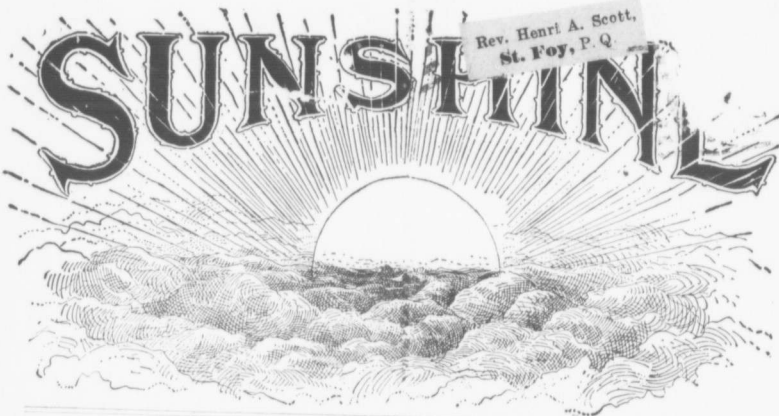


SUNSHINE

Rev. Henri A. Scott,
St. Foy, P. Q.

A large, stylized illustration of a sun rising over a landscape. The sun is a semi-circle on the horizon, with numerous rays of light radiating upwards and outwards. The landscape below the sun is rendered with dense, wavy lines, suggesting a field or a body of water. The overall style is that of a woodcut or engraving.

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1899.

No. 6.



BY STILL WATERS.

BATTLES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.....Poems.

Nay, not for fame, but for the Right ;
To make this fair world fairer still.
Or lordly lily of a night,
Or sun-topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star,
All, all are but the same to Him.

O pity of the strife for place ;
O pity of the strife for power ;
How scarred, how marred a mountain's
face ;
How fair the fair face of a flower.
The blade of grass beneath your feet,
The bravest sword : ay, braver far,
To do and die in mute defeat,
Thou bravest Conquerer of war.

When I am dead say this, but this,
He grasped at no man's blade or shield,
Or banner bore, but helmetless,
Alone, unknown, he held the field ;
He held the field with saber drawn,
Where God had set him in the fight ;
He held the field, fought on and on,
And so fell fighting for the Right.

PLENTY OF SUNSHINE.

The month of March will be remembered for a while as the most polar-bearish month in many a long year. It will take some weeks of May and June's gentle persuasion to shrive the anatomy of some of us from rheumatic and other twinges caused by a conscienceless spring opening, but there are months to come which may be relied upon to return to us all the good humor we have lost. Let us be cheerful : The Sun of life assurance still performs his seasons and recks not of meteorological blow nor bluster and small need have

we of a weather prophet to guess for us what shall be the weather on the morrow. We care not. A policy in The Sun Life of Canada is good in any weather. The holder of such a policy has hay made for him, rain or shine.

G. M.

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

The process by which the weakest go to the wall and the strongest keep away from it ; by which the unfit die in their tracks and the fit alone maintain the running ; by which the mighty climb to the topmost rung of the social ladder, and hold their own against all odds, and the puny are ground up into material for the foundations thereof, is called "the survival of the fittest."

It is a pity that such a glib phrase should stand for so little in actual fact, should in fact be such an utter absurdity in actual practice, as calculated to stem the tide of human progress and paralyze all human effort. Who are the fit, and who are the unfit ? Do not the good die young, and the sinners fulfil their years ; or if not, in what does this fitness for survival consist ? Who is able to lay down a law for the information and guidance of the unfit, or rather of those who would attain to this fitness (or unfitness) ?

Fitness for survival would seem to require strength of some kind, whether mental or physical, (perhaps both). To say that a man is strong seems as easy of demonstration as that he is so many feet in height, or pounds in weight, but apparent strength is no criterion of endurance. Men who are strong physically may be capable of great exertion in certain directions, but great power of exertion may coexist with the most delicate organism and with organic disease. There have been sons of Anak who have performed the most stupendous feats of physical exertion, who have succumbed to the



THE COMING OF JUNE.

most trivial ailments, and there have been men whose life has been a continual fight against organic disease who have performed the most superhuman mental and physical tasks. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all."

The struggle for existence is not alone a physical struggle nor a mental struggle. Man's inhumanity to man may make countless thousands mourn, but it is better sometimes to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, (or you may do your mourning at home) and it is not easy to conceive of an existence fashioned after the plan of Plato's Ideal Republic, or Sir Thomas More's Utopia. A condition of things where even the very wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, may make a fine pipe dream, but it would bring to naught the present scheme of things in short order, and make void all effort and purpose whatsoever. If men and women were mere mental and physical machines, then the fittest might escape the scrap-heap, but it is the inherent power of *self-repair* in a man which distinguishes him from a machine and which enables him to be a winner being slow of feet, and to be a victor, being weak and unskilled in the use of arms.

One thing is certain: we cannot all be physical or mental giants. Upon the whole, the dispensation of talents seems to have been very wisely ordered, and it is the use to which we put what talents we have that shall make or unmake us in the end. The battle of life is so ordered that every man may be a champion, a victor, a chief priest and ruler in his own sphere and right. There are battles to be fought, victories to be won, orisons to be offered, and governing to be done, and he who would be chiefest among others must first of all be chief over himself.

But the greatest among us as well as the least, must at the last succumb to the

power of maculate forces, and these forces working against mankind would be still more destructive in their courses, did not Life Assurance provide an indemnity against one phase of destruction—financial. Given that, a man's future and the future of those dependent upon him is assured, and he is thereby fitted to survive the charges and chances of life which work for bankruptcy and the woes of want.

G. M.

GANANOQUE, April, 1899.

DR. D. H. ROGERS,

Gananoque, Ont.

DEAR SIR,

In reference to profits in the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, I would say that the profits paid me by that Company have far exceeded my expectations. In fact, on receiving my notice of profits, I was somewhat astonished.

Yours sincerely,

PHILIP HEASLIP.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely. "You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam. "Yes, sah." "Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words." "He said he would gib me \$50 if I ——." "He didn't speak in the third person, did he?" "No, sah, he tuck good care dat dar were no third pusson 'round; dar was only two—us two." "I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?" "I was de fust pusson myself, sah." "You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say: 'I will pay you \$50?'" "No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de jedge and de jury—in fac', you was de best in town to cover up reskelity." For a brief, breathless moment the trial was suspended.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

OTTAWA, JAN. 21ST, 1896.

MR. JOHN R. REID, ESQ.,
Manager East Ont.

DEAR SIR,

Will you please convey to the Company my sincere thanks for cheque for \$1000 in settlement of insurance on the life of my late lamented husband, William Ralph, handed me this day by Mr. W. Grant, your city agent. I desire to express my appreciation, not only of the promptness of payment, but also of the kind assistance rendered me by Mr. Grant. I wish the Company every success and they can put me down on their list of friends.

Yours very truly,

CATHERINE RALPH.

SPOKEN AT SEA.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NANOS.....Poems.

All men go down to the sea in ships :
With a trembling hand and faltering lips,
We spread our sails on the deep unknown,
Each for himself and each alone.

The strong tide floweth unceasingly ;
God only knoweth our destiny.

And ships may meet as yours and mine ;
With a tender gleam, the deck-lights shine ;
There are wide-swept words of kindly cheer,
A song, a smile, perchance a tear ;
Then on, for the ever-hurrying sea
Sings of the shadowy yet-to-be !

And the light dies out of each shining track ;
The course was chosen ; we turn not back ;
No hands are clasped o'er the soundless blue,
But hearts though severed may yet be true ;
And a sweeter story ne'er shall be
Than of memory's ship-lights spoken at
sea.

MURPHY'S UPS AND DOWNS.

This is the story of Murphy's travels. Murphy did not travel for a great length of time, but he moved rapidly while he was at it, and he met with a variety of incidents equal to any related by Marco Polo or Bayard Taylor.

The true story of Murphy's travels is told by the employe of a prominent accident liability insurance company, whose duty it was to adjust claims.

It seemed that Murphy and Clancy (Irish) and a third man named Schmelz (not Irish) had been put to work to clear the rubbish and débris from the top floors of the building. They did not wish to carry it down five or six floors, so in a spirit of ingenuity they rigged a block and tackle in one of the elevator shafts and prepared to lower the rubbish down in barrels. The pulley was fastened to a crosshead beam at the top of the shaft, and the rope trailed down through the shaft to the first floor, where Murphy was stationed.

His duty was to let out the rope and lower the barrel. He gave the rope a couple of turns around a pipe and brought the first barrel down without any trouble. He emptied it and sent it up again and made his turn around the pipe and brought down barrel No. 2 with great success.

After the second empty barrel had gone up Murphy was standing in the shaft holding to the rope and waiting for the signal. At the top of the shaft Schmelz and Clancy, satisfied that the system was in working order and that no further signaling would be necessary, hooked the rope to the loaded barrel, which was pushed off into the shaft. It was a heavy load, consisting mostly of brick dust and fragments of plastering. It started down the shaft very rapidly. Murphy, in accordance with the law of nature, started up the shaft at the same time. He started so suddenly that he had no time to let go of the rope or give it a turn around the pipe.

The barrel gained speed and so did Murphy. Half way up the shaft they passed each other. Just as Murphy reached the top of the shaft with a slam and a swing the barrel struck the cement floor at the bottom of the elevator shaft. The force of the blow drove the bottom out of the barrel, releasing the loose contents.

As Murphy was heavier than the empty barrel he began to descend from the top of

the shaft, and descend in a hurry at that, while the shell of the barrel started upward. This time Murphy met the barrel fairly. It shot up and struck him from underneath. He kicked madly and disentangled himself and finished his descent at a speed which would have defied instantaneous photography. He came down in a sitting posture on a heap of loose mortar, shavings and brick. At the same moment the barrel jammed into the top of the shaft and was further shattered, although still held together by several turns of rope.

Murphy was so terribly jarred that he let go of the rope. The rope being free, the wrecked barrel descended of its own weight and buried Murphy beneath a pile of loose staves.

Schmelz and Clancy came running from the top of the building and dug him out. He was in a dazed condition and had only a cloudy recollection of what had happened. In addition to three welts on the head he had received a "jolt" in the back and bitten the end of his tongue.

They took him to the Hospital, where he remained for several days, trying to piece together the confused impressions of his trip. He did not blame Clancy and Schmelz, but he did say that they ought to have reached out and pulled him in just as he arrived at the top of the shaft—*New York Sun*.

HOW TO ATTAIN TO OLD AGE.

The *New York Herald*, in a late issue, presented some very interesting statistics compiled by a noted German scientist, on the subject of longevity.

This gentleman begins with a bald statement that anyone who desires to live for four score and ten years should get married. In other words, he claims that conjugal life is a necessary condition of longevity.

After presenting figures proving his contention, the *Herald* says: "Finally he took twelve men, each aged ninety years, and found that nine were married and three unmarried. While the mortality among bachelors between the ages of thirty and

forty-five was found to be as high as twenty-seven per cent., among the married it did not exceed eighteen per cent." "It is evident," says a French writer, who has closely studied Dr. Schwartz's statistics, "that we must acknowledge the potency of these figures, and that if we desire to live to a good old age we should get married as soon as possible. We should certainly do so if we wish to live a full century, for Dr. Schwartz cites the cases of fifty centenarians not one of whom is a bachelor.

There can be no doubt that those lives which most nearly confirm to normal conditions will, barring accident and all things being equal, stand the best chance of being extended to the limit of age.

Our scientist says, "to live long, marry," but no doubt he would add, to marry and live long you must confirm to such conditions as will be most likely to conduce the best results. To do this, all possible occasions of worry should be eliminated or prevented. No sensible married man, who is not possessed of independent means, can fail to worry, to a greater or less extent, concerning the support and comfort of the members of his family, in view of the uncertainties of life. Anything which tends to counteract this worry, or remove the cause, cannot fail to extend the span of life. *Here is where life assurance comes in, and as a messenger of peace, bids worry flee, with the guarantee of provision for the loved ones dependent on us if we should be called to leave them. The average life of a generation is increasing, and life assurance can confidently claim to be one at least of the prime factors contributing to this desired result.—Weekly Statement.*

HUNTINGDON, Feb. 27th, 1899.

THE MANAGER,
Montreal.

DEAR SIR,

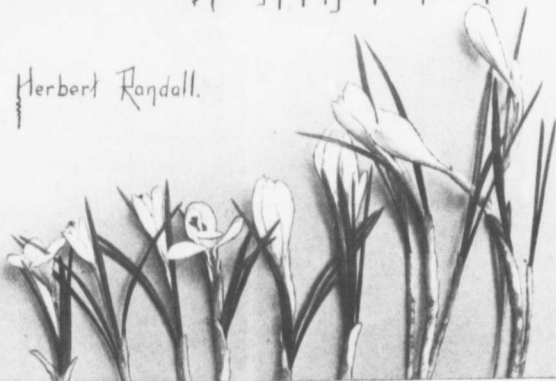
Permit me to thank you for your promptness and courtesy, through your agent, Mr. J. C. Bruce, in paying the insurance carried by my husband, S. R. Brown.

Yours sincerely,

F. H. BROWN.

A group of sunlit fairies
Is at my door to day:
Their white wings gaily flutter
As passing breezes play;
I half suspect some ruthless wind
Will carry them away.
But I have caught their music—
A glad unbroken strain:
It promises the summer
Where winter snows have lain,
And rosy rainbows arching through
The lightning and the rain.

Herbert Randall.



Sunshine.

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1899.

J. MACDONALD OSLEY, *Editor*.

WHAT WILL MY POOR WIFE DO?

"I did not think it was so bad as that, doctor," said the late Mr. Edward Harford. "What will my poor wife do?" A moment after he had spoken, he became unconscious, and died, when the vessel was in sight of land. Mr. Harford, it will be remembered, held the position of Secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, but was discharged last autumn for giving information to the press. That was *his* crime, for which the committee never forgave him.

Like Mr. Maddison, Mr. Harford was a manly man; and like other manly men, he was kicked and cuffed by a gang of unprincipled fellows who wanted their own way, and who denied the right of their secretary to think for himself. In fact, their unmanly treatment killed him. It was this that troubled him in his last moments. They had shown *him* no mercy, and he knew very well they would show none to his wife. Somebody *may* come to her assistance; but, as a general rule, the man who relies upon the public for the support of his widow, and especially upon the working-class public, relies upon a rotten stick.

"What will *my* poor wife do?" That's the question every husband should answer

to-day, when he is hearty and strong, not when death is knocking at his door. "What will my poor wife do?" God alone knows. She may have to make a shirt for twopenny halfpenny, or bind a dozen Bibles for a penny. At any rate, your wife may have a hard battle to fight for bread; your children may starve and be forced into the workhouse. Nobody knows, and nobody cares what may become of them. Now-a-days saint and sinner alike show no mercy upon the weak and helpless. We live in an intensely selfish age.

"What will *my* poor wife do?" Give her at least the means of keeping the wolf from the door. Assure your life. Don't rely upon charity, or your friends. *Be a man*. "We are living in days" writes the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, "when an appeal is constantly made to charity for help because a man has left his wife and family totally unprovided for at his death. We are asked to subscribe to a fund to get his wife a pension, or to put his children in an orphan school. This plea dates back to the time when many charities were founded—and in the absence of Life Assurance, rightly founded—to help the widow and the orphan left without provision. It was valid then; it is not valid now. A man who makes no provision is more than careless: he is semi-criminal.

The Guaranteed Income Policy issued by The Sun Life of Canada offers the best possible way for a man of moderate means to make such provision for his wife that in no emergency can the above remorseful exclamation be drawn from his lips. Do not fail to ask for its details. Any agent of the Company will be only too glad to furnish them.

He—Do you know, I think you are a most singular girl. She (coolly)—I assure you it isn't from choice.

WINDSOR, ONT., March 24th, 1899.

A. T. MACGREGOR,
 Manager,
 Western Ontario District,
 London, Ont.

DEAR SIR,

Your local agent, Mr. J. O. Peck, has to-day handed me cheque for \$1134 67, in full settlement of my claim against the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, under my late husband's policy No. 1517.

Allow me to thank the Company, through you, for the very prompt and courteous manner in which this claim has been settled without any trouble or expense to myself.

I will certainly recommend the Sun Life Co. to all my friends.

Yours truly,

LETITIA DAILEY,
Widow of Richard Dailey.

THE DEFENSES OF ANIMALS.

ROBERT BLIGHT....*New York Evening Post.*

The other evening I walked to the top of the hill to watch the sun set behind the "autumn glory" of the woods. After the last glowing light had swept the crimson and gold on the slopes, I sat still for a few moments, and all at once became aware of an animal leisurely walking upon one of the stone walls which form the fences between the fields. My constant companion in such rambles—the opera-glass—showed the creature to be a skunk, or, as the natives call it, the polecat. Onward the animal came, with its long white and black tail lying along its back, until it was not more than three yards from where I was silently sitting. I must have made some unconscious movement, for suddenly it stopped and the tail became erect. Without hesitation, I paid good heed to the danger signal and retreated a little distance. His mephitic majesty apparently was satisfied with the concession, and walked slowly on, still keeping to the top of the wall, but with his tail erect. I walked home musing on the curious means of defence which nature has bestowed on some of her subjects. "Dogs

may delight to bark and bite" in their conflicts with their enemies, "bears and lions may growl and fight" in self defense, but here is a creature which goes on its way peacefully, for even the mongrel cur of the hunter of "pelts" knows better than to come to close quarters with a foe which possesses the power of emitting one of the most powerful odors known in the world. And assuredly the animal seems conscious of its means of protection, it acts with such provoking coolness. There appears to be perfect control over the power of emitting the nauseous fluid from the glands which secrete it, for we have it on excellent authority that the skunk, when taken young, can be easily trained, and makes a cleanly interesting and intelligent pet. All the Mustelidæ are noted for their unpleasant smell otters, badgers, martins, weasels, and skunks—but out of the whole number the last named is the only one which can actively use it as a means of defense.

We are accustomed to connect defense among animals with biting, scratching, stinging, and the like and consequently are inclined to let slip some of the interesting instances in which other means are used. The toad, when suddenly seized, emits a yellowish fluid which is acrid enough to cause irritation of a delicate skin. This, like the fluid of the skunk, is under the control of the animal, for I had a tame toad for several years which would hop from the writing-table to my outstretched hand, and sit there quietly until I placed it down again. Cuttlefish possess an ink-bag from which the cephalopod ejects a dark fluid which effectually conceals it from any disturber of its peace that invades its rocky retreat. Not only odor, but taste, is called in as a means of protection. It is well known that some caterpillars are so nauseous to the taste that insectivorous birds, even, will not eat them. And one of the strangest facts is that these caterpillars are not only brightly and attractively colored in their larval state, but also in the perfect form. Two mammals are provided with a strange means of protection—the porcupine and the hedgehog. The former is clothed with hairs

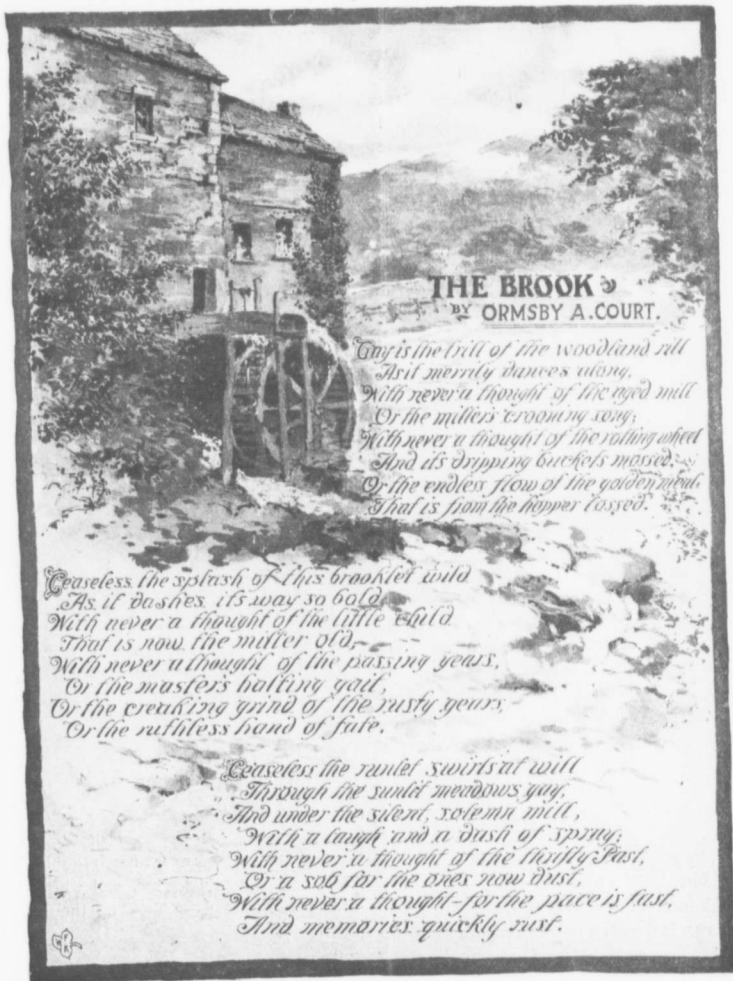
some of which are thickened and lengthened into the porcupine "quills" which figure as penholders. A supposition formerly held was that the creature had the power of ejecting these spines, like so many arrows, at its enemy, but this story must be placed among the myths. What the porcupine does is to erect the spines, which then stand up, not at right angles, but at a slope over the body, and charge his enemy in that very un-Spartan-like way, backwards. Dogs are often seriously injured in this way.

The hedgehog, to which Caliban compares Prospero's spirits, and Lady Anne, the Duke of Gloucester—the hedgepig of Macbeth's witches—is a timid little European animal about the size of a half-grown rabbit. Like the porcupine, it is clothed in a spiny armor from head to tail, and at the slightest sign of danger it rolls itself into a ball. Violence will scarcely make it open itself out, but if water is poured upon it, the animal uncoils immediately. Few dogs care to attack a hedgehog, for the spines prick like needles. The armor is purely defensive and not an offensive provision. Any one who has handled a hawk or other member of the falcon family knows how well bill and claws can be used. Even the sparrow—that irrepressible English immigrant—will bite and scratch in an incredible way when caught. I have often watched the swan, especially at breeding time, and have been struck with the way in which it keeps intruders at a distance from the nest or from the tawny brood of cygnets which it leads in and out of the reeds. Certainly there are occasionally well-delivered blows of the formidable bill, but that member is mostly used in hissing. But woe betide the dog which receives a blow from the terrible wing. As a weapon of offense, and defense also, it may be questioned whether there is anything known among birds equal to the wing of the swan. It is said that a single stroke will break a man's arm. On one occasion I witnessed a fight between two swans, and I have rarely seen anything so terrible as their anger, unless it was a combat I saw between two stags. The rapid

blows from the wings reverberated over the lake, and the water for a considerable space was lashed into foam. The bills seemed never to be used, but with curved necks, arched in evident pride, the two birds sailed towards each other and grappled with the wings. Occasionally one seemed to be forced beneath the water by a fearful blow, and then the turn of the other came for punishment. Receding, they swam round and round, as if taking breath, and then the fight was renewed in the same way. At length they separated, ruffled and still angry, slipping from each other, as it were, hissing and arching their snake-like necks as proudly as ever.

Ostriches have powerful beaks, with which they can deal heavy blows, but their chief protection seems to lie in kicking. An ostrich's kick is nearly as bad as a mule's. It would seem as if the habit belonged to the relatives of the ostrich, also, for the emu has it. I often used to watch a domesticated emu which a friend had about his farm. The bird was very timid and retiring, and at the sight of anything unusual would quietly stalk to the other side of the field. One day a lady brought a terrier to the house, and as the dog had never seen an emu, it set to work barking and following the bird about. For a long time the emu took it very calmly, merely retreating to the other parts of the field. The dog grew bolder, and once—once only—got too near the bird's legs. One flew out—I never could satisfy myself, from an anatomical standpoint, how the thing was done—and the dog was thrown with such violence on the ground that for several seconds he was dazed, and when he got back his wits he was a wiser dog, for he went home. This kicking, or striking with the feet, is not uncommon, one would imagine, in certain genera of birds. The domestic fowl generally uses this method, as can be seen in an impromptu "main" near the barn door. I have seen grouse use the same means of defense, but the closest watching of the smaller birds has failed so show that they practice it.

Perhaps one of the most interesting, as well as the most inexplicable, means of pro-



THE BROOK
BY ORMSBY A. COURT.

*Ony is the bill of the woodland rill
 As it merrily dances along,
 With never a thought of the aged mill
 Or the miller's crooning song,
 With never a thought of the rolling wheel
 And its dripping buckets moaned,
 Or the endless flow of the golden meal,
 That is from the hopper tossed.*

*Ceaseless the splash of this brooklet wild
 As it dashes its way so bold,
 With never a thought of the little child
 That is now the miller of old,
 With never a thought of the passing years,
 Or the master's halting gait,
 Or the creaking grind of the rusty gears,
 Or the ruthless hand of fate.*

*Ceaseless the rattle swirls it will
 Through the sunlit meadows gay,
 And under the silent, solemn mill,
 With a laugh and a dash of spray,
 With never a thought of the thrifty Past,
 Or a sold for the eyes now dust,
 With never a thought for the pace is fast,
 And memories quickly rust.*

tection with which nature has provided any animal is that of electricity. My attention was called to this some few years ago in England on the occasion of a visit to the Aquarium at Brighton. An electric fish was on exhibition; in the same room was a family of young alligators. The tanks were side by side, and some miscreant, unobserved, managed to drop an alligator into the tank of the fish. The consequence was utter prostration of the reptile.

There are three genera of fishes which possess the power of delivering an electric shock: the torpedo, the electric catfish, or electric sheathfish, and the electric eel. The torpedoes are rays, and are distributed over the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. It is said that individuals reach the weight of eighty and even a hundred pounds. The electric catfish or sheathfish belongs to the Siluridæ, as also does the catfish of American streams, is a native of tropical Africa, and attains a length of four feet.

The electric eel, or, to call it by a less misleading name, the gymnotus, is a native of the marshes of Brazil and Guiana. The electric apparatus extends down each side of the lower part of the tail, and the shock delivered by one of the largest fish, five or six feet in length, is capable of killing the most powerful animal. Humboldt has graphically described his experience with these strange creatures, and reports that certain roads were abandoned because of the number of horses destroyed by the fish in the pools on the route. The Indians secure them for food by driving horses into the water, and on these the fish exhaust their power, often killing the horses by their shocks. When the faculty of delivering an electric discharge is exhausted, the gymnotus draws near to the bank to avoid the plunging quadrupeds, and falls an easy victim to the Indian's harpoon.

Such are some of the strange means resorted to in the animal kingdom for that protection without which the balance of life could not be maintained. Soon, I suppose, the animal whose habits called up these jottings will be almost extinct. Man can kill

suddenly and at a distance, and so the creature with a reduplicative name—Mephitis mephitica—hoists his unappreciated danger signal too often in vain.

BOMBAY, 10th Novr., 1898.

TO
MESSRS. G. M. LALKASAN & CO.,
Chief Agents for India.

DEAR SIRS,

We beg to tender you our sincere thanks for the settlement of claim on Policy No. 53659 Gangadas Pranjiwandas Mehta. The kind assistance received at your hands in the preparation of the papers and the speedy and liberal payment are highly appreciated by us.

Again thanking you and wishing your Company every success,

Yours faithfully,

PRANJIVANDAS MANORDAS MEHTA.
JAMNADAS PRANJIVANDAS MEHTA.

BROKEN STOWAGE.

He Poked His Nose In.—Dr. Von Stephen, the German postmaster-general, recently took a train from Königsbrüg to enjoy a few days' deer stalking, says London Tit-Bits. Arrived at Dirschau, a town near his destination, he stepped into the station telegraph office to send news of his safety to his wife in Berlin. The official recognized his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morse instrument, used for service telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his excellency pricked up his ears, for he distinguished the particular clicks that represented his own name. A glance at the clerk's face, now deathly pale, induced him to inquire further into the purport of this state telegram, and when the ticking had ceased he took up the paper ribbon and read as follows: "Look out for squalls. Stephen is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The postmaster-general smiled sardonically and then went to the transmitter and flashed back this reply: "Too late! He has already poked his nose in here. Stephen."

1873 - 1898

THE ASCENSION OF
 THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA

1898	INCOME	\$ 1,240,483.12
	ASSETS	\$ 4,001,776.90
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	\$ 4,969,340,565
1895	INCOME	\$ 525,273.58
	ASSETS	\$ 1,536,816.21
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	\$ 11,931,316.21
1888	INCOME	\$ 274,865.50
	ASSETS	\$ 735,940.10
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	\$ 6,779,565.74
1885	INCOME	\$ 126,635.63
	ASSETS	\$ 349,525.60
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	\$ 3,369,683.43
1878	INCOME	\$ 51,574.26
	ASSETS	\$ 129,959.97
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	\$ 1,514,300.00
1875	INCOME	
	ASSETS	
	ASSURANCE IN FORCE	

An Unwelcome Godspeed.—A Scotch newspaper relates that a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of Tullockgorum, said to him by way of thanks, "Oh, sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

Reforming a Parrot.—A Pittsburger, who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours." The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!" The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

OTTAWA, April 29th, 1899.

JOHN R. REID, ESQ.,
Manager Eastern Ontario,
Ottawa.

DEAR SIR,

Thanks for the Company's cheque handed me this day in settlement of my 15 year Endowment policy, 30220.

In view of the fact that the exact day of maturity is not till May 1st, the promptness of payment speaks well for the Company as I have my cheque in hand two days in advance, so that on the exact date of maturity I may present my cheque and receive my money. Allow me to add also that I am well pleased with my results.

S. LAPORTE.

HER WORLD.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. *San Francisco News-Letter.*

Behind them slowly sank the western world,

Before them new horizons opened wide,
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,

And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide,"
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,

Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red,

"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,

My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,

And Naples slept beneath her olive-trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,

Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the Master wrought

To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.

Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—

"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,

Her baby lying warm against her breast:
"What does she see?" he whispered,

"can she guess
"The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"

"Ah, no," she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,

Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,

Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,

What gift from all her kingdom would you bid

Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet-hall,

Swam in the mist of tears along the wall,
"Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,

But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Master of the Situation.—In the days of slavery Abram was a great favorite with his master, whom he had served as a valet from his youth. At his master's death his mistress granted him many privileges, and at the period of emancipation he resisted every temptation to leave the old plantation. In the exercise of his privileges he became obnoxious to the other negroes, and their frequent complaints excited remonstrance on the part of his mistress. But Abram pursued his own way in spite of expostulation. Finally, his interference with her own plans exhausted the patience of his mistress, who determined to dismiss him. "Abram," said she one day to him in a very kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and I have decided that we must part—" but before she concluded her remarks Abram exclaimed, "Law, Mistis, whar you gwine? You ain't gwine git no bettah plantashun dan dis; take ole Abe's advice, Mistis, en stay right whar you is."

A Promising Pupil.—Small Bostonian struggling with her arithmetic—Oh, dear—Papa—What is it my child? Small Bostonian—I wish I were an Australian rabbit? Papa—An Australian rabbit? Why, my child? Small Bostonian—Because they multiply so rapidly.

A Lawsuit Averted.—Colonel N. O. Borders, the genial claim agent of the Burlington in Missouri, once paid a claim for a "death loss" without investigation of the facts. It happened a good many years ago, and he doesn't speak of it very often for fear he might induce other "attorneys for the plaintiff" to resort to similar tactics. An old plug of a mule belonging to one Jones got on the right-of-way over in Linn County one day, and the obsequies occurred soon after the west-bound train came along. Jones filed a statement, reciting his bereavement, which he broadly hinted was susceptible to amelioration by a pecuniary consideration. No terms were offered by the Company, and he

put the matter in the hands of Judge W. H. Brownlee, a prominent attorney of Brookfield. Brownlee wrote the claim agent several letters—fifteen or twenty—each one getting hotter and more peremptory, until the last one fairly sizzled. Still no answer. Judge Brownlee has a great reputation as an orator, and some as a literary man and poet. He resorted to strategy before choosing the "last resort." He grabbed his quill and ground this out:

"Our donkey stood on the railroad side,
Your train came whizzing by—
The driver pulled 'er open wide
And knocked our mule sky-high!
No bell was sounded o'er the hill,
Nor friendly warning toot,
And if you fail to pay your bill—
By George we'll enter suit."

Jones' check for full amount came on return mail.

A Sure Cure.—In one of the black-land counties of South Texas is a negro doctor, who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population, which composes a majority of the citizenship. A white physician accosted him on the road the other day, saying: "Well, Dr. Sam, where have you been?" "Been to see Bill Johnsing, sah. He was wraslin' wid Mose Jones an' bus' a bloodvessel." "Indeed, that's serious. What did you prescribe?" "Ah! I done fix him all right wid alum and gum arabic. Alum to draw the pahts togeddah and de gum to stick 'em." It may be interesting to add that the victim recovered.

Perfectly Good.—A fresh arrival from the "Green Isle" had taken his place behind the bar in the "Sweet Ireland" Saloon. Grogan, the proprietor, was playing a game of "freeze out" with a friend in the back room. "Tony" O'Farrity, a ne'er-do-well and a never-a-pay, saw his chance, and walking boldly to the bar by some lucky chance got an introduction to the new "bar-tend," and calling for a drink, got it and walked out without so much as a "Thank you." The following laconic conversation then took place in a rapid staccato way between the new tender and the proprietor: "Mister Grogan!" yelled the "bar." "Yis," answered the proprietor. "Is Tony O'Farrity guid for a drink?" "Did he get it?" "He did." "He is."



The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

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