



MONTREAL, APRIL, 1897.



CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM.

GEORGE WILKINS Esq., M.D.

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER.

Dr. Wilkins, who is the senior as to length of service of the Officers of the SUN LIFE OF CANADA, having examined the first applicant for a policy, was born at Mountrath, Ireland, on March 10th, 1842. While he was less than three years old his parents came out to Canada, and settled in Toronto. Here young Wilkins received his early education at the Model and Grammar Schools. When only fourteen he obtained a position in the County Court Offices, which he held for nine years, and was promoted to the Deputy Clerkship. In the meantime he also took up the study of medicine to such good purpose that he was enabled to graduate from the University of Toronto in 1865. In the same year he was appointed surgeon of the Allan Steamship Line, and continued to serve until 1870, when he married, and entered into practice in Montreal. Within a short time he was chosen as one of the Medical Examiners for the SUN LIFE OF CANADA, and as Professor of Pathology in Bishop's College, subsequently becoming Professor of Physiology also, the latter subject being one in which he has always taken special interest, having a fine private laboratory in his own house. In 1880 he was appointed Chief Medical Officer of the SUN LIFE OF CANADA, and has accordingly been a quarter of a century connected with the Company. Three years later he received the appointment of Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at McGill University, and also that of assistant to Professor Osler in Histology, and when Professor Osler resigned he was given full charge of the Histological Department which he still retains.

Dr. Wilkins has had extensive experience in practical medicine. In 1871 he was appointed Physician to the Montreal Dispensary. In 1878 he received the appointment of Outdoor Physician to the

Montreal General Hospital, and in 1880 Indoor Physician. He is now the Senior Physician of the Hospital, at which place he gives a course of lectures in connection with McGill University in Diseases of the Heart and Lungs.

IS IT WORTH WHILE ?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of
life?

Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart—that we war to
the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
: God pardon us all for the triumphs we
feel

When a fellow goes down 'neath his load
on the heather,

Pierced to the heart. Words are keener
than steel,

And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the
plain;

Man, and man only, makes war on his
brother

And laughs in his heart at his peril and
pain,

Shamed by the beasts that go down on
the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the
dust?

God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Joaquin Miller.



GEORGE WILKINS, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.

THAT WILD RIDE OF MATHEWSON'S.

E. K. ROUNTREE....OVERLAND MONTHLY.

In May, 1857, John Mathewson, a pioneer in hydraulic mining, to whom belongs the credit of building the first water-derrick in California, had both legs broken while erecting a derrick at Washington, on the north fork of the Yuba river, twenty-five miles north of Nevada City. He was taken out from the ruins of his derrick and word sent to Nevada City for an ambulance.

O. S. Olin was the driver of the daily stage between Washington and Nevada City, and he at once placed a bed in the Concord coach and drove over from Nevada City. Next morning the injured man was tenderly placed in the coach and made as comfortable as possible.

At the Cold Spring House, six miles from town, Olin pulled up to water his horses, winding the ribbons around the brake before leaving the box.

A dog ran a drove of hogs under the horses' feet, and in a flash the spirited animals were tearing down the ridge.

Some one at Nevada City happened to be scanning the road through a field-glass and suddenly shouted, "The stage is coming lickety switch an' Olin ain't on the box!"

The news spread through the town like wild-fire and in an incredibly short time the whole town turned out and all who had field-glasses were anxiously watching the swaying stage in its mad career along the ridge towards the steep grade leading into town. It was still some four miles distant.

What would happen at the grade? Men blanched at the thought of the certain death to the passenger within the coach.

The excitement was intense. Everyone knew that Mathewson, helpless and weak, lay inside, at the mercy of the four blooded animals. The wheelers especially, were a splendid pair of mettlesome stallions, and the leaders carefully selected. No power on earth could have stopped them on that ridge. Down the grade they plunged. The speed was terrific. Strong men turned away in horror, expecting from moment to moment that the stage would go crashing into the cañon below.

Half the distance towards town had been accomplished in safety when a hoarse

cry broke from the watching multitude. "The stump! the bowlder!" Two miles from town the stage-road led between a stump on the lower side and a bowlder on the upper side of the grade.

With long plunging strides the animals approached this danger point.

The crowd was too horrified to shout. Only a stifled groan, more eloquent than words, could have been heard.

"A few rods more and God help poor Mathewson," reverently murmured a grizzled miner, as the tears flowed down his wrinkled face. Many a hard-looking but tender-hearted man near him murmured, "Amen."

Gaining increased momentum at every bound, the stage ran into a cloud of dust just before reaching the stump and bowlder. Awed, pallid upturned faces gazed with fascinated intentness at that little cloud of dust.

"They've done it," whispered a man in front, with eyes still glued to his glass.

With only fourteen inches to spare on either side of the stage it had passed through in safety. But the danger was not yet over. The steepest and roughest part of the road was yet to come.

As the stage reached town the people gave way on either side, none dreaming of trying to stop the foam-covered stallions in their wild run.

Along Coyote Street they whirled, then making a flatiron turn entered Main; still on they dashed, wheeling into Commercial, then up into Pine and still at full speed to Broad, heading for the destination of the stage in front of the National or Pierson's Hotel in the middle of the block.

Arthur Hagadorn, the owner of the stage line, was standing, pale with excitement, close to where the stage usually reined in. None can ever know how it came about, but at the sight of the familiar figure the four intelligent animals slowed up and came to a stop within a foot of where they would have been driven had Olin been on the box.

Stepping up to the leading horse Hagadorn stroked his wet neck and said, "Noble fellow, you've done your last day's work."

Mathewson was unhurt and feebly thanked friends and acquaintances who crowded around the stage to congratulate him on his miraculous escape from death.

Such is the record of one of the wildest stage rides ever taken by man.



THE EASTER ANTHEM.

HUMAN WOLVES.

H. B. NEILSON IN THE "BADMINTON MAGAZINE"

During my early Indian experiences, when I was still a "Griff," full of enthusiasm to learn all that was possible about the many strange and wonderful things the East has to unfold, I heard at a "chotā hāziri" table a conversation which greatly aroused my wonder and interest. The matter discussed was wolf-children—that is, children stolen when very young, suckled, and fostered by wolves. At first I was incredulous; but after listening and asking some questions was soon convinced that the stories related were certainly true. A jemadar told me that when he was a lad he remembered going with others to see a wolf child which had been netted.

A young she-wolf has a litter of cubs, and after a time her instinct tells her that they will require fresh food. She steals out at night in quest of prey. Soon she espies a weak place in the fence (generally constructed of thatching grass and bamboos) which encloses the compound, or "ungnah" of a poor villager. She enters, doubtless in the hope of securing a kid, and while prowling about inside looks into a hut where a woman and infant are soundly sleeping. In a moment she has pounced on the child, and is out of reach before its cries can attract the villagers. Arriving safely at her den under the rocks, she drops the little one amongst her cubs. At this critical time the fate of the child hangs in the balance. Either it will be immediately torn to pieces and devoured, or in a most wonderful way remain in the cave unharmed. In the event of escape the fact may be accounted for in several ways. Perhaps the cubs are already gorged when the child is thrown before them, or are being supplied with solid food before their carnivorous instinct is awakened, so they amuse themselves by simply licking the sleek, oily body of the infant, and thus it lies in the nest, by degrees getting the odour of the wolf-cubs, after which the mother-wolf will not molest it. In a little time the infant

begins to feel the pangs of hunger, and, hearing the cubs sucking, soon follows their example. Now the adoption is complete, all fear of harm to the child from wolves has gone, and the foster mother will guard and protect it as though it were of her own flesh and blood.

Children recovered from wolves at different times have been identified by their parents through birth-marks and other means. I have never read or heard of a girl wolf-child having been found. The reason for this may be that they have soon broken down under the strain of so terrible an existence, and have perished in the jungle, where the stronger male child has survived. A little girl of eighteen months was stolen from a Hindu's hut by a wolf, not twenty yards from my bungalow, and was never recovered. The appearance of the wolf-child is forbidding, the features being coarse and brutalized, and the expression sad, timid, and anxious, without any signs of human intelligence. I believe that even after the unhappy creatures have been reclaimed and kindly treated none have ever been seen to smile. Their mode of progression is on all fours—not, as a rule, on the hands and feet, but on the knees and elbows. The reason the knees are used is to be accounted for by the fact that, owing to the great length of the human leg and thigh, in proportion to the length of the arms, the knee would naturally be brought to the ground, and the instep and top of the toes would be used, instead of the sole and heel of the almost inflexible foot. Why the elbow should be employed instead of the hand is less easy to understand, but probably it is better suited to give support to the head and fore part of the body. One would naturally suppose, however, that by using his arms instead of his hands the head of the child must be brought very near to the ground, and, the eyes being directed downwards, he would have difficulty in looking before him, as also that while travelling through the underwood and over rough ground, the face would be torn by brambles and stones. The skin covering the knees and insteps, elbows and forearms, of course grows very hard, horny, and burnished from constant contact with the ground. The fact of the creatures travelling in this manner should prove interesting to naturalists, who affirm that, owing to his peculiar conformation, man is the only animal truly bimanous and biped, and could not, if he wished, walk on all fours with any degree of comfort.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The charter of the State Insurance Company of Philadelphia enables it to transact nearly every kind of insurance under the sun. It is one of those old charters few of which are seen at the present day. The new management of the company realized its value and were wise in securing it, thus being able to reorganize on a substantial basis. The State has now decided to engage in the Life business, and to that end its officers have been appointed managers for the Sun Life of Montreal, Canada, for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and District of Columbia. It is more than likely that later the title will be changed to United States managers, as the State enjoys facilities for securing business that will probably result eventually in its becoming the United States representative of this sterling Canada company. This is the first appointment the Sun has made outside of its own working force, and it is therefore a high compliment to the integrity of the officers of the State to receive such a responsible commission.

The Sun Life is one of Canada's most conservative companies. It is also one of its most progressive companies. Having decided to reach out for more business, it is not strange that it should undertake operations here. The company has many popular forms of policies and in its thrift department it issues a policy in small amounts, enabling people of limited means to buy policies on identically the same plans as those purchasing larger policies. These policies have cash surrender values and possess all the features of ordinary life policies. The company also issues sub-standard policies, so that most any one can find a form of policy suited to his particular case. G. F. Johnston, superintendent of agencies, will be in Philadelphia this week to make final arrangements for the entry of the company and the transaction of business. The prospects seem good for the Sun to receive its share of business in the territory it has decided to enter.—From the *Surveyor* of New York for Feby. 24, '97.

Mamma—Johnnie, if I gave you two pennies and sister none, what would you do?
Johnnie—I'd spend 'em.

THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

Better known in classic history as Candia, and famous for its hundred cities, its labyrinth, and the legend of the Minotaur, and its centre Mount Ida, the island of Crete has witnessed more of war than perhaps any other spot on the globe. The first to take it from the Greeks were the Saracens in 823, but they lost it to its original owners again in 961. Venice, then in the zenith of her power, purchased it in 1204, the inhabitants, however, rising in rebellion, and only being subdued in 1364. After standing a siege of twenty-four years, during which some 300,000 men perished, it surrendered to the Turks in 1669, and since then, with the exception of ten years dating from 1830, when it was ceded to Egypt, it has been, in spite of desperate struggles for freedom, ruled by the Sultans. A persecution of Christians in 1859 by the Moslems brought about a long and determined struggle for independence, and in 1866 the Cretan General Assembly proclaimed the abolition of Turkish authority. This struggle continued with varying success until 1869, when the Provisional Government surrendered and Omar Fenizi was appointed Governor by the Sultan. Another insurrection took place in 1877, and early in 1878 Union with Greece was proclaimed. The Berlin Treaty, by declaring for the enforcement of legal and political reforms, quieted matters for a time, but in 1884 another rising against Moslem rule took place, order not being restored, and then only by the mediation of the Powers, until 1887. Since then various small risings have taken place, only to be sternly repressed with the greatest cruelty and bloodshed by the Turks. The latter have lately professed a willingness to give up Crete to Greece, if they were assured against rebellion in Macedonia. This assurance, however, they are never likely to get, as Macedonia means practically the whole of Northern Greece, and the Greeks have shown themselves determined never to rest until they have rescued the whole of their country from Moslem rule.

Miss Knagg—Bobby, you naughty boy, how dare you call me such an odious epithet?
Bobby—Didn't call you an epithet"; called you a "beast"!

Sunshine.

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1897.

J. MACDONALD ONLEY, Editor.

OUR COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is always pleasant to be appreciated, and commendation from a competent and impartial source is praise indeed. We are therefore glad to reprint in this column the following kind references to the Company made by the *Underwriters' Review*, of Des Moines, Iowa, apropos of the extension of our work in the United States.

The SUN LIFE OF CANADA comes into the States with honest intentions, and to evidence it has deposited with the State of Michigan \$100,000 of United States government bonds for the special protection of United States policy-holders.

The Sun Life of Canada was incorporated in 1865 with headquarters at Montreal. Its first policy was issued in May, 1871, and it has made steady progress onward and upward ever since. It has a subscribed capital of \$500,000, of which \$62,500 is paid up. The cash assets are over \$6,300,000, and business in force at the end of 1896 was \$38,188,811, which shows something of the growth of the company from small and modest beginnings. Several elements have (taken collectively) brought about this success. By "this success" we mean the fact that for several years past the new business written by the Sun has been in excess of that written by any other life

office in the Dominion. The Sun is especially fortunate in the personnel of its officers and directors. They are men who have achieved honor and distinction in other lines of business. It requires successful men, men who have the fibre of success in them, to guard and direct any business successfully, no matter what it is. This is one important element. A second, is conservative management and a careful selection of risks, and a third and greatest factor or element is the policy itself. The Sun issues a contract shorn of conditions, which has been one of the strong points in its favor. The Sun Life has made the interest of the individual policy-holder a matter of special importance. The officers say that: "The extent to which a life assurance company considers the interest of those assured with it, is a point of utmost importance to the individual policy-holder." Again, the policies issued by the Sun Life are profit-sharing, in that the policy-holders receive ninety-three and one-third per cent. of the *total* surplus earned by the company. By this arrangement the holders of participating policies receive ninety-three and one-third per cent. not only of the profits of their own class, but also of those earned by non-participating policies, which is a strong argument in its favor. These policies contain also the non-forfeiture and incontestible features as do those of some other old line companies.

The Sun Life issues every modern policy, such as ordinary life; limited payment life; endowments; semi-endowments; return premium policies; coupon bonds; joint life or partnership policies; annuities;—every one of which is up to date in every respect.

In short, the Sun Life is issuing liberal policies; is managed by men of well-known ability, and is aggressive and at the same time careful in the line of selecting its business.



UP TO MISCHIEF.

THE GANOID.....C. A. P.....*Harper's Weekly.*

With a biscuit in my pocket and a hammer
 in my hand,
 Chipping bits from off the strata that were
 cropping o'er the land ;
 Wearing out at length I rested by a frac-
 ture fresh and new,
 And gazed with languid humor at the thing
 it brought to view :
 I had found an ancient casket that e'en
 Agassiz would hail
 When he saw beneath its cover that a
 ganoid curled his tail.

It was lying half embedded in its matrix in
 the stone,
 And scintillating round it, bright micaceous
 fragments shone ;
 And I thought of all the weary, sad, and
 slow-revolving years
 Since the earth commenced her circling
 search for light among the spheres,
 And the huge ichthyosaurus must have felt
 his courage fail
 In the turbulence around him when this
 ganoid curled his tail.

When from out the turbid ocean seethed
 an atmosphere of steam,
 And the waves refused in darkness to reflect
 a single beam,
 And barren rocks that dimly rose, like
 spectres from the waste,
 Glared grimly for a little while, then dis-
 appeared in haste :
 Melted down with heat and horror, even
 gneiss could not prevail
 In those liquidating eras when this ganoid
 curled his tail.

Check the onward march of Nature and
 reverse the wheel of Time,
 From the morn when Eden blossomed in
 its freshness and its prime ;
 Roll it backward, roll it backward,—back-
 ward still and backward more
 Through cycles till the effort strains the
 mind till it is sore.
 Still a nebula beyond you, down within
 the Past's dim vale,
 And those years unchronologic when this
 ganoid curled his tail.

And I thought of all the struggles that we
 make with such ado
 To preserve our names from sinking for a
 century or two ;
 How the deeds of warrior, poet, stern
 philosopher or sage,

Are writ in brilliant letters on the Past's
 historic page ;
 And yet the years the best have won, is
 but a fabric frail
 By the grand unnumbered eras when this
 ganoid curled his tail.

You're satisfied with glory and you think
 the thing is done
 If you perish in the conflict, when a marble
 bust is won.
 Here's a rival—look upon him—he is not
 a carved ideal,
 For a lime infusion keeps him still original
 and real—
 The antiseptic properties of Fame would
 prove but frail
 Had you done your deeds of wonder when
 this ganoid shook his tail.

Perhaps in scaly armor, up and down the
 ancient seas
 Roamed he with a restless appetite that
 nothing could appease,
 Crushing shoals and hosts of beings, every
 one of which that ran,
 Would in course of time and season, have
 developed up to man ;
 But *Fata sic profulgent*, and we only may
 bewail
 Our dear relations slaughtered when this
 ganoid shook his tail.

But it is a sad reflection, sad and stern
 enough for tears,
 To know that blood and carnage trail along
 the track of years ;
 That Love, and Peace, and Mercy had not
 even then began
 To sow the seeds of quiet for the future
 coming man,
 And the cries of God's first creatures were
 a universal wail
 Of fierce and brutal conflict, when this
 ganoid curled his tail.

Mamma—Well, Edith, how did you like
 the kindergarten? Edith—I didn't like it a
 bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told
 me to sit there for the present. And I sat
 and sat, and she never gave me the present.

Deacon Goodman (to small boy crying)—
 What is the matter, my boy? Boy—I've
 just lost ten cents. D. G.—Well, don't cry,
 here's another; but how did you lose it?
 Boy—Matching pennies.



LETTER OF THANKS.

LADNER, B.C., 19th Jan., 1897.

F. J. HART, ESQ.,

Agent Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,
New Westminster, B.C.

DEAR SIR,

I desire to thank you for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which your Company has paid the policy carried by my late brother John Boyes, and gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1,040.00, being the face of the policy, together with \$40.00 profits, the latter sum being entirely unexpected on my part.

I have much pleasure in recommending the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, on account of the promptness and liberality which I have experienced in this matter.

Yours truly,

T. M. BOYES,

Executor Estate John Boyes, Deceased.

THE BLIGHT OF DISCONTENT.

QUEEN.

What a world of responsibility, what a world of meaning in that one plain word—Discontent! The misery of many a household, the frowning, gloomy faces, the warped, spoilt lives on every hand, could most of them point as a primary cause to a youthful sowing of discontent, and yet at a first glance we catalogue it with the minor ills that flesh is heir to, and speak of it lightly, as of a trivial ailment. "Oh, yes, he or she is just at an age when young people nowadays are discontented." We scarcely seem to realise that this seeming discomfort is the parent of a whole formidable brood of evils, which grow and multiply till they aim even at the vitals of our national prosperity.

The girl who, with sensible teaching, would make a good and useful domestic servant, as her mother and grandmother did before her, now turns into a half-fed, anæmic, inefficient shopgirl; the boy, who would have made a good mechanic, makes a discontented dyspeptic clerk; the daughters in middle-class households, who should relieve the overtaxed mother and eke out the small income by house-wifery care and homely duties, refuse to soil their hands, and cannot condescend to cooking or housework. They want a

larger sphere—must have more scope for their talents. Gone as a class are the faithful servants of old, who ministered in turn from generation to generation, through long years of contented, happy service in one family; gone the dear domesticated daughters whose greatest pride was to make home bright and happy, and who lost neither attractiveness nor charm in the process. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and our young people, who come first in consideration, and are *blasé* and cynical before they are out of their teens, drive the gentle trio, Faith, Hope, and Charity, into a corner, with their whirlwind of scorn and disrespect for "old-fashioned ways." We sigh and shrug our shoulders, and try to believe in the oft-repeated formula that this is a state of transition, and that by-and-by, when all are really educated and enlightened, things will be more comfortable. Let us still hope the prophecy may be a true one, but meanwhile let us hold up vigorous hands of protest against the incursion into our family and national life of this subtle and penetrating feeling of discontent. Can we not each one aim at bettering the lot of each class as it stands rather than at the uprooting of position, place, and fitness of things, which can but result in failure and misery? No need to crush or keep back the rare blossoms of genius or talent, whether found in hut or palace; but, on the other hand, let us avoid, in this age of extremes, the danger of forcing every cottage garden bloom, so charming in its own place, into the rarer atmosphere of the greenhouse, only to droop and disappoint us. Do not let us insist that silk purses should be made out of sow's ears, and refuse to see that it is wiser to make the silk purse of silk and leave the sow's ear to its own appropriate uses. It is a mistake to think that a dead level would mean equality or happiness, just as it is a mistake to conclude that there is not as much enjoyment and pleasure of its kind in the life of a cottager as in that of the rich man. You hear more light-hearted mirth and singing among errand boys and costermongers than among their betters, and though their lives may be hard, they have compensations and interests which we often lack. The importance of Mrs. A. in Brown's Buildings is quite equal to her set to that of the Countess of C. in her's, and there are wits and oracles in the homes of the peasant as well as in those of the peer. No good ever came of forcing the round peg into the square hole, and fitness and efficiency will never be attained by preaching discontent and upheaval.

EASTER'S DATE.

Thirty days hath September,
 Every person can remember;
 But to know when Easter's come,
 Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
 Just watch the silvery moon,
 And when you see it full and round,
 Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
 Then Easter will be here,
 The very Sunday after,
 In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
 The moon should reach its height.
 The Sunday following this event
 Will be the Easter bright.

Boston Transcript.

TORONTO, Feb. 3rd, 1897.

THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
 GENTLEMEN,

I wish to express my thanks to your Company through Mr. T. R. Raitt, your Toronto Manager of Thrift Department, for the very prompt payment of my claim on my daughter, and also for the bonus additions which have been added to the original amount. This is something new in Industrial Insurance and which I did not expect to receive.

Yours,

MRS. E. RISDON.

A certain teacher of a class in a mission Sunday-school has a difficult task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils: "What do the high-priests do?" And received the reply: "They burned insects before the people." But one of the funniest experiences which well shows the queer ideas which the children receive in their lessons, was given when, after a discussion of shipwreck which followed a lesson three or four weeks previously on the well known story of Jonah and the whale, she happened to ask: "Suppose a big storm arose at sea, and it looked as though you were going to be drowned, what would you do?" "I would throw a man overboard for the whale to swallow," was the reply.

AT A SUBMARINE DINNER PARTY.

IN THE HARBOR OF CIOTAT ... HARPER'S ROUND TABLE.

Some time ago the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. To celebrate the completion of his labor, and to make the occasion memorable, the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet unprecedented for its originality. The table was set eight metres below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the "caisson" in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new-fashioned banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and, but for a certain buzzing in the ears, caused by the pressure of air kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the in-rush of water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption in the working of the air-pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet an improvised concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests reascended into the open air.

An Irishman, having feet of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest foot, he exclaimed petulantly, "Confound that fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "houold on, ye murther'n old stame injin; you've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle to another.

"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that never died before."

An eminent spirit-merchant in Dublin announced in one of the Irish papers that he had still a small quantity of the whiskey on sale which was drunk by his late majesty while in Dublin.

TIM'S GRACE... *Norman Gale... Songs for Little People.*

When Baby Tim, who's very small,
Says grace for me, and Nurse, and Paul,
He asks the Lord to make us all
"Ter-looly fankful."

And if we laugh till we are red,
Nurse strokes his sandy-colored head,
And loves him more because he said
"Ter-looly fankful."

For when he's older, Nursie says,
And grown from all his pretty ways,
She'll often miss his funny phrase,
"Ter-looly fankful."

JUVENILE HUMORISTS.

A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, to encourage the child to speak, asked them simple questions such as "How many feet have you?" etc. The cautious little man, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him, "How many feet did you say you had?" Afraid of committing himself, he said, "Please, sir, I didna say I had ony."

"He's your first cousin, isn't he?" said an old lady to 6-year old Freddy, alluding to a new baby, of whom Freddy was very fond. "Oh, no," replied Freddy, "I had two cousins before he was born."

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve." "Well my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; don't you know what a nice house she has?" "But she sleeps in the hencoop, papa." "Why, Cedric!" "She said she did." "What do you mean?" "Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"

Teacher—John, of what are your shoes made? Boy—Of leather, sir. Teacher—Where does leather come from? Boy—From the hide of an ox. Teacher—What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat? Boy—My Father.

Papa—How are you getting on in arithmetic, Russell? Come now, tell me. If there are two little boys and another comes up, what does that make? Russell (quickly)—A quarrel.

Tommy—There's a girl at our school, Mamma, they call "Postscript." Do you know why? Mamma—No, dear. Tommy—Because her name is Adeline Moore.

Bobbie—Oh, Mr. Highflifer, may, I go coasting with you? Mr. Highflifer—Why do you want to go coasting with me, Bobbie? Bobbie—Cos I heard my papa say you had gone down hill faster than anybody he had ever known.

Uncle John (after a lesson, trying to explain the whereabouts of China)—Now, Harry, if a man were to bore a hole down through the earth, where would he come out? Harry—Out of the hole.

Mamma—Well, Elsie, what did you learn at school to day? Elsie (aged six)—Learned to spell. Mamma—Now, what did you learn to spell? Elsie—Man. Mamma—And how do you spell man? Elsie (promptly)—M-a-n, man. Mamma—Now, how do you spell boy? Elsie (after a moment's reflection)—The same way, only in littler letters.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveler of a small Irish boy, who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields. "About twelve o'clock, sir," replied the boy. "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at one again."

A little girl three and a half years old, can say perfectly very many words which children of her age rarely attempt. One of a very few which trouble her is Episcopal, and her mispronunciation of it is rather amusing. Her father tried to have her attempt it in the presence of company by saying: "Jennie, what is the name of that little church where Auntie takes you sometimes?" The little one opened her mouth to speak, hesitated, glanced at the company, and said: "Well papa, when you want to go to that church you just tell me and I'll take you there. I'll show you the church."

Little Ellsworth, of four years, was watching mamma mend his sleeve, which he had torn in play. He seemed to be taking great interest in it, to judge from the silent attention he was giving to her work; then he spoke up and said, "It's a good thing they took a rib from a man and made a woman. If they hadn't, we would all have to go ragged!"

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers, said to her companion near her: "You are lucky, you are. Your papa has only got one leg."

SUMMARY of the ANNUAL REPORT for 1896.

New Life Applications received during 1896.....	\$1,110,292 19
Increase over 1895.....	1,287,387 16
Cash Income for year ending 31st December, 1896.....	1,886,258 00
Increase over 1895.....	358,203 91
Assets at 31st December, 1896.....	6,388,144 66
Increase over 1895.....	1,022,374 13
Reserve for Security of Policyholders (according to Hm. Four per cent. Table).....	5,932,200 48
Increase over 1895.....	1,198,184 44
Surplus over all Liabilities, except Capital (according to Hm. Four per cent. Table).....	345,108 65
Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital Stock (according to Hm. Four per cent. Table).....	282,608 65
Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital Stock (according to Dominion Government Standard, Hm. 4½ per cent.).....	595,902 02
Claims Paid during 1896.....	398,504 86

The rapid progress being made by THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA may be seen from the following statement:—

Year.	Income.	Net Assets, besides Uncalled Capital.	Life Assurances in force.
1872	\$ 48,210 93	\$ 96,461 95	\$ 1,064,350 00
1876	102,822 14	265,944 64	2,414,063 32
1880	141,402 81	473,632 93	3,897,139 11
1884	278,379 65	836,897 24	6,844,404 04
1888	525,273 58	1,536,816 21	11,931,316 21
1892	1,134,867 61	3,403,700 88	23,901,046 94
1896	1,886,258 00	6,388,144 66	38,196,890 92

The year 1896 was the very best in the business experience of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. The fact that the Dominion was in a condition of uncertainty and unrest owing to the Federal elections, rendered it very difficult to secure business, but notwithstanding this great impediment, the Company's record for the year shows a large increase over all previous years. The summary of the report for 1896, as given above, is well worth reading. It represents a good year's work and denotes prosperity and a healthy growth.

The total income for the year amounted to \$1,886,258, an increase of \$358,203.91 over the previous twelve months.

A splendid addition has been made to the assets, which now amount to **\$6,388,144.66**. The increase for the year is \$1,022,374.13—a remarkable showing indeed.

The surplus over all liabilities is \$345,108.65. The valuation of all policies is now made on the Hm. four per cent. basis, instead of four and one-half, (as authorized by the Government) thus increasing reserve on policies by \$1,198,184.44.

The death rate was again below the expectation, which goes to prove that the management has shown great care in the selection of risks.



HEAD OFFICE
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada,
MONTREAL, QUEBEC.