

Edwardsburg Crown Brand Corn Syrup



POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup.

Have it for breakfast-to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "Crown Brand"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
Works—Cardinal—Brantford—Fort Williams.
Head Office—1—Montreal.

THE GOLDEN KEY

Or 'The Adventures of Ledgard.'

By the Author of 'What He Cost Her.'

CHAPTER IX.

"I'm sorry—didn't mean to frighten you," he said. "It's the heat. I get an attack like this sometimes. Yes, I'm Mr. Trent. I don't know what you're doing here, but you're welcome."

"How nice of you to say so!" she answered brightly. "But then perhaps you'll change your mind when you know what I have been doing."

He laughed shortly.

"Nothing terrible, I should say. Looks as though you've been making a picture of my house; I don't mind that."

She lived in her pocket and produced a card-case.

"I'll make full confession," she said, frankly. "I'm a journalist."

"A what?" he repeated feebly.

"A journalist. I'm on 'The Hour.' This isn't my work as a rule; but the man who should have come is ill, and his junior can't sketch, so they sent me! Don't look at me as though I were a ghost, please. Haven't you ever heard of a girl journalist before?"

"Never," he answered emphatically. "I didn't know ladies did such things."

She laughed gaily but softly; and Trent understood then what was meant by the music of a woman's voice.

"Oh, it's not at all an uncommon thing," she answered him. "You won't mind my interviewing you, will you?"

"Doing what?" he asked blankly.

"Interviewing you! That's what I've come for, you know; and we want a little sketch of your house for the paper. I know you don't like it. I hear you've been awfully rude to your little Morrison of the Post; but I'll be very careful what I say and very quick."

"You stand looking at her, a dazed and bewildered man. From the trim little hat, with its white band and jaunty bunch of cornflowers, to the well-shaped patent shoes, she was neatly and daintily dressed. A journalist! He gazed once more into her face, at the brown eyes watching him now a little anxiously, the mouth with the humorous twitch at the corner of her lips. The little wisps of hair flashed again in the sunlight. It was she! He had found her.

She took his silence for hesitation, and continued a little anxiously.

"I really won't ask you many questions, and it would do me quite a lot of good to get an interview with you. Of course I oughtn't to have begun this sketch without permission. If you mind that, I'll give it up."

He found his tongue awkwardly, but vigorously.

"You can sketch just as long as ever you please, and make what you like of it," he said. "It's only a bit of a place though."

"How nice of you! And the interview?"

"I'll tell you whatever you want to know," he said quietly.

She could scarcely believe in her good fortune, especially when she remembered the description of the man, which one of the staff had given. He was gruff, vulgar, and something of a chief ought to be kicked for letting her go near him! This was what she had been told. She laughed softly to herself.

"It is very good indeed of you, Mr. Trent," she said earnestly. "I was quite nervous about coming, for I had no idea that you would be so kind. Shall I finish my sketch first, and then perhaps you will be able to spare me a few minutes for the interview?"

"Just as you like," he answered.

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly," she answered, holding out the block; "but it isn't finished yet."

"Will it take long?"

"About an hour, I think."

Pleasant Winter Evenings

Give your children a chance to stay home and enjoy themselves. Buy a complete home table and they will spend all their spare time in the beautiful pleasure of a game of billiards.

This table would look nice in your sitting room, dining room or kitchen. We build them 3 x 6, and 3 x 7.

Can be supplied with either round or square legs, and would make a very valuable addition to your home life. Would certainly be a great pleasure and benefit to yourself and friends.

Write for prices and catalogue to

SAMUEL MAY & CO.,
102-104 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ing the respectable all day, turning up the whites of her eyes at me because I did a high kick in the hall, and groaning at Flossie because she had a few brandies; ain't that so, Flossie?"

The young lady with yellow hair confirmed the statement with much dignity.

"I had a toothache," she said, "and Mrs. Da Souza, or whatever the old cat calls herself, was most rude. I reckon myself as respectable as she is any day, dragging that yellow-faced daughter of hers about with her and throwing her at men's heads."

Miss Montessor, who had stopped to pick a flower, rejoined them.

"I say, General," she remarked, "fa'st fair, and a promise is a promise. We didn't come down here to be made fools of by a fat old Jewess. You won't send us away because of the old wretch?"

"I promise," said Trent, "that when she goes you go, and not before. Is that sufficient?"

"Right ho!" the young lady declared cheerfully. "I'll go, and I'll drink up for dinner. We're ready, Flossie and I. The little Jew girl's got a new dress—black, covered with gold. It makes her look yellower than ever. There's the bell, and we're both as hungry as hunters. Look sharp!"

Trent entered the house. Da Souza met him in the hall, sleek, curly, and resplendent in a black dinner-suit. The years had dealt lightly with him, or else the climate of England was the best for the Jew. He had a moist heat of the face, and a plenty of greeted Trent with a heartiness which was partly tentative, partly boisterous.

"Back from the coining of the shekels, my dear friend," he exclaimed. "Back from the spoiling of the Egyptians, eh? How was money to-day?"

"A pretty good day," Trent answered, ascending the stairs.

Da Souza fidgeted about with the bannisters, and finally followed him.

"There was just a word," he remarked, "a little word I wanted with you."

"Come and talk while I wash," Trent said shortly. "Dinner's on, and I'm hungry."

"Certainly, certainly," Da Souza murmured, closing the door behind them as they entered the lavatory.

"It is concerning those young ladies," "What! Miss Montessor and her friend?" Trent remarked, thrusting his head into the cold water.

"Exactly! Two very charming young ladies, my dear friend, very charming indeed, but a little—don't you fancy, just a little fast?"

"Hadn't noticed it," Trent answered, drying himself. "What about it?"

Da Souza tugged at his little black imperial, and moved uneasily about.

"We—being of the world, my dear Trent, we need not be so particular, eh?—but the ladies—the ladies are so observant."

"What ladies?" Trent asked coolly.

"In my wife's words, 'four to me,' Da Souza continued. "You see, Julie is so young—our dear daughter she is but a child; and, as my wife says, we cannot be too particular, too careful; eh; you understand?"

"You want them to go? Is that it?"

Da Souza spread out his hands—an old trick, only now the palms were white and the diamonds real.

"For myself," he declared. "I find them charming, but the wife who says so to me, 'Hiram, those young persons, they are not fit company for our dear, innocent Julie! You shall stand!' Trent will understand."

Trent had finished his toilet and stood, the hair-brush still in his face, looking at Da Souza's anxious lips with a queer smile upon his face.

"Yes, I understand, Da Souza," he said. "No doubt you are right, you are right; but be careful. You do well to be particular."

Da Souza winced. He was about to speak, but Trent interrupted him.

"Well, I'll tell you this, and you can let the missus know, for my father. They'll leave to-morrow. Is that good enough?"

Da Souza coughed at his host's hand, and Trent snatched it away.

"My dear—my noble—"

"Here, shut up and don't paw me," Trent interrupted. "Mind, not a word of this to any one but your wife; the girls don't know they're going themselves yet."

They entered the dining-room, where every one else was already assembled. Mrs. Da Souza, Jewess, portly and typical, reclined in a black satin and many gold chains and bangles, occupied the seat of honor, and by her side was a little brown girl with dark, timid eyes and dusky complexion, pitifully over-dressed but with a certain elf-like beauty, which ever have inherited. Trent and his friend sat on either side of their host—an arrangement which Mrs. Da Souza lamented, but found her husband too prudent, and her husband too the vacant placid. Trent was served, and with the opening of the champagne, which was not long delayed, tongues were loosened.

"It was very hot in the city to-day," Mrs. Da Souza remarked to her host. "Dear Julie was saying what a shame it seemed that you should be there and we should be enjoying your beautiful gardens. She is so thoughtful, so sympathetic! Dear girl!"

"Very kind of your daughter," Trent answered, looking directly at her and rather inclined to pity her obvious shyness. "Come, drink up, Da Souza, drink up, girls! I've had a hard day, and I want to forget for a bit that there's any such thing as work."

(To be continued.)

Pristine Purity

The standard we have set ourselves demands that

CANADA

shall always contain only the finest, freshest young leaves. . . . Black, Mixed and Green

About the Household

Good Corn Recipes.

Boiled Corn.—Strip off coarser outer husks leaving the thin silky envelope next to the ear on the stalk. Pull this down and pick off the silk from between the grains, adjust the inner husks in their place, tie together at the top and drop the ears in plenty of boiling salted water. Boil half an hour and leave in hot water until ready to serve. Cut stalks off with the husks and send to table wrapped about with a napkin on a flat dish.

Green Corn Fritters.—Grate or shave off with a keen blade the grains from 6 ears of corn. Have ready 2 eggs beaten light, a cup of milk added to these with a tablespoonful of sugar and same quantity of butter warmed and rubbed into a heaping tablespoonful of prepared flour. Season with salt and pepper; beat hard and fry as you would griddle cakes.

Chopped Potatoes and Corn.—When cold boiled potatoes and several ears of boiled corn are left in the icebox, chop the one into coarse dice and cut the other from the cob. Heat in a frying-pan a good spoonful of clarified dripping, sweet and good, and stir into this the potatoes and corn, seasoning with salt and pepper. Turn and turn until thoroughly heated and relish. Or heat a cup of milk, stir in a good spoonful of butter, then mix in potatoes and corn; season, simmer five minutes, and serve.

Green Corn Pudding.—Six ears of green corn, full grown but tender, 2 cups of milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Salt and pepper to taste. Cream butter and sugar is for cake. Beat into the eggs when whipped light, add milk and the grated corn (or shaved), season, beat thoroughly and bake covered in a buttered casserole or pudding dish 40 minutes; then uncover and brown. Serve at once in the same dish.

Succotash.—Six ears of corn, 1 cup shelled lima or string beans carefully trimmed into inch lengths, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of butter cut into 1 teaspoon of flour. Salt and pepper. Cut the corn from the cob and add to the beans when they have cooled half an hour in boiling water slightly salted. Boil thirty minutes longer, turn off the water and pour in the milk. (It is safer in warm weather to add a tiny pinch of bread soda.) As the milk heats, stir in the flour, butter, season, and simmer ten minutes. If canned corn and beans are used, add half a teaspoonful of white sugar.

Canned Corn Fritters.—Canned corn while only a poor substitute for the fresh ear may be very appetizing if chopped fine after the corn has been emptied from the can and allowed to drain. Drain dry for several hours before using. Drain dry and chop this try with the fresh grains.

Corn Soup.—Cook six ears of corn in cold water twenty minutes. Cut off the cob and press through a sieve. Add two cups of scalded milk. Cook two tablespoonfuls of chopped butter in three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and a half salt, celery salt and cayenne, corn mixture, cook five minutes, strain, add one cup of beaten cream and serve. Garnish with one cup popped corn.

Seasonable Dishes.

Peach Ice Cream.—Soak two cups of sliced peaches for about one hour and put through a colander. Add to one quart of cream which has been scalded and cooled. Freeze.

Cauliflower.—Cut stalks close to flower, remove green leaves and soak in cold salted water one hour. Cook in cheesecloth bag thirty to forty minutes. Remove from bag and serve with Hollandaise or white sauce or scalloped with white sauce and crumbs.

Consomme Renaissance.—Press half a cup of cooked and drained spinach through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of cream, two beaten eggs, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; mix thoroughly and turn into a small buttered mold. Let cook in the oven on several folds of paper surrounded with boiling water until firm. When cold cut in cubes. Cut a pared carrot and turnip in half-inch cubes. Cook separately until tender. Drain. Serve the cubes of spinach-custard, turnip and carrot in one quart of consomme.

Southern Peach Pie.—Line a pie plate with crust as for lemon pie and fill with sliced peaches. Sprinkle sugar and butter over the top, bake and serve with whipped cream. To make the crust chop four tablespoonfuls of lard into one and a half cups of flour; when thoroughly mixed add one-half teaspoon salt and cold water enough to form dough. Chill, roll in rectangular piece, place four tablespoonfuls of butter, which previously has been shaped, flattened, and chilled on middle on one side of pure, fold over other side, press edges together and fold one end under and one end over butter making six layers. Roll again into rectangle, fold in same way and so continue three times. If butter begins to soften, roll paste in cheese cloth and place on ice until hard

LONDON'S BISHOP SURE OF HIS DUTY

HE HAS WORKED TO STRENGTHEN THE ARMY.

Says It is a Mistake to Lay Aside Entirely the Old Testament Virtues.

Just as London was discussing the Pope's position of neutrality I found myself in the study of the Bishop of London, who quite plainly did not think he had to live up to the dualism of a division in the temporal and spiritual power, writes Mr. Richard Payne. Should the Church be neutral in time of war? Is it making a compromise in the support of this war? "Thou shalt not kill." How can the Church compromise with the commandment?

"One can," said the Bishop, for he was a good logician. "Of course, war is wholly inconsistent with Christian principles, but meanwhile the Christian has to make the choice of the second best. Because our Lord said a particular moment that his servants were not to fight, He could not mean that they were to see their women and children treated as the Belgian woman and children have been and do nothing."

So it is necessary for the Bishop to represent God alone, like the Pope. He can also represent the nation, and, fortunately for the Bishop, when hat nation believes it has a Christian cause.

There was a cloistered hush about the room we sat in. The Bishop's kindly face seemed incongruous with the picture I drew of him, dressed in khaki as he was last summer, speaking

the spreading of the Gospel of Peace in the world?"

And he answers himself: "Yes, but what if this is a war for peace? What if the ideas which have made peace up to now impossible are finally and forever killed? What if the gospel is shown to be a sham? What if the war is stripped of its glamor and seen in its native hideousness for all time?"

War for Peace.

What if the churches that believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God are drawn together in a way in which they have never before and fused into a united missionary Church?

"But what if France shall permanently be stirred to see what she was casting away in her Church? What if the English and French churches should learn great truths from one another? What if the Russian Church should be touched with that missionary zeal which it only needs to make it one of the greatest churches in the world? What if the great German people shall gain through pain and suffering a new faith?"

"We are fighting," says the Bishop, "for the holiest things ever entrusted to the care of man—the freedom of our country, the honor of our women, the right to live for the smaller nations, international honor, as the condition of the future brotherhood of nations and the Christian principles which are to govern the future of the world."

ASQUITH'S ABILITY.

Offered Sixteen Seats Before He Stood for East Fife.

At the City of London School Premier Asquith is best remembered as a quiet, studious boy who did not care for games, but preferred to spend his dinner hour reading the Times. It was the master of Balliol who remarked, "Asquith will get on, he is so direct." And after a brilliant career at that college, Mr. Asquith was called to the bar in 1876, and became a Q.C. in 1880. Four years previously he had entered Parliament as M.P. for East Fife, Scotland, which he has always represented since.

It is a fact not generally known, by the way, that both Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone were so impressed by Mr. Asquith's abilities that he was offered 16 different seats before he finally accepted the invitation to stand for East Fife.

Although in public life somewhat cold and austere, Mr. Asquith in private life is the most genial of men. Like Mrs. Asquith, whom he married in 1894, his first wife having died three years previously, the Premier seeks relaxation in golf. He has two daughters—the elder of whom, Miss Violet Asquith, has just become engaged to Mr. Maurice Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Asquith's private secretary—and five sons, four of whom are serving their country in the great war.

The Bishop of London.

ing to the men in the camps from wagons. "For if the cause was held, then the duty of the Church is not only to mobilize the spiritual resources of the nation, but to give the clear call to unity and service."


Donned the Khaki.

The Bishop went to recruit. A "battering bishop"? No; not a bit of it—a gentle churchman turned logician.

"It is an utter mistake," he says, "to suppose that the Old Testament virtues are to be laid aside because the New Testament supplements them by humility and self-suffering and personal weakness. No; courage, fearless, undying courage, is the special characteristic of the Christian soldier as it was the special characteristic of Christ himself." And so he girded himself to rouse his fellow countrymen and to stimulate himself to play the man in this great "Day of God."

And so, this being a Day of the Lord, the good bishop donned his khaki as a chaplain of the army and went to hearten the men in the fields. Then strangely the bishop asks himself the question: "But can a fierce and bloody war ever conduce to

"This is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies"



Redpath SUGAR

20 lbs.

"WHEN I pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, I want to be sure that my jellies and preserves will be just right. So I always use

Redpath SUGAR

No doubt that is just what her mother and grandmother did, too, for Redpath has been Canada's favorite sugar for three generations. Absolutely pure, and always the same, it has for sixty years proved the most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be Redpath Sugar, in one of the packages originated in Canada for Redpath Sugar.

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

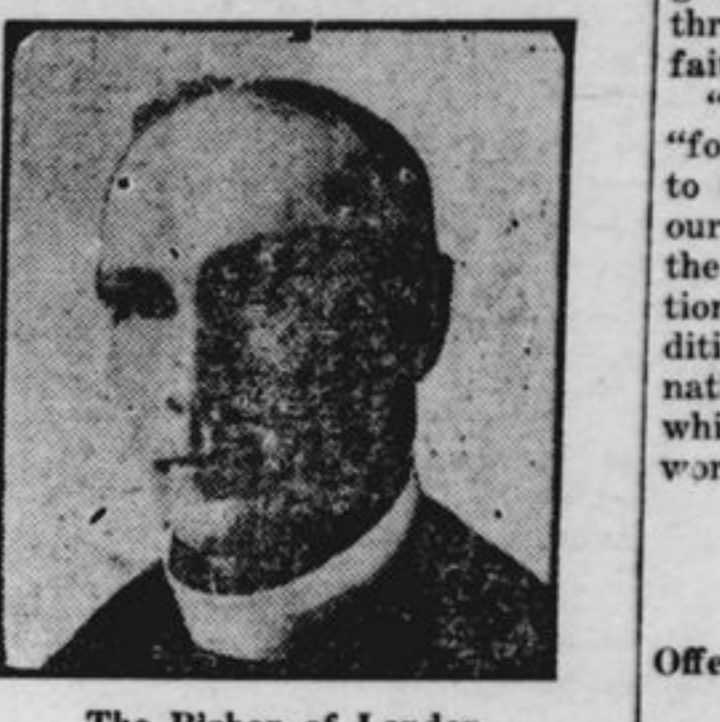
LONDON'S BISHOP SURE OF HIS DUTY

HE HAS WORKED TO STRENGTHEN THE ARMY.

Says It is a Mistake to Lay Aside Entirely the Old Testament Virtues.

Just as London was discussing the Pope's position of neutrality I found myself in the study of the Bishop of London, who quite plainly did not think he had to live up to the dualism of a division in the temporal and spiritual power, writes Mr. Richard Payne. Should the Church be neutral in time of war? Is it making a compromise in the support of this war? "Thou shalt not kill." How can the Church compromise with the commandment?

"One can," said the Bishop, for he was a good logician. "Of course, war is wholly inconsistent with Christian principles, but meanwhile the Christian has to make the choice of the second best. Because our Lord said a particular moment that his servants were not to fight, He could not mean that they were to see their women and children treated as the Belgian woman and children have been and do nothing."



The Bishop of London.

ing to the men in the camps from wagons. "For if the cause was held, then the duty of the Church is not only to mobilize the spiritual resources of the nation, but to give the clear call to unity and service."

Donned the Khaki.


The Bishop went to recruit. A "battering bishop"? No; not a bit of it—a gentle churchman turned logician.

ASQUITH'S ABILITY.

Offered Sixteen Seats Before He Stood for East Fife.

At the City of London School Premier Asquith is best remembered as a quiet, studious boy who did not care for games, but preferred to spend his dinner hour reading the Times. It was the master of Balliol who remarked, "Asquith will get on, he is so direct." And after a brilliant career at that college, Mr. Asquith was called to the bar in 1876, and became a Q.C. in 1880. Four years previously he had entered Parliament as M.P. for East Fife, Scotland, which he has always represented since.

"This is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies"



Redpath SUGAR

20 lbs.

"WHEN I pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, I want to be sure that my jellies and preserves will be just right. So I always use

Redpath SUGAR

No doubt that is just what her mother and grandmother did, too, for Redpath has been Canada's favorite sugar for three generations. Absolutely pure, and always the same, it has for sixty years proved the most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be Redpath Sugar, in one of the packages originated in Canada for Redpath Sugar.

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS 100% PURE

MADE IN CANADA



the spreading of the Gospel of Peace in the world?"

And he answers himself: "Yes, but what if this is a war for peace? What if the ideas which have made peace up to now impossible are finally and forever killed? What if the gospel is shown to be a sham? What if the war is stripped of its glamor and seen in its native hideousness for all time?"

War for Peace.

What if the churches that believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God are drawn together in a way in which they have never before and fused into a united missionary Church?

ASQUITH'S ABILITY.


Offered Sixteen Seats Before He Stood for East Fife.

At the City of London School Premier Asquith is best remembered as a quiet, studious boy who did not care for games, but preferred to spend his dinner hour reading the Times. It was the master of Balliol who remarked, "Asquith will get on, he is so direct." And after a brilliant career at that college, Mr. Asquith was called to the bar in 1876, and became a Q.C. in 1880. Four years previously he had entered Parliament as M.P. for East Fife, Scotland, which he has always represented since.

ASQUITH'S ABILITY.

Offered Sixteen Seats Before He Stood for East Fife.

"This is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies"



Redpath SUGAR

20 lbs.

"WHEN I pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, I want to be sure that my jellies and preserves will be just right. So I always use

Redpath SUGAR

No doubt that is just what her mother and grandmother did, too, for Redpath has been Canada's favorite sugar for three generations. Absolutely pure, and always the same, it has for sixty years proved the most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be Redpath Sugar, in one of the packages originated in Canada for Redpath Sugar.

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

ROU

POULTRY'S P LAND M

By A. P. Mars

If one could of a very great sires for rural en sulting in lifewo sort or another reveal an impor the wish to prod This idea count of in s succession, the same thing ran across a ma who of rural inc garden and choi break and in fo the very neat have ever seen. materially, but only one of the successful place. Going through tion, we notice of places where were berry pic elicited the infor a back-to-the-lan most satisfactory were the brood numbers of the evidence that the important if per in the good resu The following, a neighboring cit ass acquaintance bought quite a lo was their supply to another the a discussion and a fruit farm as on of this as the it for many year day we meet a vler and falling in watching a livel too volunteers the is going to have about 80 acres, ready figured out know the subject help him make really tacking the make a lively an line.

"What does this son can it have the matter any of inclination along flection could not necessity in each the years of app were at a compar spread out in su hardy noticeable woman who has farming or any so in a compar a number of year determine if it is strong, even what results might of school training the value or mea in after life some us nothing that pr can say any moor was valueless if perhaps by the result it might have

Some have said difference in mon makes a big diff ability may be to who falls, but a ance, and a spirit when one think ter of making a career along any

TORON MER DI CREAM- to year u town in C about the confection weather- ups, it ma station. C ing, nour For Sale b

City