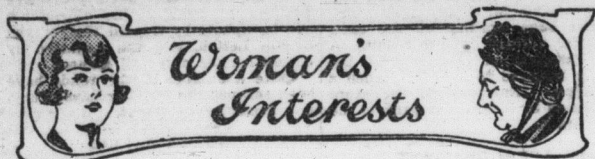


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## Are They Really Trifles?

It's rather humbling to the Great Soul who wants to think of life as something big and wonderful to be constantly reminded that life, after all, is made up of a multitude of little things. It's only occasionally that the really big and dramatic event happens along, and the thing which makes it big and dramatic is its rarity. Every day living is just a succession of trifles. And yet those trifles may have a very important bearing on the sum total of life.

Mary Brown always had a backache. As a result she always felt irritable. She snapped at Father Brown and scolded and slapped the little Browns, and altogether the Brown family life wasn't exactly what you would call happy. One day Mary's cousin came to make a visit and, as all desirable visitors do, she rolled up her sleeves and started to wash dishes. But after she's washed a couple, she stopped, hunted up a basin just three inches deep, and slipped it under the dishpan.

"What's the idea?" asked Mary. "This sink is too low. I should think you'd break your back, humping over it three times a day," said the cousin.

Mary suddenly saw light. The very little matter of a sink three inches too low, had kept her cross and half ill for years.

Dora Jones had a headache most all the time. Dora loved to do needlework, but she never got time for it in daylight, there was so much to do with the poultry. So she left the embroidery until evening. Then she lit the biggest lamp and sat down directly facing it. Now Dora should have known better. They teach school children all about how harmful it is to face a direct light. But it was such a little thing, Dora thought it foolish to bother about such a trifle, when she could see so much better with her face to the light. Finally she went to a doctor about those headaches. He asked no end of questions, and finally found out about the light. Dora had to give up fancy work for six months, and when she took it up again, she had the light behind her. She hasn't had a headache in ages, so she says.

Mrs. Swiftly was always having to throw out canned fruit and bits of ketchup, half glasses of preserves, and pickles and things. She never took time to empty the fruit back in the can, if any was left from the table, or to wipe off the top of the jar and screw the top on tightly. She was always going to use the leftovers up, but there was always such a little bit, she would leave them standing around until they spoiled and had to be thrown out.

One winter Grandma Swiftly, who lived with her son, kept track of the "little things" her daughter-in-law threw out. By spring nine quarts of fruit, five bottles of ketchup, three dozen pickles, and four quarts of various preserves had been wasted. If Mrs. Swiftly had had to buy that stuff at store prices it would have taken enough money to have paid for a pair of shoes for both children, or a good all-wool blanket, or to buy at least half the dishes Mrs. Swiftly really needed and thought she couldn't afford.

Jimmie Wilson didn't get ahead in school. He was listless, and inattentive, and looked pinched and half-fed. Jimmie ate a cold lunch every day at school. Most of the children did the same thing, there was no regular hot lunch planned at that school. A few children brought hot soup, or cocoa or milk in a thermos bottle, but most of them just ate cold food. A home-demonstration agent told Jimmie's mother that she believed it was the cold lunch that kept Jimmie back in his work. But Jimmie's mother could not see it. The rest of the children at cold lunches and kept up Jimmie must be just plain lazy.

Finally the H. D. A. talked so much Mrs. Wilson agreed to see that Jimmie had something hot every day at noon. In six months' time, Jimmie had picked up amazingly in looks, health and scholarship. It was just a matter of a hot drink to warm up

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# Hunger at the Light

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

## PART I.

It had been a dark, cold summer along the north shore of Lake Superior. Storm had followed storm, and frost had come every month. For Capt. McDell, the lighthouse keeper at Otter Island, it had been a busy year. On two occasions great lake steamers had come poking in to learn whether it was Michipicoten Island or Caribou. Then there had come little cruiser motor boats, loaded with sportsmen seeking trout and game. They had borrowed baking powder and had left magazines. When mid-September was at hand, and the captain thought that the last of his summer visitors were gone, two voyagers in a boat too small for that stormy coast at such a season had come down the lake not were wind-bound for a week. They had made serious inroads on his supplies; and after they were gone Capt. McDell found that he had scarcely enough food to last until the 10th of December, when the light was to go out and the lighthouse tender was due to arrive and take him away for the winter.

A few nights later, in a great autumn gale that swept the lake, the fish tug Moselle struck ten miles north of the light, and in the morning what was left of the crew arrived at Capt. McDell's shelter in a battered life boat. There were three of them, and they stayed on the island five days; then Capt. McDell managed to signal Capt. Melane of the fish tug Dreadnot, which had ventured down the coast to run some gill nets.

Capt. Melane took the castaways aboard and promised to bring the lighthouse keeper some supplies, but when he reached Port Coldwell, sixty miles to the north, his fish sprang a leak, and he had to haul her out for the winter. No one else happened to be going down to Otter Island, and in early November at the Coldwell store the men began to wonder whether Capt. McDell would be able to find enough game and fish to eat at his little island. They knew how much he had carried down in the spring, and they knew how many times he had received supplies that summer. They knew, also, about how much had been borrowed from him by summer travelers and by the shipwrecked fishermen, and they remembered that he had no rifle for moose or deer—only an old shotgun with twenty shells. They figured it out and came to the conclusion that he must either catch rabbits and grouse or starve.

"He'll catch game if he has to!" Capt. Melane declared. "A man always does!" "But they say there were wolves on the island this summer," Will LaPage suggested; "that means the rabbits and birds are caught up!" The men looked at one another. Perhaps it was true; they knew that early in the season Capt. McDell had shot a wolf from a window of the cabin. Of course, wolves would catch many birds and rabbits; two or three of them on an island would soon clear it of other animal life. In that fall weather the captain would hardly dare venture across to the mainland in search of game, for fear of being caught and held by a gale.

After that at the store they did not talk casually about Capt. McDell; there were possibilities that they did not like to discuss. No one had any business down the bleak coast; there were no large boats at Port Coldwell except the disabled tug, and no one seemed ready to take the trip in a small boat. The government ought to send its tender along the coast every month to see that the lighthouse keep-

ers were safe; that was the sentiment which some one expressed whenever the subject was mentioned.

Will LaPage, however, wanted to talk about Capt. McDell. He brought the subject up every night at the store and asked what could be done and what should be done.

"If you're so anxious about a grown man, why don't you go?" Capt. Melane exclaimed impatiently when the youth had spoiled a fine game of checkers by wondering what Capt. McDell was doing and whether he had really had any luck in catching game or fish.

The men thought that Will LaPage's manner of taking the captain's answer was a good joke; he flushed, turned white and sat staring with his mouth open. Then he went out into the cold north wind and slipped down to the cabin where he lived.

"Why don't I go?" Will LaPage said to himself as the injustice of the question occurred to him. Of course he had his boat, with its little two-horse-power motor; but it was just a skiff, and the seas were driving the great lake steamers toward shore where they would have no chance to run into some deep bay for shelter.

For two days Will LaPage said nothing about the man down at the light sixty miles away. Then he came out into a morning that was bright, though clouds were banked in the west and in the northwest. Through the gap in the harbor Will could see the heaving, lead-colored lake; there were no whitecaps on it.

"I could make it!" he exclaimed to himself. "My boat'll go seven miles an hour; I could get there in nine hours!"

He went across to the wharf house where the four boxes that contained the precious food supply intended for Capt. McDell were waiting for some chance passer-by to carry them down to the light. He ran out on the planks where his little eighteen-foot motor boat swung on its line and drew it in, filled the two tanks with gasoline, looked into the locker to see that there were slickers and rubber boots and then put in the lantern and a can of kerosene. He stowed the supply boxes in the bottom of the boat, threw a tarpaulin over them and shoved off. A minute later the motor turned over, and the boat gathered headway.

As soon as he was out on the harbor Will encountered the full sweep of the waves that came from under the menacing clouds on the horizon. The motor boat rose stern first over a crest and then sank back into the trough where the shores were out of sight, and only the gray walls of the waves came heaving at him. But they did not break; the tops were rounded, and there was no arching

cliff of water to lean over the boat, ready to break and fill it. Just a little wind, however, would make it a breaking sea; and as he swept over the crests LaPage looked anxiously toward the cloud banks on the horizon. (To be concluded next issue.)

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## And That's That.

There were three of them—an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman; and they had been discussing the relative values of their respective nationalities.

"Well, well," said the Englishman, who was bent on an amicable solution of the question, "I'm proud of being an Englishman; but if I were not an Englishman I would—well, I would be an Irishman."

"And sure," replied the Irishman, quite ready to return the compliment, "if I were not an Irishman—I would be an Englishman."

"And now what would you be if you were not a Scotsman?" continued the Englishman, addressing the Scot.

"What would I be if I were not a Scotsman?" repeated the latter. "Well, if I were a Scotsman—ah, I would be just—well, well, well, well, well!"

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## Stockings.

Life would be tolerable if there were not so many things to be done over again.

Work that is creation is inspiration. When you are building a new house you seem really to be living; that is, harring architects and plumbers and other such intrusive and unnecessary people. You are looking forward, getting forward, thinking new thoughts, making progress with your character and your soul. What a wealth of development there is in the plans, the arrangements, the improvements! Why, you did not realize before how fast the world was growing! Or, in the inner life, say you learn a new language. Here is labor that is really fruitful, hours—that mean something, new experience, new contact, doors opening on wide, rich prospects from which endless depth and power of living can be gained. Even in the humbler realms of domesticity true and satisfying creation is constantly possible. You make a new gown and you seem to be getting somewhere, to be adding something to the dull routine of life, even if it is a perishable something, too quickly and easily forgotten. You learn to cook a new dish and for the moment you can lose yourself in it. You add this touch and that touch and tremble to think how it will come out. But then there are the things that have to be done over. When the cooking is finished, whether it has failed or succeeded, there are the same old dishes to be washed in the same old sink in the same old way. There is the same old dirt to be got out of the same old corners. No matter how faithfully you get it out to-day it is there again to-morrow. And there is always mending, mending, mending, whether the universe is coming to an end or not. Stockings sum it all up, always the stockings. How in the name of mysty ry do they wear out so? And in these days of cost and saving they must be darned, darned, darned, until there is more darn than stocking left.

When other work is all done and bed seems so indescribably attractive there is that mountainous pile of unfulfilled obligation waiting in the work basket, and the thought of it seems to reduce the world to a black multiplicity of incompleteness.

## Why the Sky is Blue.

After astronomers and scientists had puzzled over this apparently simple question for many hundreds of years, Professor John Tyndall, a famous scholar of the last century, solved the mystery with the following explanation:

Sunlight is pure white light, made up of rays of the seven primary colors seen in the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The sky, which is really the air surrounding the earth, is filled with myriads of tiny specks or particles of matter which absorb some of the colors in the rays of sunlight and reflect others—forming the combination we call sky-blue.

The variations in shade of this blue are due to the fact that the atmosphere is, at different times, filled with varying densities of these dust-particles, and also to the varying angles at which the sunlight strikes them.

After rain the air is washed comparatively clear, and the sky then appears as the true blue we are accustomed to associate with it. If one could penetrate beyond the shell of air surrounding the earth, the sky, instead of being blue, would appear to be pure white because there would be nothing to impede the direct rays of the white sunlight.

## The Great Earthquake.

That great mysterious earthquake of a few weeks ago was variously calculated to have occurred in China, in the Argentine, and in the North Pacific, near the Aleutian Islands, where the barometer is almost always relatively low.

Was it due to the big sunspots which at the time were just in that central position on the disc when past experience has shown something of the sort might be expected?

Not only violent earthquakes, indeed, have happened when large spots have been near, or on, the sun's central meridian, but there have also been magnificent displays of aurora borealis.

The spots suspected of being responsible for the mystery quake certainly brought a fine auroral display, and, likely as not, the telegraph and cable systems were seriously interfered with.

It is becoming more and more evident that a certain type of sunspot has a direct or indirect influence upon the natural forces beneath the earth's surface.

The "coincidence" of earthquakes, auroral displays, and magnetic storms with solar disturbances is much too frequent to be the effect of mere chance.

## A Picker by Trade.

A witty convict is unusual. The London Morning Post tells of one such fellow, however—a man whom Capt. Spencer, senior missionary of the Church Army, once visited in his cell. "Well, my man," said the captain, "and what do you do when you are out at work?"

"Well," replied the convict, in a philosophic manner, "in spring I picks peas, in summer I picks fruit, in autumn I picks 'ops, and in the winter I picks peckets."

"And what happens then?" "Then," continued the convict, "they take me up and sends me in 'ere, an' I picks oakum."

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1921

## JUBILEE YEAR

HALF a century has elapsed since the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada issued its first policy in 1871. The figures submitted herewith indicate the size, strength and outstanding position to which the company has attained among the life assurance institutions of the world, as a result of its operations during those first fifty years.

## SYNOPSIS OF RESULTS FOR 1920

ASSETS	
Assets as at 31st December, 1920	\$114,839,444.48
Increase over 1919	9,127,976.21
INCOME	
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1920	\$28,751,578.43
Increase over 1919	8,047,377.33
PROFITS PAID OR ALLOTTED	
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1920	\$2,615,645.64
SURPLUS	
Total Surplus 31st December, 1920, over all liabilities and capital	\$8,364,667.15

(According to the Company's Standard, viz., for assets, the 100 (5) Table, with 2½ and 3 per cent. interest, and for annuities, the 100 (5) Select Annuity Tables with 3½ per cent. interest.)

TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS  
Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1920 \$10,960,402.00  
Payments to Policyholders since organization 102,187,934.30

ASSURANCES ISSUED DURING 1920  
Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1920 \$106,891,266.23  
Increase over 1919 20,342,416.79

BUSINESS IN FORCE  
Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1920 \$486,641,235.17  
Increase over 1919 70,282,773.12

## THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	\$4,210.93	\$6,461.55	\$1,064,350.00
1880	141,492.81	473,032.93	3,297,139.11
1890	889,078.87	2,473,514.19	16,739,253.52
1900	2,789,226.52	10,436,861.17	57,980,634.68
1910	9,375,453.94	33,164,790.37	145,519,276.00
1920	28,751,578.43	114,839,444.48	486,641,235.17



## Baby's Advice—

Don't use medicated soaps unless your skin is sick—

and don't make it sick by using strong soaps, pigments, or by neglect.

Use Baby's Own Soap freely with warm water, rinse well and dry carefully, and the most delicate skin will be kept soft and white and HARD SKINS will become softer and whiter.

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Best for Baby Best for You

## Forests Reserved for Use.

The resources embraced in a Dominion forest reserve are reserved for use and not reserved from use. The areas reserved are lands unsuitable for agriculture, and, in addition to conserving the waterflow of streams which have their sources in them, the timber, cordwood, hay, and grazing are made available to the settlers in the surrounding districts as soon and as fully as possible. Practically every forest reserve has some mature and overmature timber and the aim of the Forestry Branch is to market this so that the young forest may come on as soon as possible. Every winter, thousands of cords of wood for fuel, and millions of feet of saw-timber are taken out by settlers under permit, as well as large quantities of fence-posts, mine-timbers, and poles. In round numbers, a hundred thousand animals, cattle, horses and sheep, graze on the reserves and many thousand tons of hay are cut for winter feed. Under regulated use these resources will increase, and be available to an ever larger and larger number of settlers. If they were left to unrestricted use by the first comers, that is, to unrestricted hacking and slashing, the reserves would be a mass of inflammable slash in a few years and then a destructive fire would sweep away everything, so that it would be impossible to get fuel or saw-timber for a generation. It is to prevent this last condition that reserves are set aside and protected.

## Success.

Fate, that is given to all men partly shaped, is man's to alter daily till he dies. Things which men—Mean with their might, succeed.

—Masefield.

Artificial flower-making is an art in which the Japanese excel.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.