

# SUNSHINE

PUBLISHED BY THE  
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA  
AT HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

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## Torpedoed!

A MAJESTIC liner sails homeward bound. The very incarnation of fearless dignity, her towering hull pulses to the throb of engines whose unbridled power is that of three score thousand steeds. Swiftly she cleaves the waters—two captains on her bridge, a picked and hardy crew at their posts. But what need of precaution?

About her the rippling sea reflects the sun in a cloudless sky. No treacherous shoal, no hidden reef is near. Close off her bows lies the home-port; no sign of danger is seen, heard or imagined.

The crashing shock of an explosion!

Reeling under the blow, the leviathan swerves, stops—and lists. In seconds measured by heartbeats, amidst the hissing of steam and the shrieks of the lost she plunges to her doom—*torpedoed!*

To-day you may be sailing the Sea of Life in apparent safety.

Overhead may shine the sunny skies of prosperity. Through your veins may pulse the life-flood of ruddy health; no reef of accident, no shoal of sickness may be in sight.

But at any instant the Hidden Hand may strike, and down you may go—torpedoed *without warning!*

Then what of the passengers? What of the mother, the sister or the wife who relies on your skill and strength to keep her afloat? What of the helpless children? Are they, too, to be left struggling unaided amid the wide waste of waters—because you *hesitated too long?*

Or, will you provide them *now* with the only life-belt that can make their future sure—an adequate life assurance policy?

Decide *to-day.*

Tomorrow the torpedo may strike home!