

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

In their little work-a-day world they sometimes forgot there was a busier beyond as they labored over the dark brown earth sowing and reaping to the key of contentment blest with health, and although it was a life with sometimes slow reward, it was more or less softened by the sweets of domesticity, comradeship and hospitality.

Busy in the up-keep of their humble holdings, Sunshine-Shadder seldom pondered upon the fretful thought of what might have been, but accepting the situation with the best possible grace, they were always ready to solace the less optimistic with the fact that though remote from the busy centres they had at least the tiny satisfaction of beholding the name of their village in conspicuous type on the provincial chart. It was a slight recognition, but it swelled many a bosom with conscious pride, and especially was this the fact when they gazed, many of them with spectacled eyes, at the time-worn chart in the old stone school. Down the years, before this medium of intelligence, lad and lass have toed the chalked line, invariably receiving as their first lesson in geography the location of Sunshine-Shadder.

It was an eventful occasion to the country boy or girl as they shuffled barefooted from the visible line and, with pointer in hand, tremblingly stabbed a spot which was announced almost immediately by the chorus shout of "Sunshine-Shadder."

Years after, when many of those who toed that chalked line flitted to other lands, it was seldom that they allowed the opportunity to pass without inform-