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## The Vicar's Nephew; or The Orphan's Vindication

### CHAPTER I.

"So this is what you call a good road hereabouts, is it?" said Dr. Jenkins.

He had stopped half-way up the hill, to look about him, and to let Timothy, the fisherman who had met him at the station, put down the heavy bag and rest a bit before climbing any further. Behind them the steep road wound in and out between rough granite blocks and tussocks of dwarf gorse. Before them it rose up sharply, a stony track bordered by wet and withered heather tufts; and turned, passing out of sight round the shoulder of a lichens rock. For the rest, a waste of barren moorland; an angry sun going down, red in a fiery glow; a fierce north wind that rushed by, shrieking curses; and below the cliffs a sullen, moaning, desperate sea; that was all. On summer mornings after rain, but this was the doctor's first glimpse of Cornwall, and in the December evening everything seemed to him chill and bleak and desolate.

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"It's not so far now, sir; we shall be in before dark. Eh, why surely that be Master Richards' from Gurnard's Head, and the old woman with him. Good evening, master!" A pony-cart laden with apples jogged round the projecting shoulder of the granite rock. Farmer and pony walked side by side, but for the difference in the number of legs they might have been twin brothers, so much alike they were in expression, in roundness of comfortable figure, in solid evenness of tread. In the cart, among the apples, sat an old woman, half asleep.

"This is the new doctor for Porthcarrick," said Timothy. "We shall have two doctors now, for old Dr. Williams is stopping on, though he's past much work. Are you rested now, sir?"

They climbed a little further, while Farmer Richards and his pony jogged slowly down the hill.

"Hullo!" said the doctor, looking round. "Something's wrong with the old fellow's cart. Look, he's making signs to us. What is it?"

The farmer was gesticulating frantically with his whip, and trying to shout louder than the angry wind. "Police! Police! Help! Police!"

"In all time of my tribulation!" gasped the old woman, folding her hands. "It's the gang."

A big, muscular, black-haired boy, with a skin tanned almost to coffee-color, and a face which struck the doctor as repulsively ugly, came tearing over the brow of the hill. A score of minor demons followed at his heels, brandishing sticks and yelling furiously. The gang descended with such suddenness, that before the farmer could defend himself the pony was unhooked from the shafts and the old

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woman stood waiting by the roadside, wringing her hands at the sight of the overturned cart and the apples rolling in the mud. As Timothy and the doctor came running back, the farmer recovered heart of grace and laid about him with his whip. After a sharp skirmish the gang broke and fled in all directions down the hill, yelling and screaming, with bulging pockets crammed with apples. Pursuit seemed to be hopeless; but in the act of escaping, one of the boys, a freckled, lanky, hobbledehoy, caught his foot against a stone and fell sprawling. The farmer pounced upon him instantly.

"Jack!" shrieked the captive. "The leader bounded to the spot, tripped up the top-heavy farmer with a dexterous twist of one foot, dragged the fallen boy up by the collar, and despatched him at a headlong pace downhill by a thump between the shoulders. Then he glanced round to see if any one else were in need of help. It was evidently an established convention that he should be the first to charge and the last to flee. As he turned to follow the gang a hand dropped on his shoulder.

"I've caught one, at any rate," said Dr. Jenkins. "No, don't hit him," he added, intercepting the farmer's fist. "And all that bad language won't get your cart up, my man; Timothy, help him with the cart, and leave the boy to me."

The farmer, still swearing, went to join Timothy, who was trying to lift the cart; the old woman meanwhile collecting the scattered apples.

"Well, you're a promising young devil," said Dr. Jenkins in his prisoner, who was wriggling in his grasp like a conger eel. "What's your name?"

"What's yours?" "Lord bless you, sir," said Timothy, "that's Jack Raymond. He is nephew to our Vicar."

"And own son to Beelzebub," the farmer muttered from between the wheels.

The swarthy imp grinned at the compliment, showing his white teeth. "Nephew . . . to the Vicar!" Dr. Jenkins repeated incredulously. "Here, stand up, boy; don't wriggle about so. I won't hurt you."

Jack's eyes opened wide in scornful amazement, and the doctor saw how luminous they were.

"I should just about think you wouldn't."

He left off kicking, however, and stood up straight. His ugliness was of an unfamiliar, barbaric type; but there was nothing degenerate about it, notwithstanding the heavy jaw; his head, indeed, was finely shaped, and the deep-set eyes would have been really magnificent, but for their sullen, morose expression. The singular breadth between them, and the black line of the brows meeting above, gave to the face a look of strength and concentration more appropriate to a bison than to a child.

"So you're the captain of the Bad Boys' Gang, are you?" said the doctor. "And what's your special line, if one may ask? Stealing poor men's goods and frightening old women out of their senses, eh?"

"Yes," said Jack, looking straight at him; "and stinging when we get a chance, like that hornet on your beard."

Dr. Jenkins, forgetting the season, instinctively put his hand up to his face. Immediately he received a violent blow, delivered with admirable precision; and by the time he realized that a trick had been played on him, Jack was racing downhill at break-neck speed.

The doctor leaned against a rock and laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes. It was impossible to feel angry, the thing had been so neatly done.

"What a little devil!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak. "Oh, what an outlandish little devil!"

"And that boy," said Timothy, as they walked on again after the cart had been righted, "has been brought up in a godly house and has had the

advantages of Christian precept and example ever since he was six years old. But 'tis no use; what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh."

"It strikes me," the doctor remarked, "that a good thrashing would have more effect on that urchin than Christian precept and example. He wants the nonsense taken out of him."

"Why, sir," said Timothy, "there's not a boy in Porthcarrick that gets the cane as often as Jack Raymond, anyway, since the Captain died."

"Who?" "Captain John, the Vicar's youngest brother. He was drowned three years ago last October, saving life in rough weather off Longships way by Land's End. The Vicar has no children of his own, so he took in the orphans, for they were left ill-provided, and he's done his duty by them, as a Christian man."

"There are more children, then?" "There's one little girl, sir—eight years old; and a sweet little maid she is, no more like this imp of darkness than a place like a pichard. She takes after the Raymonds."

"And the Vicar is strict with the boy?" Timothy screwed up his lips. "Well, sir, there be some gentlemen on the school board, and a bit too strict; 'the flogging parson,' they call him, because he's all for more caning in the schools. But to my mind he's right, sir; the human heart is corrupt and desperately wicked, and how else 'ee goin' to instil the fear of God into a boy?"

"It doesn't seem to have got instilled into this one."

"Ah, that's the bad blood in him. Many a tear he's cost poor Mrs. Raymond. You must know, she comes of a very respectable family, up St. Ives way; good church people, all of them, and not used to such goings on. She's a godly, pious woman, and good to the perrywig; but the Vicar's wife should be, and she's cared for those two children as if they'd been her own, though they're none of her kin. Little Molly's the apple of her eye. She's tried her hardest to coax the devil out of her boy, and the Vicar he's tried to thrash it out, and you might as well plant potatoes on the Rannel Stone. He's his mother's own boy."

"Who was she?" "A scarlet woman, sir; a play actress from London that Captain John brought home when he was young and wild, to carry shame into a decent house. Lord knows what she'd been before he married her. If you'll believe it, sir, she'd smoke tobacco like a man, and her foot was never inside a place of worship. And then her flaunting skirts and her lewd ways—it was enough to make the old folks turn in their graves! She'd trapes about under the cliffs in dirty weather singing to herself, with her hair streaming down her back, for all the world like a madwoman. Why, I've seen her myself sitting half-dressed with her bare feet in a rock-pool, and a crazy artist fellow from London painting her portrait—great mazed antics! She was as ugly as sin, too; you can tell by the boy; but Captain John was fair mad about her. However, she went the way of damnation after the little maid was born; 'an engagement,' she called it, and ran off to Paris to her play-acting; as 'tis written in the Scriptures: 'the dog returneth to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.' And there she took the cholera, and died like an unrepentant heathen, so I've heard tell. 'Tis plain it was a judgment. And the Captain, poor silly fool, instead of being duly grateful to Providence for a good ridance of bad rubbish, he took on as if his heart was broken in him, and never held up his head again—"

"Is this Porthcarrick?" the doctor interrupted as a sharp turn of the road brought them to a break in the hills and a fishing village nestling between two great cliffs.

"Yes, sir, and that's the lighthouse beyond Deadman's cliff. The white house there is Mr. Hewitt's school; a lot of gentlemen send their sons there—the Vicar's trustee, it is; and a big-one higher up is Heath Brow, where the Squire lives."

"And the old house by the church, all over ivy?" "That's the Vicarage."

The next morning, when Dr. Jenkins returned from his first stroll through the village, he found on his table a card bearing the inscription: "Rev. Jos. Raymond, The Vicarage, Porthcarrick, Cornwall."

"The Vicar said he'd call again," said the landlady. "He seemed in a great taking; I suppose it's that devil's limb Jack again; they do say he scared poor old Mrs. Richards fair to death on the cliff road yesterday; smashed the cart and lamed the pony and—"

"Come, come," said the doctor, "it's not quite so bad as that. I was there myself. Has the farmer been complaining?"

"Yes, sir; they say the Vicar had a long bill to pay him this morning; he threatened to bring an action for assault and battery."

"Oh, that's absurd. I'll go round to the Vicar after dinner and tell him the truth of the story myself."

As he entered the Vicarage garden a sound of light feet running came from behind the fuchsia hedge. Before he had time to draw back, a small creature in a holland pinafore dashed round the corner and came in a headlong rush against his legs, then started away, tossing back a tawny mane. "Oh, I'm so sorry! Did I hurt you, sir?"

The doctor looked down in surprise, wondering if this pretty child could really be Jack Raymond's sister.

"Hurt me? What, by treading on my toes? I was afraid it was I that had hurt you. Are you Mr. Raymond's little niece?"

"I'm Molly. Did you want to see uncle?"

She led him into the house; he, meanwhile, unsuccessfully tried to draw her into conversation. He was fond of children; and Molly, clean and wholesome throughout, shy yet not awkward, freckled and tanned with sun and wind, appeared to him a

creature altogether delightful. Charming as she was, however, she would certainly not grow up beautiful; for, though so unlike her brother in coloring and expression, she possessed, in a modified form, the same obstinate mouth and heavy jaw; but her eyes bore no resemblance to Jack's; they were deliciously limpid and blue.

The Rev. Mr. Raymond was an iron-grey man, serious and cold, with eyes as lifeless as his grizzled hair. He held himself erect like a soldier, though without a soldier's ease. There was about him an antiquated stiffness, yet withal a patient dignity, as of one mindful that he was made in the image of God. His sense of order would not tolerate useless growth of any kind; therefore he was clean-shaven, showing the nakedness of the worst thing in his face—a Chinese insensitiveness, at the corners of the mouth, there came a more curve and pointing of the lines might have rendered the face a fine one, impressive if not sympathetic; but as it was, he seemed a diagram of virtue drawn in monochrome.

(To be continued.)

### NEARLY \$100 A HEAD IN BANKS.

Canadians Have \$691,891,000 Deposits Drawing Interest.

The banking system of Canada is regarded by many high authorities as being more perfectly adapted to the conditions it has to meet than any other in the world. In nothing is this system more beneficial than in the encouragement it gives to people throughout the country to save small sums of money. The banks have their agencies everywhere throughout the country, and so closely do they follow development that no community of any importance is left without banking facilities.

When the great Klondike rush took place in the late nineties the bank men were on the ground, all ready to do business, before any but the first prospectors had turned their faces in that direction. Later, in the silver and gold rushes of Cobalt, Gowganda, and Porcupine, the bank men were the first to go up in the camp made at the site of a new "strike." Likewise in the agricultural West—as soon as the new section is to be settled, the bank is there to afford all the facilities given to business men of the greatest cities.

According to a recent report, there were no fewer than 3,000 branch banks in Canada. Every one of these branches receives savings of even the smallest sums, down to one dollar, and allows interest on the whole balance at the depositor's credit. The withdrawal of money, while necessarily and properly restricted, is not attended with any difficulty or burden of formality. The money is always at the depositor's command, but, in his own interest no less than in that of the bank, he is offered inducements to leave his savings intact.

The banks come so close to the people, and their reputation for soundness and proper business methods is so high, that a tremendous inflow of savings is entrusted to their care. The funds that are strictly for savings purposes, and those more or less made use of for current transactions, cannot be separated by any sharp line of distinction; but for ordinary purposes of estimate it is usual to count as savings those funds in care of the banks that are withdrawable only after notice.

In the period since 1901, while the population of Canada has not nearly doubled, the savings deposits in the chartered banks have increased more than three-fold. According to the most recent report available these deposits now make up the tremendous sum of \$691,891,000. This is an average of almost \$100 for every man, woman and child in the country.

The existence of these savings is proof that there is a strong element of thrift in the Canadian people. The fact that so many people have taken advantage of the facilities afforded by the chartered banks to place their spare cash where it will be safe and always earning, while available at any time in case of emergency, should encourage every follower of the new fashion of thrift to open an account.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Forms of it Occur in Greek and Roman Authors.

Five hundred years before Christ, writes J. A. S. Wilson in the Saturday Review, Confucius enunciated the Golden Rule "Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you." The Chinese sage's maxim is similar to Hillel's: "What to thyself is hateful, to thy neighbor thou shalt not do" (Tobit iv, 15), and other forms of it occur in Greek and Roman authors.

But the Golden Rule of our Lord as given in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, vii, 12, is: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The latter rule is "positive," the other is "negative"; and, as the Right Rev. Charles Gore points out in his practical exposition of "The Sermon on the Mount," "One great superiority of our Lord over other teachers lies in the positive character of His teachings. His will is not simply that men should abstain from wrong-doing, but rather that they should be occupied in right-doing."

Kangaroos, of which there are fifty-five species, can sometimes leap as high as twenty feet. The male kangaroo stands from six to seven feet high.

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### A PICTURESQUE VILLAIN.

Gilderoy was a "Bonny Boy" of Six Feet Ten Inches.

"Higher than Gilderoy's kite"—we have all heard the expression, but not many of us know who or what Gilderoy was.

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy, Had roses tuck his shoonie, His stockings were of silken soy, W' garters hanging downe."

The old Scotch balladist's description suggests, surely, a gay and harmless youth in all the bravery of his knotted garter ribbons and rosetted shoes, setting forth to court some pretty lassie; but the old-time ballad of broadsheet and itinerant singer too often corresponded to the blood-and-thunder dime novel of to-day in glorifying worthless criminals out of all knowledge.

The unpunctuated Gilderoy of fact was young, and dressed with gaudy richness; but he was a "bonny boy" of six feet ten in his stocking feet, a hulking giant with glittering eyes, a shock of black curls, and a scarred cheek. His strength was enormous, and when, after a series of brutal robberies and murders, he had been overpowered by a posse of soldiers, tried and condemned to death, it enabled him to break his bonds and escape to France.

He did not venture, in a new country, to resume his crimes of violence, but he devoted himself instead to thievery, and became before long the very king of cutpurses.

One day when the king and court with the great Cardinal Richelieu had gone in state to attend mass at St. Denis, the King's eye was caught by a towering stranger in magnificent attire, and caught at the moment the stranger's hand moving gently toward the unnoted cardinal's pocket and dexterously extracting his purse.

Moreover, at that instant the pickpocket lifted his eyes and met those of the king. Seizing his own chance, Gilderoy smiled and made a slight signal to the king to keep silence. Convinced that the theft was merely a friendly wager or jest, King Louis delightedly complied, and as soon as the service was ended approached Richelieu and inquired if he had perchance a purse of gold about him, as not having his own he desired to borrow a coin.

Richelieu immediately felt for his purse and discovered his loss; but the king's laughter was soon checked when he discovered that not only was the thief genuine, but the light-fingered dandy who had ventured to make a "pal" out of the king of France had not hesitated also to empty the royal pocket on his way out of the chapel.

"Which shows," commented a contemporary chronicler, "as indeed His Majesty with some shamesfastness has admitted, that though all must laugh when a king jests and none may complain, if the move behooves the king who jests to do so of his own wit and device, or if he share his jest with

another, to know very well with whom he makes himself a partner, lest the laugh turn against those who would be laughing, and the royal dignity suffer thereby."

Gilderoy, for whom his audacious affront to the royal dignity soon made France impossible, returned to Scotland, betook himself to cattle lifting and highway robbery, and was finally betrayed by a confederate and hanged on a gallows so high that his swinging body was likened by those who saw the execution to a kite.

MINISTERIAL PETER PAN.

Little Given the Youthful-Looking Hon. Mr. Runciman.

"Runciman's great disadvantage is that he never looks old enough for the job," a Labor leader in England remarked recently when discussing the President of the Board of Trade and the South Wales coal strike. Certainly Mr. Runciman seems to be a Ministerial Peter Pan. He refuses to grow up. "What, that boy! How ridiculous!" a distinguished visitor to the House of Commons remarked on being told that the gentleman addressing the House was the President of the Board of Trade. There was some excuse for the remark, for Mr. Runciman appears at least ten years younger than his actual age—forty-five—and is the most boyish-looking Minister who has ever had a seat in the Cabinet.

The son of Sir Walter Runciman, the famous shipowner, Mr. Runciman has represented Dewsbury, in Parliament since 1902. He first entered the House of Commons, however, as member for Oldham in 1899, but was defeated in the following year by Mr. Winston Churchill, then a very active Unionist. "Good-bye," said Mr. Churchill, as he shook hands with his opponent after the election; "I do not think the world has heard the last of either of us." Now they sit in the same Cabinet and can afford to laugh over the "battles long ago."

It was not long after he entered Parliament that Mr. Runciman was marked down as a "coming man." His rise has been phenomenally rapid, first obtaining Cabinet rank in 1908 as President of the Board of Education. His business training has undoubtedly been of the greatest value to him, and he quickly gained the reputation of being a man with a keen head for finance, and a hard debater, while his wit and repartee have enlivened many a meeting inside and outside the House.

Her Fate.

"Hullo, Binks, how are you getting on?" "Oh, I've just got married."

"That's good." "No, it's not. She's a regular Tartar." "That's bad." "No, it's not. She's got plenty of money."

"That's good." "No, it's not. She's awfully mean." "That's bad." "No, it's not, because she has to keep me, anyway." "That's good." "No, it's not. I'm half-starved." "That's rotten."

No Longer Exists.

The natural comment on this strange but venacious story would be that all was well that ended well, but, temporarily, the consequences are serious. Captain Belmont having been officially returned dead has no longer a civil state of existence. He has been wiped out of the book of living Frenchmen and can no longer give or receive or sign or buy or sell. He is excluded from society, and though he is alive and well, his wife is a widow, and if a child were born it would be a posthumous one. It will probably take months and cost no small sum for him to regain his place in the sun.

NEW BRUNSWICK TO ACT.

The Survey of Crown Lands to be Proceeded With.

The Government of New Brunswick has announced that in the near future it will appoint a provincial forester and proceed with the survey of Crown timber lands, as provided for in the Act of 1912. The Crown lands comprise an area of over ten thousand square miles, or approximately one-third the total area of the province. The proposed action is entirely logical, in view of the fact that the province derives an annual revenue of over half a million dollars from these lands. A careful stock-taking, together with a thorough and scientific investigation of the questions of reproduction and rate of growth, will be required to determine the means necessary for the perpetuation of the forest and of the revenues resulting from its exploitation.

Felt Acquainted With Her.

Mrs. Jones frequently amused her neighbors and friends by implying that she was acquainted with some of the most exclusive people, although her own social position was ordinary. One day she chanced to mention a certain most exclusive lady quite as if she had a calling acquaintance with her. "Do you know Mrs. G—?" asked the neighbor. "Well, not to say personally, but in a way, I feel acquainted with her—in a way. You see, we both get our milk off the same man."



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