

# SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

Volume XXIII

MONTREAL

Number Three



Canada's Boundless Food Resources. } IN THIS { On Eating Without Food—P. O'D.  
Canada Keeps Faith—Ernest B. Roberts. } ISSUE { The Building of the Dam—A Short Story.

# OUR NEW HOME

*"The most beautiful office building  
in all Canada"*



THESE words are a true description of the new Sun Life Head Office reproduced on the cover of this Number. The building typifies the leadership and solid prosperity of the Sun Life; it is a structure worthy of the position our Company occupies as the sheet anchor of the family life of our thousands of policyholders scattered over many lands.

It is located on Dominion Square in the heart of the uptown business section of Montreal. Within a stone's throw is the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway; but two or three blocks away is the terminal of the Grand Trunk Railway; immediately in the rear is the new station of another transcontinental railway, the Canadian Northern. On the opposite side of the Square is the famous Windsor Hotel. The Sun Life Head Office is one of the first places any tourist will see on entering Montreal.

Externally, the building is an ornament to the city of Montreal; internally, it is spacious, hygienic and splendidly equipped. It has many exceptional features which mark a distinct advance in office building construction. The security vault, for example, is alone well worth inspection.

We invite you and your friends to visit our new home whenever you can make it convenient. There is a visitors' room always ready for you or them to rest or write in, and a cordial welcome for all.



# SUNSHINE MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE HOME BY THE  
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

T. B. MACAULAY, F.I.A., F.A.S., *President and Managing Director*

Volume XXIII

MONTREAL

Number Three, 1918

## CANADA'S FOOD LINE MUST STILL HOLD

**I**N the matter of food conservation and production, the Allies in general, and Canada in particular, have arrived at a time when the great self-sacrificing efforts they have been making are beginning to tell. Food has gone far towards winning the war. Our brethren in the Mother Country, and our Allies in continental Europe, no longer hover on the ragged edge of an abyss of starvation and defeat.

We cannot say that the food problem has been solved. The problems to be faced during the coming winter are too complex and far-reaching for such an assurance. We cannot say that the war has been won. The task before us is still too great for that.

But we can say that at last we are on the high road to victory—victory over starvation, victory over the flood of barbarism which threatened to reduce the nations to slavery and consign civilization to oblivion.

**N**OW that we are on the high road to triumph, what is our duty—the duty not only of the soldiers in the field, but of each and all of the citizens on whom our men in the firing-line must rely for moral and material backing? Is it not to consecrate ourselves anew to duty and to sacrifice?

Because our brethren in the Old World have been enabled, by our efforts, as well as by theirs, to draw back from the ragged edge of starvation; because the Allied armies have been enabled to bring to nought the Huns' most gigantic effort to snatch victory before the Allies were ready—the great and final "peace offensive," they called it—are these reasons why we should relax our efforts?

The competitor in a race does not quit running when he finds that he has forged ahead of the others and has the goal in sight. He strains himself to greater effort, spurred by the cheering promise of victory if he will but persevere.

So must it be with us, if we are to turn the promise of victory into the glory of victory itself.

Is it not an exalting inspiration to find that the efforts we have been making in food production, food conservation and military enterprise are beginning to tip the scales in our favour?

Does it not reveal to us that we can, if we will, achieve the task we set out to accomplish, and achieve it finally and overwhelmingly, so that the world shall be freed for all time from the cursed system which has been dogging the footsteps of mankind ever since it began to emerge from savagery to civilization?

Surely, now that we are imposing on the Hun the vision of a defeat vastly more cataclysmic than ever dreamed of, more complete by far than at times we ourselves had dared

to hope—surely at such a time we shall not relax, but redouble our efforts!

But, remember, it is the efforts of the many, united to a common end, by which alone victory can be achieved.

Every morsel of food saved, every extra morsel of food produced, every rivet driven in ship plates, every turn of the wheel in the munition factory, every stitch even that is turned in the knitting of socks—COUNTS.

**W**ITH regard to food, it is not enough to have saved the Allies from immediate starvation. We must pile up such a reserve of food as shall protect them and us against any possible emergency.

No one can tell what great extremities in the matter of food may yet arise. Dismissing other considerations for the moment, look at Russia alone. Famine conditions already prevail there, as a result of an economic collapse unparalleled in modern history. There is imminent danger that 20,000,000 people will starve in Russia this winter.

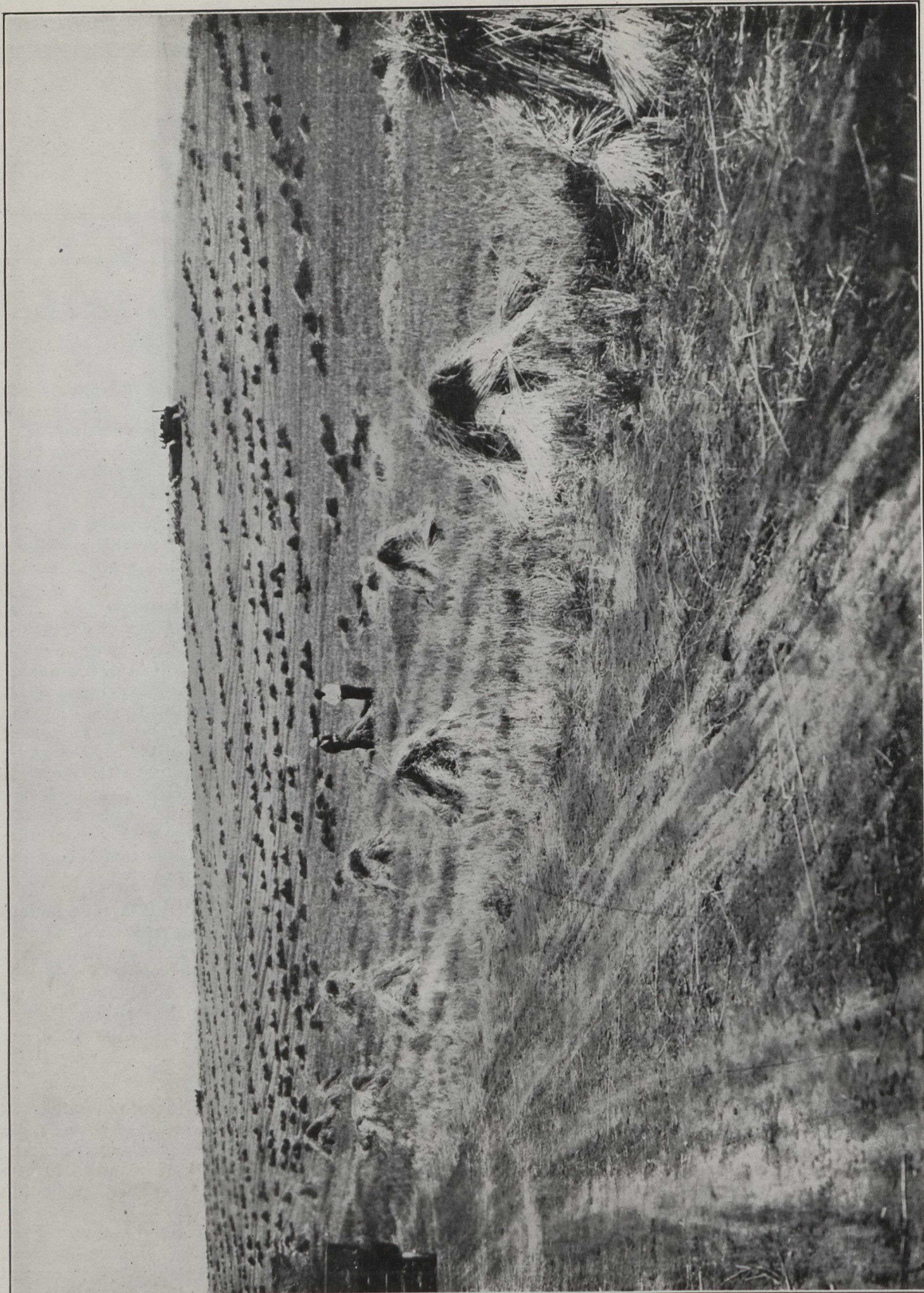
The Russian people are our Allies. Let us never forget that, whatever may be the sentiments put forward by their self-imposed leaders. Their gigantic efforts and colossal sacrifices in the early years of the war saved Europe. At any moment now we may be called upon to save them. The coming of peace may increase rather than lessen our task, for, be it well remembered, the silencing of the guns will not replenish the world's table.

**T**HE duty of Canadians to their Allies, and their duty to humanity, demands that they not only maintain but intensify their thrift, particularly in food. Canadians have done nobly. All the world acknowledges that. Let us do more nobly still. Civilians and soldiers, all are in this fight. Let us vow again, each in his own heart, that come bright days or gloomy, *Canada's line shall not break!*



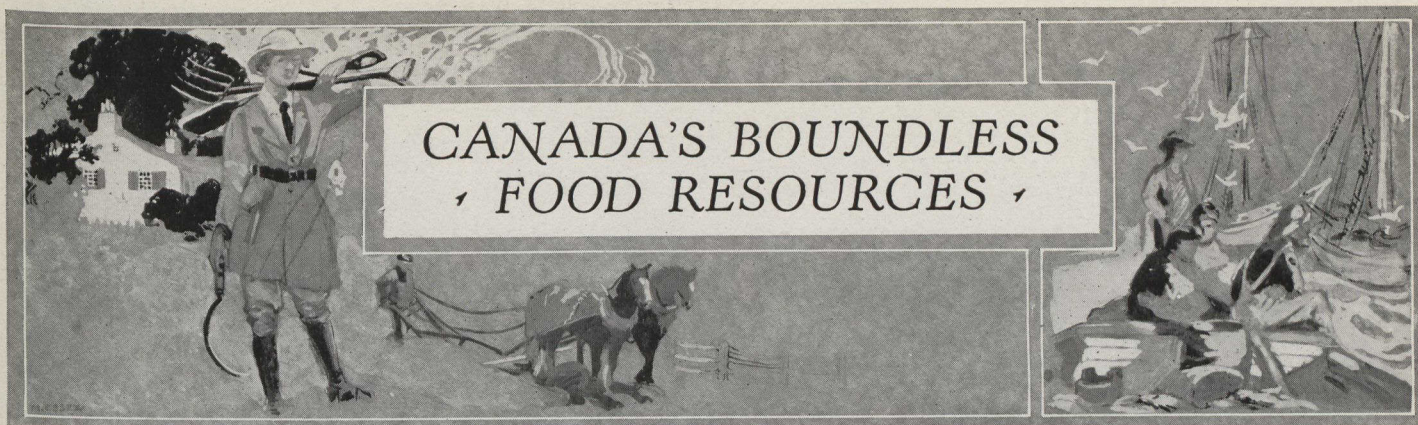
**F**OR those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the actual and potential food wealth of Canada, the following pages will, we trust, portray with some small degree of adequacy the vast food reserves upon which Canada has drawn to the utmost for the saving of Europe and the Allied cause.

In Canadians themselves our Food Resources Number may intensify individual and national pride in our basic food industries; for food production remains the foundation of our national economy. It is our hope that it will also serve to remind them of the imperative and continuing demands of the world's Food Problem—a Problem which the coming of peace itself will by no means solve.



MODERN FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE—A HARVESTING SCENE ON THE  
LIMITLESS PRAIRIES OF WESTERN CANADA

—Courtesy Grand Trunk Pacific



**J**UST as land is the basis of all wealth, so it is the basis of food supply. In considering Canada as a source of food supply, therefore, we must consider the area and quality of her lands. When we come to do this in detail, the mind is staggered at the mighty heritage now possessed by a people of between seven and eight millions only.

#### *Magnitude of Canada's Food-area*

**W**E have in this Dominion a self-contained Empire of astounding area and possibilities. It is so big that we can begin to appreciate its vastness only as we compare it with the countries occupied by the greatest nations in the world.

Quebec Province, for instance, is much larger than five United Kingdoms. Ontario is three times as large as the United Kingdom; it is larger than France or Germany, and nearly as large as South Africa. Each of the three Prairie Provinces is larger than either Germany or France. British Columbia is larger than Italy, Switzerland and France combined. In addition, there are the Maritime provinces.

In fact, Canada is as large as thirty United Kingdoms, eighteen Germanys, or two British Indias. It is almost as large as the whole of Europe. It is eighteen times the size of France and thirty-three times the size of Italy.

Of this vast area of land, much, of course, is unsuitable for cultivation, just as there is much unsuitable land in other countries. Much is occupied by forests, and much contains mineral. But careful surveys show that there are at least 440,000,000 acres fit for cultivation, or an area about the size of three Germanys. Of this great total, only 110,000,000 acres are even occupied, and less than one-tenth is under cultivation. *Canada's development has scarcely begun.*

#### *Nature Predestines Canada to Leadership in Agriculture*

**T**O vast areas fit for cultivation, Canada adds a matchless fertility of soil, for of all wheat-growing countries that have not yet begun the extensive use of artificial fertilization Canada is capable of the largest acre-

age production. With fertility of soil, Canada combines a range of climatic conditions admirably adapted for farming activities, long, cold winters alternating with short, warm and dry summers. The result of area, soil and climatic factors is an enormous actual and potential productivity that makes Canada a factor to be carefully reckoned with in a war the outcome of which may easily depend upon the production and availability of food.

#### *The Prairie Provinces*

**N**O one who has made the acquaintance of the prairies need be told what a wonderful future there is for the Prairie Provinces in the matter of food production. It is an ideal area for the production of cereals and for mixed

farming. The present war has shown what an important factor Canada is in feeding the world, but it is necessary to run back over a few statistics to realize how rapidly Canada is forging to the front as one of the world's pre-eminent food producers.

There are people yet living who can remember when the prairies were thought of as a country of frost and snow, too cold for the production of wheat. Only as recently as 1900 the Canadian Northwest produced only 23,000,000 bushels of wheat. In five years that had risen to 82,000,000. By 1912 as many as 190,000,000 bushels were produced. In the banner year of 1915 the production was 365,530,000 bushels, while this year it is expected

#### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



Panorama of Fruit Farms in the "Garden of Canada," the Grimsby District, Niagara Peninsula.

## CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



A Cannery Tender picking up Pacific Salmon from fishing boats off the mouth of the Fraser River, B.C. —The Canadian Fisherman.

that the crop will amount to at least 400,000,000 bushels, with another 400,000,000 bushels of oats and barley. Last year the total yield of grain in the Prairie Provinces alone was worth around \$750,000,000. *This year it is expected to be worth a billion dollars.*

In the United States a grain crop of about 5,000,000,000 bushels is produced, including wheat, corn, and other cereals. Canada can produce as large a crop as the United States, for in the Prairie Provinces alone we have 230,000,000 acres of fertile land awaiting the plough, as against only 22,000,000 acres that are cultivated.

And so far from the Prairie Provinces being too cold for wheat, the wheat produced there is the finest in the world. It weighs 62 to 63 pounds to the bushel; it is of a quality that cannot be produced elsewhere.

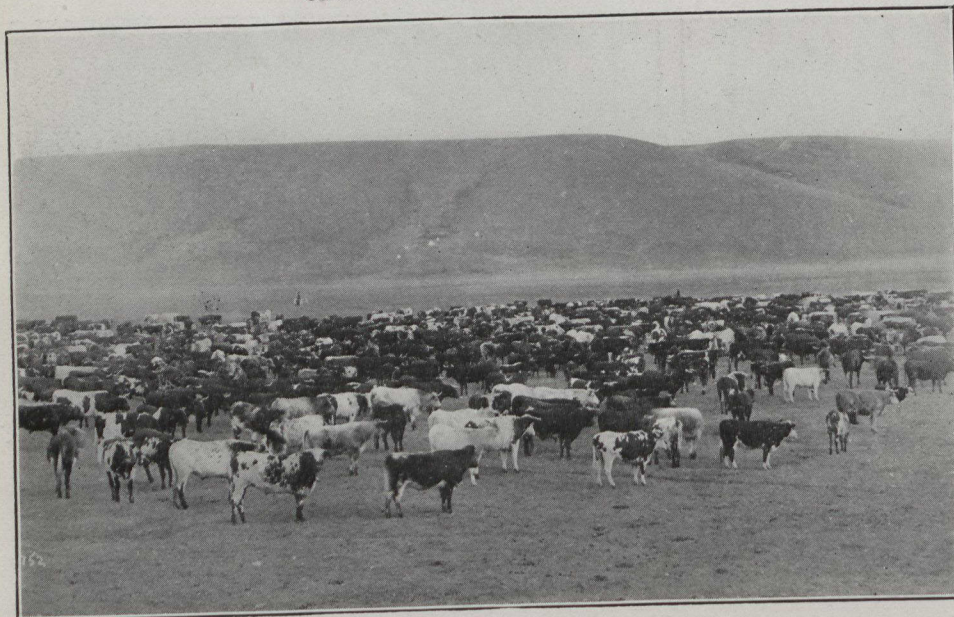
#### *Agriculture, The Sure Foundation of Canadian National Wealth*

**A**DD to the production of the Prairie Provinces the endless variety of food production in the other Provinces: the production of potatoes, for instance, (now 60,000,000 bushels per annum, and capable of infinite expansion): and the production of dairy products and

meat, which runs into billions of pounds per annum, and it will be seen how rich Canada is in the means of producing food. All she needs is more men and more machinery to bring land into cultivation. The world demand for food is giving our young Dominion an impetus in food production which will far outlast the war. It will, moreover, strengthen the position of the Canadian farmer as the backbone of the Canadian nation, for the products of her farms, orchards and gardens are Canada's chief asset. They are, moreover, the sure guarantee of her future, for agriculture is the most permanent foundation upon which national wealth can rest.

And then there are Canada's fisheries.

#### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



Cattle among the foothills of the Rockies.

#### *Canadian Fish Unequalled in Quality and Variety*

**I**F it is true of fruit and vegetables, as the scientists tell us it is, that they succeed best on the northerly limits of their special territories, then it is doubly true of fish. The warm waters of the southern oceans teem with many varieties of fish, but it is in the colder waters of the North Atlantic and of the inland lakes and rivers of Canada that the world's great food fishes are found in their greatest abundance and prime condition.

You know yourself what cool waters will do for fish. No trout or bass or any other sporting fish caught in a lake where the water is warm is ever so vigorous or in such good condition as those caught in cool lakes or streams, nor have the fish anything like so good a flavour. What is true of inland waters is true also of the sea. To get fish at

CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES

their best you must seek them in the northerly limits of their habitat. Fish attain their greatest perfection in, and contiguous to, Canadian territorial waters.

It is doubtful whether any country in the world can boast of a greater variety of first-quality edible fish, than can Canada; for more than twenty varieties of firm-fleshed and excellently-flavoured fish are caught in Canadian waters in an abundance entitling them to commercial distribution.

*Canada's Fisheries Lead the World*

**T**HE commercial fishing areas of the Dominion are enormous; they are, indeed, the most extensive in the world. Within ten to one hundred and fifty miles off the Canadian coasts are located the world's greatest international fishing banks. Within her territorial limits, Canada possesses more than 12,000 miles of fish-stocked sea-coast. Fringing her Atlantic-washed shores, 5,000 miles of her coast are stocked with the world's best food fish and dotted with sheltered harbours and coves, vast spawning grounds from which fishermen pursue their vocation with comparative ease and safety. Off her Pacific seaboard, Canada measures an ocean-washed shore-line of 7,000 miles, off which are fish in greater abundance perhaps than anywhere else in the world. Into these coast-waters flow glacier-fed rivers up which swarm five different varieties of world-famous food salmon. To sea fisheries so vast, Canada adds 220,000 square miles of



Cherry Bloom, Niagara Peninsula.

inland fresh water areas abundantly stocked with whitefish, pickerel, lake herring and numerous other varieties of commercial fish. To all these we must add the great inland sea of Hudson Bay recently surveyed and reported as teeming with edible fish. Viewing these vast expansions of waters as a whole, is it a matter of wonder that Canada's fisheries are exceeded in scope by no other fisheries in the world?

*What Her Fisheries Mean to Canada*

**T**HOUGH Canadian fishing is but in its infancy, in her fisheries Canada possesses an inexhaustible source of natural wealth. Within the limits laid down by scarcity of men and material, the war demand for fish as a substitute for meat has greatly stimulated the Canadian fishing industry.

Over 85,000 Canadians are actively  
*(Continued on page 20)*

CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



Fish Packing and Storage.—Plant of the Lockeport Company, Lockeport, N.S.

—The Canadian Fisherman.

## THE "RED BARON'S" CONQUEROR A CANADIAN

OUR policyholders have taken a notable part in the fighting during the war, but in no single instance has there been a more remarkable achievement by one of them than when a Sun Life policyholder brought down the greatest air fighter Germany has produced, Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen.

The death of the famous German was laconically announced as follows in an official despatch from British Headquarters on April 22: "The pilot of one of the hostile machines, which was brought down in combat, and fell in our lines, was the well-known German airman and fighter, Rittmeister Freiherr M. von Richthofen, who claimed to have brought down eighty machines. His body has to-day been buried with full military honours."

Our readers may recall that by far, the most effective work done by the German airmen has been by means of their two enormous squadrons nicknamed by Allied aviators the "Tango Escadrille" and the "Travelling Circus." These sometimes number as many as sixty planes each, all flying in formation, the aces with their three stripes painted on their planes, and the lesser fry without distinguishing mark. Following the deaths of Captain Boelcke and Captain Immelman, for a long time the late Baron von Richthofen was the chief German ace and was in command of the "Travelling Circus."

At first there was some mystery as to how Von Richthofen came by his death. For instance, Mr. Philip Gibbs, the famous war correspondent, in describing the occurrence said: "How it happened is not yet quite clear, and there are various theories as to the way in which he was brought down, because there was a general fight over our lines, with many machines engaged on both sides, and in such cases it is difficult to get exact evidence."

Later, more exact details of the fight were published. Boyd Cable published a despatch in the British papers which said: "The Red Baron, with his famous 'Circus,' discovered two of our artillery observing machines, and with a few followers attacked, the greater part of the 'Circus' drawing off to allow the Baron to go in and down the two. They put up a fight, and, while the Baron manoeuvred for position, a number of our fighting scout planes appeared and attacked the 'Circus.' The Baron joined the mêlée, which, scattering into groups, developed into what our men call a 'dog fight.' In the course

of this the Baron dropped on the tail of a fighting scout, which dived, with the Baron in close pursuit. Another of our scouts seeing this dived after the German, opening fire on him. All three machines came near enough to the ground to be engaged with infantry machine-gun fire, and the Baron was seen to swerve, continue his dive headlong, and crash into our lines. His body and the famous blood-red Fokker triplane were brought in by the infantry,



CAPT. A. ROY BROWN

and the Baron was buried with full military honours. He was hit by one bullet, and the position of the wound showed clearly that he had been killed by the pilot who dived down after him."

The pilot who dived down after Von Richthofen was none other than a Canadian, Captain A. Roy Brown, D.S.C., a son of Mr. J. M. Brown, of H. Brown & Sons, millers and grain dealers, of Carleton Place, Ont. Both Captain Brown and his father are policyholders in the Sun Life, and we are sure we are voicing the sentiments of all our readers in extending to both our warmest congratulations.

Captain Brown is a graduate of the High School in Carleton Place, the Collegiate Institute in Edmonton, and the Willis Business College in Ottawa. In August, 1915, he signed up with the Royal Naval Air Service, and took a pilot's course in Dayton, Ohio, with the Wright Flying School.

He went overseas in December, 1915, and was badly injured in the Spring of 1916 in England in a flying accident

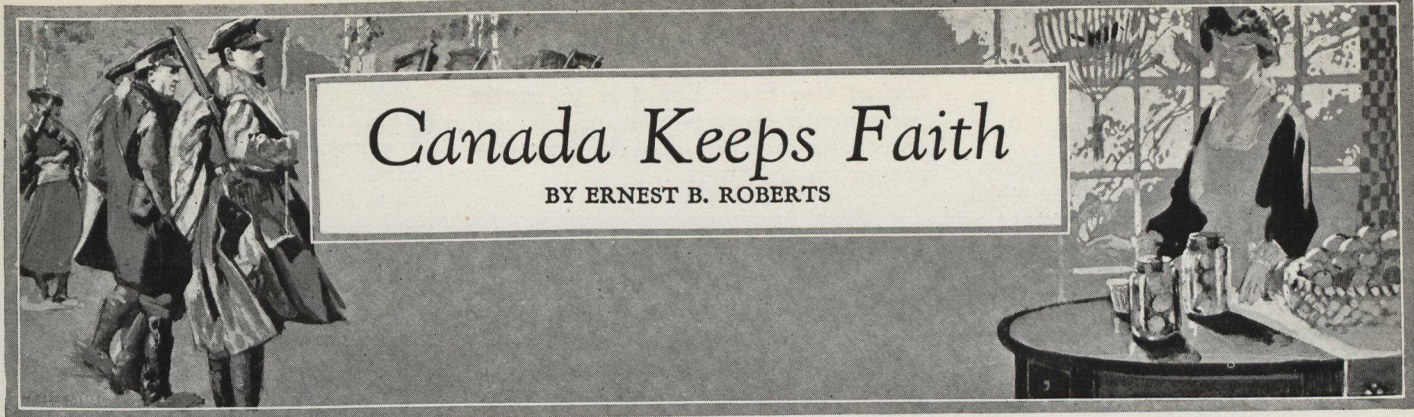
just when he had completed his training. He was five months in hospital from the injuries then sustained, but he came round and remained with the service. Some time in the fall of 1916 he went over to France, and he and Captain Stearne T. Edwards won the D.S.C. about a year later for bringing down a number of German planes.

His brother, Lieut. J. Horace Brown, also a Sun Life policyholder, went overseas with the first Canadian contingent with the rank of corporal. He was wounded in June, 1915, and was discharged. Later, however, he re-enlisted with the 240th Battalion and obtained a commission. He transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and proceeded overseas once more last October.

Some day possibly we shall get Capt. Brown's own account of his combat with Richthofen. Meanwhile, it is interesting to read a description by another famous Allied aviator who met him. "Upon one occasion I met the late Baron von Richthofen at a height of more than 20,000 feet. The encounter surprised both of us, for he seldom flew detached from his group, and as a rule none of his men flew at such a great altitude. He was surprised to see me, I know. In all probability the rest of his boys were down below, only a short distance, beneath some voluminous clouds. Possibly he had gone up there in pursuit of one of our men who had teased him into it and had out-climbed him, and in the meantime the Baron had lost his troupe. Anyway, the day I ran into Von Richthofen I went right for him, though much was in his favour. He was a far more experienced pilot than I, but my machine, with its 220-horse-power Hispano-Suiza motor, was so much faster than his that I could simply ride rings round him. For at least twenty minutes we went at it, and I really believe that I exasperated him. He did all sorts of marvellous acrobatics to fool me. There was not much he did not know about trick stuff. Finally he came at me with a mad rush, and when he missed me, he kept on going. Sometimes I am of opinion that I am glad he kept on going, for my ammunition was almost exhausted from shooting at him."

Our readers will rejoice with us that it was reserved for a Canadian and one of the Sun Life family to give the *coup de grace* to so powerful and effective a support to the German cause as was the late "Red Baron" von Richthofen.





# Canada Keeps Faith

BY ERNEST B. ROBERTS

“IT is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done.” If Sydney Carton’s words before his last noble sacrifice in “A Tale of Two Cities,” were ever apposite to a people, they would apply in Canada today. For there is an unexplained, inexplicable *feeling* in what we are doing in this fifth war year. That it has something noble and highminded we know, as it were, subconsciously; but we are yet only dimly cognizant that deep down the things we do are the very stuff of which heroic history is made—self-renunciation and lofty aspiration, with purity of national thought which, if we do not fail nor grow weary, shall make Canada forever glorious among those nations that set their souls above all else.

### The Order of Our Service

OUR participation in this war for the right to live will probably, in the perspective of years, be measured in the following order: Enlistment of 430,000 volunteers; drafts under the Military Service Act (voluntarily adopted by the people’s mandate) 78,000 men to June 30; munition-making and war material supply valued at \$1,300,000,000 to July, 1918; and Food Supply to Allies in Europe, as yet unmeasured.

A long list of auxiliary activities to these might be cited. There is the Imperial Munitions Board, operating through 2,500 factories in the Dominion; the Canadian Relations Committee at Washington; the War Trade Board as a section of the Department of Trade and Commerce; the Industrial Research Bureau; the War Purchasing Commission; the War Lecture Bureau; countless provincial and municipal organizations for war supplies; machine-gun and aircraft making; Flying Force enlistments and training camps; Volunteer Naval Reserve; lake and ocean shipbuilding; British and Canadian Red Cross work; Belgian Relief; Dominion Hospitals Commission; home-coming reception of 22,000 invalided

soldiers and their re-absorption into civil life; hospital accommodation for 10,000 permanently disabled; home for war’s incurables; enrolment and training of nurses; and last, though by no means least, the participation of the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, and three of his ministers, in the third Imperial War Council at Westminster.

The head reels in recalling it all. Yet one thing stands clear—the determination to continue to the end, unwavering. No sober Canadian, either English or French-speaking, wants to think of present attainment as the close, for we have now harshly learned that war cannot be waged on limited liability.

### “The Greatest of These”

NEXT year will justify the claim that “the greatest of these” is Food Supply. Our Canadian munitions could possibly be dispensed with, now that British output is incomparably greater than it was; but the importance of our steady Canadian production and despatch overseas of food, and yet more food, grows clearer and yet more clear each passing week. A sketch of what has been accomplished already in our farm and food fields is a goodly record and an encouragement to buoy up the Allied heart. The last two years’ acreage of our crops was:—

	1918	1917
Wheat (Fall and Spring) . . . . .	31,823,600	28,785,000
Oats . . . . .	13,739,000	13,313,400
Barley . . . . .	2,395,800	2,392,200
Rye . . . . .	234,530	211,880
Peas . . . . .	200,430	198,880
Mixed Grains . . . . .	506,430	497,236
Flax . . . . .	10,000,000	9,000,000

The all-important human foodstuffs in the Prairie Provinces alone show in comparison:—

Wheat . . . . .	15,196,300	13,619,410
Oats . . . . .	8,767,000	8,559,500
Barley . . . . .	1,845,500	1,850,000

Increase in sowings of Spring Wheat

showed the following percentages:— Nova Scotia, 11; New Brunswick, 44; Quebec, 24; Ontario, 45; Manitoba, 7; Saskatchewan, 11.50; Alberta, 16; and British Columbia, 6.

### Overseas Shipments Ahead of Last Year

IT is, however, not merely in the actual production of foodstuffs within the Dominion this season that Canada has done satisfactorily. *Shipments across the Atlantic at the end of June, thanks to rigid conservation and foresight, were actually slightly ahead of schedule.*

Mr. Henry B. Thomson, Chairman of the Canada Food Board, gave the following figures for the end of May (later figures cannot be published yet as they naturally have an indicative value to the enemy). *Increased quantities shipped:—*

	Lbs.
Pork . . . . .	122,000,000
Beef . . . . .	74,000,000
Butter . . . . .	12,000,000
Cheese . . . . .	30,000,000
	Dozen
Eggs . . . . .	15,000,000
	Bushels
Wheat and Flour . . . . .	85,000,000

A still better idea of the significance of our grain and produce supply to the Allied nations may be gotten from the following comparison. The first column shows the *average annual export of food commodities from the Dominion for three years before war*, and the second the *net exports for 1916-17:—*

Beef, lbs. . . . .	2,000,000	35,000,000
Pork, lbs. . . . .	3,000,000	130,000,000
Condensed Milk, lbs. . . . .	4,405,000	15,754,000
Cheese, lbs. . . . .	140,000,000	180,000,000
Wheat, bush. . . . .	94,686,000	222,000,000
Barley, bush. . . . .	5,508,000	9,678,000
Oats, bush. . . . .	15,552,000	64,992,000
Rye, bush. . . . .	788,000	1,130,000

Who, then, can say that Canada is not measuring up to her duty to her Allies, and to the Empire to which she belongs?

#### How The Weight Falls

OF course, there is a monetary return in this great trading which need not be ignored. It has brought us prosperity. Still, the financial burden of the war, let us not forget, will remain for years a problem for Canada as for the rest of the world. Even in such a seemingly small thing as the fixation of the price of wheat at \$2.20 a bushel, one finds how disproportionately this "paying the cost" may fall. The per capita cost of this price fixing was under \$3.00 in the States; for our 222,000,000 bushels spread over 8,000,000 people, it exceeds \$60.00 a head. Still Canada does not shirk!

#### Substitutes Found for Exported Foods

ONE of the especial difficulties has been to find substitutes for such vast quantities of foodstuffs exported. Wisely, the government has turned to the immeasurable wealth of our seas and lakes.

Fish had not been a popular diet in Canada outside the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia. The consumption before the war was given as 29 pounds a year for each person. But

there was a big leakage and the figure was apparently too high. Now it has been raised to over 31 pounds and the aim of the Food Board is to get it permanently to 52 pounds, or a pound a week, for each person of the 8,000,000 persons in the land.

#### Fish Consumption Growing

ONTARIO already eats 500 per cent more fish than before. Atlantic fish goes as far west as Winnipeg to touch that from the Pacific. Both alike are sold at ten cents a pound. As an historic interlude even in war, it may be mentioned that the very first live lobster which reached the Dominion Capital since the primeval rocks of Parliament Hill rose above the sweeping waters of the Ottawa River, was seen on the market on Saturday, June 15 of this year of grace, 1918. This lead in national taste will have a permanent value, not merely from the dietitian's viewpoint but from that of the national exchequer. The total value of Canada's fish industry in 1916-17 was given as \$35,860,000, of which \$4,619,000 came from inland waters. This is, it is true, a fairly good fiscal showing, but there is plenty of room for improvement. Forty-three years ago, as far back as 1875, the value of the Dominion fish industry was \$34,667,000. A long-overdue revival came under government promotion by means of what was once alliter-

atively termed a "promiscuous, persistent, piscatorial propaganda."

#### Lost Art of Gardening Revived

STILL another feature of Canada's war work in food must not be overlooked. This is the cultivation of vacant lots and home-gardens. For importance one may question if the United States can equal Canada in this. Our people had been so busy land speculating for a decade that home garden-making was a lost art in Canada, usually associated with the English and Scottish newcomer. It is well within the mark to say that *from ten to twenty times more gardens and lots are being cultivated to-day than in 1914*. Unhappily, there are no records which can accurately guide. What home-gardening is doing to lower the cost of living is of untold value, because it releases for overseas, concentrated foods which best stand sea transit.

And now Canada is busy licensing all her food dealers. One hundred thousand of them will be enrolled soon. Wheat flour extraction for home consumption has been put at 76 per cent and this, with the regulation through dealers, will soon give as effective a food control as rationing could secure in a sparsely peopled land like ours. It will mean millions more bushels of wheat for export. Yet so accustomed have we become to war-time conditions that one almost regards them as normal, and when peace does at last come, it will entail peculiar problems due to the very intensity of our present effort.

#### "And After All, To Stand"

*"There is some soul of goodness in things evil  
Would men observingly distill it out."*

AND even beyond the bloodiest of wars a glimpse of good is discernible. All this grand striving upwards to usefulness and nationhood; all the individual abnegation of self and the spirit of teamwork that is being instilled will not surely pass with the passing of its exciting cause? Just as the spirit of economy is now established in the home, so this trial of soul will leave us more sober in thought and with earnest depth. We have in these four full, eventful years set a higher standard of fitness for life in this vigorous young land. Chastened by the hallowed recollection of those who made "the last full measure of sacrifice" on our Canadian Gettysburg, where now "the poppies blow," Canada will go on to brighter things among the Dominions of the Empire and in her heart the proud words graved:—

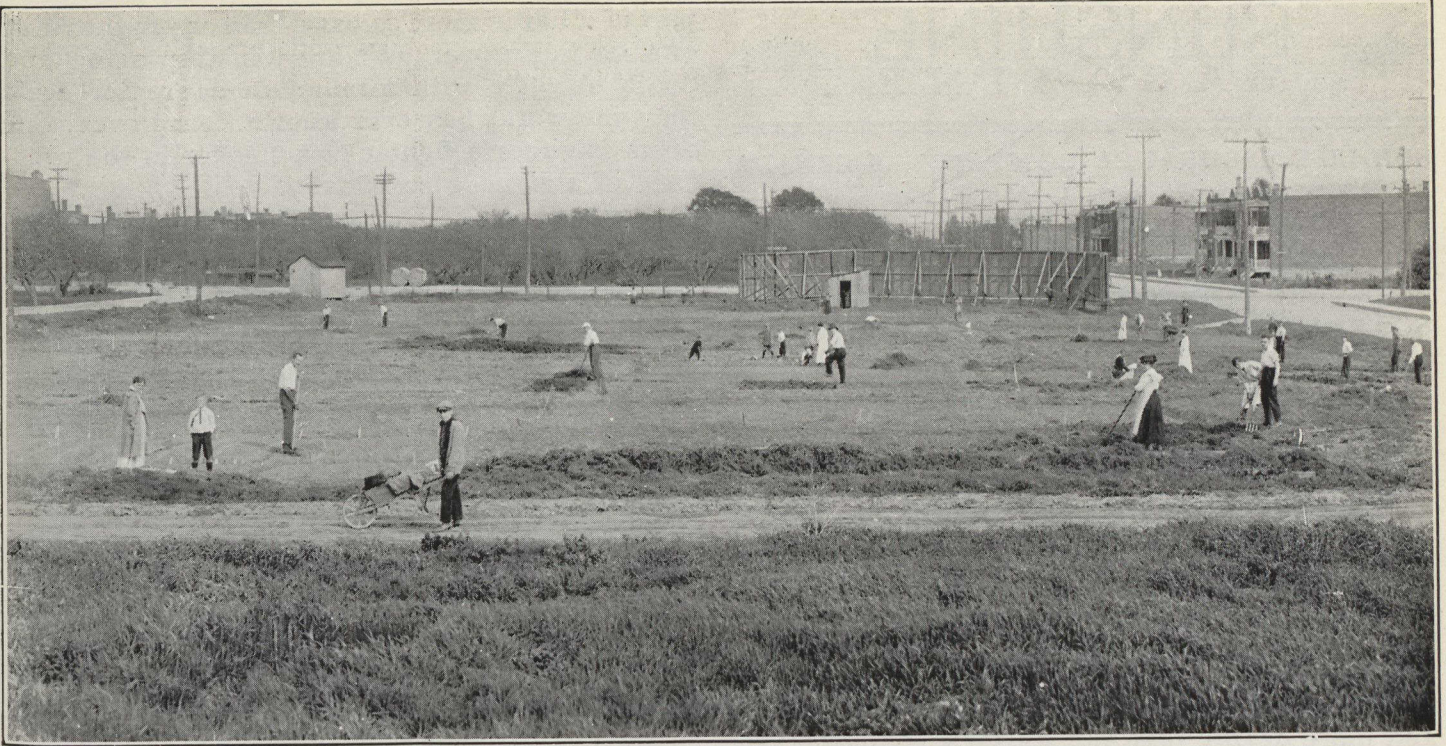
*"Carry the word to my Sisters,  
To the Queens of the East and the South:  
'I have proved faith in the heritage  
By more than word of mouth.'"*

#### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



—The Canadian Fisherman.

Lunenburg Harbour, N.S., one of the largest fishing harbours in Canada. A fleet of fishing boats of the fastest sailing type make it their headquarters.



## THE "SUN LIFE" GARDEN CLUB

*By One of The Gardeners*

**I** SUPPOSE every good patriot appreciates the importance of food production in these war days; certainly we at Head Office do, but until this year we had not carried our convictions to the point of buying a fork and digging up an allotment.

We, however, have a President who has a habit of using theories to practical ends; he saw the possibilities of a "Sun Life" Garden Club, and one day last April, when the smell of spring was in the air, he invited Mr. Ernest Latter, President of the Rotary Club of Montreal, to come and talk to us about allotment gardening.

Now Mr. Latter is himself an allotment gardener who made a small beginning two years ago, and has been so successful that he is no longer measuring his land by the square foot, but has broadened out into acres.

He told us the simple story of his own efforts and achievements, and spoke enthusiastically of his projects. Enthusiasm is contagious; many of us who had attended the meeting from a feeling of polite curiosity began to think that we might take up a small lot this year.

Mr. Macaulay, seeing how things stood, said the Company would undertake necessary ploughing, and would also provide needful seeds. This offer seemed to clinch matters; a committee was forthwith formed, and the Sun Life Garden Club became a reality.

Altogether four general groups of gardens were secured, which, together with a few single gardens developed by individual gardeners near their own homes, cover an area of some 220,000 square feet. In two or three weeks no fewer than 105 Sun Life Gardeners, —38 of them ladies—were busy digging out sods from the most unpromising looking land imaginable, with extraordinary ardour.

All the backaches and callouses that inevitably followed this unaccustomed labour were more than compensated for a few weeks later, when the first radishes were collected. They were very fine radishes, too, and I have been assured by practically every individual gardener, that his or her radishes were the best ever produced.

We are well past the radish stage now, and are reaping the more substantial crops. We are much exercised just now with the canning and preserving problems.

Looking back over the past few weeks, it seems incredible that so much can have been achieved in so short a time. Land hitherto unproductive has been reclaimed from ugly waste and transformed to beauty and usefulness. Crops have been uniformly successful, and their value will not be less than \$2500.00 to \$2800.00. The health and social life of the gardeners have been promoted and improved, interest in the great outdoor has been stimulated, while the gardens have become the

rendezvous of the wives and friends of the workers. The labour is pleasant and profitable, and above all, brings with it the satisfying feeling that we are doing just a little bit to help, when that help is most needed.

## A PRAYER AT PLANTING TIME

*By Theodosia Garrison*

**N**OW I shall make my garden  
As true men build a shrine,  
An humble thing where yet shall  
spring  
The seeds that are divine,  
With each a prayer I sow them  
there  
In reverential line.

O, little is my garden space,  
But great the prayer I pray;  
With every seed against earth's  
need  
That men may sow to-day,  
My hope is thrown, my faith is  
sown  
To make the harvest gay.

O, gardens spacious, gardens  
small,  
For you my prayer is said:  
That God's own hand may touch  
the land  
And give his people bread,  
As once before on that far shore  
His multitudes were fed.



# SUNSHINE MAGAZINE




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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

T. B. MACAULAY, F.I.A., F.A.S.,  
President and Managing Director

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Number Three, 1918

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## THAT OTHER WAR

IT is often said that the people who are helping in food conservation and food production are doing an essential part in winning the war. They are. But they are doing more than that. They are fighting an enemy more grim and more deadly than the Kaiser's legions. They are fighting the frightful spectre of starvation which is now stalking over Europe and striking down its victims by the million.

Not any of the destructive forces which were unloosed by the outbreak of war compares for deadliness with this spectre of starvation. A direct product of the war itself, it is reaping a toll in human lives far greater than the acres of guns and the mountains of shells and the millions of bayonets.


Statistics made public in June last by the United States Food Administration stated that the total number among all belligerents who had been killed by fighting in this war was 4,250,000, while the number who had *starved to death* among the belligerents was no fewer than 4,750,000! And every day famine is adding to its toll faster than bullet or bayonet.

The easing up in food restrictions does not mean that starvation has been banished. It means only a temporary success in the effort to stay its progress, made possible by the fact that for the moment larger supplies of food are immediately forthcoming. The state of the world as a whole is infinitely worse now in regard to food supply than it has been at any time since the war broke out. Europe and Russia will this winter be filled with famishing populations—ally, neutral and enemy.

We must fight this spectre of starvation to the utmost of our power, or peace will herald a more frightful catastrophe than the war itself.

Conservation and production of food are more than a benevolent aid to our Allies. They are

part of a battle more colossal than any in the clash of arms in Europe. We are joined in a life and death struggle with famine on a greater scale than the world has ever known. And every one of us is either a fighter or a slacker in the presence of a menace so ghastly.



## THE ONE THING THAT HAS NOT "GONE UP"

LOOK over the family budget, and compare it with those of two or three years ago. See what items have gone up and what have "gone down." At first you will say, "Everything has gone up; nothing has gone down."

But look again carefully, making sure that nothing on the expense side escapes you.

There is one item has *not* gone up, that is still just the same price as in 1914, in the piping days of peace. And that one item is life assurance.

You can buy as much life assurance for a dollar to-day as you could when bread and cheese and boots and overcoats were half their present price.

And this being so, is it not good policy to put more money into what is still cheap and less into what is growing dearer day by day?

For to say that life assurance is the same price, in dollars and cents, as it was in 1914 is to say that it is far cheaper, in terms of the sacrifice required to purchase it, than it ever has been before.

Thus, before the war, a life assurance policy could be purchased by the sacrifice of a certain number of cigarettes or a cigar of a certain quality per day; but, to-day, the sacrifice of those same cigarettes or that same cigar would purchase nearly, or quite, twice as much life assurance.

It does not matter what other item you cut down in order to secure funds for the life assurance policy, the result is much the same.

The extra suit of clothes that you can perfectly well do without—in fact it is easier to do without it now than it was four years ago, for it is patriotic to clean up your old suit and let the army have the new woollen goods, and, besides, "everybody is doing it"; the long-distance holiday trip to the expensive pleasure resort, with its increased fares and hotel bills; the unnecessary luxuries on your dinner table; the theatre party or the book on which you spend money just to kill time—all these, if abstained from, will provide money enough to buy from fifty, to one hundred and fifty per cent more life assurance than in the good old days.

Life Assurance is cheaper than it ever was, in terms of sacrifice.

On the bargain principle, it is the thing of which you ought to be buying more.

CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



A Sheep Ranch, Western Canada



Spring Wheat on the Plains of Alberta.

—C.P.R. Photo.

# SUN LIFE CELEBRITIES

As our readers will be interested in knowing some personal facts about the gentlemen in whose hands lies the direction of this Company's affairs, we are devoting one page in each issue of SUNSHINE MAGAZINE to the purpose of introducing to you the men who sit around our Directors' Board.

**N**OT every man is fitted to become a pioneer in industrial life. Initiative, courage, and an unbounded faith in one's self, one's business and one's country, are necessary



MR. GEO. E. DRUMMOND

for the individual who would set to work to found an enterprise, and having founded it, to stand by it until it achieves success.

Among the pioneers in the industrial life in Canada, the Drummond family occupies an important place. Their ability, their enthusiasm and their foresight have contributed in marked degree to the building up of the iron, steel and mining industries of the Dominion. Of this family, George E. Drummond—happy-hearted, boyishly-enthusiastic George E. Drummond—is one of the best known. An Irishman by birth, he came with his family to Canada when he was only eight years of age and thus grew up with the country.

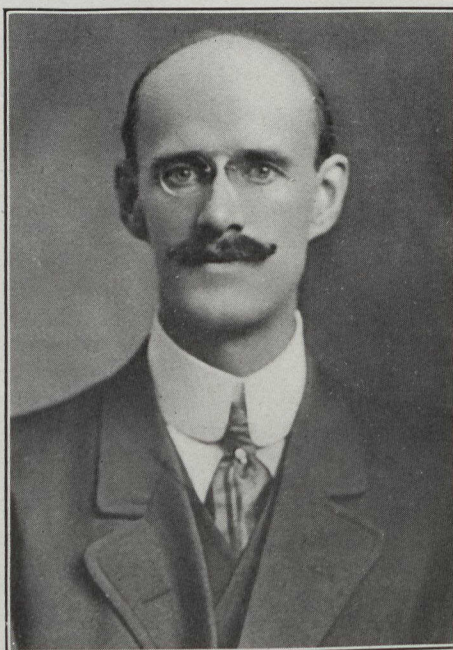
Attracted from the first to the iron and steel industries, he was long identified with the well-known firm of Drummond, McCall & Co., of which he became President, and which, after a remarkably successful career in developing the iron and steel industries, was merged into the Canada Iron Corporation, Limited

Mr. Drummond became President of the Drummond Mines, Ltd., in 1881; in 1909 he was appointed Consul-General for Denmark; from 1904 to 1905 he was President of the Montreal Board of

Trade. He is a Vice-President of the Cockshutt Plow Co., Ltd., of Brantford, Ont., and a Director of Molsons Bank, Canada Car and Foundry Co., Ltd., Canada Cement Co., Ltd., and Ogilvie Flour Mills, Ltd. In 1912 he was appointed a Director of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Mr. Drummond is the author of "The Iron Industry in Canada" and "Fiscal and Imperial Questions," two works which have attracted widespread attention. In 1910 he became a Knight of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. He is a Governor of McGill University. Naturally, the presence of a man of such influence and ability on the directorate of the Sun Life is of the greatest value to the Company.

**I**N Y.M.C.A. work in Montreal, in athletics and in all big patriotic movements, among the more active workers you are sure to find Mr. John W. Ross, another Director of the Sun Life. A native of Montreal, and connected with the city's institutions from his boyhood, he is one of the best known men in the commercial metropolis. Educated in Montreal High School and the Montreal Business College, he took to the business of accounting as a duck takes to water, and soon became an active member of the firm of P. S.

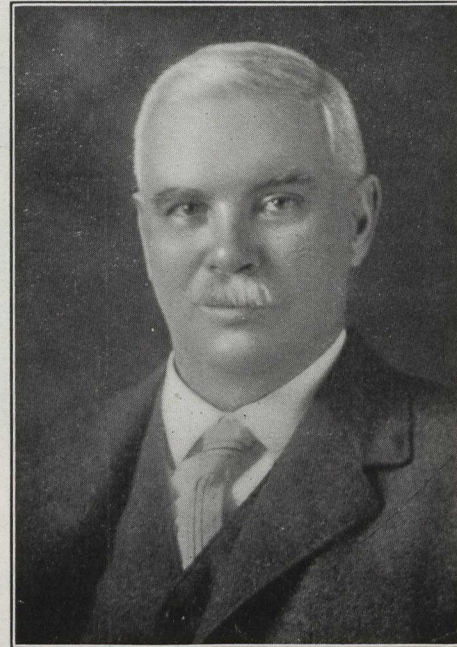


MR. JOHN W. ROSS

Ross & Sons, Chartered Accountants and General Auditors of the Sun Life.

At the age of 26 he was elected a member of the Association of Account-

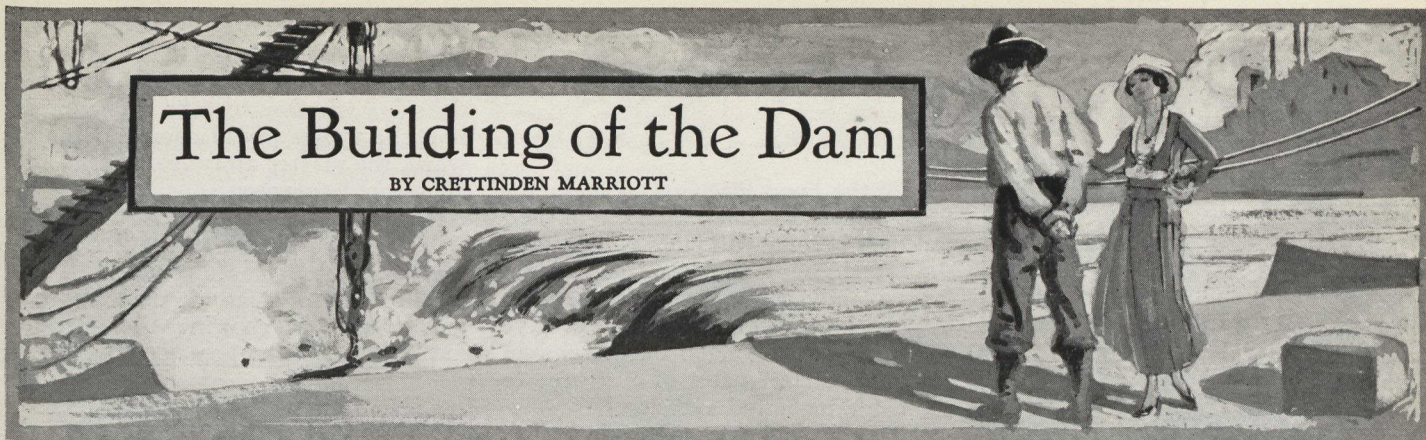
ants in Montreal. He successively became a Councillor of the Association, Secretary-Treasurer and then President, while in 1902 he was elected a Fellow of the Dominion Association of



DR. H. R. MACAULAY

Accountants. He is a Director of the Montreal Y.M.C.A., and was President of the organization from 1905 to 1907. Since 1911 he has been Honorary Treasurer of McGill University. Early in the current year Mr. Ross became a Director of the Sun Life of Canada, a position for which his special gifts and experience especially fit him.

**B**ORN in November, 1861, at Hamilton, Ont., Doctor H. R. Macaulay, the last of the Sun Life Directors who remains to be dealt with in our series of personal sketches, came to Montreal in 1874, the year in which his father, the late President Robertson Macaulay, assumed the Secretaryship of the Sun Life. Dr. Macaulay's first connection with the Company was as Medical Examiner in Eastern Asia under the late Dr. E. H. Horsey. Later he became Joint Manager with Dr. Horsey for Eastern Asia, and in 1900 on the death of the latter, Dr. Macaulay succeeded as manager for the East. This position he relinquished in 1908 and returned to Canada, making his home at Guelph, Ont., where he now resides. Dr. Macaulay joined the Directorate of the Sun Life in 1915.



## The Building of the Dam

BY CRETTINDEN MARRIOTT

**J**OHN Stevens, resident engineer, stood on the nearly finished headworks of the canal and looked about him. On his left the solid masonry of the great dam, 600 feet long and 200 feet in sheer height, barred the gorge of the Gila and abutted against Pedro Ridge beyond. On his right, stretched away in diminishing perspective the cement core-walls of the mile-long dike that continued the barrier over the low land of the south bank. Before him the bed of the future reservoir glittered arid in the Arizona sun, trampled and fouled by months of work. All around him was the hum of strenuous toil. Beneath his feet a travelling crane was lowering the 100-ton canal-gates into the slides; overhead shrieked the aerial trolley as it came and went from bank to bank; from the north came the whirl of the cement mills; as he watched, a train shot out from the distant south and hurried up the dike into the middle distance, where a rumble announced that a few hundred more tons of stone had been added to the rock fill.

John Stevens, resident engineer, sighed contentedly. The dam, the reservoir, the headworks, were his work—all his. His had been the reconnaissance party that first spied out the site; his the preliminary surveys and estimates of cost that determined the practicability of the project; his the final construction; his would be the transformation of the country that would speedily follow. Other projects were being built by contractors; this was the first, and the only one constructed by the Government directly on "force" account.

Stevens drew a long breath. Well he remembered his first view of the valley six years before. Standing on the slope of Pedro Ridge he had seen in imagination the barren sands transformed—had seen the dam, the cement-mill, the busy railway, the great holes whence the rock for the fills had

been blasted, the thousands of workmen. And he had seen more: had seen the land as it would be in the days still to come—the great lake of living water; the expanse of bordering orchards, gardens and vineyards; the white roofs peeping from the green; the sound of church bells; the happy voices of women and children. Then the vision had faded, melting mirage-like into the blistering sands, and John Stevens had rubbed his dazzled eyes and set to work to complete his reconnaissance and demonstrate to his chiefs in far-off Washington that here, on the Gila, were all the essentials for the construction of a great reservoir that would irrigate 300,000 acres of fertile land and furnish bountiful homes for 7,000 families of American citizens.

Six years had passed since that day—three years in surveys and estimates,

one in making ready, and two more in the actual construction now drawing to a close, and here stood the result the first great reclamation project of the United States Government. The masonry dam was done; the headworks of the canals were done; there remained only a few weeks more work on the earth dam, a few thousand tons of rock-fill to be dumped, another layer of riprap to be laid in cement on the slope—practically the thing was done—raw, unkempt, ugly, but strong and efficient. In two months the Fall floods were to be expected, but before they came all would be completed—all down to the last rivet in the huge hydraulic gates.

He had been practically alone in the task. Assistant after assistant had come to him—college boys who had

(Continued on page 21)

### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



Dried Cod on the Flakes.



Will the Food Regulations make lissome persons lissomer, then? Will their contours become still more pointed and the steel reinforcements show still more plainly through the concrete, so to speak? Or will a regulated diet have the same double-edged effect that an old physical instructor of ours used to claim for regulated exercises?

"The roly-polies is made thin by it," he used to say, "and human skeletons is brought to the point where they don't have to wear pads to keep themselves from cuttin' through their clothes."

Here's hoping, anyway! But, of course, the point is not how beautiful we can all be made, but how little food we can manage to get along on. Eating without consumption is the art we have to master.

As a matter of fact, this is not altogether a new thing. For years past doctors and restaurant-keepers have been working in this direction, and even before the war they had brought things to the point where you could order a full meal and pay a dollar and a half—and ten cents to buy your hat back—without getting any food to speak of.

Even when the hotelman—in a moment of inadvertence, we presume—permitted himself to give us a real meal the doctor stepped in and proceeded to scare us away from it. Just as we had tied our napkin around our neck and had one knee on the chest of a large juicy porterhouse, he would lean over and whisper in our ear about the appal-

ling dangers of auto-intoxication and high blood-pressure and the Lord knows what not. And then while we were debating whether to take a chance or not, the waiter would come along and whisk the platter away from us. They all worked together.

The hopeful brotherhood of Fletcherizers also did what they could to make dining a painful ordeal. They would flourish gruesome diagrams before your eyes showing the horrible



effects of swallowing your food without chewing each mouthful sixty times—or was it seventy? And how the dickens could you get a full meal at that rate? Human jaws couldn't stand it, and you sank exhausted long before you got to the salad. They had conscientious eaters reduced to spoon-feed long before August, 1914.

Naturally, the Great War has completed the business of enabling us to eat without food. It is now a patriotic duty. We are all doing it, those of us who take our food on a knife as well as those who take it through a straw. And it is really wonderful how cheerfully all classes of Canadians are co-operating in the good work—especially the restaurant-keepers. In fact, those splendid fellows have gone far beyond the letter of the law in cutting down food portions. They have got things to the point now in the average restaurant that you can't tell if the waiter has brought you your order or merely an unwashed plate.

It might seem rather unnecessary, in view of the perfection to which the system has already been carried, to make any suggestions for a further curtailment of appetite. But a few thoughts have occurred to us and we give them for what they are worth. Food Controller Thomson is welcome to use

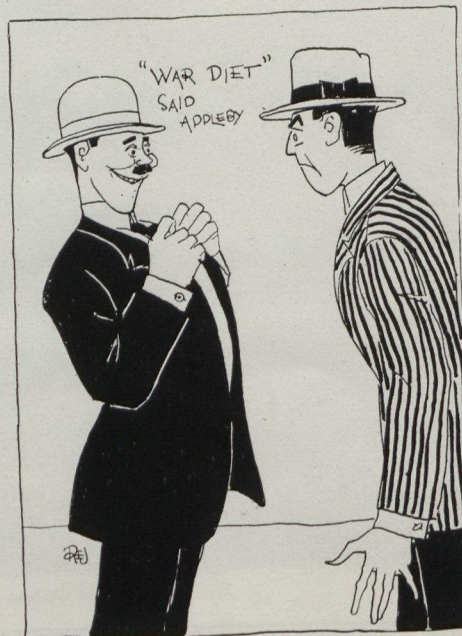
WE met Appleby on the street the other day, and we hardly knew him, he was so slim and lithe. If a fat old mastiff of our acquaintance had suddenly been metamorphosed into a Russian wolfhound, we couldn't have been more astonished. For Appleby had always been wide and pulpy, an obese and paunchy person. And here he was with an unmistakable waistline and a collar that didn't look like a linen cholera-belt.

"For the love of Mike, what have you been taking?" we asked. "Have you been going in for classical dances, or has some cannibal king or other been cutting a few steaks off you?"

"War diet," said Appleby. "I read all the Government regulations about food, and I stuck to them—that's all."

Certainly patriotism had proven its own reward in Appleby's case. If the Canada Food Board had been directed by a world-famous beauty expert, their dietetic suggestions could not have done more to increase our friend's pulchritude. And his case is probably only one of thousands. Hefty gentlemen who have gone about for years groaning that nobody loves a fat man, now know what they must do that they may be saved. As the late and justly celebrated Doctor Munyon would say, "There is hope."

But how about those whose natural tendency is the other way, the people built on the general lines of the Eiffel Tower or the Woolworth Building? What message have the Food Regulations for them? We take a strong personal interest in this view of the matter, for we lean rather towards the well, towards the lean ourself. Vulgar persons with no sense of the beauty of line have described us as skinny—very unjustly, it goes without saying. "Lissome" or "svelte" seem more fitting.





them without charge—that's the sort of a free-handed, patriotic chap we are. No war-profits for us!

In the first place, we would suggest that none but pretty waitresses should be employed in hotels and restaurants. They take one's mind off one's food, thus enabling one to go through all the motions of a hearty meal without eating a thing. Homely waitresses, on the other hand, have a tendency to make one concentrate on the food with that



sulky determination before which vit-les melt away like a quart of Peruna in a dry town.

We have noticed it time and again in our own case. If the waitress is

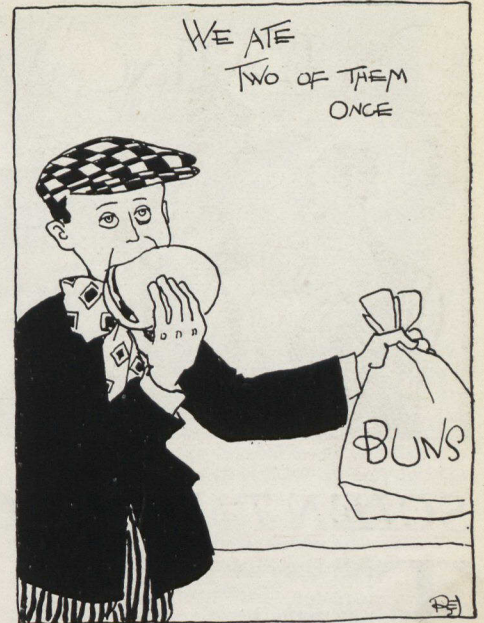
pretty enough we forget about eating altogether and devote outself to light badinage—and light badinage, of course, does not make any particular demand on the food resources of the Dominion. But if she is homely, we never take our eyes off our plate, and the curve of consumption goes straight up through the top of the diagram.

Another point is the matter of sandwiches. The Government is quite right to forbid those thin, ladylike affairs of transparent bread and evanescent ham. A good healthy man could eat a mountain of those and never be aware of it. But how about the old-fashioned bun-sandwiches they used to make a specialty of at quick-lunch counters? You know the sort—a big, doughy bun roughly divided around the waist-line and a slab of ham shoved into the wound.

Personally, we think those bun-sandwiches ought to be restored—made compulsory, in fact. One of those, and the ordinary man wouldn't want to look at food again for twenty-four hours. Two of them, and the mere thought of eating becomes painful. We ate two of them once, and we know whereof we speak.

We were a lad of about fifteen—an age when the appetite is usually hard to discourage—and were on our way home after an absence of some months. We knew there would be a spread when we got there, and our fancy turned lightly to thoughts of pumpkin pie and ice-cream and turkey (we put them in the order of our affection for them).

But the train was delayed for about an hour at an intermediate point, and



we were hungry. So we strolled into the station lunch-counter and in an evil moment gazed with eyes of longing on a couple of those bun-sandwiches. We ate them, and immediately went into the comfortable coma of a boa-constrictor that has just had his semi-annual calf.

A couple of hours later we arrived home, just in time for dinner. But food was no use to us. We sat and watched the others put it away, and unshed tears filled the soggy recesses of our soul. We hope we will never be so sad again.

By all means let us return to those bun-sandwiches, folks, they will save a lot of really edible food.

SUNSHINE MAGAZINE IN THE TRENCHES

THE following appears in a letter received from our office in South Africa. "Our Cape Town manager's son, Wallis Brown, who is in the South African Heavy Artillery, was going down into the trenches recently when he saw a soldier reading what appeared to be a magazine; but what attracted his attention was a very fine picture of a battleship which caused him to go back and enquire what it was he was reading. On looking at the title he was thunderstruck to find it was our SUNSHINE MAGAZINE. The man who was reading it simply told him he had it sent to him but how it got there he couldn't say. It may, of course, have been sent to him by his parents, or by our Cape Town Manager. In any case, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada has certainly been carried far and wide during the War."

IT'S A HARD LIFE

MY Tuesdays are meatless,  
My Wednesdays are wheatless,  
I am getting more eatless each day;  
My house it is heatless,  
My bed it is sheetless,  
They're all sent to the Y.M.C.A.

THE bar-rooms are treatless,  
My coffee is sweetless,  
Each day I grow poorer and wiser;  
My stockings are feetless,  
My trousers are seatless  
Good Lord! how I do hate the Kaiser.  
—Anonymous.

Mr. Brown was digging in his front garden. Presently a friend passed by. "Halloa, Brown!" he cried, cheerily. "Gardening?" "No!" said Mr. Brown, emphatically, "I'm not. I'm sitting on the roof teaching the sparrows to sit up and beg. What are you doing? Having a bath?"

The WHY of Food Conservation

¶ There are 40,000,000 men on active service at the front. Behind the lines are another 10,000,000 on war duty. At home 40,000,000 are working in the war industries.

¶ These 90,000,000 men are producing not one ounce of food; most of them need more than they ever did—and every man of them must be fed.



## HOME INTERESTS

Practical Pointers for Home-Makers

Conducted by Margaret Currie

### SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING

**T**HE time has passed, we hope forever, for housekeeping to be the casual hit-and-miss kind of thing it once was, when a cook thought nothing of using ten eggs and as much butter and sugar as she wished for a cake, and if it wasn't satisfactory, of throwing it out and starting another one. The time has gone when people had liver and bacon for breakfast, roast beef for dinner, and jellied tongue for supper. We think the time will never return when good cooks vie with each other to see who can serve the greatest number of courses and the most indigestible viands, as seemed to be the case in the "brave days of old."

Nowadays we have changed all that. The war has certainly conferred one boon on mankind in that it has implanted the instinct of thrift in the hearts and brains of women. In their hearts, because they save from love of the men over there, and in their brains because they know that unless we save, we starve.

When once women talked glibly of fashions, frills, and furbelows, they now discuss seriously calories, vitamins, cheap cuts as opposed to prime, and balanced rations, and this is as it should be. Let us hope that never again can it be said truthfully that a European family can live on what a Canadian or an American family throws away.

There are three ways of saving on one's household expenses—by careful buying, by careful cooking, and by careful conserving.

#### Buying Right

**I**F you have a good store room, it pays of course, to buy dry groceries at sales, if they are the commodities the food authorities allow us to keep in quantity; but always exercise judg-

ment in buying. It is not good buying to buy dried beef and bacon in glass. Consider how much a pound you are paying. Don't buy stuffed dates at a dollar a bottle when you can stuff the same amount yourself for fifty cents. Don't pay for cornstarch mixed with salt to keep it from caking in damp weather, when by mixing a little cornstarch with ordinary table salt, you may achieve the same result at one-fifth the expense.

Mix common sense with your purchases.

#### Saving Fuel

**I**T is a vexed question in the minds of many women whether it is wiser to buy cheap cuts of meat and use the fuel for the long cooking necessary to make them tender, or to buy expensive cuts and cook them quickly. If you are cooking with coal, and you are burning a coal fire in any case, it is perhaps better to buy cheap cuts, and even when using gas, experiments show that a prime roast of beef, cooked a short time with the gas turned high, sends the gas meter ahead just as far as a dish cooked three hours in a slow oven.

Big gas ovens run away with a great deal of fuel in any case, and careful housekeepers do much of their small baking in a little portable oven set over one burner on top of the stove. For casserole cookery, especially, the little oven is a great advantage, for it can be set over the simmering burner, turned low.

It is a good idea to experiment for yourself, by weighing your meat, both before and after cooking, to see what waste there is in your method and what you get as a finished result out of the different cuts. German housekeepers, I am told, parboil all roasts before putting them in the oven and claim that they thus get a certain amount of

flavoured soup stock, besides making the roast more palatable and tender and taking a shorter time for the oven cooking.

Systematic planning will help a great deal to reduce the fuel bill when you are using coal or wood. If you are washing, ironing, canning or performing any lengthy operation on top of the stove, that is a good time to roast meat, bake pies, cakes, puddings or bread, so that it will be unnecessary to put on a big fire again for some time. In fact, you may do almost a whole week's cooking in one day if you plan carefully.

#### Saving Food

**K**EEP your refrigerator sweet and clean and use a great deal of waxed paper. Wrap it around cheese, around butter, and around cut meat to keep it from drying. In the days when the ordinary person could afford to buy a whole ham, I have kept it sweet and fresh for two weeks by always wrapping it in waxed paper when I put it away. Cheesecloth is another present help. Lettuce, celery, parsley or any other salad greens may be placed in damp cheesecloth bags directly on the ice, and kept green and crisp. Lemons should be kept in cold water which should be changed twice a week. Every scrap of unused bread should be dried in the oven, rolled and packed in gem jars to be used for frying, stuffings, or for bread puddings. Every leftover of vegetables, meat or fish, even if only a teaspoonful, should go into the stockpot for soup, or they may be combined with French, boiled or mayonnaise dressing into a very satisfactory salad.

Needless to say, every loyal British subject is supposed to have a garden and to can, preserve and dry as much fruit and vegetables as possible. Turnips, carrots and parsnips keep plump and sweet if packed in boxes of sand on the cellar floor. Apples and oranges

may be wrapped separately in paper and spread out on light racks hung from the beam in the cellar. Green tomatoes, picked before frost, may be kept until Christmas. They should be carefully wrapped in tissue paper, after having been wiped with a dry towel, laid out on shelves on straw, looked over frequently, and used as soon as ripe.

Elsewhere in this Department are recipes for canning and drying other fruit and vegetables in ways authorized and recommended by the Canada Food Board. The attention of patriotic and careful housewives is particularly called to them.



### THE EMPIRE NEEDS US

**G**REAT BRITAIN in peace times imports four-fifths of her food supplies. Most of her usual sources of food are cut off by war and scarcity of ships.

One out of every *seven* of Scotland's total population is in the army; in England one out of every *twelve*; in Canada one out of every *seventeen*. Canada, therefore, has a larger proportion of her population for food production than either England or Scotland.

At peace, Canada produces the largest available food surplus in the British Empire; at war, she must do better still, for upon her falls directly the responsibility for feeding the armies and the Mother Country.

Could call be clearer?

### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



A 300-pound Halibut

# CANNING IN THE HOME

**M**ODERN canning depends for success upon **HEAT** and **RUBBER RINGS**. The one kills all decay organisms, the other keeps them out. **¶** When "sterilization" is advised it means you are to boil in **BOILING WATER** or steam long enough to kill the bacteria, moulds, etc. **¶** When "perfect sealing" is advised it means you are to use a **NEW** rubber band and a jar which can be depended upon to keep out all air. **¶** If you can by the method which follows you will have fruit and vegetables which will keep for years. If you have never tried before, why not this year?

## THE "COLD PACK" METHOD OF CANNING

**T**HIS is a phrase which is used to describe the most common method of handling the produce. Nearly all vegetables are canned this way. They are packed into the sealers **cold** and the cooking follows in one of the three ways described in the next three paragraphs.

Sterilizing may be done in three different ways, each of which has its advantages.

**1. Single Boiling.**—This is the commonest method and if carried out carefully there will be but few failures. A common pot or wash boiler is used by making a false bottom of slats to keep the jars off the bottom and thus prevent breakage. The water in the boiler should come half-way up the jars, or with vegetables it may even cover the jars. A steam cooker such as is ordinarily used in the kitchen works well and is a little more convenient than the wash boiler. The time of boiling differs with different vegetables, but in any case the time of sterilizing is counted from the time the water starts to boil vigorously in the boiler.

**2. Intermittent or Fractional Sterilization.**—This method is the same as No. 1 except that the sterilization of the food is divided into three periods upon three successive days. If followed out properly there would be absolutely no failures. Thus instead of boiling three hours at once the jars are boiled one hour each day for three days. However, it requires more handling of jars, more fuel and more work, which is the disadvantage.

**3. Pressure Sterilization.**—This is carried out in a pressure cooker that can be closed and thus produce steam under pressure. This is the most effective and rapid method but special apparatus is required. The advantage of the steam pressure method is that it requires shorter time and is more thorough. Small pressure canners can be obtained in which from six to thirty pounds' pressure can be produced, but as these cost more than the average housewife cares to expend, the ordinary wash boiler may be employed with a slat rack upon which to place the cans.

**Other utensils recommended** consist of enamel kettle, wire baskets, or cheesecloth, enamel colander, wire strainer, glass measuring cup, large spoons, fruit masher, pint and quart measure, clean towels and glass containers.

### SCALDING AND BLANCHING

Scalding is for the purpose of loosening the skin, so that fruits like tomatoes and peaches, for instance, may be peeled easily.

Blanching is more thorough than scalding and consists of leaving the product in a large amount of boiling water for a short time. Blanching gives a thorough cleaning and destroys all bacteria on the surface of the product. It often helps to improve the flavour and in some instances it removes strong or objectionable odours or flavours. Blanched peaches and pears have a more transparent appearance, better texture and mellow flavour.

### STEPS IN THE CANNING PROCESS

**1.** Prepare the canning utensils and select jars and tops. Make sure that everything is clean and that jars are air-tight.

**2.** Sterilize jars 15 minutes.

**3.** Wash fruit or vegetable in clean, cold water. Prepare the vegetables as you would if getting them ready to boil for dinner, and the fruit as for serving.

**4. Blanch.**—This is done by putting material for canning into a cheesecloth, or a wire basket, and dipping into boiling water for from one to twenty minutes.

**5. Cold Dip.**—Immediately upon removal from boiling water the product should be plunged into cold water and left till it feels cold to the touch.

**6. Cold Pack.**—Pack the cold vegetables or fruit into the sterilized jars.

**7.** To the vegetables add salt—one teaspoon to one quart jar and fill the jar with boiling water.

**8.** To the fruit add syrup according to instructions in the syrup table.

**9.** Put on a new rubber and the glass top, but only partly seal the jars.

**10.** Sterilize by putting the jars into a boiler with false bottom. The water in the boiler should be at least half-way up the outside of the jars. Take time after the water starts to boil.

**11.** Remove from boiler at end of the required time and seal the jars immediately by tightening the covers. The cover must be perfectly tight and must not be opened until needed for use. Invert to test for leaks.

**12.** When cool wash jars, label and date. Store in the dark or wrap each jar in paper to prevent bleaching.

### THE SYRUP TABLE

For sweet fruits—1 pint sugar to 2 pints water.

For slightly acid fruit—2 pints sugar to 3 pints water.

For acid fruits—1 pint sugar to 1 pint water

For very acid fruits—2 pints sugar to 1 pint water.

The amount of sugar used will also depend on individual taste, but too much sugar spoils the natural flavour of the fruit.

In all cases boil the sugar and water together for 5 minutes, and strain it not clear.

For quart jars of large fruit about 1 pint of syrup is required. For quart jars of small fruit about half a pint.

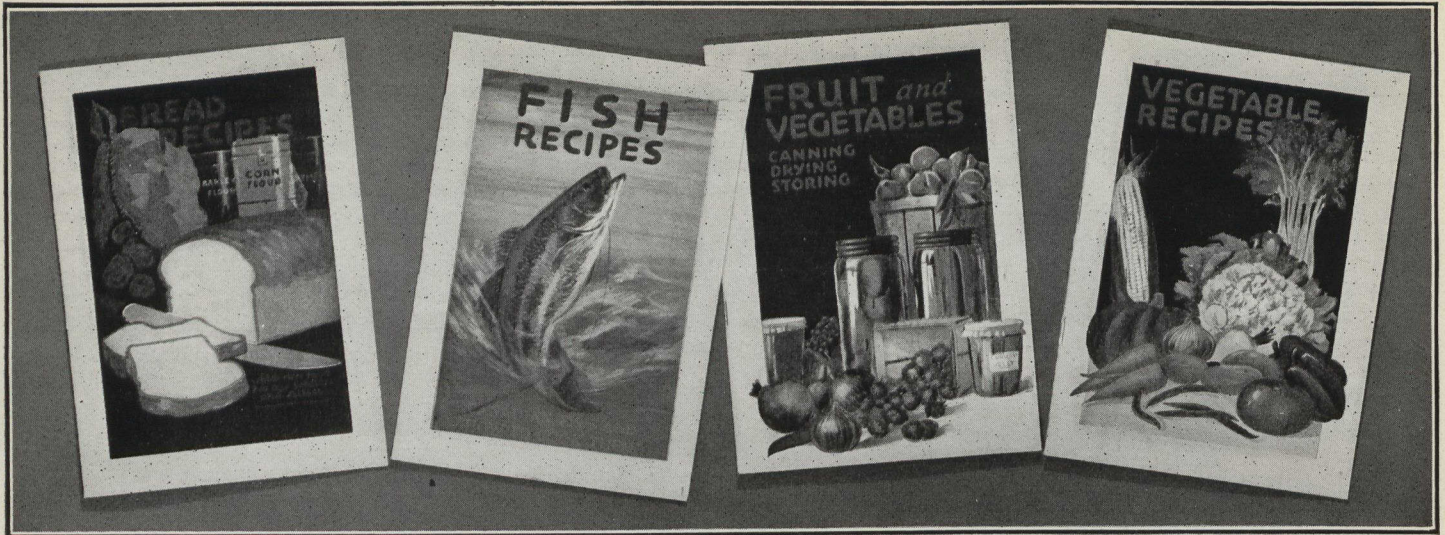
### READ THESE DON'TS BEFORE YOU FAIL

*You may then not need to read them after.*

**Don't** try, at first to can **vegetables** in any jar larger than a quart. The smaller the jar the easier it is to sterilize.

**Don't** use old rubbers. It is cheaper to buy new rubbers than to lose your vegetables.

**Don't** try to use a wide rubber on a screw-



**FOR THE WAR KITCHEN.**—The four cook-books issued by the Canada Food Board are invaluable aids to the housewife. Twenty cents in stamps (five cents per copy) slipped into an envelope addressed to "The Canada Food Board, Ottawa" will bring them to you promptly.

top jar. The wide rubbers fit the spring-top jar and the narrow rubber the screw-top.

**Don't** shorten the time of sterilization until you have become familiar with the process.

**Don't** fail to seal jars tightly. See that the spring is adjusted to give good pressure on spring-top jars and that the screw-top does not slip on gem jars.

**Don't** let the heat down so that the water fails to boil. Keep it jumping.

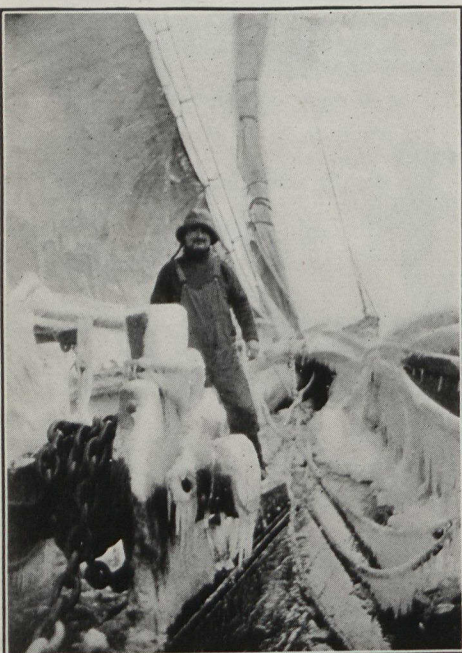
**Don't** use a doubtful sealing jar for vegetables. Put rhubarb or some such easy keeping product in chipped or uneven jars.

**Don't** use a dirty dishcloth to wipe off the top of the jar. It may undo all your work.

#### CANNING RECIPES IN DETAIL

**Beans.**—String and remove ends of beans. Blanch five minutes, then dip in cold water.

#### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



Winter Fishing in the North Atlantic.

Cut in one or two-in. pieces and pack closely in jars. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Fill the jars with cold boiled water. Adjust rubbers and tops. Sterilize 2 hours. Young beans may be packed whole.

**Beets.**—Wash beets thoroughly, leaving on roots and one or two inches of stem to prevent loss of colour. Blanch ten minutes in water that is kept boiling, or steam if possible. Cold dip and remove skins, roots and stems. Pack closely in jars. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Fill jar with boiled water. Adjust rubbers and covers. Sterilize one and one-half hour.

**Carrots.**—Wash and scrub carrots. Blanch five minutes in boiling water. Cold dip, cut off roots and pack upright in jars as closely as possible. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Fill jar with boiled water. Adjust rubbers and covers. Sterilize one and one-half hour.

**Cauliflower.**—Cut flowered portion into pieces small enough to be easily packed in jars. Place in water, slightly salted, for one hour. Blanch five minutes, then cold dip. Pack in jars. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Fill jar with boiled water. Adjust rubbers and covers. Partly seal. Sterilize one and one-half hour.

**Corn.**—Blanch the corn on the cob five minutes. Cold dip for one minute. Cut off tops of the kernels and scrape off the rest of the pulp. Pack and press firmly into jars so that the corn juice may fill all spaces. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar, and if the milk of the corn is not sufficient to fill the jars, add water. Adjust rubbers and covers and partly seal. Sterilize three hours.

**Greens (Spinach, Beet Tops, etc.)**—Choose young leaves and wash carefully. Blanch twenty minutes in a steamer, then cold dip. Pack tightly in jars. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart jar. Fill jar with boiled water. Adjust rubbers and covers. Partly seal. Sterilize one and one-half hour.

**Peaches.**—Blanch fruit two minutes. Cold dip. Remove skin, cut in halves and pack in jars. Fill with syrup as for sweet fruit. Sterilize fifteen to twenty minutes according to the ripeness of the fruit.

**Pears.**—Pare, cut in halves and remove the core. Pack in jars. Add syrup as for sweet fruit. Sterilize twenty minutes. Flavour may be varied by adding to each quart jar juice of half a lemon, or by sticking a whole clove in each half pear.

**Raspberries**—Pick over and wash fruit. Pack in jars as closely as possible without crushing. Fill with syrup as for sweet fruit. Sterilize twelve minutes.

Habit is often mistaken for the craving of hunger.

#### A Prayer for Our Soldiers

God save our men at arms,  
Shield them 'mid war's alarms,  
God save our men!  
Strong may they stand for Thee,  
Valiant for liberty,  
Crown them with victory,  
God save our men!

#### FOR THE HOME GARDENER

Don't let the frost injure the crops before you take them into the cellar.

Don't bring them in while they are in a moist condition.

Don't cover roots with damp sand if the cellar is hot; they will start to grow if you do. Eat them quickly, can, dry or give away in preference.

Don't let cold winds dry out your potatoes. If you do a bitter taste is the result.

Don't try to store onions, squash or pumpkin in a cool cellar. They will keep better in the attic.

Don't forget to watch your storage room and sort out any decayed specimens before the trouble spreads.

Don't forget that a cheap thermometer is a good friend in a storage room.

If it is impossible to provide a special storage place, as suggested, select that part of the cellar farthest removed from the furnace and where the greatest amount of air circulation takes place.



Conducted by Margaret Currie

## TRUE HELPERS

**P**ERHAPS Mother and Father think you are too young to help win the war, but you know in your heart that you are quite old enough to take your share in the most important work the world has ever seen, and you are longing to help, aren't you?

These are sad and terrible times, I know, but sometimes I think you girls and boys of to-day are very fortunate in having the inestimable privilege of living in a period when history is being made so rapidly. It should inspire you to be really worth-while in character and in achievement and you cannot begin too soon.

All boys of twelve or over should see the wisdom of joining the Boy Scouts so that by the time a boy reaches the age and is ready for enlistment, he will have a foundation of training and military discipline.

If you are too young to join the Boy Scouts, you can at least do an hour's work in the garden every morning weeding and killing the potato bugs, and an hour's work with the hose and watering can at night.

Both girls and boys can play their part in food conservation, too. They can give up sugar on their porridge and other cereals, on fresh fruit and in lemonade. They can do without candy and ice cream and they must not grumble when cake no longer has thick chocolate frosting. If you get really hungry for something sweet, instead of making fudge, or buying a box of candy, ask your mother for a little molasses, maple or corn syrup, honey, preserved fruit or jelly. That will satisfy the craving for sweets, and at the same time, save sugar for our men.

You can help, too, in the kitchen. You can gather the vegetables and prepare them for cooking, can learn to

set the table, and to wash and dry the dishes. Even the boys can learn to make their own beds and to keep their rooms tidy. If mother is economizing by doing without kitchen help, there is so very much you can do to assist her, and if you do it cheerfully and without grumbling, it is twice as easily accomplished.

Girls of nine and over should learn to sew and knit, even if it is the plainest kind of sewing, and just as soon as they learn, they should do what they can for the Red Cross.

Don't tease for new clothes just because you are tired of your old dress and the little girl who sits next to you at school has a new one. Wear your old dress proudly because it is your contribution to the war, to keep down expenses and to save materials for the soldiers.

Perhaps you know of many other ways you can help win the war.

Won't you write to the Editor

"Kiddie Corner," Sun Life Assurance Company, Dominion Square, Montreal, telling all you have done to help the cause of our boys at the front? All the best letters will be published in the next number of SUNSHINE MAGAZINE.

## TONGUE TWISTERS

**W**E all remember the tongue twisters of our childhood, especially the narrative of "Peter Piper who ate a peck of pickled peppers from a pewter plate" and the important information that "The sun shines on the shop signs and it sufficeth us."

Once in a while we come across one that is new to us. The latest that has come around our way is:—

"The Leith police dismisseth us."

Another good barbed wire entanglement which our tongue has run up against in the past, and which seems new to a large number of people is:—

"This is the great cricket critic, Griffiths, giving Gissing specific statistics as to the daily traffic between the *Daily Graphic* and the telegraphic office opposite."

## FAIRY-TIME

*When within its little saucer on the table by my bed  
The little night-light bobs and throws strange shadows round my head,  
When the clothes are tucked in "comfy," and the curtains safely drawn,  
'Tis then I know the Fairy Folk come dancing on the lawn.  
'Tis then we fly with Peter Pan with arms instead of wings,  
And in the Never-Never Land see many wondrous things.  
'Tis then the windows open and the curtains flutter wide,  
Oh! then the winsome Fairy Folk come tripping all inside.*

*There's dear Red Riding Hood so gay, with scarlet cloak and hood,  
And the Robins, with the Babes who were left in the wild wood.  
There's Miss Muffit and Tom Tucker; and the Sleeping Beauty comes  
With the Beast, and wee Jack Horner with his pocket full of plums.  
Then in a fairy boat we get and glide, and float, and sway,  
And follow all the Fairy Folk who beckon us away.  
We're never tired, although so far we go. How odd it seems!  
But then, you see, we do these things when in the land of Dreams.*

—MOLLIE KENNEDY.

## CANADA'S BOUNDLESS FOOD RESOURCES

(Continued from page 5)

engaged in sea-fishing at the present time, and some 10,000 in the inland fisheries. Nearly \$30,000,000 are invested in the industry. The total market value of Canada's supply of fish to the markets of the world in 1917 was roughly \$35,000,000. Salmon ranked first with a market value of \$10,882,431; lobsters, second with \$5,508,054, and cod, third with \$5,449,964.

The romantic story of fishing in Canada with all its history of adventure would occupy a volume in itself. It varies from halibut fishing off the northern portion of British Columbia to the great salmon canning industries in the Fraser and other rivers discharging into the Pacific Ocean; from lobster fishing on the Inner Labrador and Nova Scotia to cod fishing on the Newfoundland Banks; from oyster fishing off Prince Edward Island to whale fishing in the Lower St. Lawrence.

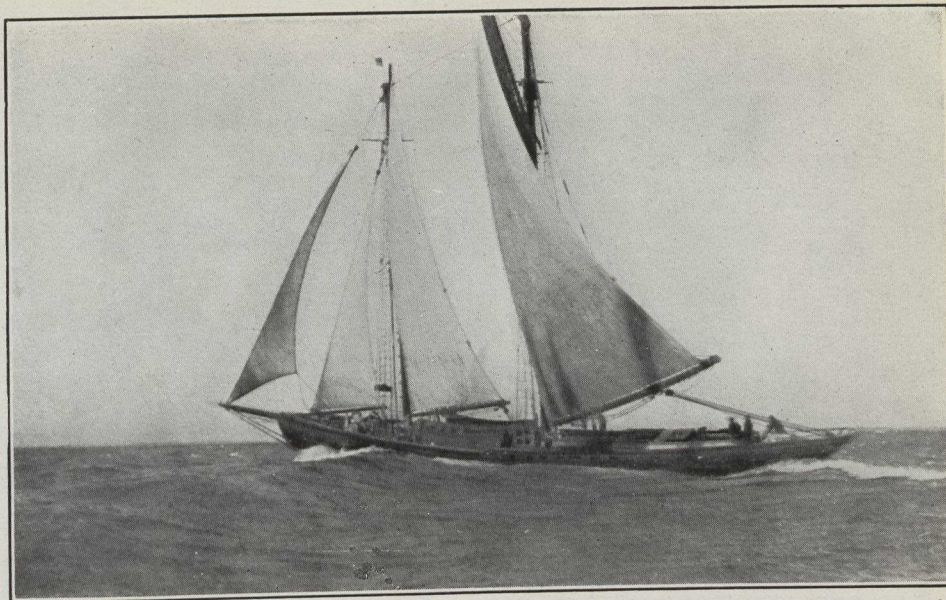
Truly, nature has dealt bounteously with Canada in her agricultural and fishing resources. Not only have they enabled her to play a major rôle in the drama of war, but they are the broad basis upon which is securely and safely building an economic structure which will place Canada in the fore-front of the world's great nations of the future.

### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



—Photo by Capt. F. W. Wallace, Canada Food Board.  
Hauling Down the Jib in a Bit of Blow  
on the Atlantic

### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



—Photo by Capt. F. W. Wallace, Canada Food Board.

Off for the Banks. An Atlantic Grand Banks fishing schooner under full sail.

#### ASK THIS QUESTION

Which would you prefer to look forward to—the prospect of denying yourself a few luxuries to pay for life assurance, or the prospect of your widow denying herself necessities?

—Wm. Alexander.

#### PLAY IT ON THE SQUARE

If, as has been said, life is a chess board, then every man ought to play on the square. Is it not true that assuring his life is one of the squarest plays that any man can make?

## HARVEST TIME

By EDGAR A. GUEST

It's gettin' on to harvest time, the heavy work is done,  
The fruits are turnin' red an' brown, beneath the summer sun;  
I've borne the heat an' faced the rain an' stood to weeks o' toil  
An' met with disappointment an' some mighty stubborn soil,  
But the corn is lookin' splendid an' there's wealth on every tree  
An' the Lord who reigns in Heaven has been mighty good to me.

It's gettin' time to harvest, there's a field o' wavin' gold,  
Where poverty was dwellin' in the lazy days of old.  
Then I let it lie neglected, as a barren patch of earth,  
An' I scorned t' give it labour, for I didn't know its worth.  
Now I stand an' see its treasures; there was wealth beneath the clay!  
An' the whole world is the richer for the grain that's there to-day.

As I gaze upon the splendours of the harvest time 'o year  
An' the joys that now have blossomed out of dismal days an' drear;  
See the apples in the orchards, an' the acres rich with grain  
My thoughts begin to wander to the Flanders' fields of pain  
An' my heart starts beatin' faster an' my hopes begin t' climb  
As I think o' joys we'll gather when it comes our harvest time.

When the bitter work is ended, an' we've silenced every gun  
When the rain of hate is over, an' the victory is won,  
From the bloodshed an' the anguish, an' the faith our children keep  
Souls in tune with Truth an' Freedom it shall be our joy to reap.  
We shall know for all our labours, all our griefs an' all our tears,  
A harvest time of riches that shall last for many years.

—By courtesy "The Montreal Herald."

**THE BUILDING OF THE DAM**

(Continued from page 13)

passed civil service examinations over which practical men had broken their knees—had come and had gone. One had been incompetent; several had been unable to handle men; others had broken down under the strain of incessant labour in the broiling sun, the typhoid epidemic that had decimated the force, the strikes, the maddening delays in the arrival of material, the endless convolutions of red tape. Only two remained, and these had been with him for only the last few quiet months—not long enough to prove their worth.

Stevens, resident engineer, looked down at the tiny stream that trickled sluggishly through the sluices in the foot of the masonry dam. Nightly it rose and daily the thirsty sun drank it up again. It seemed incredible that it could ever fill the gorge, much less the great basin floored by twenty-five square miles of burning sands.

But Stevens was not deceived. He knew well the habit of Arizona streams in general and of the Gila in particular. He knew those yellow sands were eighty feet deep and were filled with water to the brim; that a few cloudy days would see the river shoulder itself high against the barrier he had flung across its course. He had followed the river to its source on the high rocky plateaus that shed water like a roof; for six years he had watched it and measured it—surface flow and underflow alike he knew to an acre-foot its maximum and its minimum and its total flow in those years. Three times he had seen it come down with a rush, bank full, 25 feet deep and 1,000 feet wide. Once, in the early days, it had caught him unready, and swept away several months' labour. It would come again, he knew; would come with the Fall rains or the melting snows of Spring—might come any day if a cloud happened to burst in the right place over the gorges in the mountains two hundred miles away.

Stevens, however, was not uneasy. No flood was to be expected for two months and in two months his work would be finished and he would be in the East—with Her.

He had known her all his life, but had never realized her until he had seen her on a hurried trip to Washington that Spring. Hardly could he believe her the girl he had known before. Either she had changed or he had—perhaps both; years work quick magic in women, and the solitude of the desert—even the man-peopled solitude—arouses primal passions in men. Stevens had been East for only one busy week, yet when he left for Arizona, only the assurance that to speak would be madness had restrained him from asking her to marry him then and there. As it was, he had told her, in everything short of the bare words, that he would come back for her in the Fall when his work was done. His meaning was unmistakable, but he asked nothing in return; she was free to wait or not, as she saw fit.

**II**

STEVENS, resident engineer, came out of his day-dreams with a start as an engine and two cars came swinging around the curve of the five-mile spur that the Santa Fe had built from the main line to the reservoir.

"That's a private car," he grumbled. "Who in thunder have I got to show around now?"

But of course it was She.

"I've come on business," she declared when the greetings were over. "I want information on a matter of grave importance. Of course I might have written, but I hate writing, and so I got Cousin Jack to lend me his private car and just came myself. Behold in me the man of the family."

Stevens smiled. "Oh! the man of the fam-

ily, are you?" His glance took in the many feminine touches in the well-appointed car. "You don't look it," he laughed, "and your surroundings are hardly in keeping. But I suppose I must take your word for it. So—take off your hat; have a cigar?"

Miss Winthrop laughed. "You horrid boy," she exclaimed. "You men are so proud of your superiority. But, really, Mr. Stevens, I have come on business. I want your advice."

"It's yours for the asking. But why the 'Mr.?' It used to be John."

"That was when we were younger. Besides this is a business interview, you know."

"Oh, I forgot. Well! Tell me all about it. I need hardly assure you,—and so forth."

The girl's face grew serious. "Thank you John," she replied. "This is really serious. You see, if father were alive, I could follow my own inclinations and trust to him to see that I made no mistake. But, as it is, I must try to be judicial, and weigh things as father would have weighed them. Marriage is such an important step."

Stevens' face paled and his hand trembled slightly.

"It is, indeed," he returned in a voice out of which all the fun had suddenly disappeared. "You mean—you mean—"

"I mean that I am not going into anything like a romantic girl. He seems very nice and clever, and he is undoubtedly a gentleman and all that, but—well, I know father would insist on knowing more about his ability and prospects, and so I came to ask you about him."

"About him? About whom?" Intense anxiety spoke in Stevens' tone.

"Dear me! Didn't I say? About Mr. Simpson."

"Simpson?"

"Yes. You know him, of course. He got a post in the Reclamation Service last Spring, and they sent him out here to help you. Surely, you know him!"

Simpson! The latest cub-assistant sent from Washington to the Gila! Stevens' brow grew dark. Without excuse he rose and walked to the far end of the car, where he stood staring blindly into the gathering darkness.

"Why should he have her?" he muttered to himself. "He can't love me as I do. What does a boy like him know of love? And she comes to me—to me of all the people in the world—to ask about him." He paused with a short laugh. "And I've got to praise him to her!"

He stopped again and his face grew flushed. "But have I?" he resumed. "By Heavens, it's too much to ask! Why should I help him to win her when a word from me—she can't care for him very much, after all, or she wouldn't trust anything but her own intuitions. She'll get over it in time—oh! It's easy enough. Villainy always is."

He turned and walked back to where the girl sat waiting.

"I regret to tell you," he began abruptly, "that—"

He broke off as a man pushed in at the car-door and hurried towards him.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Stevens," he gasped. "But this telegram's just come, and Mr. Simpson said to get it to you quick as—I beg your pardon, ma'am."

Stevens tore open the envelope:

"Heavy rains on the San Carlos reported. Gila in flood. Cloudburst on the Verde. Should reach you by midnight. Looks bad."

Miss Winthrop had watched his face.

"Is anything wrong,?" she asked.

"Everything!" responded the engineer, shortly. "A flood is coming and will reach us by midnight. Heavy rains on the San Carlos and a cloudburst on the Verde have joined hands to test the dam two months before they should have come. Your visit was well timed, Miss Winthrop. You will see the coming of a great flood."

(Continued on page 24)

**CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES**



Seining Pacific Salmon of the Largest Known Species.

—The Canadian Fisherman.

## LIFTED LAUGHS

### A Light Lunch

WAITER: "What will you have, sir?"

DINER: "Oh, bring me an assortment of proteins, fats and carbohydrates—I leave it to you, Henry—say 800 calories."—*Boston Transcript*.

◆

"Pa, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion?"

"It means, my son, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."—*New York Sun*.

### How the Row Started

MR. BROWN: "I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

MRS. BROWN: "And what did you say to him?"

MR. BROWN: "I asked him what he was running for."—*Insurance News*.

### Optional

FIRST COLOURED GENT: "I don't believe it's constitutional to draft a man and make him fight."

SECOND COLOURED GENT: "Boy, they don't make you fight. They just send you to France, puts you in a trench, and when the Germans charge at you they just leaves it to your best judgment whether you better fight or not!"

### Fully Prepared

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter serious consideration."

"Oh, I have sir," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and have been to one of those asterologers, and to a meajum, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."

—*Household Words*.

### Had No Real Being

A contemporary, stirred either by derision or ignorance, inquires: "Who was P. B. Armstrong?" He never really was; he merely thought he was.

—*The Adjuster*.

### LIEUT. MACAULAY CALLED TO WASHINGTON

WITH the appointment of Lieut. Douglas L. Macaulay to an important position under the United States Committee, which has charge of the manufacture of aeroplanes in that country, a signal honour has been conferred on a member of our Head Office Staff.

The American authorities applied to Canada for a man combining engineering qualifications with flying experience in France. Lieut. Macaulay was recommended, and on the invitation of the American authorities visited Washington, and has now been made a member of the sub-Committee on "Air Craft Design and Associated Aeronautic Problems." There are on this Committee specialists in all branches of the work, but it was desired to also have the co-ordinating influence of a man having all-round knowledge and experience.

Lieut. Macaulay is a son of Mr. T. B. Macaulay, President of our Company. He is a graduate of McGill University in both Arts and Science, and did excellent service in the Flying Corps in France, returning home wounded. He has left for Washington to take up his new duties, to which he brings an ability and experience which will no doubt prove of value in the development of the American air service.

### CANADIAN LAWS EXTRA SAFE

THE outstanding degree of security which is afforded to policyholders of Canadian life assurance companies by the Dominion Insurance Law receives emphasis from the following extract clipped from a recent issue of the *Calcutta (India) Commerce*.

Life assurance has not yet filtered down to the masses in India, and what promise it held out in this direction received a set-back by the innumerable provident societies, started on unsound financial principles and worked by dishonest men, becoming bankrupt. It was at this stage that the government interfered and legislated in the teeth of a very vigorous but uninformed opposition; but the legislation scarcely went far enough to safeguard the interests of the assuring public.

Indian Insurance Legislation followed the lines of the British Act on the subject, but compared to the legislation in force in the United States of America and Canada, both of which closely resemble each other, the Indian Act would seem to afford but little protection. Of the British Act the insurance editor of *Truth* after examining and comparing it with the Canadian law observes: "It is an entire underestimate to say that the safety provided by the Canadian legislation is as 1,200 to 16, or seventy-five times as great as that supposed to be provided by the laws under which English and Scottish life offices conduct their business." I agree with a Madras paper in holding that if the Indian Insurance Act went several steps further in the manner of American legislation and brought life offices under the closer supervision and greater scrutiny of the State, Indian life offices would become more popular and prove a public blessing.

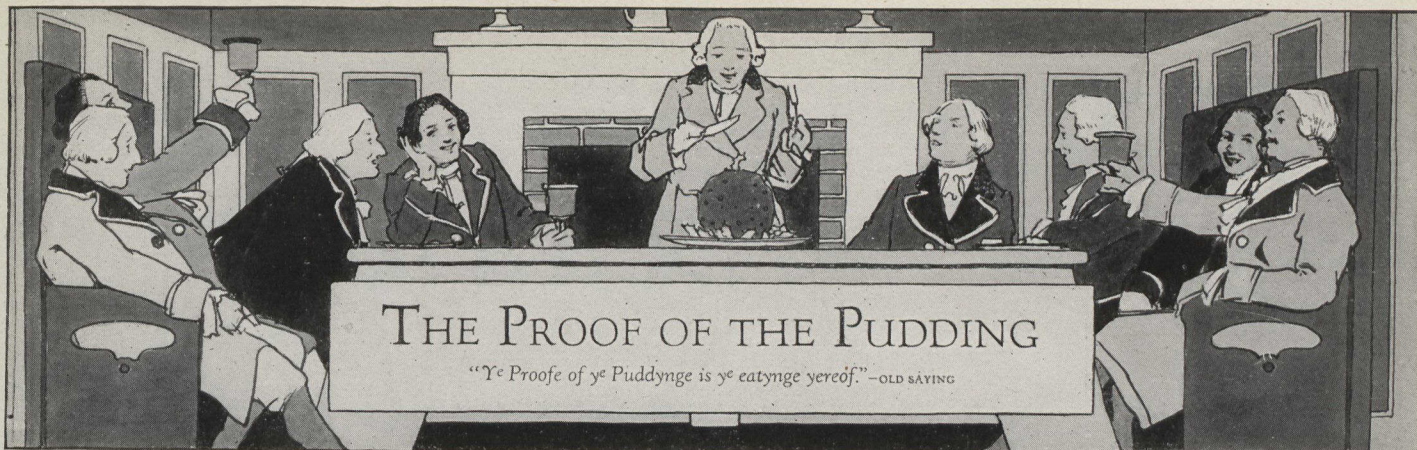
### CANADA'S FOOD RESOURCES



400,000 pounds of Frozen Halibut in Vancouver Plant of the Canadian Fishing Company.

—*The Canadian Fisherman*.





**THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING**

“Ye Proove of ye Puddynge is ye eatynge yereof.”—OLD SAYING

**THE FOLLOWING LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT SHOW HOW SUN LIFE POLICIES STAND UP UNDER THE TEST OF EXPERIENCE**

**Cost Him Less Than Nothing**

Resident Secretary,  
Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,  
London.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of cheque for \$3,546.10 in settlement of my claim on Policy No. 106986. I am both surprised and gratified with the result of having assured in your Company.

I assured for \$2,500.00, and am paid \$3,546.10, having been assured for 15 years for nothing and paid \$1,046.10 for doing so into the bargain.

It is needless to say that if I can at any time influence business for the Company, I shall do so, and should consider that it was the assured who would derive the benefit.

Wishing the Sun Life further prosperity and again thanking you, believe me,

(Sgd.) RICHARD W. HEELS.

**Considers it a Good Investment**

W. H. HILL, Esq.,  
Manager, Central Ontario Division,  
Peterborough.

Dear Sir:—

Please accept my sincere thanks for cheque for \$436.20 in payment of profits on Policy No. 67242. I am much pleased with the results of the assurance; in fact, I consider it so satisfactory that I choose to continue the Policy, for I feel I could not make a better investment of the money than by doing so.

I may not live to participate in the next profits, but I presume my daughter will claim the Policy, and it will be a beneficial investment for her.

(Sgd.) MRS. S. ROBINSON.

**We Hope You May**

Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,  
Toronto, Ont.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of cheque for \$427.06, balance of cash on above matured policy and to express my sincere thanks to yourself and others of your Company who have always been so kind and courteous to me during the thirty years I have struggled to maintain the policy in full force.

I wish you all success in the future, and shall be more than satisfied if I should have the pleasure of shaking hands with you when the policy I now carry with your Company for \$2,000.00 shall have matured as this has done.

Yours gratefully,

(Sgd.) HENRY STAMPS.

**Agreeably Surprised**

The Sun Life Assurance  
Company of Canada,  
Montreal.

I was most agreeably surprised at the amount of earnings credited to my policy during the past year, and, as the ratio of increased policy value to cash surrender value, approximately two and one-half to one, permits an appreciable increase where it is most needed, I request that you will arrange to raise policy value from \$2,000.00 to \$2,021.00 with premium as called for on policy.

(Sgd.) A. M. LOUP.

**Nonforfeiture and Honesty Helped This Widow**

Kinnears Mills, Que.

T. J. PARKES, Esq.,  
Division Manager,  
Sun Life Assurance Co. of  
Canada.

Dear Sir:—

I was very glad to get your cheque settling Policy taken out by my husband in 1904, when he was a young man of eighteen.

I was quite astonished to find that the Company still kept him assured. He had not paid a premium since 1911, and I had no idea that he had this assurance till you wrote me the good news. Otherwise I should not have made the claim.

It seems that under your Nonforfeiture Plan you have advanced six premiums, keeping the policy alive to this date; and now, after deducting the premiums and arrears, you give me a cheque for the balance of the assurance which is a great God-send to me.

Will you let me point out what a good thing it was he took it out when he was eighteen, as he was well able to pay at that time and therefore created a value whereby it has been kept in force since we were married.

I again thank you and your Company, especially for your honesty in telling me of this assurance being in force.

Faithfully yours,

(Sgd.) GERTRUDE L. BLODGETT

**Only One Quarterly Premium Paid**

Manila, P. I.  
E. E. WHITE, Esq.,  
Manager,  
Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada,  
Manila.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for the settlement of the claims under Policy 195313 and Combined Provisional Policy No. 3103 on the life my late lamented husband, Dr. Faustino O. Garcia, with particular reference to the latter because unfortunately my husband was taken suddenly ill and died just one month after it was issued and only one quarter of the first annual premium had been paid.

This proves conclusively that the dealings of your great Company with its policyholders are liberal and just, and that it is without doubt the best Company in which to assure.

I must also thank you for the personal interest which both you and your Representative, Mr. de Souza, have taken in the matter and the assistance you both have given me in preparing the claims papers.

The best return I can make is to recommend your Company to my friends.

(Sgd.) MARIA EXCONDE.

**No Quibbling**

Nassau, Bahamas.  
W. J. PINDER, Esq.,  
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada,  
Nassau, N.P.

I feel that I must thank you very cordially for the prompt settlement your Company gave on my deceased brother's assurance.

I am well aware that the exceptional circumstances under which he died might have been made the occasion of endless delays, had your Company been disposed to raise paltry legal quibbles as so many companies do.

It gives me the greatest pleasure, therefore, to testify to your courtesy and promptitude in this matter, more especially as I happen to know that other persons in this city are being kept waiting in a most annoying manner, because the company their deceased relative was assured in, insists in finding all sorts of excuses for delay.

Again thanking you for the trouble you have taken in this matter, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) HERBERT F. DANN.

## THE BUILDING OF THE DAM

(Continued from page 21)

The girl ignored the last words. "The dam is safe? There is no danger?" she questioned anxiously.

"None! So far as man can foresee. But there is always a chance." He looked from the window at the gathering dusk. "The men are at supper now. I'll give them ten minutes more. Food is better than drink for the work tonight. You'll excuse me. I fear I can't come to dinner this evening. As for Simpson—I'll see you again."

With a bow, he was gone.

### III

TEN minutes later Margaret Winthrop heard the shriek of a whistle, five times repeated, and an instant after a score of others echoed back the sound. The construction-engines, waiting on the sidings for the night-shift joined in the chorus, and the whistle of the electric light plant swelled the uproar. The thud of men running in the semi-darkness followed; the clatter of the tools caught up from the sheds; the rattle of the aerial trolley as it swung out from the farther bank; the fizz and sputter of the arc-lamps as they burst into light, and of the great searchlight as it skimmed along the dam, picking out the parts of the work one by one.

"Toot! Toot! Too—oo—oot! Toot! Toot!" signaled the whistle, and men swarmed down into the bed of the reservoir and began to remove everything that could be moved. All understood that never again were they to see the ground over which they had worked for so many months. Desperately the construction trains puffed, and incessantly the stone rumbled into the rock-fill, backing the core-walls and strengthening the dike. At the massive canal-gates the great crane toiled, lifting them one by one—their own machinery not yet being installed—so as to give vent to the water and lessen the pressure on the uncompleted dike.

Above these gates Stevens took his post. There, if anywhere, the dam would fail. For the masonry part he had no fear; buried eighty feet deep in sand and rooted in the living rock, it would withstand anything. Nor did the long rock-filled dike give him much concern. The gradual rise of the rocky floor toward the south gave it greater and greater resistance with every foot of distance. But where earth and masonry met—where the great canal began—the pressure would be greatest and the water would fight most fiercely.

The base of the canal was one hundred and forty feet above the bottom of the river and sixty feet below the top of the dike. Its floor, paved with jointed rubble laid in cement mortar, blended smoothly into the revetment of the dike, and the whole sloped for two hundred feet upstream, dipping down beneath the sand to the bed-rock. If the canal proved insufficient to carry off the waters, they could spill freely over the crest of the masonry dam to a depth of twenty feet before they would leap over the dike. Surely even the Gila aided by the San Carlos could never rise so high.

Still Stevens feared. For he had staked all honor, reputation, fortune—on the dam. If it should go out—

At one o'clock came the forerunner of the flood. By some little understood principle of transmitted pressure, the underflow in the bed of the gorge suddenly shouldered itself upward, the dry sand whispering as it rose.

Stevens saw it and caught at the telephone. "Clear out! clear out!" shrieked the warning whistle, and the men in the gorge dropped what they held and ran for their lives.

Not a moment too soon. The searchlight,

playing upstream, caught the front of the advancing Niagara, and a groan went up from the watchers.

"Sixty feet high!" gasped Stevens, as the water struck, battering-wise against the face of the dam and hurled itself bodily upward in a burst of slashing spray that swept clear over the two hundred-foot wall.

Then the river lifted itself bodily, foot by foot, fingering the rocks hungrily, teasing for an opening, a weak spot, where it might burrow and wreck this man-made obstacle across its path. Up it rose, till the gorge was filled and the water poured bank full through the canal gates! up! until gates had vanished, and only a swirl in the hungry water showed where they were buried.

As the night waned, came a new sound as the river reached the masonry dam and plunged, cataract-wise, on the apron beneath; and at dawn the watchers gasped.

"Yesterday it was a desert; to-day it is a lake," they murmured.

### IV

STEVENS, resident engineer, sat on the headgates and waited. There was nothing to do but wait—and think—of Margaret and of his dam.

Painfully his mind went over his works inch by inch, wondering at what spot weakness would develop. Here it paused on an odd-shaped stone, there on a trowel of mortar, yonder on the face of a chance workman who had placed a particular stone on a particular day—chance memories, unrelated, that suddenly assumed enormous magnitude. Then it shifted to Margaret and his wrecked hopes. Then back again, in hopeless iteration.

Dinner and breakfast had been brought him successively, but he put them away untouched. Coffee, whisky, tobacco, he put aside. Never readily approachable, no one dared to force himself upon him in his hour of stress. Still he watched and thought, and still the water rose, driving him at last from the head-works to the top of the earthen dike. All the dam between him and the north shore was lost in smother of water. Only the long southward-pointing finger of the earth dam breasted the flood which was slowly creeping up its slope. Another ten feet of rise and it, too, would be buried and then—too well Stevens knew what would happen then.

A light touch on his arm roused him, and he turned to find Margaret beside him. Incredulously he looked at her, then at the foam between them and her train.

"You!" he exclaimed, raising his voice so as to be heard above the thunder of the fall. "You! How did you get here?"

Margaret pointed upward to the aerial trolley swinging in the wind.

"By that!" she laughed. "Oh! such a ride!" Then anticipating the rebuke in his eyes, "Don't scold me, John. I had to come. I came for you. You must come back with me. They tell me that you have not eaten or slept for twenty-four hours. Come, John."

Stevens shook his head. "I must stay here," he answered. "But you must go. You ought never to have come. That trolley may fall in another ten minutes. Please!" He turned toward the car.

But Margaret shook her head. "Not without you, John," she answered.

Stevens stifled an exclamation. "Do you know what will happen if the water rises ten feet more?" he demanded harshly.

Margaret measured the flood with her eye. "I can guess," she answered.

"Can you? Ten feet will bring the water over the crest of this dike—over the core-walls into the unfinished rock-fill. Once there, it will not take it ten minutes to scoop a way to

the foundations and then—Everything will go: Honor, reputation, hope for the future, fortune—and you. You don't want to die that way, Margaret?"

"Do you?"

Stevens laughed wildly. "Why not? Everything else will be gone. Why should I not go too?"

But the girl shook her head. "No, John," she answered, and her voice rang above the thunder of the water. "All will not go even if the dam does. A man will be left—a strong, brave man, a man who will rise again, a man who will not stay beaten, a true man—"

Stevens laughed aloud. "A true man?" he echoed. "A true man? No! not a true man, but a liar and a hypocrite. Listen! And then perhaps you will leave me to go down with my dam. Do you know what you did yesterday when you asked me about Simpson? You let the devil loose in me. For months I had been thinking of you—of nothing but you—hoping, longing for you with all my strength and heart and soul. I had begun to hope—Oh! what fools we men can be!—I had begun to hope when you came to tell me of your love for that boy—"

He paused, shaken by his emotion. Miss Winthrop started and was about to speak. But Stevens unheeding, swept on.

"It maddened me!" he cried. "Maddened me! I had always thought myself honest, but—I did not know. I did not know. At the first strong temptation, I fell. I opened my mouth to lie to you—to tell you evil things about the man you loved—when I was interrupted, as you know. But I lied in intention. It was only an accident that I did not lie in fact. I—Miss Winthrop! Permit me to inform you that Simpson is a capable and intelligent young man, the best assistant that I have had on this work. He is still inexperienced but is learning fast. Further, he is clean and honest; I myself know him to be a gentleman with all that that implies. He is in every way worthy of you, and I believe you will be happy with him. Now you know how 'true' I am! Good-bye!"

The girl raised her eyes to his with an expression that a woman wears for but one man—an expression that made Stevens grow pale.

"Don't you despise me?" he faltered.

"I think you are the bravest and truest and finest man in the world," she averred. "You have triumphed over yourself and that—but no matter! Bessie will be delighted to hear such good things of Mr. Simpson."

"Bessie!" Stevens echoed the name hoarsely.

"Of course! My sister Bessie! Why, you foolish fellow, did you think I was inquiring about Mr. Simpson for myself? Bessie and Mr. Simpson have been dreadfully in love with each other for a year or more."

Stevens caught the girl in his arms. "Margaret!" he gasped. "Tell me—"

"Oh! no! no! Not here! Oh! you great, wet, gaunt, hungry bear! Come back with me to dry land and—perhaps—"

Stevens turned toward the trolley, when loud above the roar of the water sounded the shriek of the steam-whistle.

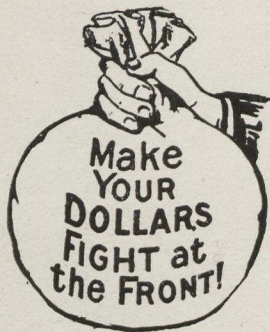
"They are signalling! Listen!" he cried.

"Toot! Toot! Toot, toot! Toot, toot!" Stevens' face lighted up.

"Thank God!" he breathed. "The worst is over. That signal means that the water has begun to fall."

**DON'T**  
"Hoch der Kaiser" at Meals!

# WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



## A Patriotic Investment

War Savings Certificates are issued by the Government of Canada, for the purpose of helping to provide the money necessary to finance Canada's share in the war.

A purchaser of these Certificates, therefore, not only obtains for himself a safe and profitable investment, but also renders an important patriotic service.

## High Interest Return

The certificates are issued in three denominations—\$25, \$50, and \$100—and run for three years from the date of purchase. The prices are \$21.50, \$43, and \$86 respectively—that is to say, for every \$21.50 you lend to the Government now, you will receive a Certificate entitling you to \$25 at the expiration of three years. The discount of \$3.50 is equivalent to an interest rate of over 5% compounded half-yearly. Individual purchases are limited to \$1,500.

## How Your Money Grows

\$ 21.50	lent now,	becomes \$ 25.00	in 3 years
43.00	"	"	50.00 " 3 "
86.00	"	"	100.00 " 3 "
430.00	"	"	500.00 " 3 "
860.00	"	"	1000.00 " 3 "
1290.00	"	"	1500.00 " 3 "

## Surrender Value

The Certificates may be surrendered at any time before the end of three years, if the money is needed, on the following basis:

During the first 12 months, at the purchase price;

After 12 months, but within 24 months, at \$22.25 for each \$21.50 paid in;

After 24 months, but within 36 months, at \$23.25 for each \$21.50 paid in.

## Registration

Each Certificate is registered at Ottawa in the name of the buyer, and if lost or stolen, is valueless to anyone else

To purchase a Certificate apply to **any bank or money order post office**. To cash a Certificate, either at maturity or before, it is necessary only to present it at any bank or money order post office.



# BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

# That THEY May Have

*Wheat, Fats and Sugar—  
the kind of food they need and sufficient of it—*

Every Canadian home must use

Fish for Meat / Vegetables for Bread  
Fruit for Pastry / Dripping for Butter  
and

Keep the garbage can empty.

☛ The Canada Food Board is backing the army; Canadians must back the Food Board. Food regulations should not only be obeyed; they should be *read carefully*—and *lived up to*.

