

Royal Yeast Cakes

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD



Prince Meets Boys

Tells London Club He Likes Detective Stories

London. The Prince of Wales has nothing better to read than a good adventure story. He so informed a boy ingressed in such literature in the library of a Roman Catholic club in the East London recently.

The Prince made one of his frequent excursions into the East London district, visiting the Roman Catholic clubs for boys. His advent was not known except to Father Hamilton, who conducted the Prince on his journey.

The presence of the Prince only led out gradually to the young boys, many of whom were skeptical at first. When he talked with several of the boys, and they compared him mentally with his picture the young boys knew that it really was the Prince.

The Prince toured the library, looking at the youngsters that they were reading and exchanging views on books with them. He watched football played on the roof of one of the clubs by electric light. He saw several boxing bouts and heard the applause of the young pugilists.

The Prince departed to the enthusiasm of the boys, most of whom are the sons of dock laborers.

Making Winter Popular

A few years ago Canadians were wont to be pessimistic concerning their winter climate and to resent the mention of its seasonal beauties.

As Kipling learned when he was about the age of the Snows, we have learned to capitalize our winters and to give ourselves credit for the beauty of the cold months and the exhilaration of the winter sports.

The more than merely making use of an inevitable situation, the winter has been made to mean something to all of the people of personal experience. They would then to those of other countries.

Ottawa, for instance, takes to its heart the first snowfall, and on the mountains and woodslands the snow is not only a beauty but a necessity. The snow is the life of the mountain and the life of the forest. The snow is the life of the mountain and the life of the forest. The snow is the life of the mountain and the life of the forest.

Why Prince of Wales Was Named David

London. Most of us know the Prince of Wales is called "David" by his relatives and never "Biblie" there still is some interest in the Howgill family's claim in her newly published book of reminiscences that it was she who suggested this name.

Lady Radnor believes the Prince descended from the ten lost tribes and the royal family from King David, the chap who slew Goliath. She said she was a niece to the Queen, then Duchess of York, asking that if a son was born to her he should be called David. The Duchess liked the name, but she would not have named her son by it.

Lady Radnor suggested that it could be included among the other names of the four patron saints of these islands and that, she writes, "is how the Prince of Wales came by the name of David."




WRIGLEYS

The cool, comforting flavor of WRIGLEY'S Spearmint is a lasting pleasure.

It cleanses the mouth after eating, gives a clean taste and sweet breath.

It is refreshing and digestion aiding.



John Ainsley Master Thief

BY Arthur Somers Roche

NEA Service Inc.

LEGERDEMAIN

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, whose war wounds left him unfit for manual labor, returns hungry to his shabby boarding-house.

His landlady confronts him with demand for the week's rent—\$1. Being a gentleman born, Ainsley is humiliated at being unable to pay her on the instant. He asks her for an hour of grace. He decides to pawn an ivory miniature of his mother—the last of his possessions—in order to wipe away the debt and to get food for himself.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

I saw myself, before I had opportunity to prove those undeveloped gifts, entering the French hospital service at the outbreak of the great war. I saw myself later, transferring to the army, which later decorated me for valor. And then I saw the months that followed the war. Wounded in the last battle before the Armistice, I was discharged, as cured, six months later. Illness developed, and the last of my father's estate went to pay my hospital bills.

I saw myself seeking work. I remember the sudden horror that swept over me when I discovered that I was incompetent. I was a dilettante and the world refused to pay the amateur.

I knew no trade, no profession. The only thing that I could do better than most people was the performance of certain tricks in sleight-of-hand. That was because few people practiced parlor magic.

I had in me a streak of stubbornness that I called pride, that forbade me to trade upon my father's friendships. Like all youths who have been brought up with the idea that there will always be enough money available for their wants, I was disappointed. I thought that success was an easy matter.

I will not recount all the visions that passed before me as I looked at the miniature. Suffice it, that with times hard, I got to work. And when finally I had swallowed my pride and was willing to work as a common manual laborer, illness and privation had sapped my strength. I had moved from the best hotel in New York to as shabby a rooming-house as the city field. And now my landlady threatened me with eviction.

Well, I could at least assure myself another week of shelter. After that I refused to contemplate what would follow after the proceeds of my transaction with the pawnbroker were gone.

I had no cash for forty-eight hours. Before that I had eaten sparingly, not more than once a day, for six months. As a sandwich man, as an errand man when I could get a job, as a guard of motor cars parked on the city streets, I had managed to pick up enough, added to the results of frequent trips to the pawnshops, to buy my small rental, and buy myself an occasional meal. But for the last two days I had earned nothing. And I was too proud to beg. Today, I was starving.

I recognized that fact at last. Starvation! That, unless I yielded to the impulse of self-destruction, was my inevitable end. The battle was over. I even though I might postpone my surrender for a few hours longer, I had born and bred in luxury, educated in the best university in America, a connoisseur of the fine arts, would die in blackest poverty. And probably the only person to mourn would be little Peter Gannon, the landlady's son, whom I had frequently amused with tricks of legerdemain.

At least, though, I would die owing nothing. So I rose, putting the miniature in my pocket, and unsteadily descended the stairs to the street. I walked uptown to Washington Square, then crossed to Sixth Avenue.

The city gentleman with hard black eyes, with whom I had had so many little transactions in the past, looked up as the bell on the door jangled at my entrance. It was an unflattering establishment that he ran. I never was compelled to meet curious eyes.

But this evening he was engaged. He leaned across the counter, whispering to a client who also looked up at my arrival. He looked away again, secretly, but not before I had time to gain an impression of shrewd eyes, a rat-trap mouth, a diamond shirt-stud, a rich fur collar and a general atmosphere of money. I wondered vaguely why one so apparently prosperous should be dickering with a pawnbroker.

As I waited for my friend Weinberg to finish with the other man and attend to me, I somehow seemed to sense that whatever had been the subject of their conversation before my entrance, their talk now concerned me. The fur-collared gentleman glanced over his shoulder at me, not once but two or three times, and seemed to be putting questions to the pawnbroker.

Then Weinberg's visitor, turning his collar up so that his fleshy shirt and waist, looked abruptly to the proprietor and walked out of the shop. His hard eyes searched my face as he passed. However, he did not pause, and I promptly forgot him under stress of my negotiations with Weinberg.

I had done too much business with the pawnbroker for him to believe that there was any remote chance of my redeeming the goods which I plucked with him. I had every reason to believe that he took advantage of my poverty; yet I was too proud to open my door to haggle. I asked for ten dollars; the ivory alone was worth more than that, I believed; the silver frame in which the portrait was set must also have been worth at least ten dollars. Intrinsicly, the thing, as a work of art, was worth hundreds.



"Feel better?" he asked. He knew my condition.

"Let go!" I cried.

I recognized my gentleman of the fur collar at once. He stepped slightly back, then smiled ingratiatingly.

"Take it easy, son," he said. "I want to talk to you."

I shook my head; the effort of speech was too much; I moved again toward the restaurant door. He stopped me once more.

"Wait, son," he commanded. "You want to be careful; you might kill yourself overeating. Come along with me, and I'll fix you up."

It was bad enough that Mrs. Gannon and the pawnbroker should know of my starvation; but it was worse that a man whom I had never seen,

until twenty minutes ago, should accost me thus and venture impertinent solicitude. For no matter how kindly he may have meant it, I considered it an unwarranted intrusion into affairs strictly my own. Moreover, he had struck at more than my pride; he was interfering with the gratification of my appetite. As I have said, I had become animal-like. Reason had departed from me; I was governed by my belly, not by my mind. So, like any animal balked of his food, I struck at him.

Had I not known how weak privation had made me, I would have learned it then. For he avoided my blow with ease. Exhausted by my effort, I pitched forward and would have fallen to the ground had he not caught me. The next few minutes were blurred. I dimly saw him signal the driver of a closed motorcar. I felt myself being assisted into the machine; I made no effort to resist. I think I must have fallen into a stupor, for the next thing that I remembered I found myself sitting in a huge armchair. Some one was holding a spoon to my lips, and I was drinking greedily of a hot soup.

A few spoonfuls must have revived me. I sat up; pushed the spoon away and reached for the bowl from which the fur-collared gentleman—he had doffed his overcoat now—was feeding me. He did not resist, and I lifted the bowl to my mouth. He revived me, yet merely sharpened my craving for solid food.

My benefactor—at the moment I considered him such—smiled. There was neither mirth nor kindness possible to those thin lips, but there was a certain bleak friendliness.

"Feel better?" he asked.

He knew my condition and I pretended to hide it.

"I want more," I said.

He smiled again. "Wait a minute; let the soup get settled, then we'll see what you can do to a chop."

I tried to return his smile. "I told him."

He glanced over his shoulder at the opened door leading to the next room. He called a question, and I, my servant, correctly dressed, appeared. He announced that dinner was served. My host looked at me. "Can you make it?" he asked.

"Watch me," I replied.

I rose, unsteadily and walked

"SANTA"

"Pekoe" comes from meaning silver hair, leaves on the Chinese why in shape. In color, so were called

to the dining-room. The soup helped me mentally as well as physically. My mind felt clarified; I tried to exercise a self-control that was lacking in me. I did not mean to say that I must eat sparingly, after his warning he tried to put me at ease. I was surprised that the color of such a face could possess such tact. And as I said, I lost my stock of my host and his guests.

(To be continued.)

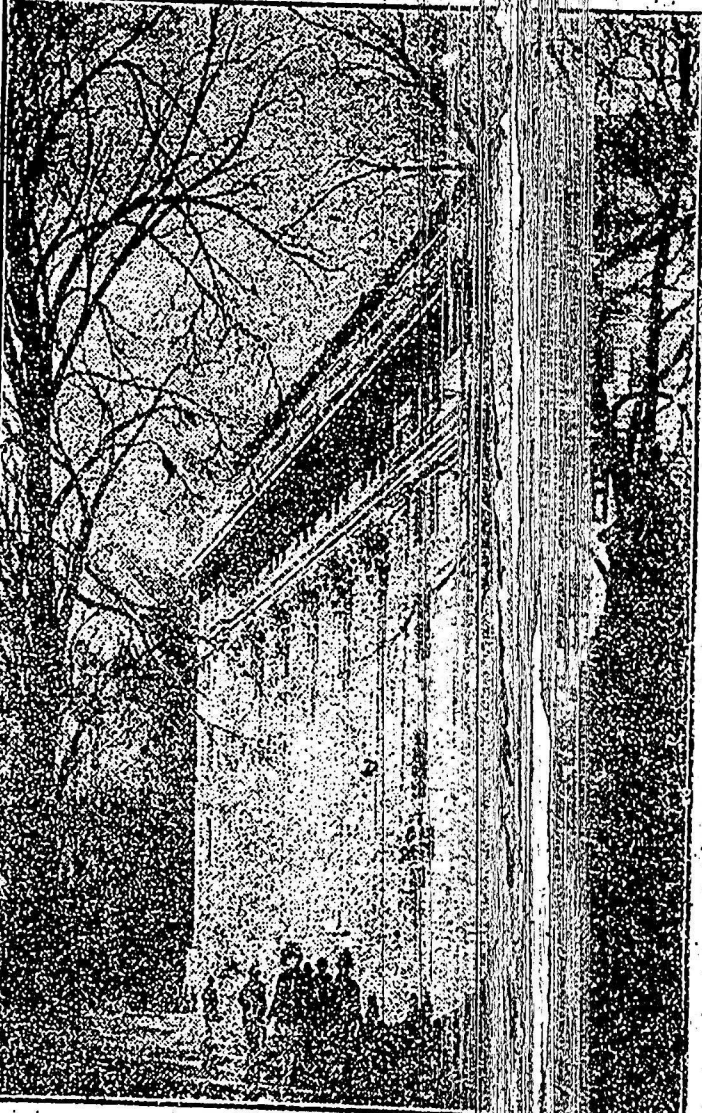
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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

A TOWER OF STRENGTH

1927

ASSURANCES IN FORCE (net)	1,487,990,000
An Increase of \$231,500,000	
New Assurances Paid For	328,408,000
An Increase of \$62,518,000	
Total Income	102,774,000
An Increase of \$23,801,000	
Payments to Policyholders, and Beneficiaries	42,224,000
Total Payments Since Organization	300,040,000
Reserve for Unforeseen Contingencies	12,500,000
Surplus over all Liabilities and Contingency Reserve	45,280,000
An Increase of \$11,269,000	
ASSETS at December 31, 1927	401,305,000
An Increase of \$56,054,000	



Dividends to Policyholders increased for eighth successive year

EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

Substantial advances have been made in all departments during the year.

The total net income for the year exceeded one hundred million dollars.

The strength and resources of the Company have been further enhanced.

The high earning power of the Company's investments has been again demonstrated. The net rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets, after fully providing for investment expenses, was 6.47 per cent. This gratifying result has been made possible by dividend increases, bonuses and stock privileges accruing on many of the Company's holdings.

The wisdom of the investment policy which has been consistently followed in past years, in favoring long-term bonds and the stocks of outstanding and very carefully selected corporations, has been once more emphasized. The appraisal of our securities shows that the excess of market values over cost increased during the year by \$19,235,889.99. In addition, a net profit of \$5,028,033.20 accrued from

the redemption or sale of securities which had risen to high premiums.

The quality of the investments listed in the assets is testified by the fact that on both bonds and preferred stocks not one dollar, due either as interest or dividend, is in arrear for even one day, while the dividends accruing to common stocks are greatly in excess of the dividends payable on the same stocks at the time of purchase.

The surplus earned during the year amounted to \$38,511,029.67 from which the following appropriations have been made:

\$5,000,000 has been deducted from the market value of our securities as a further provision against possible future fluctuations, increasing the amount so set aside to \$40,000,000.

\$1,500,000 has been added to the account to provide for unforeseen contingencies, which now stands at \$12,500,000.

\$1,000,000 has been written off the Company's Head Office building and other properties.

\$500,000 has been set aside for the greater longevity of the total provisions of \$2,000,000.

\$50,000 has been set aside in respect of unreported.

\$11,090,056.61 has been set aside as profits to policyholders. In addition, \$6,205,573.33 has been allocated to the policyholders issued prior to 1911 in distribution policies, accrued but not yet paid.

After making these deductions, \$11,269,330.89 has been added to the surplus, bringing the total surplus to \$45,280,000.

Year Dividends are paid for the eighth successive year, in the scale of profits to participating policyholders during the year.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA