

THE IMPERIAL LIFE Assurance Co. of Canada

SPECIAL NOTICE!

In regard to certain rumors circulated and published to the effect that some kind of an amalgamation of the Canada Life Assurance Company and The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada may take place shortly, we wish to make an unqualified denial of the truth of these rumors. Not only is there no truth in them, but there is no foundation for them. The matter of an amalgamation of the two companies referred to has not been in any way, or at any time, under consideration.

Geo. A. Cox, President S. C. Wood, Vice-President
Canada Life Assurance Imperial Life Assurance Company
Company of Canada

Toronto, June 1st, 1911.

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Six drops of True Vanilla equal to 15 drops of imitation Vanilla

ON CHURCH GOING

THE CHURCH SHOULD AID TO TRUE REST.

Tired Men Do Not Need Sleep, But Change—What Sunday Brings to Some People.

The Christian Guardian argues that the best relief for that "feeling" which some people have on Sunday is to go to church. The Guardian says:

What tires men? Overwork, worry, monotony. What rests men? Sleep, quiet, change. If a man needs a sleep, he had better take it, even on Sunday, but will there not be plenty of time to go to church also? Surely the hour, or hour and a half, of the church service, will still leave plenty of time for sleep?

But most tired men do not need sleep, but change. A great many tired men will find themselves rested by a change of toil and scene. To forget our troubles, and turn our attention to something which is both interesting and pleasant, is true rest. Does the church help us in this? At least it ought to, and there are thousands who will testify that it does. The friendly meeting, the music and singing, the prayers and the sermon, are surely adapted to help the ordinary man and for the time at least he can forget his worries.

But suppose the tired individual stays home. Does he rest? He is too tired to "dress up," and so lolls around in his everyday clothes. He reads a little, but it is just what he has been reading all the week, and it does not rest him. A neighbor calls in, and they discuss business and loquacious, and live the week over again, and his cares and troubles. Then the children worry him, and he loses his temper a dozen times. At night he is probably more tired than he was in the morning, and he wonders how it is that Sunday is such a hard day. He has spoiled his Sunday and lost a day.

Now, if he had decided to go to church he would have put on his Sunday clothes, and that would at least have occupied his attention for a little while. He would have heard some good music and probably a sermon that would have interested him; and he would, for a few hours at least, have forgotten his daily round of duty, and would have been more rested at night than if he had stayed at home. The tired man, as a rule, had better go to church.

Snake Turned Traitor.

Young Woman Believed in Its Affection.

Ellen Velvin, the animal trainer, tells a story of a woman, snake charmer who firmly believed that one of her snakes was really fond of her. She could do anything with it, fondle, kiss and caress it.

"She grew so fond of it," says Miss Velvin in McClure's, "that at last she even let it sleep on her bed, to the great disgust of the other performers in the show. She would eat her meals with this horrible thing coiled around her neck, and once in very warm weather she took it under her coat into the woods with her, and let it amuse itself by crawling over the ground."

"She followed it about and kept a most careful watch over it (it was a valuable performer), but it showed no disposition to go off into the woods, as she feared it might, but came back to her and coiled around her as usual. She was warned several times that the reptile was very dangerous, but she grew more and more reckless, and the snake appeared to become more and more attached to her."

"And then one day without any warning directly after a performance when she was caressing it in her own room the snake suddenly threw back its head, looked steadily and with lightninglike swiftness struck her between the eyes, leaving two tiny punctures. She hastily uncouiled it and thrust it into its box, but she died within half an hour."

George Snyder, one of the keepers out at the Bronx Zoo, has a more faithful adorer in the person, so to speak, of a young walrus that was captured by J. H. Bailey in the Kane Basin. He was only six months old when Miss Velvin, after seeing him declared that "for homeliness and comical expression he was without a rival at the zoo"—and that is saying a good deal.

"He hates everybody except his keeper," she says, "but for him he will go anywhere and do anything. His affection began to show itself by his flopping in his awkward way after his keeper every time he moved. For this keeper Snyder called him Flip Flop and this has been shortened to Flip."

"Mr. Snyder was anxious to weigh him one day. This would have been something of an undertaking under ordinary circumstances, as the weighing machine was some distance away, but the gate was opened, the keeper went out, saying 'Come on, Flip,' and out came the young walrus and followed him not only to the scales but on the scales, where, by giving him one or two claps, he was kept long enough to be weighed."

"Flip weighed at the time of his capture 150 pounds. Since then he has gained enormously, as he has a huge appetite. He eats over thirty pounds of fish daily—three meals a day—in the shape of clams, codfish and butterfish from which all the bones are first carefully removed. He always seems to be ravenously hungry and eats greedily, with many grunts, puffings and sighs. He is the most absolutely happy and contented wild animal I have ever seen in captivity."

Celebrated Ruby Wedding.

That rare event, a ruby wedding, was celebrated in Balfour village, in Shapinsay, Orkney Islands, recently, by Mr. and Mrs. John Grever. They were married in 1841, and their respective ages are ninety-one and ninety-four years.

Polyglot Passports.

Probably the most polyglot passports in the world are those issued to balloon pilots and aeroplantists by the Austrian Aero Club, which are drawn up in no fewer than fifteen languages in parallel columns.

MANY SUITORS FOR EACH GIRL.

There are Ten Men to Every Woman in Iviza Island.

Chamber's Journal. With regard to Iviza, the third in importance of the Balearic isles, and complete history has never been, and never will be written.

From the fragments of records extant, one gathers that from earliest days occupation of the lovely and fertile isle was hotly contested. Chaldeans, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Romans, Greeks, Vandals, Saracens and Moors fought for its possession.

Since the Aragonese invasion of the thirteenth century Iviza has belonged to Spain. Here are some interesting details of the life of the people, describing the Sunday morning scene, when the country folk came to town to mass and to market.

Some of the women rode mules, sitting perched high on a pile of sheepskins, their multi-colored petticoats billowing about their necks, and others were packed closely into open carts that had cushions placed low on either side of their sagging floor matting. With its flippant hues and staid cut, the native dress was a bewildering combination of garishness and sobriety.

They say there are ten men for every woman in Iviza, and the aspect of the roads on that sunny April morning inclined us to believe the report, for from every direction came fine, strapping fellows moving in droves. In striking contrast to the expansive attitude of the women, the men's dress appeared designed to accentuate their natural slimmness. The trousers of richly colored velvet or plush fitted closely to the limbs, except at the ankles, where they spread widely; while their further adornments were gayly hued shirts or short, full blouse jackets and bright sashes.

The popular large felt hats were lavishly adorned with gold cords, and in addition to one necktie for use, it was customary to add a second, and even a third, for show.

As the morning advanced, a moving throng, resplendent in color, crowded the market place. Girls, temporarily free from chaperons, were parading in decorous rows, their hands, holding pocket handkerchiefs heavily edged with crocheted lace, sedately crossed over their short but voluminous green silk aprons.

It was perhaps only to be expected that wherever we saw a body of girls a corresponding cluster of men would be at hand. Yet we rarely saw them address one another. The modern etiquette of a rustic courtship in Iviza is clearly defined. A plentitude of suitors being assured, it is the maiden who makes the selection.

The admirers of a marriageable girl wait for her outside the church doors on Sunday, and when she leaves meet the one who has the prior claim presents himself and walks beside her for the first portion of the homeward journey. Then at a given point, or within a stated time limit, he yields place to the second, and the second to a third, until the number is exhausted.

If any suitor seeks to transgress the unwritten law, pistols may flash and knives are apt to spring. In all other matters the people of Iviza are peaceable, and on all points moral and virtuous.

It must be admitted that certain of the more frolicsome spirits still keep up the custom of saluting the maidens of their choice with a charge of rock salt aimed at the ankles, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the unwieldy masses of petticoats serve at least one useful purpose by shielding the wearers from the saline missiles of love's artillery.

REMARKABLE MOTHERS.

History Shows Maternal Stamp on Many of Exceptional Genius.

The mothers of men of genius have been frequently somewhat remarkable women, more remarkable than the fathers. Caesar's mother was "a strict and stately lady of the old school, uninfected by the cosmopolitan laxity of her day." Consequently, though the Caesars were wealthy, their household was "simple and severe." Its greatness was always passionately devoted to his mother, who shared his house up to the time of her death, when he was forty-six years old. "His influence upon him was doubtless great and beneficial."

Napoleon attributed "his elevation to his mother's training, laying down the maxim that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother." The only gift which he seems to have received from his father was a tendency to cancer.

Mozart, Goethe, Scott, Leibnitz, Augustine, Gregory and Francis d'Assisi, all these had mothers of some note, and fathers of less—Augustine's father was "an unprincipled scamp." It is quaint to discover that among the ancestors of Goethe—"the most interesting though not the greatest man that ever lived"—there were three tailors. His mother was eighteen his father thirty-nine, when he was born. Mozart, who died of tubercular nephritis—"a tubercular or strumous taint is in some way a favoring condition of certain types of aesthetic and intellectual capacity"—had a lively but delicate mother. The mother of Leibnitz was a peacemaker, like her son.

Augustine's mother "was often beaten by her husband and saw visions and had dialectical subtlety that reflected in the immortal 'Confessions' with much of the looseness of the saint's own earlier days. Gregory's mother was a veritable saint. From his mother Francis d'Assisi inherited "his delicate body, gracious nature, courteous manners, intuitive reverence and dainty fastidiousness."

Martin Luther took after his mother, who, although she had a reputation for madness, whipped him till the blood came for stealing a nut! Renard mentally was a true son of his Gascon mother, a small tradesman's daughter, although tinged by his father's excessive sensibility, and Emerson was two-thirds his mother, albeit from his father he inherited a trace of eccentricity.

He Jumped Into the Sea.

"My uncle is a whale, and I could hear him blowing," was the explanation of a Sunderland defenceman who jumped into the sea. He was sent to an asylum.

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The chain of the physical system is only as strong as its weakest link. When that link breaks, the chain breaks, and serious illness followed by death often results. The weak link with many people is the throat and lungs. In fact, statistics show that over twenty-five per cent of all deaths can be directly traced to diseases of these most important respiratory organs. Weakness here is very dangerous.

During his long and successful practice, Father Marriey, the learned physician, was often called upon to treat bronchial and pulmonary affections. He soon found that it was not enough to make temporary repairs on the "link," but that it had to be forged anew, in order permanently to strengthen the chain.

After much study, he succeeded in devising a prescription that would secure this result, by not only giving prompt relief but also by rebuilding and strengthening the delicate cells and membranes of the throat and lungs.

This prescription, Father Marriey's Lung Tonic, or No. 10, has cured thousands. It is absolutely free from any dangerous drug, being compounded from Nature's own roots, herbs and balsams.

No. 10 stops the cough, relieves the soreness and strengthens and fortifies the system against future attacks. Even in the early stages of consumption it has proved helpful, but the wise plan is to take it in time, and avoid serious disease.

In our climate it is well to have a reliable and tested remedy like No. 10 always on hand. Take it at the first appearance of a cold, and keep the chain of life strong and capable of resistance.
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