



Jos. Eugene Derome,  
Quebec Seminary,  
Quebec

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1897.



*K. D. Derome*

## SUNSHINE.



*Dedicated to The Countess of Aberdeen*

## GOD SPARE OUR QUEEN.

Words by W V B THOMPSON

Music by CHAS GILBERT SPROSS.

1 With grate ful hearts we sing Of thee our

no ble Queen, Loy al and true, Thy reign for

three score years, Brooks naught but joy al cheers,

Live thou for ma ny years Most gra cious Queen

2.  
 Long may our anthem ring,  
 In loving praise we sing,  
 Empress and Queen;  
 Peace on thy reign attend,  
 Right and our land defend,  
 May God all blessings send  
 To thee our Queen.

3.  
 Long may our standard wave  
 For free men and the brave,  
 For thee our Queen,  
 Thy sons from despots free;  
 God, truth, and liberty,  
 Emblems shall ever be,  
 God save our Queen

## ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF DINING TOGETHER.

W. L. ALDEN.....PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

Man is the only animal that invites others of his kind to eat with him. Other animals prefer to dine in solitude. The dog clothes himself with curses when he sits down to a cold bone, in order to warn all other dogs to keep their distance; and though the pig gathers with other pigs around the social trough, it is a mistake to suppose that he shares the aldermanic fondness for social banquets, since his only aim in dining with other pigs is to appropriate, if possible, their share of the dinner.

Man, on the contrary, is forever voluntarily dining with his kind. The origin of this custom has not hitherto been made clear. We do not ask a friend to come and bathe with us, or to join us in having our hair cut, or to make one of a nice little party for the purpose of shaving together; but there is just as much reason why we should ask people to do these things in company with us as there is why we should ask them to eat with us.

To feed a friend, or to be fed by him, is thought among civilized men to be one of the chief duties of life. It is doubtful if it is regarded as one of the chief pleasures. The average man would, if he told the truth, confess that he would rather dine in solitude, with a newspaper propped up before him, than dine in company with anyone except a very intimate friend. Nevertheless, when we meet an acquaintance whom we have not seen for a few weeks, we feel compelled to ask him to dinner, and he feels compelled to accept the invitation.

The true origin of social dining must be sought in the far-off days when the human race were trying to separate themselves from other animals. The Cave Dweller perceived that if he formed the habit of asking the occupants of the next cave to dinner, he would be doing something that no other animal would be willing to do, and hence that he would prove

to all other animals that man had determined to abandon certain distinctively animal customs. In those days the man who invited another man to dinner proved that he was no longer an anthropoid ape, but a New Man.

We have inherited the dining customs of the primitive men without comprehending their meaning. Is it necessary or desirable that we should continue to practice social dining, now that it is no longer our sole method of showing that we are not monkeys?

## ORIGIN OF NAMES OF WEEK DAYS.

DEDICATION TO THE GODS...ORISHAN'S BOUQUET

The week was unknown to the ancients of the classic ages, till it was gradually adopted, along with Christianity, under the later emperors. The arrangement of the heavenly bodies, according to their distances from the earth, is in this order: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon; and it was a principle of the ancient astrology that these planets presided in succession over the hours of the day, and from which the Latin designations given to the days of the week have been derived; and from these have been formed the modern names used in different countries, either by literal translation, or, in the Teutonic tongues, by the substitution, in some cases, of the corresponding deity of northern paganism for the classical god.

Sunday is so called, because it was anciently dedicated to the worship of the sun. Monday means literally the day of the moon. Tuesday was dedicated to Tuisco, the Mars of our Saxon ancestors, the deity that presided over combats, strifes, and litigation. Hence, in England Tuesday is assize day; the day for combat, or commencing litigation. In this country it is generally the day selected for the opening of court terms or sessions. Wednesday is so called from Wodin, or Odin, a deity or chief among the northern nations of Europe. Thursday was named by the Saxons from Thor, the old Teutonic god of Thunder. Friday is from Frea or Friga, a goddess of the old Saxon mythology. Saturday means simply Saturn's day, the name being derived from the deity of that name.



A DAY IN JUNE,

## TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved,—O you that hold  
 A nobler office upon earth  
 Than arms or power of brain or birth  
 Could give the warrior kings of old. . . .  
 . . . . May you rule us long,  
 And leave us rulers of your blood  
 As noble till the latest day!  
 May children of our children say  
 "She wrought her people lasting good ;  
 "Her court was pure ; her life serene ;  
 God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;  
 A thousand claims to reverence closed  
 In her as Mother, Wife and Queen ;  
 "And statesmen at her council met  
 Who knew the seasons, when to take  
 Occasion by the hand, and make  
 The bounds of freedom wider yet,  
 "By shaping some august decree,  
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
 Broad based upon her people's will,  
 And compassed by the inviolate sea."

These noble lines of the late Laureate written nearly half-a-century ago, and purposed, no doubt, as both prayer and prophecy, come to us to-day with a force no words of our own time could possess, for the prayer has been abundantly answered, and the prophecy gloriously fulfilled.

There is no need for a later Laureate to present a new poem at the approaching Jubilee. Tennyson's marvellous music with its depth of majestic meaning can never be surpassed, and we will be content to repeat for the thousandth time, though with thrice-trebled warmth of emphasis, what he sang once for all

## INDIAN ANECDOTES.

A WHITE PILGRIM, IN THE "CALCUTTA ENGLISHMAN."

It is some weeks past since our business brought us within the precincts of Katwa. If ever a visit to an Indian town from the Sanitary Commissioner was needed commend him to this spot. The question naturally arises, What is the mortality of the place? How do people live in it at all? Does the sanctity of the river partially protect them, or is it that, being bred to the atmosphere, effluvia act only as a kind of sauce and give a relish to the air of heaven which in its pure and unadulterated state would prove tame and unnatural to the denizens of this favoured city. It is, we were told, one of the oldest towns in Bengal, and well can we believe the story. But what are the Municipal Commissioners doing to allow all this? Influenced no doubt by what might fairly be described as the motto of many in Bengal: "Never do to-day what you can put off to another day, and especially so if you run a fair chance of not being found out." Glad were we not to have to spend a night at the place; a few hours and we had left it, never, we trust, to enter it again. At a *dāk bungalow* the other day when the remains of our dinner was thrown out, we were surprised to see two pariah dogs (both *hen dogs*, as the lady said) peacefully discussing the food. Usually on such occasions canine language of a most Billingsgate type is to be heard. We asked our servant the reason why there was peace, and his reply amused us not a little: "The dogs are of the same *jat*." Trust a Native to give a reason for anything!

Stories of children are frequently of an entertaining character, so we may be pardoned if we repeat some which recently came under our notice. A brother writing from home tells of a little mite who was found with a pair of scissors about to cut the wings off a large parrot "to make angels' wings for myself," and of another little one (*æt.* four and a half) who, pervaded by a kind of universal charity, prayed devoutly for "the Devil and all other Roman Catholics." A friend some

time ago told us the story of his little boy of five, who had a toy bow and arrow with which he tried to shoot the birds in the garden. One Sunday afternoon JACKY was sitting on his father's lap, engaged in edifying talk, when he suddenly said, "Father, where's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead!" "But *where* is he?" "Oh, I suppose he's in heaven!" "How did he get there?" "Oh, I suppose he flew!" At this JACKY's eyes opened wide, a look of intelligence appeared in his face such as had never been seen there before, and he said with childlike simplicity, and in evident seriousness: "Oh, father, do you think, could I have hit him while he was flying!" The idea of having a shot at his grandfather on his passage heavenwards could only have occurred to a boy of more than ordinary intelligence. His father is a well-known member of the Calcutta Bar. A dear little grand-niece of our own used on Sundays to listen to Bible stories from her mother, who one day said: "And now, DOTTIE, when you go to heaven who would you like to see there?" expecting that the child would say she would like to see her father and mother there. The answer was, "I would like to see ELIJAH." "And why do you want to see ELIJAH?" "Because I have a question to ask him." "Oh, indeed, and what do you want to ask him?" Then very slowly and in a deliberate way, which the child has: "I want to ask ELIJAH, when the ravens fed him in the wilderness did they give him his bread buttered or plain." The same little girl, a somewhat determined little lassie, when just going to bed, was called by her mother: "Come DOTTIE, and say your prayers," and replied, "No, I said them this morning." "Oh, but that won't do! you must say them at night as well as in the morning." To this she answered, with her head on one side and a resigned look on her face: "Very well, I'll gabble them," at which she knelt down and proceeded to suit the action to the word.

LAWYER: "What is your gross income?"  
Witness: "I have no gross income." Lawyer: "No income at all?" Witness: "No gross income; I have a net income. I'm in the fish business."—*New York Herald*.

CUSTOMER: "Is it necessary to fee the waiter here?" Waiter: "Yes, sir." Customer: "Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour."—*Philadelphia American*.

AFTER AWHILE... *David Banks Sickett*  
*Leaves of the Lotus.*

After awhile, we often say,  
When shadows fall and clouds arise,  
There's sure to come a brighter day  
With balmy air and sunny skies.

After awhile, a day of rest  
Will come to worn and weary feet;  
What seems the worst will prove the best,  
And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile, the aching heart  
Will find a cordial for its pain,  
And, as the flying days depart,  
The joy of love will come again.

After awhile, the Right will reign,  
And conquered Wrong will lose its sway,  
While ancient Error's icy chain  
Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile, the clashing creeds  
That lead to strife and hate with men,  
Will yield to our superior needs,  
And love will prompt the lip and pen.

After awhile, the golden hours  
Will come with life's supernal days,  
And higher thoughts and nobler powers  
Will lead us into grander ways.

#### APHORISMS OF LIFE AND NATURE.

By SCOTT O'CONNOR..... TRACINGS.

A fool, wishing to read, went into the starlight. "Stars are of no use," said the fool. "The older I am," said Habit, "the longer I shall live."

Mercury, carrying news, lost his winged sandals. He borrowed Gossip's tongue.

"I amount to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.

"Why," they asked a shy young poet, "do you hide your light?" "That Criticism may not blow it out," he replied.

"You come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I usually wait till after the funeral," was the reply.

Justice on one side of her scales placed a pure, noble heart. She could find nothing to balance it.

"I have read the Book of Life," said a conceited youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not on the cover," said the old man.

Labor aimed to kill Capital. "Do not commit suicide," counseled Sense.

# Sunshine.

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CANADA.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1897.

J. MACDONALD ONLEY, *Editor.*

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN CANADA.

There is something very beautiful and inspiring about the enthusiasm with which the Jubilee of Our Gracious Majesty is being anticipated. Not alone nor primarily because in the providence of God she has been permitted to occupy the throne for a longer period than any of her predecessors, but rather because of the serene nobility of her character, and the amazing expansion and strengthening of the Empire under her wise sway, are the people of the colonies in amiable rivalry with the people of the British Isles preparing for such an outburst of loyalty, devotion, and gratitude, as has been accorded to no other monarch since the dawn of history.

In this worthy emulation the Dominion of Canada is taking good care not to be outdone by any of the other colonies. As befits the eldest, largest, and most progressive of the sisterhood, she is being stirred from ocean to ocean, and when the day of celebration comes, in no portion of the empire will there be displayed more genuine, fervent loyalty.

The fact that Canada is fairly entitled to the place of precedence among the colonies affords her people good ground for pride. Although not so rich as Australia, nor so populous as India, she can boast of conditions belonging to neither of these splendid possessions. In extent of territory but one other nation

can rival her. In adaptability to the support of a vast population she yields to none. Her natural wealth in minerals, forests, fisheries, is unbounded. Her climate is unsurpassed. Of all that is sublime and beautiful her scenery lacks no element. The longest and best railroad in the world under one management uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a twin-tie of shining steel has solved forever the long-sought problem of the North-West Passage.

Not unduly proud or boastful, but strong in the consciousness of a history rich in romance, and brilliant with material achievement, Canada joins in doing honour to the Queen and Empress under whose benignant sway she has risen to her present eminence, and for whom she fervently prays there may yet remain many years of unclouded happiness.

From present indications it would seem altogether probable that the Sun Life of Canada will celebrate this Jubilee year by securing an amount of new business far in excess of that ever previously written, applications whose total falls but little short of six million dollars having already been received, and the comparison with 1896 showing a gain closely approximating one million dollars.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR.....*The Old Song.*  
*New Orleans Picayune.*

"I love you, dear,"  
There is no phrase so worn and old  
In all the world; nor one so sweet  
To lover's lips or maiden's ear  
At this refrain, "I love you, dear,"

"I love you, dear."  
There is no change as time goes on,  
No new words seem to mean so much  
As when they're uttered, fondly near,  
In trembling tones, "I love you, dear."

"I love you, dear."  
No night so dark, no day so long,  
But hope brings comfort to the heart.  
If only "some one" standeth near  
To murmur low, "I love you, dear."



### THE RELIABILITY OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

It is a significant fact that, notwithstanding the hard times, the financial statements of the life assurance companies show that wherever the management has been judicious, there is evidence of growth, improvement, and increasing strength. This means, for one thing, that men recognize the importance of the protection furnished by assurance in times of financial depression, and that the consciousness of a greater need almost counterbalances the advantage resulting to this branch of business in prosperous times, when men of means invest in life assurance voluntarily and freely. Again the peculiar value of life assurance is clearly demonstrated in times when the values of other investments are melting away. Many successful men have been forced to the wall during the past year or two, and many estates have shrunk in consequence of depreciated values, but every policy of life assurance paid during that period by the responsible companies, has been for one hundred cents on the dollar, and usually with a substantial dividend in addition.—*New York Mail and Express.*

### TACTICS IN SUDDEN REFORMATION.

A DIPLOMATIC BOY.....BOSTON COURIER.

I have a little son eight years old. He is smart and bright, and for mischievousness I think can't be beaten. I was sitting in a room one day reading and smoking, when he came sauntering up to me with the forefinger of his left hand in his mouth. I thought at the time that there was something wrong, but said nothing with regard to the same.

"Papa," he said after awhile, "I didn't get one demerit in school to-day."

"You didn't Willie?" I interrogated, throwing a rather fierce look upon him. "Well, I'm sure that's a good showing."

"Yes, and I carried a bucket of coal up for Kate after school," he went on, still keeping that finger in his mouth.

"Why, you are getting very considerate," I returned.

"Yes, and I brushed your coat all off nice and clean."

"No, Willie; you didn't do that?" I asked, looking frowningly at him, for I knew he had been up to something.

"Yes, I did, pa, and I lit the gas in ma's room for her."

"Well, now."

"And I shined your best shoes until they glitter like Sister Ella's looking-glass."

"Is that so? What else have you done?"

"Well, I studied all my lessons in school, got out at regular time, said 'yes, sir,' to Uncle John and helped the hostler around the stable."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Are you going to get sick!"

"No, sir," he replied, twisting around a trifle, "but I'm going to be a better boy—at least for a while."

"You are? Well, I'm glad to hear that."

There was a short pause, and then he said: "Here, pa, are two cigars for you. I bought them with my own spending money. I'll buy you a boxful when I get money enough."

At this juncture he placed both little arms around my neck and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, pa," he asked, "do you like your little boy?"

"Why, of course I do," I replied getting alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I've got something to tell you. Would you keep your little Willie from pain?"

"Certainly I would. Tell me what is the matter, my son?"

"All right, pa, I will—dear, good, old pa. This morning Billy Button Tommy Todd and myself were playing ball, and I couldn't catch very well, so I went and got your brand new stovepipe hat and caught with that. Pa, that hat must be made of awful poor stuff, for the first fly ball went clear through it, knocking the roof out. But never mind, I'll buy you another one," clasping me tighter as I essayed to rise, "and one gooder'n that too!"

What could I do?

An English paper tells of an inspector of schools who was one day examining a class of village school children, and who asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered: "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man." The inspector enjoyed the jest exceedingly.

## TESTIMONY FROM THE WEST.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Apl. 27th, 1897.

CHARLES ST. MORRIS, ESQ.,  
 Manager Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,  
 Salt Lake City.

DEAR SIR,

We acknowledge the receipt of one thousand dollars from you in settlement of the policy on the life of Mr. Wm. H. Lyon, recently deceased. We are under obligations to you for very prompt settlement of this matter and also for your courtesy in rendering assistance in preparation and furnishing of proofs.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAMS, VAN COTT & SUTHERLAND,  
 Attorneys for Estate W. H. Lyon, deceased.

U. S. DEPOSITORY,  
 DESERT NATIONAL BANK  
 OF SALT LAKE CITY.

Capital, . . . \$500,000  
 Surplus, . . . \$500,000

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Apl. 3rd, 1897.

*To whom it may concern:*

I have had occasion to investigate the standing of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, represented in Utah by Mr. St. Morris, and from what I can learn believe the Company to be financially sound and amply able to fulfil its contracts.

L. S. HILLS,  
 President.

A. MACGREGOR, ESQ.,  
 Manager,  
 SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,  
 LONDON.

*Re Symonds Policy No. 60750.*

DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Company's cheque for \$2000 in payment of the above policy, and desire to thank you for the prompt payment of the above claim.

Yours faithfully,

JNO. B. KILGOUR,  
 Manager.

An old Dublin woman went to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and, being told it was raised to a half-penny on account of the Russian war, "Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed, "and do they fight by candle light?"

## THE CHIPMUNK.

As the woodchuck sleeps away the bitterness of cold, so in his narrower chamber sleeps the chipmunk. Happy little hermit, lover of the sun, mate of the song sparrow and the butterflies, what a goodly and hopeful token of the earth's renewed life is he, verifying the promises of his own chalices, the squirrelclups, set in the warmest corners of the woodside, with libations of dew and shower drops, of the bluebird's carol, the sparrow's song of spring.

Now he comes forth from his long night into the fulness of sunlit day, to proclaim his awakening to his summer comrades a gay recluse clad all in the matley, a jester, maybe, yet no fool.

His voice, for all its monotony, is inspiring of gladness and contentment, whether he utters his thin, sharp chirp, or full-mouthed cluck, or laughs a chattering mockery as he scurries in at his narrow door.

He winds along his crooked pathway of the fence rails, and forages for half-forgotten nuts in the familiar grounds, brown with strewn leaves, or dun with dead grass. Sometimes he ventures to the top rail and climbs to a giddy ten-foot height on a tree, whence he looks abroad, wondering, on the wide expanse of an acre.

Music bath charms for him, and you may entrance him with a softly whistled tune, and entice him to frolic with a herd's grass head gently moved before him.

When the fairies have made the white curd of mallow blossoms into cheeses for the children and the chipmunk, it is a pretty sight to see him gathering his share handily and toothily stripping off the green covers, filling his cheek pouches with the dainty disks and scampering away to the cellar with his ungudded portion. Alack the day, when the sweets of the sprouting corn tempt him to turn rogue, for then he becomes a banded outlaw, and the sudden thunder of the gun announces his tragic fate. He keeps well the secret of constructing his cunning house, without a show of heaped or scattered soil at its entrance. Bearing himself honestly, and escaping his enemies, the cat, the hawk, and the boy, he lives a long day of happy inoffensive life. Then when the filmy curtain of the Indian summer falls upon the year again, he bids us a long good-night.

SUNSHINE.

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ELECTRO - TINT Process

READY FOR FUN.

*A Goddess of Girls . . . . . Susie M. Best*  
*The New Bohemian*

Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride ;

Six gallants attend her—  
Brief-skirted and slender,

She claims the surrender  
Of all at her side.

Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride.

O, radiant creature ;  
She wheels and she whirls,

Till no one can reach her—  
O, radiant creature,

In figure and feature,  
She's a goddess of girls—

O, radiant creature,  
She wheels and she whirls.

There's no use denying  
She's captured my heart ;

There's no use denying  
She did it by trying

The bicycle art.

There's no use denying

She's captured my heart.

I'll ask her to marry

Without more ado ;

No longer I'll tarry—

I'll ask her to marry

And try in a hurry

A wheel built for two—

I'll ask her to marry

Without more ado.

### Does Life Assurance Assure Your Life?

#### If Not, What Does It Assure?

How many men know what life assurance really is? It isn't protection against death any more than fire insurance is protection against fire. What, then, is life assurance? It is (in its simplest form) the assurance—or guarantee—of a sum of money to a family as soon as the death of the breadwinner deprives the family of the support he gave them while living. Life assurance does not insure life; it insures the continuance of the income which a living man can earn, but which the same man, when dead, cannot earn.

Fire insurance does not make a building fire-proof, but it insures to the owner enough money to rebuild it if it burn to the ground. If a building is fully insured, the policy restores to the owner the full money value of the building which the fire has consumed. Similarly, if a man's life is adequately assured, his policy restores to his heirs the full money value of his income-producing labors which death has cut off. If you own one building, insure it; if you own fifty buildings, insure them all, for one may burn. If you are poor or in moderate circumstances, assure your life for the protection of your family. If you are a millionaire, you should also assure your life, for there will be some shrinkage in your estate at your death which assurance will restore.

*THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY . . . . . Nathan H. Dole.*  
*The Hawthorn Tree.*

The sky was dark and gloomy ;

We heard the sound of rain

Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves  
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,

The ocean gray and wan,

Where one lone sail before the gale

Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea-fowl hovered

Above the boiling main,

And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,  
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,

Darker and wilder the sea,

And night with her dusky pinions  
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo ! from the western heaven

The veil was rent in twain,

And a flood of light and glory

Spread over the heaving main,

It changed the wave-beat islands

To Islands of the Blest,

And the far-off sail like a spirit

Seemed vanishing into rest.



THE SISTER ARTS.

## BROKEN STOWAGE.

"There are two ways of looking at it," said the cross eyed man.

Toddles—"Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it falls down, and if I drop my balloon it falls up?"

Morton—"Strange happening at the police station this morning." Horton—"What was it?" Morton—"Deaf and dumb man was arrested and given a hearing."

Up-to-date Burglar (turning his X ray lantern on his victim)—"In addition to a watch, you have in your pocket 213 marks in gold and silver. Out with it, or I'll shoot."

Mrs. Benham—"Do you suppose that kings and queens talk like ordinary mortals?" Benham—"Certainly; I have no doubt that a queen asks her king if her crown is on straight."

Following—"And did the groom kiss the bride?" "Oh, yes." "Before everybody?" "No; after everybody, except the sexton and the organist."

"Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, vicious children, like those at your gate, and—, 'Sir, those children are mine.' and the slamming of the door could be heard in the next street.

Sir Francis Scott, the commander of the British expedition to Ashanti, addressing his troops expressed his disappointment that they had no chance to show their bravery in battle. "But," added he (and he is not an Irishman), "if there had been fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

Captain Boycott, who was much before the public when his supplies were cut off by the agrarian agitators in Mayo, Ireland, sixteen years ago, has just been interviewed by an American journalist. The captain, who is now well advanced in years, avers that instead of being the most hated man in his country he is to-day one of the most popular. Thus does time bring its revenges.

"During a recent a session of Parliament, Sir William Harcourt found himself," says a writer in the Leeds Mercury, "unexpectedly in view of an important speech, and having no notes, went into the stenographers' room to prepare some. He procured a lady typist, and dictated to her for some time. As he wound up a glowing peroration, the lady typist suddenly gasped and burst into tears. 'Would you mind saying all that again?' she said plaintively; 'I've forgotten to put any paper in the machine!'"

Travelling in a second-class carriage a gentleman had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment besides himself, with reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference between the second and third class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh, madam," replied he, "I am an old railroad traveller: I know the class distinction. In the first class the passengers behave rudely to the guards; in the third the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second"—with a bow to his fellow-passenger—"the passengers behave rudely to each other."

The following note on scientific organ-blowing is a guinea prize anecdote from The Strand Musical Magazine: "It was the custom of the organist of a certain church to hand the blower a copy of the music to be sung: in fact the later, who had a high opinion of his own professional importance, demanded it as his right. On one occasion, the regular organist being from home, a deputy took his place, and the bellows-pumper did not receive his usual copy. All through the 'Te Deum' and 'Benedictus' the wind came in intermittent streams; sometimes there was a cessation, and once a few jerks. It was enough to try anybody's temper; and naturally after service the organist vented his wrath on the pumpist, who meekly replied 'Well, sir, what was the service you was a-singing of?' 'Calkin in D,' was the answer. 'There you air,' responded the blower triumphantly; 'I had no music given me, and here was Hi you see, a-blowin Clark Whitefield in E flat.'

# SUMMARY of the ANNUAL REPORT for 1896.

New Life Applications received during 1896.....	\$11,110,292 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.

## SUNSHINE.



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