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Hunger at the Light

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

PART II.

Hour after hour LaPage held his course, running into the northwest; then suddenly he saw the clouds on the horizon rise and sweep toward him.

The storm was coming, but he was more than halfway to Otter Island. The long white streamers raced across the sky, and a moment later out of the west came the crowding banks of wind and the sharp, driving sleet.

LaPage had only one thing to do then, and that was to find shelter instantly. He headed for shore and scanned the line for some opening into which he could make his way. Directly ahead lay the island at the entrance to Oiseau Bay. He raced for it, and as the wind struck him and drove the spray from the wave tops he rounded the stones and rode a long swell into the sheltered cove. Looking back, he saw the waves that were smashing against the island, and the lake white with the breaking crests. In his boat there were only a few bucketfuls of water. He had got so far in safety.

The storm might be a squall or a gale, and the sleet might last an hour or a week. He must have shelter of some kind. He followed the shore line slowly, watching through the sleet, for he knew that somewhere in the bay there was a trapper's cabin. Near a sandy beach he saw a blur against the trees. Throwing over the anchor, he worked the boat to the shore and there made it fast by the stern so that it swung clear. LaPage found the cabin dry. On the floor was a draftwood for the stove, and presently he was sitting beside a red-hot fire, listening to the roar of the gale as it beat against his shelter.

All the rest of the afternoon the wind howled, and then at sunset there was an explosion in the western sky; the sunshine burst through the storm and spread a brilliant wave of dancing light across the water. A minute later the sun went down and with it the wind.

LaPage immediately went to his boat, cast off the motor and headed off into the lake. It was a black sea again; not a whitecap showed except where the waves crashed against the shore. It proved to be a black night also, for not a star glimmered overhead, and no light broke the darkness of the gloomy shore.

There was a shift in the running of the waves, because the squall had come diagonally against the coast, and the motor boat now moved quartering before the waves. For a while the only sounds were the roar of the surf and the steady purr of the engine; then from the shore LaPage heard the long hungry howl of the wolves, and it made him think of the man at the light.

At intervals the boy glanced over his shoulder, watching the dark horizon for that terrible white line that would herald a squall. For a few more hours he went on without a pause; then suddenly ahead of him he glimpsed a light; it could be none other than Otter Island light staring in the dark. Within the hour, then, he would be under the lee in the bay.

The relief was so great that LaPage began to sing, and for a little while as the light grew brighter and brighter he sang at the top of his voice. Then suddenly the light began to fade little by little. It was blotted out, only to appear again a moment later and then go out again. LaPage sat up straighter, wondering what was the matter. Over his shoulder came a low whining sound, and he glanced back the cold chill crept down his spine. A puff of wind drifted, followed by a sharp spatter of sleet.

He had been steering a little to the right of the light in order to pass the point of the island, and he was more than a mile offshore. The squall was coming from the north, and the sleet was turning into snow that was softer but no less stinging. Before he could think, the smother was upon him; the long shore line of breaking waves disappeared, and the waves themselves were lost to sight, veiled in the howling, snow-bearing wind.

"They'll never know what became of me!" LaPage thought in that first gasp of error; "it's all rocks along the shore here; I can't make the harbor! I've got to run before it!"

It was a terrible sea; the wind did not run true to the course of the waves, but partly crossed them. On the crests were the hissing, running whitecaps, and down in the trough there was a flutter of wind and the cross-snapping of the short waves.

The motor was boxed in, and the tarpaulin was spread over the cargo in the pit. LaPage sat in the bow at the wheel, holding the course. There was nothing else to do in that gray-black water. The waves came

in under the stern, lifted it until it seemed that the boat was going over and then pounded down on the stern deck and splashed aboard.

He eased the wheel a bit and let the boat run a little freer before the gale and rather nearer the shore. Every minute the waves jumped higher, and the whitecaps came over with a harder pound and a wilder crash.

There was no false idea of danger in Will LaPage's mind at that moment. He knew Lake Superior and had seen its wrath before. His boat was proving more seaworthy than he had ever dreamed it was, but the water was washing round his feet now, coming forward with a rush when the bow was down and swinging back when the stern sank. At any moment a comber might break over the rail and leave the boat water-logged with a dead engine. That would be the end.

The storm was screaming now; the very lips of the waves seemed to vibrate with shrill whistling. Only the white mist of the snow and the dark, leaping water just over the rocking side of the boat were visible. Then suddenly LaPage felt the boat rising and rising, rolling up on a mountainous wave.

"It's all over!" he gasped, for he realized that when the wave broke, his boat must break with it and roll over and over in the tumbling water, and foam.

How high he went he could not tell, and then, sliding and darting, the motor boat shot straight down a long slope. There was a roar of smashing breakers to starboard and the wail of passing wind to port, and the boat descended into a rocking, dancing calm of a lee where the purring of the motor was the closest sound; the storm seemed to have passed by on the other side, leaving only puffs of breeze that circled and eddied.

"A lee—a lee!" gasped Will LaPage, looking round in bewilderment. The next instant he put the wheel hard over just in time to see the boat along a dark stone ledge against which the backwash rose and fell.

He reduced the motor to half speed and tried to gather his wits. A minute later on the starboard side a dark passage opened. He turned into it while the gale passed high over his head, and the waves washed gently under the bow.

Scarcely had he caught his breath when he saw a yellow glow in the snow to the starboard, and then he knew. The storm had carried him over the point of the rocks and had swung him down in the lee of Otter Island; this was the harbor. It was midnight or near morning; he could not tell which. The glow must be the light keeper's cottage, for the ship light was on the outside of the island.

In the comparative calm he ran the boat to the low dock and made fast. Taking one of the boxes, he jumped up to the walk, hurried to the cottage and climbed the side steps. Without stopping to rap he walked in.

Beside the stove, in which there was a bright fire, sat a gaunt, motionless man whom LaPage scarcely recognized. His chin rested on his chest, and his arm hung by his side.

"Captain!" cried LaPage. "Capt. McDell!"

The man's shoulders stirred, and he slowly lifted his head and opened his eyes.

"Hello, cap'n!" said LaPage. "I've brought those supplies down."

Capt. McDell's head dropped forward again, and LaPage crossed quickly to his side. On the floor near the table he noticed a large wolfskin from which a piece had been cut; and in a can of boiling water on the stove he found the piece. The captain had been preparing to eat it!

"The supplies!" he heard Capt. McDell mutter in a weak voice.

"Yes, I brought up some canned soups and a dozen or more boxes of pilot bread."

LaPage opened a can of soup with a hatchet, smoothed the sharp edges and handed it to the captain.

"This will taste good to you," he said.

With trembling hands the captain took it, and when he had tasted it he looked up and then turned his head away for fear the young man should notice what was in his eyes.

(The End.)

Shooting Fish.
There is said to be a shooting fish with a hollow, cylindrical beak. When it sees a fly on plants that grow in shallow streams it ejects a single drop of water, that knocks the fly into the lid.

It's an indication of old age when you call a heavy fall of snow "horrid" instead of "beautiful."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Woman's Interests

Making Stockings Last Longer.
There are three types of hosiery—cut goods, seamless or "knit to fit," and full-fashioned. The first is the cheapest and poorest. The length is knit and the heel and toe sewed in with a rather bulky seam. The seamless stocking is knit whole and usually fits badly, losing its shape still further in washing, although there are several brands that are fairly well shaped and give good service. It is well to buy an extra long foot in this type.

Full-fashioned stockings have a seam through the entire length, and are widened out toward the top by means of extra stitches. These are the best made and most shapely stockings.

As the prices of hosiery advanced during the war, stockings seemed to grow smaller, so that it is now advisable to select a size larger than the one formerly worn. This precaution should always be observed in the purchase of silk stockings. It is well also to buy what is known as "out-sizes" which are larger around the top than the regular size. Out-size stockings were originally intended for persons of more than average weight; but slender folks found that stocking supporters did not strain the wider tops as they did those of regular size, so more and more shoppers are asking for the out-sizes.

Lisle stockings, in both plain and mercerized yarns, look well and give better returns for the money than if silk stockings were bought. Men have never worn silk stockings to the extent that they now wear them; and not since stockings were all of home manufacture, have they worn so many made of wool. They have found that

wool socks and those made of mixed (cotton and wool) yarns give excellent service and are very comfortable. In between, we find many styles made of cotton or lisle. As men's socks are subjected to such hard wear, it is well to buy only well-known or guaranteed brands that will give good service.

Ribbed stockings are best for children, as they show darns less than the plain weaves. Some mothers confine their purchases to one brand, finding it easier to match up stockings when an accident happens to one of a pair. Men are also finding this a good rule to follow.

All stockings wear longer if washed before being worn, as the washing tightens the threads, and makes them firmer. This is especially true of silk stockings. Another way to prolong the life of hosiery is to rinse the feet of stockings each night, while silk stockings are strengthened by having the heels and toes rubbed (inside) with wax.

Every housewife has her own method of washing stockings, but not every one knows that stockings should be hung on the line wrong side out and in the shade, for sunlight turns black stockings to a greenish shade, and the color can be restored by washing them occasionally with a brown soap dye. White silk stockings are so affected by the light, which turns them yellow, that careful people wash and dry them at night. On the other hand, white cotton stockings are improved by the sunlight.

All stockings should be marked, not only to facilitate sorting, but to prove ownership. Woven names or

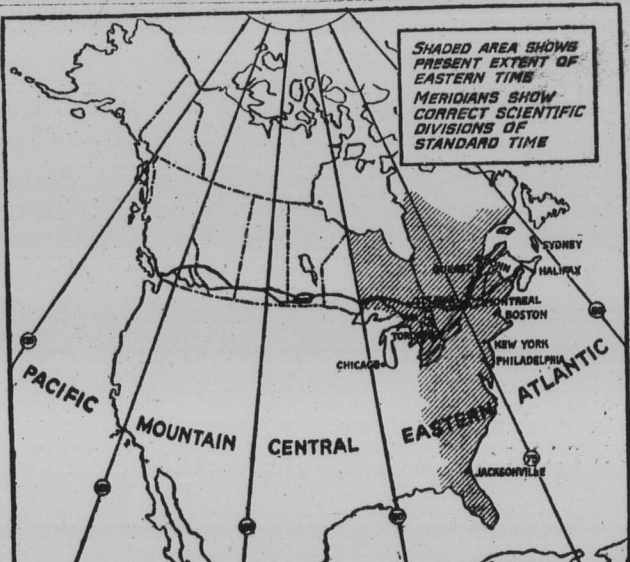
Why the East Wants Daylight Saving

Within a few weeks, the question of daylight saving will probably once more become the subject of more or less heated debate in which business men, city fathers, farmers with cows to milk, mothers with children of school age to look after, and last but not least, railroads with time tables to print and trains to run if possible to the minute, will demand to have their say. The advocates for daylight saving will point out that in England the economy in coal consumption effected by daylight saving during the summer months amounted to \$2,500,000, whereas the dairy farmers of the middle west protest that the morning dews and the natural milking time for cows cannot be regulated by clock, while in the North-West, where the summer sun shines eighteen or twenty hours a day the mother of seven children wishes to goodness that the darkness and the hour for bed time came twice as soon and lasted twice as long—what she wants is a darkness-saving law.

The demand for daylight saving, however, is most insistent in Eastern

into another, thus introducing a time at variance with the theoretical time of that zone. The contention of the railways is that time should be changed only at the points at the terminus of train dispatching districts when train crews are relieved. They claim it is hazardous to require train crews to change from one standard operating time to another during a trick of duty, and impracticable to have train dispatchers operate trains under two standards of time.

Now it is noticeable that the demand for adoption of daylight saving time by the larger towns and cities is almost exclusively confined to Eastern Canada, New England States and the City of New York. On examination, this appears to be due to the fact that Eastern Standard time which theoretically extends only between the 75th and 90 meridians, has been carried in actual practice a very considerable distance east of the 75th degree. According to this meridian places all of the Province of Quebec, and all of New England, New York City and part of New York State in the Atlan-



Canada and the Eastern States and for every insistent demand, there is usually a real reason. The reason apparently is that the so-called standard time in force in the area in question varies considerably from the mean sun time upon which the actual length and intensity of daylight is based. Standard time is a convenient artifice established in order to secure uniform time for neighboring communities or places. The sun is travelling from East to West and the noon hour originally travelled with it, but it was found advisable to fix definite areas in which the noon hour and other hours should remain the same for the convenience of the operation of railroads and telegraphs and the transaction of business wherein contracts involved definite time limits.

The situation was complicated, particularly in the Eastern States and Canada, by the railways themselves, where in actual practice it was found necessary to fix the time-breaking zones at terminals or division points. As branch lines have been constructed, the carriers have extended on these the standard time observed at the junction point or upon the main line. There are instances where the branch lines radiate out of one zone

initials for each member of the family are excellent not only for marking, but for mending the pairs, and are inexpensive when it is remembered that the tapes on which they are woven will outlast several pairs of stockings. By sewing the name or initials in different positions on each pair, stockings can be easily sorted and mated. Tapes can be variously sewed on the front, back, or sides of the hem, along the edge or an inch or two below it, and stockings are mated by the position of the letter.

It is also possible to mark the stockings by using white darning cotton on black or tan stockings and colored marking thread on white stockings. Mark in cross stitch, one cross for mother, two for the eldest daughter, three for the next eldest and so on; and use the same system for father and the boys.

Select darning cotton with care. If stockings are worth darning, the work should be done with good yarn, for the cheaper grades are harsh and the colors are likely to fade. Mercerized cotton (which does not fade) is best for silk and lisle hosiery.

There are various expedients for preventing wear on stockings. To prevent their being torn by the hose supporters, some wearers cut off the tops of the old stockings and slip them under the stockings that are being worn. The best way to repair a "rum" or "ladder" is to fold the stocking and overcast the ladder with closely set stitches. When darning, accommodate your thread to the texture of the stocking. Two threads will do for the sides of the foot where the darn will rest over the joint, and for all parts of stockings of fine weave. Four threads will be needed in darning stockings of heavier weave and for holes that come over the toes.

Darning is easily done if a piece of net is first basted over the hole. Draw the thread through the meshes, skipping every other mesh, leaving the open meshes free for darning in the opposite direction. No matter how large the hole, it can be darned evenly and in good shape. By darning diagonally across the holes in heels or toes, the darned places will give with the stretch of the hose and will last much longer. Save the better parts of the children's stockings for patching large holes. As the ribs often vary, try to match the stockings as nearly as possible. A neat patch set in at the knees, with the worn parts cut out in square or oblong shape and neatly hemmed down (without turning in an edge), looks far better than a botchy, prominent darn, and takes less time.

When holes in the heels are too big to darn, cut out the worn part entirely, then with a crochet needle and darning cotton or Saxony yarn go round and round with double crochet stitch, gradually diminishing the stitches until the hole has been completely filled. When the hole gets small enough, slip your wooden darning into the stocking so that you may be able to get the right shape to the heel. This method is especially good for the boys' stockings.

The Handy Man.

There is an almost universal opinion that every girl should be brought up to be capable in the domestic arts, to be, in short, a good housekeeper; but it is generally deemed of less importance that every boy should be brought up to be a handy man about the house. Even among the families of those who lay most stress upon the value of education there are many who do not regard incapacity to "fix things" as a serious matter. If a boy stands well in his classes at school, his parents are likely to excuse a certain incompetence on his part in dealing with jobs that require some practical knowledge and manual dexterity. They may even feel that it is the natural attribute of one who is destined to large intellectual achievement. It is a foolish notion, of course, but many people are foolish about their children.

Just as virtually every girl learns to sew and knit and cook, so every boy ought to learn to do simple jobs in painting and carpentry work, to

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mend broken furniture and set panes of glass in broken windows, to thaw frozen pipes and put in new washers where faucets are dripping, and to repair electric bells that are out of order—to say nothing of "managing the furnace"—and knowing how to start a fire in the kitchen stove. In short, the boy should qualify himself to become a householder just as his sister qualifies herself to become a housekeeper.

Keeping Potatoes From Sunburning.
Many housewives have to use sunburned potatoes throughout the winter and spring, as the result of a little heedlessness. They wonder why their potatoes turn dark when they are cooked and are not more mealy and palatable. Too much light in the cellar is frequently the cause. Potatoes may be injured by sunshine without actually showing sunburn on the surface. Often you can detect the slight greenish tinge just beneath the skin when there are no outward signs of it. It may be seen at times as a distinct layer of green cells immediately below the outer skin.

In the ordinary cellar potatoes are kept in too much light. The housewife uses those from the top of the pile and those exposed to the sun, which in turn are subjected to the unfavorable light rays. In that way it is easy to be using sunburned potatoes constantly without realizing it. Potatoes that have been in a light room or in line with the sunlight shining through a cellar window for only a very few days are seriously injured. They are heavy and soggy, dark colored and not uniform in texture when cooked.

It is always advisable to keep the potato pile covered with gunny sacks, canvas or some such material if the cellar is at all light. It is still easier to tack gunny sacks over the windows.

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