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## His Second Chance

Geoffrey Steele, managing-director and real controlling power of the great Imperial Manufacturing Company, was acknowledged in business circles as one of the ablest men in the metropolis—a commercial genius. Those who entered the narrow circle of his private acquaintance had no hesitation in dubbing him a fool.

Yet there was method in his madness; as there was method in everything he did—exasperating, invincible, indomitable method.

He was proud of the way in which he could make up his mind; he loved to show how little personal considerations weighed in his balance of business enterprise.

Just now a large number of the staff had left, and he was being urged to replace them temporarily with women.

"No, Jephson," he was saying, and his mouth was set in a hard, firm line, "I cannot think of it. We can have no female labor here. It will militate against the general efficiency of the rest of the staff."

Harold Jephson, the under-manager, a man perhaps twenty years the other's senior, shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He knew Steele's old-fashioned opinions on this subject, and was tired of hearing them.

"But, my daughter, Steele? Surely we can make an exception in her case. She is an intelligent girl, and I should like her to get a grip on the business. Let her start from the first. She would come as a typist, assistant secretary, say, to yourself."

"Is she pretty?" the head asked shortly.

Jephson smiled. "She doesn't take after her father," Steele thought for a few moments, and then looked up, snapping his jaw like a steel trap.

"I don't think we can manage it, Jephson," he said definitely. "If I want a typist I will promote one of the office boys."

Jephson turned away. It was futile to argue. Steele was dead set against petticoats of any description. That's why his private friends called him a fool.

But the fool portion of Geoffrey Steele was not enclosed in an altogether inviolable barricade of stupidity. At times he obtained a glimpse of his real self that challenged the axioms of his immovable logic.

He caught just such a glimpse immediately after the departure of his under-manager. He was conscious of the ease of his armchair and the luxury of his room. What business success he had hoped for was achieved. He had climbed to the commercial pinnacle. But the longed-for prospect from this altitude proved disillusioning.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The proof of Mother Seigel's Syrup is in the taking. That is why former sufferers, whose vitality was being sapped by indigestion, say it is just excellent for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, they are now strong and well.

### IS EXCELLENT FOR

If you are afflicted by indigestion or other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels take Mother Seigel's Syrup regularly for a few days; long enough to give it a fair chance to make its beneficial influence felt. Then note the improvement in your appetite, your strength, your general condition.

**HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS  
CONSTIPATION  
INDIGESTION.**

The 100-bottle of Syrup contains three times as much as the 50¢ size.

of persuasion I possess might be exercised towards inducing you to change your mind."

"I never change my mind," Steele said, smiling in spite of himself.

"Then I take it, you are quite inflexible!" There was a suspicion of mockery in her tone which wounded his conceit.

"I have told you my decision," he said curtly. The girl threw a challenge from her blue eyes.

"Quite so," she said. "But I haven't told you mine!" "Yours?" he said with raised eyebrows.

"Yes," she affirmed quietly. "I have decided to come!"

"Is that so?" he said, with an attempt at sarcasm. "Perhaps you would like to begin right now!"

She skilfully ignored his mockery. "Not right now," she replied. "I'll come on Monday for your confirmation of my engagement. I can begin then!"

She got up from the chair and turned to go.

"Good-day, Mr. Steele!" she said, and passed through the doorway.

The emotions which at that moment fought for precedence in the breast of the managing-director of the Imperial Manufacturing were of the "best mixed" variety.

His first sense was—as would be expected of Geoffrey Steele—a business one. He felt very angry at this calm repudiation of his authority; a slip of a girl—his under-manager's daughter—had insolently ignored his place on the globe. He reached on the impulse to ring for Jephson and lecture him severely for paternal shortcomings.

But he checked himself. Another sense—the human one—was catching his imagination to the subjugation of all the others. There was something original, admirable, in the way this girl had approached him, and mocked the dignity he prized so well. And her face, though not so bewitchingly pretty as of yore, was more dignified, more beautiful.

It awakened memories very dear to the real man.

He found himself wishing that the second appointment she had fixed were not so far off as Monday next.

There came a knock on the door, and Jephson entered.

"What did she want, gov'nor?" he asked. "She would not tell me!"

Steele bent over a letter he was revising.

"About the matter you mentioned," he said curtly. "I'm thinking it over."

The following Monday, when a liveried messenger presented a neatly-inscribed piece of pasteboard, Geoffrey Steele did not hesitate.

"I will see her now," he said. Then he snatched up the phone.

"I'm engaged for half an hour to everybody!" he snapped. "Tell Mr. Jephson."

Then Mary Jephson came into the room. What actually transpired in their conversation one can only guess at, but Geoffrey Steele's privacy remained undisturbed for nearly an hour.

At the end of that time, Harold Jephson, the under-manager, was summoned to the presence of his chief. He obeyed, little foreseeing the shock which subsequent explanations hardly alleviated.

The girl smiled happily up into his face as he entered the sanctum.

"I have engaged Mary," Geoffrey Steele said, and his face held an expression which Jephson had never seen there before.

"Thanks! I am glad," he said. "She will make you a good secretary."

"Undoubtedly," Steele said. "But a better wife."—London Answers.

### DISHES FAVORED BY RULERS.

"I Could Eat Codlings Twice a Day," Said Czar of Russia.

Czar Nicholas of Russia is fond of fish of any kind. He is especially partial to dried codfish seasoned with oil, pepper and garlic. Even better the Czar likes kabeljan, codlings prepared in oil. He once remarked to the late President Faure of France:

"I could eat codlings twice a day."

The King of Italy and King Alfonso of Spain have a weakness for sweet things, such as whipped cream, chocolate and tarts.

The favorite dishes of the Queen of Holland are English roast beef and mutton.

In many cases the national dish is a favorite of the king or emperor of the particular country. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy declares his great liking for polenta, the Indian meal porridge, which he eats as regularly as the poorest peasant. He also likes roast chicken giblets with calves' brains and artichokes.

Vienna schnitzel is a favorite dish of the Emperor of Austria. The emperor is also fond of calves' tongue in red wine.

The Czar of Russia, however, does not care for caviar, the prepared sturgeon roe, which is the daily dish of the Russian peasantry. Instead, he is unusually fond of certain Russian vegetable soups called borscht and tshi.

The late Pope is said to have lived on a very simple diet, as simple as that of the poorest tradesman. In the morning he drank a cup of coffee, at noon he took a little soup and meat. His favorite food was the Italian national dish, polenta.

It sometimes happens that after a man gets his price the law steps in and makes him give it back.

### LONDON IN THE DARK.

Recent Order Has Increased Accidents 200 Per Cent.

Socially and commercially the London of to-day bears little resemblance to the city of one year ago. Since the war began regulation has been piled upon regulation until the transformation is well nigh complete, but the spreading of the various changes over a period of 14 months has fooled the public into believing that everything was "going on as usual."

It is only now that they are awakening to the fact that the old London is no more and perhaps never will return. The proposed Parliamentary legislation with the object of eliminating the "night clubs" will make the disillusionment complete. Barring the theatres, the last form of evening amusement will vanish with the clubs.

The recent drastic lighting—or darkening—orders have had a far-reaching effect. After sundown the city is plunged into almost total darkness. As the evening wears on, the few lights that have been permitted to do business on a small scale are extinguished or dimmed.

Shopping hours have been cut down. Women hesitate about tarrying at the shops until after twilight. The journey home, be it by bus, taxicab or private car, is fraught with danger and is nerve-wrecking. Since the last wave of darkness swept over the town taxicab accidents have increased 200 per cent., according to H. Bundy, of the Licensed Vehicle Workers' Union.

### FATAL CONCUSSIONS.

Why Soldiers Are Killed By Bursting of Shells.

In a recent address to the Society of Civil Engineers of France, M. R. Arnoux explained why soldiers are killed by the mere bursting of high-explosive shells. A pocket aneroid barometer that had been made un-serviceable by being too near a German shell when it exploded showed that, at a distance of less than three metres, the explosion had caused in the room where the instrument was placed a sudden barometric depression of at least 350 millimetres of mercury.

Now, such a depression corresponds to a driving velocity in the air of 276 metres a second, and to a dynamic pressure of 10,360 kilograms a square metre. That sudden static depression of the surrounding atmosphere kills the men in the trenches, although it leaves them apparently uninjured.

When the pressure of the air decreases so suddenly, the air and carbonic acid that the blood holds in solution are disengaged in the form of minute gaseous bubbles, and are driven by the heart into the small arteries. If their diameter is greater than that of the small arteries, they act, of course, as so many gaseous plugs, which instantaneously stop the circulation of the blood; and death occurs before the return of the atmospheric pressure to normal enables the blood to absorb them again. High-explosive shells kill through a smaller radius than shrapnel, but they are more deadly, for within their radius of action no living being can escape.

### Monstrous Names.

The longest name ever inflicted on an English child must surely be that of an unfortunate born at Derby in 1882, on whom her parents bestowed a name for every letter of the alphabet, says the London Chronicle: Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maude Nora—I will cease the infliction until it comes to Zenobia!

The Rev. Ralph Lyonel Tollemache Tollemache was another person with a craze for long names. He baptized his eldest son Lyluph Yderallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erehenwyse Saxon Esa Orme Cromwell Nevil Dysart Plantaganet.

An Irishman has said, "In oulden times they hanged thieves on crosses; now, begorra, the Kaiser hangs crosses on thieves."

### German War Dog Now a Prisoner



This is the picture of a sad and forlorn prisoner in the French camp. He's a German "war dog."

"Perfect Seal" Quart Jar.



Three Pounds of Syrup.

## In 3 pound Glass Jars

Your grocer has "Crown Brand" Syrup in these new glass jars—or will get it for you. And be sure and save these jars for preserving.

"Crown Brand" is also sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

## PRACTICAL FARMING



### Farm Notes.

Pay attention to the little details. Dead beets—those killed by weeds and lack of attention.

The farm home can and should be made more attractive. One well fed hen is better than two half starved ones.

Sunlight is a natural tonic for the little pigs, and they revel in it. What the grain grower takes from the soil, the dairy cow in times restores.

Actual experience is the only way in which success can be attained in bee keeping. Economical feeding requires supplying the food nutrients in the right proportion.

To prevent rabbits gnawing the trees, mix fish oil or strong red pepper with whitewash and apply.

The two grains, Indian corn and Kaffir corn, are almost identical in chemical composition.

Nothing ever came so near turning December into June for dairy cattle and sheep as the silo.

Poultry keeping is more profitable than dairying—for the man who likes poultry better than he does cows. Having the pigs farrowed as near one time as possible greatly simplifies the work of feeding and caring for them.

Don't forget to gather in road dust or sifted coal ashes, so that the hens will have something to wallow in this winter.

The story of the farm is written in the sweat of the farmer's brow, and punctuated with tears of sorrow and tears of joy.

Do not slight the milking, but get the last drop. There is no quicker way to decrease the flow of milk than to leave a little each time.

While still young, but full grown, the chicken is best suited for food. As it grows old, the flesh loses its flavor and increases in toughness.

Some farmers think it a waste of time to groom work horses in order to make them look sleek and shiny and would rather leave them in their natural state.

As long as there are points in the farming business that are unsettled, and as long as the man behind the farm wishes to make progress, there will be something for the farm papers to do.

Is the ram kept from the ewes in the day time or does he run with them all the time. Better keep them apart, allowing him with them a few hours daily. Result: Better lambs and more of them.

The farmer or any other person that has the room, who fails to keep a flock of hens, is making a mistake. Besides the "home consumption" part of the programme, chickens and eggs are excellent products for the market and are always in demand.

Millet seed is not only an excellent poultry food, but, being very small, there is nothing better to scatter in the litter as an inducement for the fowls to get the exercise they require. Throw a handful in deep litter in the morning and it will keep the fowls busy and active all day.

It is really a crime the way some farmers are permitting the escape into gullies and creeks of so much manure. The records show that constant cultivation depletes the fertility of the soil, and the farmer who allows this valuable soil builder to escape is the one whose farm soon becomes barren. Preserve the manure.

When to Cut Alfalfa. For all classes of animals except horses, alfalfa should be cut for hay when the new shoots or stems begin to appear at the crown. These are easily seen just as they come up among the old stems at about the be-

ginning of blossoming time. Cutting earlier than this is not desirable or profitable, since the yield will be smaller and the hay will be more difficult to cure. It should not be allowed to get much beyond this stage for two reasons: (1) Although a somewhat heavier first cutting of hay can be secured by allowing it to stand longer than the time recommended, the hay is neither as palatable, nor as nutritious. (2) Leaving the first crop after it is at the proper stage to cut delays and reduces the second crop, since the new shoots coming from the crown are cut off with the first crop. When alfalfa is to be fed to horses, it may be allowed to grow slightly longer than when it is fed to cattle, but it should never be left until the second crop is injured in cutting the first crop.

Consumption is most common between the ages of 25 and 30.

## Christmas Appeal

FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Thanks for your kindness in allowing me the privilege of appealing at this Christmas time on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

In the 40 years of the Hospital's existence there have been treated within its walls 26,108 children as in-patients; 231,768 as out-patients; a grand total of 257,876 in and out-patients.

The Hospital for Sick Children gives a province-wide service, for little patients from every section of Ontario have sought its aid. Last year 493 patients were admitted from 232 places outside the city of Toronto. In 1914 there were 394 from 210 places.

Of the 2,838 in-patients last year 1,771 were medical cases and 1,067 surgical. In the orthopedic department of the 2,838 in-patients, 264 were treated for deformities, 21 Pott's disease of the spine, 10 lateral curvature of the spine, 10 bow-legs, 57 club-foot, 17 dislocations of hip, 42 tubercular disease of knee, hip, ankle, wrist and elbow; 76 infantile paralysis, 8 wry neck, and 21 miscellaneous.

Our battle is never-ending—is one that will continue while the world lasts, for it is the fight between the armies of life and death, to save the child life, the sick little ones, sons and daughters not only of our soldier men, but of the fathers and mothers still in this home-land province.

The Hospital is beating back disease and death, the enemies that assail the lives of little children as the British Empire is beating back Germany, Austria and Turkey, the enemies that assail the life of liberty.

So we appeal to the generous people of Ontario not to forget those so near and dear to us, who lie in the beds and cots of this great charity.

Will the people at large, as of old, respond to our call? Will they remember that every year is a war year for the Hospital, every day a day of battle, and that the Hospital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake?

The Hospital has waged its war for forty years. The people of Toronto and Ontario have been its friend, and this year of all years it requires help. Surely you will give to a charity that cares for every sick child in Ontario, for only as your money reaches the Hospital can the Hospital's mercy reach the children.

Every dollar is a link of kindness in the chain of mercy that joins the money in your pocket to the miseries of some child's life, some mother's heart.

Remember that Christmas calls you to open the purse of your kindness to the Hospital that the Hospital may open the heart of its help to the children.

Will you send a dollar, or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Toronto.