



MR. THOS. J. PARKES.

Mr. T. J. Parkes, Manager for the Eastern Townships, is the youngest, from a managerial standpoint, of the Company's managers.

Joining the Sun Life staff in 1904, in connection with the Montreal city branch, he has by hard work and persistency, together with a mania for organization, climbed to his present position.

Mr. Parkes is not unknown to the life assurance men of Canada, for he is, perhaps more than any other, responsible for the phenomenal growth of the Underwriters Associations in Canada.

Mr. Parkes is only happy when things are going full swing, and if he will not make things "go" in his agency he will greatly disappoint us.

He has given life assurance hard study, and the man who presents excuses to him may expect a reply that will surely disarm him.

Like other managers of note, Mr. Parkes makes his influence felt in many directions. The Old Brewery Mission of Montreal misses him as its Treasurer, and the

many unfortunates who frequent the mission miss his good cheer and sympathy. The Montreal churches are also missing him—in fact anything that made for the betterment of men had all the time and energy that Mr. Parkes could give. He has a facile pen, and few men can equal him in writing a scathing article on what he considers an abuse.

We could say many more things about Mr. Parkes and still be within bounds, but our space forbids. He is yet a young man, and we leave him to make a new record in his interesting life history, when we may at some other time continue this brief sketch.



Opportunity.

The familiar poem, by the late Senator Ingalls, on Opportunity, which teaches that opportunity comes once and only once to every man, is matched by the poem here given, author unknown. Both teach truth, but this poem probably comes nearer to the actual.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win
Wail not for cherished chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again.

When down in mire wring not your hands and weep.

I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet may rise and be again a man.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.



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