

It appears, then, that the nose differs from all the other features in as far as it is regarded by mankind from two entirely different points of view—namely, as a thing essentially ridiculous, and as a thing indispensable to the beauty of the face, and in itself beautiful. This curiously shows how near the whimsical and the serious are to each other. We gaze with pleasure on a female face which is set off with a fine nose, and acknowledge the effect which that elegant object has in the *tout ensemble*; yet if desiring to apostrophise the lady's beauty in poetical language, we should probably allude to everything but her nose. Not a word on that point as it would be sure to mar the effect. The reason for this is because we in general associate only ridiculous ideas with the nose. But what is the cause of this ridicule? Alas, I fear it must be traced to some of the useful functions served by the organ. Man strains after the fair which flies from him; the useful is his willing drudge, and he laughs at it. If the nose were as little service to us as the cheeks, it would doubtless be as much, and as undividedly, admired.—*St. Andrews Gazette, Buenos Ayres.*

“The business of assurance, both of life and property, has become so interwoven with our various commercial, manufacturing and producing interests as to have made it a subject of much legislation, as well as interstate and international negotiations and an important factor in the affairs of government throughout the civilized world, scarcely second to commerce or banking, and standing side by side with either in the matter of pecuniary interests involved. Questions are continually arising under our assurance laws which cannot lightly be put aside as matters in which only assurance companies are interested.”—*Superintendent of Insurance, Louis F. Payn.*

We commend the foregoing wise words to the attention of our policyholders. When a life company has reached the proportions attained by The Sun Life of Canada every matter affecting its permanent welfare becomes of public interest. It is the trustee for so many who perhaps may become entirely dependent upon the protection afforded by its policies when the wage-earner shall be taken away.

THIS QUEER OLD WORLD.....S. E. Kiser.

It is queer how things go by contraries here,  
'Tis always too cold or too hot,  
And the prizes we miss, you know, always appear

To be better than those that we've got;  
It is always too wet, or too dusty and dry,  
And the land is too rough or too flat,  
There's nothing that's perfect beneath the blue sky,

But

It's a pretty good world for all that.

Some people are born but to dig in the soil,  
And sweat for the bread that they eat,  
While some never learn the hard meaning of toil,

And live on the things that are sweet;  
A few are too rich and a lot are too poor,  
And some are too lean or too fat—  
Ah, the hardships are many that men must endure,

But

It's a pretty good world for all that.

The man who must think envies them that must be

Ever pounding and digging for men,  
And the man with the pick would be happy if he

Might play with the brush or the pen!

All things go by contraries here upon earth,  
Life is empty and sterile and flat;  
Man begins to complain on the day of his birth,

But

It's a pretty good world for all that.

Berry Well Done.—The late Charles Matthews now and then failed, like some of the rest of us, in meeting his bills as promptly as the tradespeople concerned could desire. On one occasion a brisk young tailor, named Berry, lately succeeded to his father's business, sent in his account somewhat ahead of time. Whereupon Matthews, with virtuous rage, seized his pen and wrote him the following note: “You must be a goose—Berry, to send me your bill—Berry, before it is due—Berry. Your father, the elder—Berry, would have had more sense. You may look very black—Berry, and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry, for you and your bill—Berry.”