

Most people think they know a good thing when they see it, but the man who has not got a policy in the Sun Life of Canada hasn't got all the good things that are going.

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The proceeds of assurance in the Sun Life of Canada are keeping thousands of people from the horrors of want in Canada and elsewhere to-day wherever the Sun shines. Just think it over and the more you think of it the plainer you will see your duty.

G.M.

A MEMORIAL OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

In the issue of *Sunshine* for July of last year, the announcement was made that The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada purposed presenting the City of Montreal with a permanent memorial of Her Gracious Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. That purpose has now been fulfilled, and on the 24th of May last the very handsome monument and drinking fountain, a picture of which is herewith given, was unveiled and dedicated to the public use and benefit.

This fountain is admirably placed on Dominion Square almost opposite the imposing monument to the late Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, and not only contributes an ornament to the Square, but a great convenience to the thirsty passers-by.

Upon the shields encircling the massive pedestal are engraved names and titles having reference to the most important and influential scientific, literary, practical and philanthropic achievements of Her Majesty's marvellous reign, and these are well worthy careful consideration.

The action of the Company in presenting this memorial has met with general approval and commendation.

Charles Kenny, dining once at the house of a friend, chanced to swallow a piece of cork with his wine, the result being a severe fit of coughing. "Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a rather feeble attempt at humor, "that's not the way for Cork!" "No," gasped the irrepressible sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenny."

THE TABLE TURNED.....E. J. Wheeler.
Boston Pilot.

"You have quizzed me often and puzzled me long ;

You have asked me to cipher and spell ;
You have called me a dolt if I answered wrong.

Or a dunce if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
Or what nine-sevenths may make,
Or the longitude of Kamtschatka bay,
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake.
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,
But he said not a word from sheer surprise.

"Can you tell what 'phen-dubs' means?
I can.

Can you say all off by heart
The 'onery twoery, hickory ann !"
Or tell 'commons' and 'alleys' apart ?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble bee ?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,
And the little birds come and light on the string ?"

The schoolmaster looked, oh very demure,
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings ?

Or the color its eggs may be ?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
Its young from their nest in the tree ?
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow ?
Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,
And gaze without trembling, below ?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
Or do any thing else we boys call fun ?"

The master's voice trembled as he replied :
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce,"
he sighed.