

# "SALADA"

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## Her Dream Came True

By MARGARET BROWN.

### PART I.

"Just your magazine to-day, Miss Cornelia."

"Not a single letter, Mr. Dempster?"

A delicate blush rose in the thin face as the postmaster shook his head.

Then the little figure in the gray gown resolutely set its bonnet straight and with a determined cheery "Good afternoon, Mr. Dempster!" sallied forth into the open sunshine.

The postmaster looked thoughtfully after her and addressed himself to the empty general delivery boxes.

"That niece of her ought to write oftener. She doesn't know what her letters mean to the little old lady."

Now Miss Cornelia was not exactly old. This harvest marked her fifty-first autumn and she was still so young that her spirits were not long damped by the lack of the looked-for letter.

She smiled as a brown squirrel whisked into view, laden with a sample of his winter store. She stepped carefully to avoid the springing crickets that dotted the walk.

And when she entered her own garden, she stooped to gather a few bright-faced pansies.

She put the flowers into a crystal bowl in her sitting room and seated herself to enjoy her magazine, but her thoughts wandered.

Her grave traveled over the trim garden into the watery sunlight of the empty street. Then she looked around the luxurious little room and sighed involuntarily.

She stepped to the dining room door and called: "Mary? Mary, bring your potatoes in here to peel."

Mary came obediently, with two pans and a paring knife. She was used to these requests. She seated herself by the open fire.

Miss Cornelia watched her for a little then her gaze traveled to the empty street again.

Old Mary's keen Irish eyes did not miss the movement and her voice was deep with tenderness when she spoke.

"What's in your heart, honey?"

Miss Cornelia started guiltily, but answered frankly:

"I think I am lonely, Mary. I know it is weak, but, oh, Mary, if I had only had a little of life. If only a child had been left to me! Little feet to patter along the floors—muddy little feet, and burned little fingers to tie up with vaseline, and torn little clothes to mend—oh, Mary, Mary!"

Her casped hands tightened in her lap. After a little she went on quietly.

"But I am too old for all of that. What I want now is a strong young arm to lean upon. And who knows, Mary?" Her face lit with a wildly happy thought. "Maybe even right to-day, we might be making wedding clothes!"

Mary laughed tenderly and Miss Cornelia raced on with imaginary details, from the dressing of the bride's hair to the color of flowers on the breakfast table.

She came back to earth as lightly as a snow-flake, laughing at her own extravagances.

"It is all very foolish but it did me good," and she settled to her magazine with renewed zest, while old Mary's eyes brooded upon the little gray figure and looked beyond it to a brighter figure, aching out of the long ago. Miss Cornelia interrupted her thoughts.

"It tells here, Mary, about a woman who finds mothers for motherless sailor boys. She gives a boy and a mother each other's address and they write to one another, and when the boy has leave he visits his adopted mother."

Mary's face lit suddenly, but she saw that the thought had not entered Miss Cornelia's head. She hesitated a few minutes before she suggested: "There's a chance for you, honey"

"I think you could be making some sailor boy happier."

"But, Mary, I am not a mother."

"Oh, aren't you, though? An' who is it the kiddies are tagging along the street, and the big boys tipping their hats to so gentlemanly, and the big girls hurryin' to catch up with? You've no born children, honey, but you're all mother."

Miss Cornelia's face lighted but she said dubiously, "I am afraid—"

"Try it an' see," encouraged Mary.

It was two days before Miss Cornelia got her courage up sufficiently to write the woman in Halifax, telling her briefly that she was not a mother but that she wanted to be one to some orphaned sailor boy.

Both women dreaded and yet longed for the reply.

"It would be something to think about," said Mary, wistfully.

"And yet," said Miss Cornelia, thrusting away her embroidery frame, "do you know, Mary, sometimes I am afraid, just plain afraid! It seems almost like tempting fate. The sea took the best of my life away."

Mary nodded understandingly. "But it isn't that way, honey. What comes from the sea this time will be making it up to you."

Miss Cornelia looked at her doubtfully but said no more.

At last the expected letter arrived and Miss Cornelia carried it home with a wildly beating heart. She laid it before Mary, her throat too full for words.

Mary drew her silver rimmed spectacles down to her nose and squinted at the address. The romance touched her too.

"Mrs. Cornelia Baker. I s'pose she thinks you're a widdy."

Miss Cornelia flushed a little. "And am I not, Mary?"

"Deed, yes, honey, you are. Let's open it and find out."

There spilled out upon the table from the enclosed letter a slip of paper. They both looked down at it and then at each other. It bore the name of a man and the name of a ship. Mary put her arms around Miss Cornelia and a few tears of joy were shed on the ample shoulder.

Presently they read the kindly letter together, and Miss Cornelia went away to write a reply of gratitude that a little astonished the earnest-eyed woman who helped motherless boys and boyless mothers to find one another.

The first letter from the good ship Britannia was a never-to-be-forgotten event in the life of the little white house set in the gay little garden. Miss Cornelia read and reread it, and then read it aloud to Mary whose eyes glowed as she listened.

Dear Mother:

When I got your letter, I wondered if here at last was someone who really belonged to me. Do you want us to really and truly belong? It isn't just make believe, is it? I don't think from your letter that it is.

I will tell you about myself as you asked me to do. There isn't really much to tell.

My parents both died in a fire in Halifax eighteen years ago when I was only a few months old. I was found and put into an orphan asylum where I grew up. From the time I was a little fellow, I have always had a hankering for the sea. There was a teacher in the orphans' home that was good to me and helped me out, and after a good many ups and downs, I got into the navy. It isn't just what you would call an easy life but it is an interesting one. We learn a lot and we see a lot but it gets awfully lonesome sometimes.

There's a pretty good share of us haven't any home at all. A fellow let me read a letter from his mother once and I cried like a baby over it.

I'm five feet, ten and a half, mother. How tall are you? I've just kind of got an idea that you're little and sort of dainty and move quick, and your laugh—I can almost hear your laugh. That's funny, isn't it?

I will send you my picture as soon as I can find one, and will you send me yours? I want to know just how you look and not do too much guessing. And I'd like to know just a little bit about your life. I have kind of an idea that you are a widow.

You will write again soon, won't you?

Your loving son,  
Ray Durkan.

This letter also was addressed to Mrs. Cornelia Baker.

When she had finished reading it

to old Mary, she sat looking thoughtfully at the envelope.

"I must tell him the truth, Mary. There must be no deceit between me and—my son!" She dwelt lovingly on the word, with a dreamy smile in her eyes, then she tucked the letter into the bosom of her dress and went out to cut great bowls of cosmos and chrysanthemum to set about the house.

(To be continued.)

### Severed Friendships.

In our youth we are busy making friendships. Indeed, they come to us often almost unsought. Then one by one the links are broken, and the debris of much happiness lies scattered behind us on life's highway. Sometimes the friendship is broken by death. It is not such breathes that are most unhappy; for there are times when the dead seem to come singularly near to us, and, in any case, the parting is not for ever. There will be a knitting up of severed friendships of that sort by and by. It is friendships broken by passion, by pride, by indifference, by carelessness, that are most painful to recall; and every year we live we have reason to regret them more.



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### Picking Up the Crumbs.

It is not necessary for a housewife to purchase boxes of cracker meal or cracker dust for use in preparing croquettes, escalloped dishes, or fried foods. Every one has noticed what a quantity of crumbs are left when slices of bread are cut from a loaf, especially a loaf that is a bit stale. It takes only a few seconds to brush these crumbs up carefully and place them in a receptacle.

If this is repeated after each cutting it is surprising in what a short time a quantity will have been gathered together.

Slices of bread left over from a

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meal often become hard and stale, and when crushed may be added to the crumbs and used in cooking.

Butterflies sleep head downwards, and their closely-folded wings form their bed-quilt, so to speak.



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## Splendid Record Achieved during 1918

THE year 1918 was for the business of life assurance a year of supreme achievement. Owing to the combined effect of the war and the influenza epidemic, death claims were unusually high. The payment of these claims enabled the Companies to render an unprecedented measure of public service, and to fulfill to a more noteworthy degree than ever previously the beneficent purpose for which they were founded.

The record achieved during 1918 by the Sun Life of Canada was one of particularly striking success. For the first time in the Company's history new assurances paid for exceeded Fifty Million Dollars. The growth in size, strength and prosperity accentuates the Company's position as not merely the leader among Canadian Life offices, but one of the great insurance corporations of the world.

The Company's financial power is emphasized by its large Assets, Income and Surplus. During the year \$7,460,000 was added to the Assets, which at December 31st, had reached the huge total of \$97,620,000. The income is now \$21,651,000, while the undivided Surplus is \$8,027,000.

### THE RESULTS FOR 1918

ASSETS		
Assets as at 31st December, 1918		\$97,620,378.85
Increase over 1917		7,460,204.01
INCOME		
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1918		21,651,099.69
Increase over 1917		2,862,102.01
PROFITS PAID OR ALLOTTED		
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1918		1,546,607.16
SURPLUS		
Total Surplus 31st December, 1918, over all liabilities and capital (According to the Company's Standard which is more severe than that laid down by the Insurance Act.)		8,027,378.55
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS		
Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during, 1918		9,768,564.28
Payments to Policyholders since organization		78,862,881.15
ASSURANCES ISSUED DURING 1918		
Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1918		51,591,392.04
Increase over 1917		8,779,824.56
BUSINESS IN FORCE		
Life Assurance in force 31st December, 1918		340,809,656.12
Increase over 1917		28,558,710.42

### THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE
1872	\$ 48,210.73	\$ 98,461.05	\$ 1,064,850.00
1888	274,808.50	738,940.10	6,779,666.00
1898	1,240,483.12	4,001,776.90	27,739,767.00
1908	3,956,189.50	15,603,776.48	75,681,180.00
1918	13,000,401.64	85,726,347.82	292,803,956.00
1918	21,651,099.69	97,620,378.65	340,809,656.00

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

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T. B. MACAULAY, President

1871

1919



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