

# The Fragrance of "SALADA"

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## THE FIGHTING HEART

BY J. PAUL SUTER

Strictly in accord with the prophecies of McGonigal Flats, Mary MacNamara rose from her rocking chair beside the oil-lamp, and applied her ear to the wall.

Mr. Nash, whose attention dwelt on the other side of the wall, had just come in. He was talking something in his tone, and in little Mrs. Nash's conciliatory replies, told Mary that he was in one of his ugly moods, familiar to McGonigal Flats.

Mary heard Mrs. Nash's tense, "Don't, George, please don't. I'm not feeling well to-night," followed by the crack of a blow, then another, and another. The Nash baby, awakened, began to cry, and as the little woman raised her voice to quiet and reassure it, a sob became audible. She had stifled the others.

Mary pushed back the dark hair from her forehead, squared her muscular shoulders, and clenched her fists. Her black eyes flashed through their tears.

"The dirty, lean devil," she said, between locked teeth; "with his sneering face and ragged black mustache. It's not because I'm afraid of him that I don't go in there now and beat him up. It's because Nora says I've no right to step in between husband and wife. A little more of that and I'll take the right."

Nora Mitchell, Mary's married sister, having had a year in a convent school, was the social arbiter of McGonigal Flats. She and Tom Mitchell were out for the evening, but even in her absence her dictum had weight. Mary resumed her seat in the rocking chair and, quiet ruling again in the Nash flat, she resumed with it her interrupted train of thought. Should she go to the parish school on Saturday evening with Dennis McQuire or with Larry Martin? Dennis was strong and big—bigger even than Mary—and he wanted to marry her. So did Larry—little Larry, so soft-spoken, so poetic in his every utterance, and so near to her heart of hearts. But Mary prided herself upon having the "fighting heart" of the MacNamaras. For all her soft skin and the delicate flush of her cheeks, that indomitable spirit snapped in her eyes. She had vowed never to marry a man who lacked it. How could she marry Larry, or even encourage him by selecting him as her escort to the parish school?

Suddenly, she stood, with a glowing face.

"I have it. I'll go with neither of them. That poor, abused little creature next door shall go, with Tom and Nora, and I'll take care of her baby. She'll be back before that brute ever shows his nose inside the door on a Saturday night."

Mary took for granted her sister's and her brother-in-law's acquiescence; and when they came in, it was even so. Tom's broad, honest face darkened, and his big fingers worked convulsively at Mary's recital; and fluffy, blonde little Nora cried on Tom's shoulder. But the unwritten law of McGonigal Flats prevailed; one must not interfere between husband and wife.

"Still, it would do no harm in the world to give her an evening's pleasure," Tom averred; and Nora thoughtfully agreed.

Mary usually had her way. It was a big, wholesome, dynamic way, with which people were glad to fall in line. She had it with Mrs. Nash. That little woman, from whom the torture of the rack could not have drawn the admission that Nash was other than the soul of chivalry toward her, trembled at the thought of going to a social without his permission, and at the same time she tacitly agreed that the permission was sure to be denied. Mary swept away her objections.

"You're going," she said. "And you're not to say a word to Mr. Nash about it. You'll be home before him on Saturday night, anyhow, and if you're not, I'll explain. I haven't met the man yet that I can't get around."

On the evening of the social, Mary helped Mrs. Nash to do her hair in a new way, so as to hide a bruise over one eye, received, it was understood, on the previous night, when the little woman carelessly bumped into a door-post. A mark on the chin, which Mrs. Nash said she suspected to be a coming pimple, also was disguised with powder.

Just as the three were going off, Larry appeared, wearing the high collar and the flower in the buttonhole which distinguished his party clothes from his everyday apparel. He had come in the vain hope that Mary might change her mind, after all. Whatever it was that Mary whispered

in his ear, his quick wits caught the idea instantly, so that he brightened and hastened after Tom and Nora. Catching them at the stairhead he bowed all around, with an especially respectful salutation for Mrs. Nash, and added himself to the party.

Alone in the Nash flat, Mary made sure that the baby was covered. By moving the living room lamp to the other side of the table she contrived to keep his room in semi-darkness, and yet have light enough to view him in his crib. He was lying on his back, with one arm under the head, the other extended at full length, its chubby palm upward.

"Poor little gossamer!" Mary said to herself. "He's fat and rosy now, but it's miserable he will be when he grows big enough for his father to beat."

A black strap was hanging on a nail by the bedroom door. It was too narrow to be a razor strap. Mary lifted and examined it idly, noting that there were no marks such as a razor would make. Then she let it drop again, with a sharp catch of the breath, and swept quickly back to her chair in the living room.

McGonigal Flats had gone almost en masse to the parish school. The usual sounds and smells were absent. The creak of a loose board under Mary's rocker, which would have been quite unnoticed at ordinary times, assailed her ear with monotonous regularity. A rustling, bottle-like slapping from spot to spot about the discolored ceiling. Several times the baby coughed and fretted in his sleep, which meant, each time, that he had to be covered anew. He awoke finally and began to cry. Mary heated the bottle of milk which his mother had left, and gave him that, but it served only for a little while. He seemed to sense that things were not as usual. Sitting in the darkness beside the crib, Mary rubbed his back and patted him lightly on the head until the tense little body relaxed. He had fallen asleep, with a last long quiver, and a querulous sob half-finished when the door of the flat opened and shut again with a bang. The baby started and uttered a frightened cry.

"There, dear, hush, hush!" soothed Mary, rubbing the little back.

"Where are ye?" Mr. Nash's voice demanded from the living room.

The baby cried again and she murmured a few soft words to it.

"Ye won't leave the brat? I'll see whether ye won't!"

Mary realized that he thought it was his wife in the bedroom, but she still bent silently over the crib. He came into the room, pausing just a moment at the door.

"I'll shut the brat up," he said, with his characteristic laugh—the laugh that she never could hear without a feeling of anger. "I'll fix him. Ye don't go about it right."

Something swished by her ear. The baby screamed in agony. Mary saw a livid ridge rise across its face.

"That's the way to do it," he said. "That's—"

He staggered back and pitched headlong through the doorway, with one of Mary's hands at his throat, the other clutching his black hair. They came into the room together, but it was his head that struck. Three times she lifted him half way to a sitting position and smashed him back to the floor. As she took her weight from his chest, he half rose, cursing. She measured the distance, aiming for the spot above the eye where his wife's face had been discolored, and he went down as if an ax had hit him. Once again he tried to rise and she let him stagger to his feet. As he reached them she decided on which side of the chin it was that Mrs. Nash had had the pimple coming, and her blow fairly lifted him, before he crashed back against the leg of the sofa. This time he lay quiet. The one eye through which he still could see blinked up at Mary, but he made no effort to rise.

Mary spied the strap on the floor. She picked it up, saying, half to herself:

"I've got a duty toward you yet." Carefully, yet with full strength, she laid on six cuts—the last one, accurately gauged, across his face. He winced at each blow, but lay still. She threw down the strap.

"Are you licked?" she demanded. He turned his head, spat out a mouthful of blood and emitted a husky "Yes."

"Then get up." He tried to obey, but fell back. She lifted him to the sofa.

"Now stay there till I attend to the baby."

She tenderly washed the bruised little face, made sure that the blow had not fallen across its eyes and crowned the baby to sleep in her arms. Then she procured a basin of warm water, and, somewhat less tenderly, but very thoroughly, she washed Nash's face. He submitted without protest. He seemed conscious, but dazed.

Voices sounded from the hallway. Mary listened a moment.

"It's your wife," she said. "Now harken to me. If you ever strike that baby again—or if you ever beat your wife—I'll let all McGonigal Flats know that you were licked by a woman. Do you understand?"

Mr. Nash intimated that he did. The door of the flat opened. Mrs. Nash, together with Tom, Nora and Larry, were in the hallway. Mary met them.

"Mr. Nash is here," she said, speaking loudly. "He's pretty badly beaten up. He's been in a fight."

With a cry, little Mrs. Nash rushed into the room, and, throwing her arms around her recumbent husband, conducted herself after the fashion of all good wives under such circumstances. Tom and Nora crowded in to offer their help.

Mary drew Larry into a corner of the hallway.

"Larry, dear," she said, "you asked me a question the other day and I told you I couldn't marry any man that hadn't a fighting heart. I've been thinking since then that maybe it's just as well both of us haven't it. If I married Dennis I might be tempted to beat him up once in a while—which would be scandalous, but I never would think of beating you, Larry, dear."

"You mean—?" questioned Larry, with incredulous eyes.

"I mean 'yes,'" she said. (The End.)

### Fiftieth Anniversary of Sun Life.

The year 1921 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, which in the half-century of its existence had grown to be one of the largest and most successful life insurance companies in the world.

One year after it was organized, in 1872, the company's income was \$48,000; its assets, \$96,461; and it had written policies for a total of \$1,064,350. By the year 1880 the income had grown to \$141,402 with assets \$478,682, and insurance in force of \$3,897,139. From this time onward the development of the company, not only in Canada, but in stretching out to many other countries of the world, proceeded at a rapid pace, as the tables for the next four decades indicate:

1890 Income	\$889,000
Assets	\$2,473,000
Insurance in force	\$16,759,000
1900 Income	\$2,789,000
Assets	\$10,486,000
Insurance in force	\$57,980,000
1910 Income	\$9,575,000
Assets	\$38,164,000
Insurance in force	\$143,549,000
1920 Income	\$28,751,000
Assets	\$114,839,000
Insurance in force	\$486,641,000

Details of the financial statement of this company for the past year appear elsewhere in this issue, and will be studied with more than usual interest in this its Jubilee year.

### Paper Bowls.

A new idea in finger-bowls has been patented by Simon Bergman, of New York. It is made of paper, and on the inside of its bottom is printed an advertisement in invisible ink. When water is poured into the receptacle, the printing appears.

The inventor says that the printing should become visible with a slow development, so that a person using the finger-bowl will notice the gradual appearing of the advertisement, and thereby have his attention directed to it.

The same idea may be applied to a paper ice-cream saucer or a paper drinking cup.

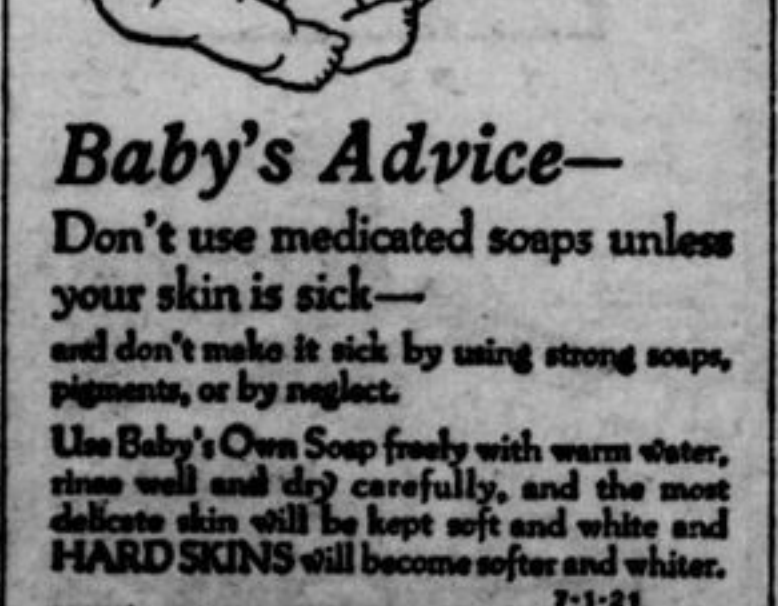
### A Nasty, Rude Boy.

Johnny had been using some very unparliamentary language, much to his mother's distress.

"Johnny," she cried, "do stop using such dreadful expressions. I can't imagine where you pick them up."

"Well, mother," replied Johnny, Shakespeare uses them."

"Then don't play with him again," commanded his mother; "he's not a fit companion for you, I'm sure."



### Baby's Advice—

Don't use medicated soaps unless your skin is sick—

and don't make it sicker by using strong soaps, pigments, or by neglect.

Use Baby's Own Soap freely with warm water, then wash well and dry carefully, and the most delicate skin will be kept soft and white and HARD SKINS will become softer and whiter.

7-1-21



The Head Unbowed.

"And Anne Savary's gone to the almshouse." Mrs. Best was telling Mrs. Bancroft what had happened while she was away.

"How hard!" Mrs. Bancroft murmured. "She was so active, so ambitious, so willing to work."

"That last shock took all the work out of her," continued Mrs. Best; "she can use her right hand and arm a little; but they put her into a chair after they've dressed her, and there she sets in the south front room till they get her to bed again."

"Poor Miss Savary!"

"I don't know as she needs pity; she's the same old ticket in her mind. I ain't seen her east down, not a mite, but just once. That was when I went up to see her last week."

"I always go right in, so's not to trouble anybody, and I found Anne in her best bib and tucker sitting in front of the window. They've given her the best room they've got. And the room is fixed up with some of Anne's things and looks real kind of pretty."

"She's got them two best chairs of hers, the grandfather clock, her mother's mahogany work table and four-poster and that cherry dresser covered with bits of crockery."

"Well, as I was saying, I'd never seen her low in her mind before; but as soon as we'd passed the time of day she asked, kind of doubtful, how I thought her things looked. Nice, I told her."

"I think so, too," she said, brightening up. "I think it's good now and then for folks and furniture to change an' shift about." But pretty soon she asked in the same troubled way if I thought it would look better in the room without the dresser. I told her no, that you could see your face in it, and that it lighted up that dark corner lovely.

"Anne didn't seem much impressed. She seemed to be trying to argue something with herself. 'I haven't got any other place to keep my chiny,' finally I up an' asked her what she was trying to figure out."

"It's this," she says. "I've read in all three of them magazines I had sent me that people don't use dressers nowadays."

"You mean," I says, "they ain't gented any longer? Maybe they ain't, but I should say an old hallowed piece of cherry was way above style!"

"Anne kind of colored up. 'It ain't exactly hallowed,' she says; 'it wasn't mother's; it belonged to Aunt Calista's husband's first wife. But I guess you're right, Eunice, for she grasped my idea; 'a thing is all right if it's useful. Even if people don't have 'em nowadays, I couldn't do without my dresser; I shall need it when I entertain.'"

"Entertain?" repeated Mrs. Bancroft.



Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades and ruins material by giving it a 'dye-look.' Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

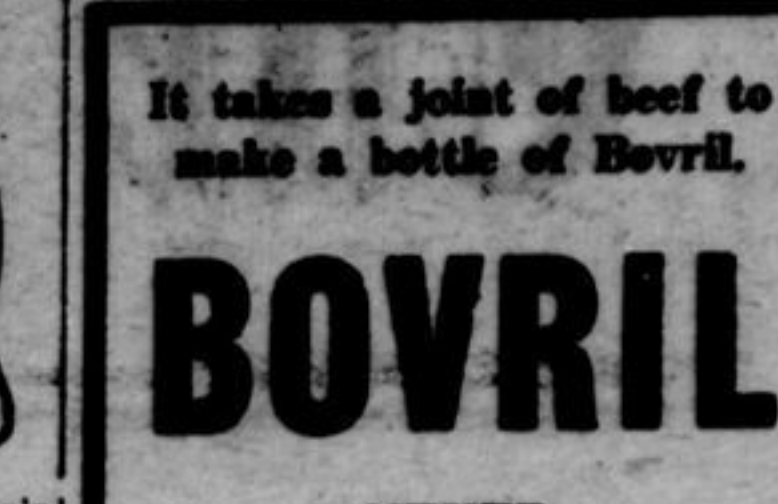
The sea-horse carries its eggs in a sort of pocket until they are hatched.

Works of reference now show 254,158 honored conferred through the war.

The Great War Veterans' Association of Canada has a membership of 200,000 in 847 branches.

The British people are now warming up to tractors for farm power. One British farm paper says that horses soon will not be needed.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.



It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril.

NEVER PROFITTEERED. Has not changed since 1914. Same Price, Same Quality, Same Quantity.

WHY LOOK OLD?

When one application of Minard's Hair Restorative every 2 months keeps the hair natural. No oil, no dirt, the hair can be washed when desired. Try it. Black or Brown. Price, 50c. Sent prepaid to any address in Canada.

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## PLUME-PICKING ON OSTRICH FARM

"ALWAYS LEAP YEAR HERE," SAYS MANAGER.

Food Bill at the Farm is Sixty Dollars a Day, Yet Birds Seem Always Hungry.

It was plume-picking day at the ostrich farm. A curious crowd stood outside the railings and watched a young man capture the huge birds. He did it by quickly grasping a bird and bending its neck with one hand while with the other he clapped a black hood over its head. When the birds had thus been blinded, he easily pushed them into a small pen where other men cut the "ripe plumes" from their bodies.

The plumes are picked every nine months at the farm, where two hundred and ninety-six birds are corralled. An ostrich is first picked when less than a year old, and then every nine months throughout its life. The older it is the better the feathers, and many of the birds live to be seventy or seventy-five years old.

The most valuable plumes come from the wings, which yield twenty-four feathers each, sometimes twenty-seven inches long. The tail yields about sixteen-five smaller feathers. All the snow-white plumes come from the blackest birds and always from the males. On the particular farm of which we speak, which is the largest and oldest of its kind in the United States, there are ostriches of two distinct varieties, the South African ostrich, which has bluish-black flesh, and the Nubian ostrich, which has pink flesh. The birds have remarkable strength, a tremendous stride and speed, and, though sometimes cowardly, they often fight each other furiously. Kicking forward, they strike their opponent in the chest with a thud that sounds like a shot in a barrel. Of course the fighting birds must be separated at once, but as no keeper dares risk his life among them at those mad moments, some one rolls a dozen oranges into the enclosure. The entire flock fly at the fruit, and the quarrel is quickly forgotten. Fights occur only in the courting pen, for at all other times the birds dwell in their separate small enclosures.

Can't Teach Ostriches Sense.

"It is always leap year at our place," said the manager, "for it is the female that does the choosing. There are no domestic difficulties for these stately stepping creatures. They mate for life. Only once in the history of the farm has there been a tragedy. Major McKinley—a regal fellow!—kicked his mate to death because she would not sit on their eggs in the daytime, though he sat upon them dutifully all night. Day after day he was seen remonstrating with her, driving her toward the nest in the centre of their lot. Finally he literally kicked her to death, despite our best efforts to save her. Soon afterwards, when he was put again into the courting pen, another one promptly chose him; and with Mrs. No. 2 he has been 'living happy ever after.' They are funny birds, but they seldom show a grain of sense and we cannot teach them anything."

You would expect a loud, raucous voice from a creature whose head is all mouth and staring eyes; but the only noise an ostrich can make sounds like a man clearing his throat, or like the dull cough of an exhaust pipe.

Each pair is given its own high-fenced lot, sufficiently large for them to exercise in; and in the centre the male bird digs a hole in the ground for a nest. There in the bare dirt the eggs are laid. Each egg weighs five pounds—more than three dozen hen's eggs weigh. It is the father's duty to keep the nest clear of all trash and to sit upon it every night; but as soon as the chicks are hatched the parent birds walk away in utter unconcern. Indeed, no care is necessary. The baby bird, which is as large as a small hen, eats nothing for three or four days, then swallows a quantity of pebbles and is soon ready for its first taste of alfalfa or grain. The food bill at the farm is sixty dollars a day, yet the ostriches seem always hungry.

Remarkable Dream Warnings

In 1912 a confession that a dream prevented him from sailing in the Titanic was made by the Hon. J. C. Middleton, vice-president of the Akron-Canton Railway of Ohio, U.S.A.

"I booked my cabin on March 22nd," he stated. "I felt unaccountably depressed at the time, and on April 3rd I dreamt that I saw the Titanic capsule in mid-ocean."

"The following night I had a similar dream. The next day I told my wife and several of my friends, and eventually I decided to cancel my passage."

Readers will remember how the Titanic struck an iceberg on her maiden trip and sank with enormous loss of life.

It is about sixteen years ago that the Brigham fishing smack Lynn was run down off the Devonshire coast with the loss of five men. On the Sunday night previous to the disaster one of the men, named Furneaux, dreamt of the wreck and related his experience to his wife. "I would not go to sea," he said, "if I could get someone to take my place." Of course that was impossible, and he went to his grave.

Jumping at conclusions often lands you in trouble.

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1921

## JUBILEE YEAR

HALF a century has elapsed since the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada issued its first policy in 1871. The figures submitted herewith indicate the size, strength and outstanding position to which the company has attained among the life assurance institutions of the world, as a result of its operations during those fifty years.

### SYNOPSIS OF RESULTS FOR 1920

ASSETS	
Assets as at 31st December, 1920	\$114,839,444.81
Increase over 1919	9,127,976.21
INCOME	
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1920	\$28,751,578.43
Increase over 1919	3,047,377.33
PROFITS PAID OR ALLOTTED	
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1920	\$1,615,645.64
SURPLUS	
Total Surplus 31st December, 1920, over all liabilities and capital	\$8,364,667.15

(According to the Company's Standard, viz. for insurances, the One (1) Table, with 3 1/2% per cent. interest; and for annuities, the A. O. Select Annuity Tables with 3 1/2% per cent. interest.)

### TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS

Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1920	\$10,980,402.00
Payments to Policyholders since organization	162,187,934.30

### ASSURANCES ISSUED DURING 1920

Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1920	\$106,891,264.23
Increase over 1919	20,342,416.70

### BUSINESS IN FORCE

Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1920	\$486,641,235.17
Increase over 1919	70,282,773.12

### THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LAIVES ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1871	\$48,210.93	\$96,461.86	\$1,064,350.00
1880	141,402.31	478,682.00	3,897,139.00
1890	889,000.00	2,473,000.00	16,759,000.00
1900	2,789,000.00	10,486,000.00	57,980,000.00
1910	9,575,000.00	38,164,000.00	143,549,000.00
1920	28,751,578.43	114,839,444.81	486,641,235.17