CHILDREN LOVE THESE VELVET KISSES

1 cup of Crown Brand Syrup.
3 cups of White Sugar.
1 cup of Boiling Water.
Half-cup of Melted Butter.
3 Tablespoons Vinegar.
Half-Teaspoon Cream Tartar.
Quarter-Teaspoon Soda.
Flavoring.

Put syrup, sugar, water and vinegar in granite kettle. When boiling, add cream tartar. Boil until it is brittle in cold water. Stir frequently to keep from burning. When nearly done, add soda and melted butter. Turn out on buttered pans; flavor. Pull until a pale yellow. Cut with shears or scissors in small pieces and do up in oil or wax papers.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup

Children like Crown Brand Corn Syrup because of its delicious, sweet flavor. It is a wholesome food that makes plainer foods taste nicer, Bread and butter with Crown Brand Corn Syrup is a treat for children. ¶ It is excellent too for sweetening cakes and pastry, and for making taffy and home made candy. Try it on pancake and fritters. It costs very little.

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MONTREAL CARDINAL TORONTO BRANTFORD VANCOUVER

A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

"I'm setting you a bad example. But there's always a skeleton at my feast—a rather common one nowadays; they call him Gout. And so you drove down? That must have been pleasant! It's a pretty country—so I'm told. I didn't see much of it from the train. But the Lake—ah, well, it's indescribable, isn't it? After all one sees, one is bound to admit that there is nothing to beat English scenery; of course I include Irish. We've a strain of Irish blood in us, Mr. Howard, and I always stand up for the ould country. Things are looking up there lately; we're beginning to be appreciated. Give us a year or two, and we'll have all the world and his wife scampering over it. I've a little Irish scheme of my own—but I mustn't bore you the first night. Mr. Howard, if that wine is too thin——?"

Howard clutched his glass with dramatic intensity.

"Chateau Lagrange, if I'm not mistaken, sir," he said; "but let it be what it may, it's simply perfect."

"I'm glad. See here, now, it's understood between us that if there's anything you want, anything you'd like altered, you'll say so, eh, Stafford?" he said, with an affectionate anxiety. "I'm a rough-and-ready kind of man, and anything pleases me; but you—ah, well, you two have the right to be particular; and I'll beg you to ask for just what you want—and be sure you get it."

Stafford glanced round the room with its costly appointments, and Sir Stephen caught the glance and smiled.

"You're thinking—ah, well, no matter. Mr. Howard try those strawberries. I don't think they're forced. They tell me they get them on the slope—even earlier than this. This port—now, see how nice the people in these parts are! this port came from the landlord of the—the—yes, 'The Woodman Inn.' He sent it with his respectful compliments, saying you did him the honor to praise it last night. You stayed there, I suppose? Surprisingly kind, quite a Spanish bit of courtesy. I wrote Mr.—yes, Mr. Groves a note thanking him on your behalf, and I sent him some dry sherry which Stenson here"—he smiled at the butler—"tells me is rather good, eh, Stenson?"

Thesolemn gravity of Stenson's face did not relax in the slightest, as he murmured:

"Count de Meza's, '84, sir."

"Right! So long as it was the best we had. You approve, Stafford, eh?"

Stafford nodded with something more than approval.

"Thank you, sir," he said, simply. "We admired Mr. Grove's port."

"He's a good fellow. I hope he'll enjoy the sherry. I shall take the first opportunity of calling and expressing my sense of his kindness—No more? Shall we have the coffee with the cigars in the billiard-room?"

The footmen escorted them through the billiard-room to the smoking-room, only divided from it by a screen of Eastern fret-work draped by costly hangings. There were inlaid tables and couches of exquisite workmanship, and a Moresque cabinet, which the butler unlocked and from which he took cigars and cigarettes. Sir Stephen waved them to seats, and sank into a low chair with a sigh of satisfaction and enjoyment. The footmen placed the coffee-service of Limoges enamel on one of the tables, and, as they left the room, Howard, as if he could not help himself, said:

"This is a veritable Aladdin's Palace, Sir Stephen! Though I can imagine that fabulous erection cannot have been as comfortable as this."

"I'm glad you like it," he said. "But do you like it?" he put in, with a shrewd gleam in his eyes, which could be keen as well as brilliant and genial. "I fancy you think it too fine—eh, Stafford?" He laid his hand on Stafford's knee with a somewhat appealing gesture and glance. "I've seen a doubt on your face once or twice—and, by George! you haven't seen half the place yet. Yes, Mr. Howard, I'll admit that it is rather luxurious; that's the result of giving these new men carte-blanche. They take you at your word, sir. I'll own up I was a little surprised to-day; for I told them to build me a villa—but then I wanted thirty or forty bedrooms, so I suppose they had to make it rather large. It seemed to me that as it overlooks the Lake it ought to be after the style of those places one sees in Italy, and I hinted that for the interior an Oriental style might be suitable; but I left them a free hand, and if they've overdone it they ought to have known better. I employed men who were recommended to me."

There was a pause for a moment. Stafford tried to find some phrase which would conceal his lack of appreciation; and his father, as if he saw what was passing through Stafford's mind, went on quickly but smoothly:

"Yes, I see. It is too fine and ornamental. But I don't think you'll find that the people who are coming here to-morrow will agree with you. I may not know much about art and taste, but I know my world. Stafford—Mr. Howard—I'll make a clean breast of it. I built this place with an object. My dear sir, you won't think me guilty of sticking it up to please Stafford here. I know his taste too well; something like mine. I expect—a cosy room with a clean cloth and a well-cooked chop and potato. I've cooked 'em myself before now—the former on a shovel, the latter in an empty meat-tin. Of course I know that Stafford and you, Mr. Howard, have lived very different lives to mine. Of course. You have been accustomed to every refinement and a great deal of luxury ever since you left the cradle. Quite right! I'm delighted that it should be so. Nothing is too good for Stafford here—and his chum—nothing!"

Stafford's handsome face flushed.

"You've been very generous to me, sir," he said, in his brief way, but with a glance at his father which expressed more than the words.

Sir Stephen threw his head back and laughed.

"That's all right, Staff," he said. "It's been a pleasure to me. I just wanted to see you happy—'see you' is rather inappropriate, though, isn't it, considering how very little I have seen you? But there were reasons—We won't go into that. Where was I?"

"You were telling us your reasons for building this place, sir," Howard reminded him quietly.

Sir Stephen shot a glance at him, a cautious glance.

"Was I? By George! then I am more communicative than usual. My friends in the City and elsewhere would tell you that I never give any reasons. But what I was saying was this: that I've learnt that the world likes tinsel and glitter—just as the Sioux Indians are caught by glass beads and lengths of Turkey red calico. And I give the world what it wants. See?" He laughed a laugh which was as cynical as Howard's. "The world is not so much an oyster which you've got to open with a sword, as the old proverb has it, but a wild beast. Yes, a wild beast; and you've got to fight him at first, fight him tooth and claw. When you've beaten him, ah! then you've got to feed him."

"You have beaten your wild beast, Sir Stephen," remarked Howard.

"Well—yes, more or less; anyhow, he seems ready to come to my hand for the tit-bits I can give him. The world likes to be feted, likes good dinners and high-class balls; but above all it likes to be amused. I'm going to give it what it wants."

This declaration coming from his father jarred upon Stafford, whose heart he had won.

"Why should you trouble, sir?" he said, quietly. "I should have thought you would have been satisfied."

"Because I want something more from it; something in return," said Sir Stephen, with a smile. "Satisfied? No man is satisfied. I've an ambition yet ungratified, and I mean to gratify it. You think I'm vaunting, Mr. Howard?"

"No, I think you are simply stating a fact," responded Howard, gravely.

"I thank you, sir," said Sir Stephen, as gravely. "I speak so confidently because I see my way clear before me. I generally do. When I don't, I back out and lie low."

Stafford found this too painful. He rose to get a light and sauntered into the billiard-room and tried the table. Sir Stephen looked after him musingly, and semed to forget Howard's presence; then suddenly his face flushed and his eyes shone with a curious mixture of pride and tenderness and the indomitable resolution which had helped him to fight his "wild beast." He leant forward and touched Howard's knee.

"Don't you understand?" he said, earnestly, and in a low voice which the click of the billiard balls prevented Stafford from hearing. "It is for him. For my boy, Mr. Howard! It's for him that I have been working, am still working. For myself—I am satisfied—as he said; but not for him. I want to see him still higher up the ladder than I have climbed. I have done fairly well—heaven and earth! if anyone had told me twenty years ago that I should be where and what I am to-day—well, I'd have sold my chances for a bottle of ale. You smile, Mr. Howard, it was anything but beer and skittles for me then. I want to leave my boy a—title. Smile again, Mr. Howard; I don't mind."

"I haven't a smile about me, sir," said Howard.

"Ah, you understand. You see my mind I don't know why I've told you, excepting that it is because you are Staff's friend. But I've told you now. And am I not right? Isn't it a laudable ambition? Can you say that he will not wear it well. Lowever high the rank may be? Where is there such another young fellow? Proud—pride is too poor a word for what I feel for him!"

He paused and sank back, but leant forward again.

"Though I've kept apart from him, Mr. Howard, I have watched him—but in no unworthy sense. No, I haven't spied upon him."

"There was no need, sir," said Howard, very quietly.

"I know it. Stafford is as straight as a dart, as true as steel. Oh, I've heard of him. I know there isn't a more popular man in England—forgive me if I say I don't think there's a handsomer." Howard nodded prompt assent. "I read of him, in society, at Hurlingham. Everywhere he goes he holds his own. And I know why. Do you believe in birth, Mr. Howard?" he asked, abruptly.

"Of course," replied Howard.

"So do I, though I can't lay claim to any. But there's a good strain in Stafford and it shows itself. There's something in his face, a certain look in his eyes, in his voice, and the way he moves; that quiet yet frank manner—oh, I can't explain!" he broke off, impatiently.

"I think you have done so very well," said Howard. "I don't like the word—it is so often misapplied—but I can't think of any better: 'distinguished' is the word that describes Stafford."

Sir Stephen nodded eagerly.

"You are right. Some men are born to wear the purple. My boy is one of them—and he shall! He shall take his place amongst the noblest and the best in the land. He shall marry with the highest. Nature has cast him in a noble mould, and he shall step into his proper place."

He drew a long breath, and his brilliant eyes flashed as if he were looking into the future, looking into the hour of triumph.

"Yes; I agree with you," said Howard; "but I am afraid Stafford will scarcely share your ambition."

He was sorry he had spoken as he saw the change which his words had caused in Sir Stephen.

"What?" he said, almost fiercely. "Why do you say that? Why should he not be ambitious?" He stopped and laid his hand on Howard's shoulder, gripping it tightly, and his voice sank to a stern whisper. "You don't know of anything—there is no woman—no entanglement?"

"No, no!" said Howard. "Make your mind easy on that point. There is no one, Stafford is singularly free in that respect. In fact—well, he is rather cold. There is no one, I am sure. I should have known it, if there had been."

Sir Stephen's grip relaxed, and the stern, almost savage expression was smoothed out by a smile.

"Right," he said, in a whisper. "Then there is no obstacle in my way. I shall win what I am fighting for. Though it will not be an easy fight. No, sir. But easy or difficult, I mean winning."

He rose aid stood erect—a striking figure—looking over Howard's head with an abstracted gaze; then suddenly his eyelids quivered, his face grew deathly pale, and his hand went to his heart. Howard sprang to his feet with an exclamation of alarm; but Sir Stephen held up his hand warningly, moved slowly to one of the tables, poured out a glass of liqueur and drank it. Then he turned to Howard, who stood watching him, uncertain what to do or say, and said, with an air of command.

"Not a word. It is nothing."

Then he linked his arm in Howard's and led him into the billiard-room.

"Table all right, Stafford?"

"First-rate, sir," replied Stafford. "You and Mr. Howard play a hundred."

"No, no," said Sir Stephen. "You and Howard. I should enjoy looking on."

"We'll have a pool," said Stafford, taking the balls from the cabinet. Howard watched Sir Stephen as he played his first shot; his hand was perfectly steady, and he soon showed that he was a first-rate player.

"That was a good shot," said Stafford, with a touch of pride in his voice. "I don't know that I've seen a better. You play a good game, sir."

Sir Stephen's face flushed at his son's praise, as a girl might have done; but he laughed it off.

"Only so, so, Staff. I don't play half as good a game as you and Mr. Howard. How should I?—Mr. Howard, there is the spirit-stand. You'll help yourself? Servants are a nuisance in a billiard-room."

Not once for the rest of the evening did he show any signs of the weakness which had so startled Howard, and as they went up the stairs he told them a story with admirable verve and with evident enjoyment.

"Sorry our evening has come to an end," he said as they stood outside his door. It is the last we shall have to ourselves. Pity! But it can't be helped."

Unconsciously he opened the door as he spoke, and Stafford said:

"Is this your room, sir?"

"Yes; walk in, my boy," replied Sir Stephen.

Stafford walked in and stood stock-still with amazement. The room was as plainly furnished as a servant's—more plainly, probably, than the servants who were housed under his roof. Saving for a square of Carpet by the bed and dressing-table the floor was bare; the bed was a common one of iron, narrow and without drapery, the furniture was of painted deal. The only picture was a portrait of Stafford enlarged from a photograph, and it hung over the mantel-piece so that Sir Stephen could see it from the bed.

Of course neither Stafford nor Howard made any remark.

"Remember that portrait, Stafford?" asked Sir Stephen, with a smile. "I carry it about with me wherever I go. Foolish and fond old father, eh, Mr. Howard? It's a good portrait, don't you think?"

Stafford held out his hand.

"Good-night, sir," he said in a very low voice.

"Good-night, my boy! Sure you've got everything you want? And you, Mr. Howard? Don't let me disturb you in the morning. I've got a stupid habit of getting up early—got it years ago, and it clings, like other habits. Hope you'll sleep well. If you don't, change your rooms before the crowd comes. Good-night."

"Did you see the room?" asked Stafford, huskily, when he and Howard had got into Stafford's.

Howard nodded.

"I feel as if I could pitch all this"—Stafford looked at the surrounding luxuries—"out of the window! I don't understand him. Great Heaven! he makes me feel the most selfish, pampered wretch on the face of the earth. He's—he's——"

"He is a man!" said Howard, with an earnestness which was strange in him.

"You are right," said Stafford. "There never was such a father. And yet—yet—I don't understand him. He is such a mixture. How such a man could talk as he did—no, I don't understand it."

"I do," said Howard.

But then Sir Stephen had given him the key to the enigma.

(To be continued.)

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HOME

For the Invalid.

Breakfast Coffee.—French cafe au lait is less likely to cause indigestion than coffee taken with cream. Clear coffee is, of course, the most digestible, but this seems bitter and unpleasant to many. To prepare the cafe au lait properly the coffee must be very clear. The milk, unskimmed, should be heated in a double boiler just to the boiling point, but not long enough for a film to form on the top. Then the hot milk and the clear hot coffee should be poured together in the coffee cup until the right strength is attained.

Rice Coffee.—If coffee produces nervousness, rice coffee may be substituted for it. To make this brown a cupful of rice in the oven, carefully, without burning it, and then grind it fine in a coffee mill. Put it in an earthenware jug and pour a quart of cold water over it. Let it stand an hour. Strain it, heat it and serve it with hot milk or with cream.

Toast.—Cut yesterday's bread for breakfast toast. Sometimes make the slices not more than a quarter of an inch thick and dry them in the oven until they are golden brown. Serve warm with butter. This sort of toast is most digestible, but it must of course be thoroughly masticated. If soft toast is preferred, cut the slices thicker and toast them quickly on both sides.

Eggs.—Coddled eggs are tempting. To prepare them thrust the eggs, washed clean, into boiling water, cover the dish, and let it stand for from five to 10 minutes. Then remove the eggs and serve with pepper, salt and butter in an egg cup. Poached eggs are always tempting, and so are scrambled eggs. Scrambled eggs can be surrounded with crisp slices of broiled bacon. The eggs should never be greasy, but should be scrambled in as little butter as possible. They can be daintily garnished with parsley.

Custard.—A good way to make baked custard is to drop the yolk of an egg in a custard cup, add a big teaspoonful of sugar, two gratings of nutmeg and about five tablespoons of unskimmed milk, put the cup in hot water and bake slowly until the custard is firm—until a knife thrust in it comes out clean. Beat the white stiff, add a small tablespoonful of sugar, beat again, and pile on top of the custard, and garnish with a maraschino cherry in the centre of the meringue. Cool and serve.

White Jelly.—Put the white of an egg, a big tablespoonful of powdered gelatine, a cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of lemon juice and a little stick of cinnamon in a saucepan with the rind of half a lemon. Beat with an egg beater until the mixture reaches the boiling point, pull to the side of the stove, cover and leave for 10 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth, add a third of a cupful of sherry and pour into two long-stemmed glasses or small moulds to harden.

Household Hints.

There is nothing better for a burn than to cover it with carbonate of soda.

The proper way to fill a hot-water bottle is to run it only half-full of water.

Cotton crepe is excellent for children's underwear, as it is not difficult to launder.

If a glazed appearance is desired on baked potatoes, they should be greased with a little butter before they are baked.

Mice dislike the smell of camphor, and they will leave the place where they find it.

The vinegar in which pickles have been preserved is excellent to use in salad dressing instead of ordinary vinegar.

Cream will be more successfully whipped slowly for the first minute or two, then beaten rapidly for 15 minutes.

A crochet needle is a good thing to use in mending knitted underwear. With thread to match the garment, you can pick up the stitches.

If a package is to be sent a great distance, it is a good idea to provide a box with a cover of unbleached muslin, securely sewed in place.

A little olive oil poured into a bottle of home-made catsup after the bottle has been opened will prevent the catsup from spoiling so quickly.

To remove old varnish from furniture take three tablespoonfuls of baking soda and put it in a quart of water and apply it with a rough cloth.

To remove fruit and vegetable stains from the hands, dip the fingers in strong tea for a few minutes and then wash them in clear warm water.

Never dry a silk handkerchief before ironing it, but lay it smoothly in a clean towel and leave it for an hour. Then iron it with a moderately hot iron.

When making a boiled pudding, be sure that the basin is filled quite full. If there is any space left, water will get in and the pudding will be heavy.

To keep crochet work from unravelling put a safety pin in the last stitch. You can then lay it down without any danger of the stitches being pulled out.

When making muffins or cakes in muffin rings, if there is not enough to fill all the pans you may prevent the empty ones from burning by filling them with water.

When cleaning up broken glass time will be saved if a damp cloth is laid on the floor where the glass is. The tiny particles will adhere to the cloth, which may be burned.

Baked bean sandwiches are good in the school lunch basket. Mash the beans a little and mix with a French dressing. Spread slices of bread with butter and spread the beans over it.

The apples in your apple pie will bake more quickly if cut in irregular pieces. They will not pack so closely, and will give the hot air a chance to come in contact with all parts more easily.

When the tablecloth wears out on the edges, cut out the centre in a square, hem it, and you have a lunch cloth. The remainder of the good portion cut into squares and you have every-day napkins.

It is economy to save all the trimming from old gowns, if it is good, even if you do not see any immediate use for it. A smart touch can often be given a simple gown by a bit of lace embroidery.

The marketing should be sorted and put away as soon as it comes into the house. If it is allowed to wait until what seems a convenient time to attend to it, the meat and vegetables may lose some of their freshness.

Magistrate—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife. Witness—Yes, sor. Magistrate—Tell the Court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing. Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.

COLONIAL SYSTEM DECLINED.

Portugal Was Once a Leader in Five Oceans.

We are almost indifferent among the great transformations of the world. There are few who notice that Portugal's colonies in Africa have passed from her control. A mighty imperial system which once included India, South Africa, Guinea, Brazil and other vast and opulent domains, has disappeared from the earth.

It was no great war that severed Portuguese West Africa (Angola) and Portuguese East Africa (Mozambique and Gazaland) from the mother country. Great Britain and Germany made an agreement and offered Portugal $100,000,000. Mozambique comes under British influence and the other districts under German spheres. The Portuguese republic is recognized as suzerain, like Turkey in Egypt, and with no more than Turkey's power.

Thus vanquishes from the five oceans a spacious colonial system which promised to rival Spain's. Portuguese explorers were the first of modern nations to sail uncharted seas.

Prince Henry the Navigator plunged into the dark Atlantic and discovered the Azores and Madeira. Then he sailed down the African coast to Senegal. After him fluttered and tacked other caravels of undying renown. Diego Cam came to the mouths of the Congo. Bartolomen Diaz passed undaunted through thirteen days of storm and reached the Cape of Good Hope. Vasca da Gama crowned the voyages of these by rounding the cape and reaching the goal of all explorers—India.

In the meantime Columbus had discovered America, Spain having seized the opportunity first offered to Portugal. A chain of empires was soon bound in vassalage to these two kingdoms. Portugal held Brazil, India, South Africa, Guinea, with estates in China and Islands of the Sea. Yet it was under a Spanish flag that the greatest of Portuguese admirals, Magellan, undertook the circumnavigation of the world.

Portugal's day of real renown was brief. She discovered many remote lands that other kings might reign, and other nations might amass the wealth of their tributes. She fell in 1580 under the debasing dominion of Spain. When she emerged under the Braganzas in 1640 she was never to climb again to the heights of her old glory.

It is typical of her centuries of laggard imperial rule that the two last important acts of her colonial department in Africa were the suppressing of the quasi-slavery of the cocoa islands and the suppression of the chief industry of Angola, rum. The expenditures of her rule in 1911 were $1,000,000 more than her revenues.

The empire she parts with in Africa is 793,000 square miles. She now holds some 8,972 square miles in India and China.

The Azores and Madeira are reckoned as part of Portugal itself. To such an obscure ignominy has sunk the nation of Henry the Navigator, the race of Magellan, the power to which Columbus turned for aid before he looked to Spain.

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