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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 back-ache. 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 needle-work, 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 relishes, 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 relishes 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 not 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

NOTICE

Agents wanted everywhere to introduce and sell new Auto Accessory. Will not big returns to you. Small capital required. For particulars write J. B. WHITFIELD Toronto 8 March St.

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 and 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 Dreadnoot, 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 tug 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 one 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 wud be just dom' weel ashamed o' mysel'!"

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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	3,047,377.33
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 assurances, the One (5) Table, with 3 1/2 and 3 per cent. interest, and for annuities, the B. O. Select Annuity Tables with 3 1/2 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	\$ 48,210.93	\$ 96,461.05	\$ 1,064,320.00
1880	141,402.81	473,632.93	2,897,139.11
1890	890,074.87	2,475,514.19	19,759,343.92
1900	2,780,226.52	10,486,891.17	67,980,634.68
1910	6,575,453.94	38,164,790.37	143,549,276.00
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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—Masefield.

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