



MR. RODERICK M. MACGREGOR,
Manager at Glasgow.

(Mr. MacGregor has done and is doing good service for the Company. His activity, coupled with his knowledge of the life assurance business, serves him well with a good Company like the Sun Life of Canada).

Robert Louis Stevenson.

An Artist's Impression.

A well known artist who executed a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson from a sitting at Skerryvore, Bournemouth, has been interviewed by a representative of the Glasgow News, and gives the following graphic account of his experience :

"I was in Scotland," he said, "when I was instructed by the editor of a London journal now defunct to go to Bournemouth and do a black and white portrait of Stevenson, to which he had given his consent, and fixed upon a certain evening for the sitting. I went to London by a night train, and, without stopping in London, went right through to Bournemouth the following day, arriving there in the evening very tired. After tea in a hotel I set out in the dark on a very wet night, to look for Skerryvore, the

novelist's house, which I had great difficulty in finding, as it was some distance out of the town. When I discovered the house I was astonished to find it in pitch darkness. There were two gates leading into it ; at first they seemed to be both locked, but at last I got in by one of them, and felt my way all round the house in the darkness, searching for a door that seemed marvellously non-existent. Finally, just when I had almost made up my mind that Skerryvore was hermetically sealed, I came on a door, which I kicked, I fear a little impatiently and wrathfully, concluding that the house was tenantless. It turned out to be the door of a laundry. Two maids promptly opened it, and I found I was expected, for on explaining that I had an engagement with Mr. Stevenson I was taken in by the orthodox entrance, and shown up into the drawing-room.

"Stevenson and his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, were alone together in the room. The novelist welcomed me by putting forth a long, lean hand, and saying simply, 'Ah ! how are you ?' He never inquired how I had come, or whence I had come, but immediately resumed an animated talk with his cousin, which my entrance had apparently interrupted, and I proceeded to get my sketch-block and make my portrait.

"Stevenson seemed to me a curiously 'bogey-looking' person, so attenuated that his legs looked like drum-sticks inside his trousers, but his face, though very pale, was not very thin. His hair hung long and damp-looking on his shoulders, and a crimson muffler or shawl enveloping his neck, and its ends spread loosely on his chest, accentuated his 'macabre' aspect. His most striking peculiarity was his eyes, which, as I sketched them, appeared incredibly far apart, on his temples actually, and as if they stood on stalks.