"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

350

"Pekoe" comes from the Chinese word "Pak-ho", meaning silver hair, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. Tip leaves are wiry in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pekoe" (Pak-ho).

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef. Ishmin's secretary. following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his pea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Ishmin urges Dorothy to marry him but she would first ask the spirits of her husband, whom she believes dead. They hold a seance with one of the guides as medium. She receives the message: "Change name," and believes it means to marry Ishmin. Ishmin goes for supplies. Peter falls in a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy goes to his aid.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

She was too terrified now for coherent thought; yet a dim glimmer of a startling truth came to her as she groped for the man's bleeding hand. To her he was not merely a guide, a faithful servant. Her prayer for his life was heartfelt; indeed it seemed the first theme of her own life. He was not just a fellow mortal who had given her service; he was her companion, her stronghold and shelter; but this was only the beginning. In that instant of stress the voice of her heart spoke clearly above the confusing babble of lesser tongues, and some deep tenderness—almost forgotten—was thrilled into life. This rough man of the opens made an appeal to her that could no longer be denied, that reached to the secret places of her being.

The time might come when false pride would manifest itself again, and she would be ashamed of this heart secret that the fateful moment had revealed; but she yielded to it freely now. She took his rough hands and kissed their wounds, then she kissed his lips to see if they were still warm with life. Then she pressed his battered head against her breast and rocked him as a child rocks its doll.

She kissed the homely, bleeding face, then tried to coax him back to consciousness. . . . . They must not linger here, in the creek bed and under the cold roof of snow. He was not dead; she was sure of that now. As she mounted nearer the head springs of the little stream that flowed at her feet the gully itself had decreased in depth, and Pete had fallen scarcely more than thirty feet. The fall, too, might have been somewhat broken by striking first the almost sheer wall of the gully just above the water. Yet he might easily be mortally injured. His present deep sleep might usher him, without waking, straight into death.

She began quietly to bathe his wounds. The cold water was an effective stimulant, and soon he stirred and opened his eyes.

It moved her to the depths to see a little, faint echo of his friendly smile come to his lips. It was almost imperceptible, yet its meaning was plain; that he would stand between her and disaster, that she need not fear. "Don't trouble about me," he told her faintly.

The drops of water on his bleeding face were not wholly from the cold stream. Her tears lay there, too. "Don't try to talk," she cautioned him.

He closed his eyes, rested, and full consciousness came back to him. "I don't believe I'm badly hurt, Mrs. Newhall—just shaken up and scratched. Maybe I can get up."

"You musn't try. I'll run back for help—"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be best to wait. . . . It's pretty cold down here—almost freezing. The best plan is

She tried to coax him back to consciousness.

to try to reach the camp."

He spoke softly, with evident difficulty; yet she was convinced at last he was not mortally injured. She realized that life itself, however, might depend on getting him at once into camp. At least he must not be left under the snowbank to the mercy of the cold.

She took his hand and he tried to get to his feet. Evidently the entire mechanism of his central nervous system had suffered from the shock of the fall, and at first his muscles refused to respond to the commands of his brain. It was only with the girl's help that he was able to get to his knees. Very slowly, unsteadily, pulling with his own free hand on the overhanging roots of the gulch from which the soil had been carried by his sliding body, and leaning on Dorothy, he managed to stand erect.

He paused for breath and they met each other's eyse. The fact that Pete had not been mortally injured did not mean that he was safe. He could not walk unaided over the hills and across the barrens with such strength as he now had. He could not wait for help to come from the camp; hours would pass before the natives returned from their hunting, and hours more would be required to bring them here, even if Dorothy could find the way alone. Safety depended upon the fighting spirit, the courage and fortitude, of one person.

That one person was Dorothy. If she did not get him to camp and shelter, it might easily mean that cold and exposure would put out the spark of life before the morning.

There was no further time for terror and vain tears. For one of the few times in her life she had work to do.

Encircling him with her arm and sustaining him against her shoulder she started away with him down the creek and out of the shadow of the snowbank. He was unsteady, faltering, and at first they could go only at a snail's pace. All the time she encouraged him with her words and her voice, and most of all by the pressure of her hand. And soon they were from under the snow roof and were seeking a path up the steep wall of the gully.

Without a word from Pete she continued on down the ravine until she found an old game trail that permitted fairly easy egress. This had been part of the guide's own teaching in their many excursions into the wild. The narrow, brown trailing path up the hillside was quite steep, but at least it was a way through the brush and offered them the greatest margin of safety. Slowly, laboriously, resting every few paces, they reached the crest.

The fight was not only to surmount the grade. She also had to guard against a lapse into unconsciousness on the part of the injured man, the results of which would have been to throw all of his dead weight against her and hurl them both down the steep grade in a perilous fall. Pete gave his own strength of will to this battle; and he was breathless and fainting when he relaxed on the crest of the gully.

"It's not so cold up here," the man told her, when he had rested. "There's no use of you breaking your heart open trying to half-carry me. I think you can leave he here and send the natives to bring me in."

Dorothy glanced at the white sky and heeded the threat of winter in the wind. "We'll go on," she said.

They went on, and that first, long, nigh-insuperable mile proved definitely the quality of Dorothy's basic metal. She found that she not only had spirit to endure; but that her physical strength itself was greater than she had ever dared dream. An unconquerable spirit moved in her today—its mystic origin she did not yet know or attempt to trace—and she would have got the injured man to shelter if she had had to carry him on her back. This was spared her, however, because after the first mile Pete slowly but steadily began to rally.

Ever his heart beat with greater power; the vital energy flowed through the floodgates of his nerves in an ever greater stream. He carried more of his own weight, depending less on the strength of his companion. When vivid consciousness swept back to him and he saw the girl's white, drawn face, he took her arm from his and tried to go unaided; but she would not hear of this. She drew his arm through hers again with a strange, tender urgency; and she would not let it go.

"But I'm all right now," he objected.

She studied his pale face and somber eyes. "Let me help you a while longer, Pete," she told him.

Down the steep grades, through the brush thickets, across streams and over hills she led him, sustaining him with the touch of her hand, leading him, cheering him with her voice and her smile. At last she laid him on his cot.

She built up the fire, with fast, eager motions, and heated a pot of water. Then sitting beside him, she bathed his wounds. She did not know why he quivered at the touch of her warm, caressing fingers, or whence came the sea of tenderness that flowed through her finger tips upon him. The moment, to Pete, seemed actually to redeem and brighten some of the dark hollows in the trail of his life.

Dorothy helped him off with his wet boots, and still postponing the dread moment of self-analysis, tucked his blankets about him. Then she built up the fire and prepared a warm, nourishing soup which she fed him, spoonful at a time. She did not remember that she was dead tired herself, that she was accustomed to receiving, rather than giving service; and she let herself forget, for the moment, that this man was of a plane and sphere far below hers. Unaware of her own aching muscles she worked cherfully about the camp, tending to Pete's every comfort, warming his great, cold hands between hers, even cutting fuel to keep the fire warm at the mouth of the dugout. It was increasingly evident that he had received no mortal injuries, only a severe shock and some painful bruises and cuts, yet she found herself nursing him as if his life were at stake. The hours winged by, and night seemed to fall before its time.

It was only when she had gone to her own bed, tired out, and the two packers were on watch, that she dared scrutinize the events of the day. It was not merely that she had given heroic aid to Pete, lavish with her own strength and wracking her body with fatigue. She might have done as much, under certain conditions, to any one in need. The thing that amazed her, that distressed and terrified her, was not that she had helped him, but that in helping him she had found the greatest glory, the most exalted happiness that had blessed her since the first months of her marriage.

(To be continued.)

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

SUN LIFE SETS NEW RECORD

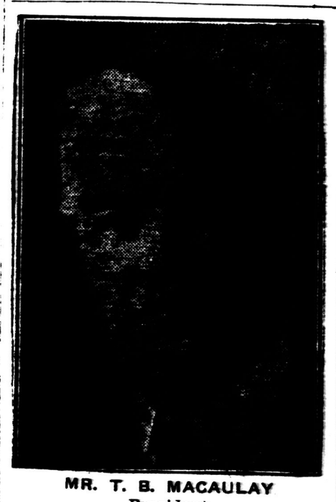
Canadian Company With World Wide Organization a Great Credit to This Country. Increase in New Business For Year Greatest on Continent.

The extraordinary expansion of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada during the last few years has caused its annual report to be awaited with unusual interest, not only by the policyholders of the Company, but by a large section of the general public.

The annual report which the President has just submitted, and which appears in this issue, must have surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. The total amount of assurances in force with the Company now approaches the billion and a half figure, $1,487,000,000, an increase for the year of over $231,500,000. The total net income for the year exceeded $100,000,000—five times what it was ten years ago and more than $23,000,000 in excess of the income for the previous year.

Such statistics as are available for 1927 indicate that the aggregate new business of all the companies operating in North America last year barely exceeds the total new business of the previous year. The increase in the new business of the Sun Life of Canada, on the other hand, was twenty-three per cent. Assurances in force on the books of the Company have doubled in four years—new business has trebled in that period.

This wonderful expansion has been paralleled by a great increase in the



MR. T. B. MACAULAY
President
Sun Life of Canada

already proverbial strength and resources of the Company. The assets have been increased by over $56,000,000, and now reach the impressive total of over $400,000,000. The Company's assets approximate the amount of the total assurances in force only eight years ago.

The wisdom of the Company's investment policy is reflected in the fact that it has no arrears in interest or dividend on either its bonds or preferred stocks, while the dividends accruing in its common stocks are greatly in excess of those payable on those stocks at the time of their purchase. The care and foresight exercised in this branch of the business is indicated by an appraisal of company securities, the market value of which has increased by over $19,000,000 during this year.

The surplus earned during the year amounted to over $38,500,000. The Company has followed its conservative policy with respect to this surplus and deducted $5,000,000 from the market value of its securities as a further provision against possible future fluctuations, the total amount set aside for this purpose now standing at $10,000,000. The account to provide for unforeseen contingencies has been increased by $1,500,000 and now amounts to $12,500,000. The sum of $1,000,000 has been written off the Company's properties; an additional $500,000 has been set aside in anticipation of the greater longevity of annuities—the total provision under this head now being $2,000,000. Another $50,000 has been set aside to provide for claims with respect to total disability cases as yet unreported. $11,000,000 has been paid or alloted as profits to policyholders during the year, and over $6,000,000 has been contingently allotted to deferred dividend policies issued prior to 1911 and to five-year distribution policies to provide for profits accrued but not yet payable.

The strength and solidity of our large insurance companys, banks, etc., is a source of great pride to all Canadians, and it is in the best interests of the country that these institutions remain Canadian in ownership and not pass to foreign control, as have many of our large business enterprises.

After making these liberal deduction and allocations, over $11,000,000 has been added to the undivided surplus, which now stands at more than $45,000,000.

There is good news again for the participating policyholders of the Company in the announcement that the scale of dividends to be paid to policyholders during the year commencing April 1st next will be again increased—this for the eighth successive year. The interest rate on dividends left with the Company will be maintained at 5½ per cent. per annum during the new dividend year.

There were paid to policyholders and beneficiaries, in respect to death claims, matured endowments, etc., during the year over $42,000,000. The Company has paid out since its organization, under this head, over $300,000,000.

It is indicative of the efficiency and morale of the world-wide organization of the Sun Life that the increases in its income are from every department of its business and from every territorial division, namely, Canada; United States; South America and West Indies; Great Britain, South Africa and the Near East; China, Japan, India and the Far East. Such a showing is not alone a tribute to President Macaulay ,but a striking proof of the high quality of the personnel of his organization.

The Head Office building in Montreal is to be increased to mammoth proportions, the first unit of the new building being now under construction. This building is designed, when completed, to accommodate 10,000 employees. Almost equally interesting is the action of the Company this year in purchasing one of the most central sites in London, just off Trafalgar Square and adjoining Canada House. Here is being erected what wil be undoubtedly one of the finest office buildings in the world's metropolis and from which the business of the British Isles will be administered.

Royal Yeast Cakes

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

The Reminder.

A Negro preacher was denouncing the sins om his congregation.

"Bredern and sistern, Ah warns yo' 'gainst de heinous sin of playin' dice! Ah charges yo' 'gainst de black rascality of liftin' pullets. But above all else, bredern an' sistern, Ah demolishes yo' 'gainst de crime of melon-steatin'."

A brother in the back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whoffo', ma fren'," said the parson, sternly, "does you get up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speaks ob melon-stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' remin's me, parson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "whar Ah lef' mah knife."

Minard's Liniment for asthma.

Wasteful destruction of forests is not the best way of cutting down overhead.

Infantile Mortality

Three Rivers Nouvelliste (Cons.): It is in the Province of Quebec that the cradles are most visited by death. . . . We should follow the example of New Zealand and Australia. Perhaps nowhere in the whole world are organizations so active in the struggle against infantile mortality. And the system is proved by its results. Australia and New Zealand have an infantile mortality less than half of that in our province. Have we not also the example of Great Britain? There is a country with a birth rate no better than the birth rate in France. Yet the population increases there each year by 250,000. What is the reason? Because not only have they reduced mortality among adults, but especially among little children, the infants of the cradle.

Minard's Liniment relieves pain.

Oil men are asking for a law which will prevent waste, but of course this does not include cotton waste.

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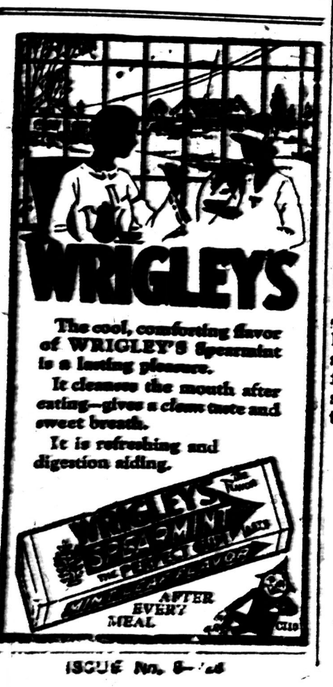

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