
And, when the well ran dry, he'd hum :
"Don't fret. The rain has got to come."

For trouble, he cared not a toss—
Fate's frowns were all in vain
To crush him, for each seeming loss
He'd somehow turn to gain,
If I knew how he did the thing,
Perhaps I, too, could dance and sing.

He used to walk along and sing,
Serenely on his way,
And send care off, on swiftest wing,
For he was ever gay,
Till many murmured, here and there,
"He's happier than a millionaire."

And so he was, though little he
Had of this bright world's goods—
He was as happy as the bee
Let loose in spring's green woods.
His motto, hearty, blithe and bluff,
Was simply this : "Enough's enough !"

Then he was always on the crest
Of fortune's wave, joy pent ;
E'er with success his lot was blessed,
For he was e'er content,
And satisfied and happy, which
Made him the richest of the rich.

Ah, would that I were made like him,
And had the point of view ;
My sky would never, then, be dim,
But ever would be blue,
And I would smile at fate's rebuff,
And sing his song, "Enough's enough !"

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Success.