

Give the "Kiddies"  
All They Want of

## CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



220W

It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value.

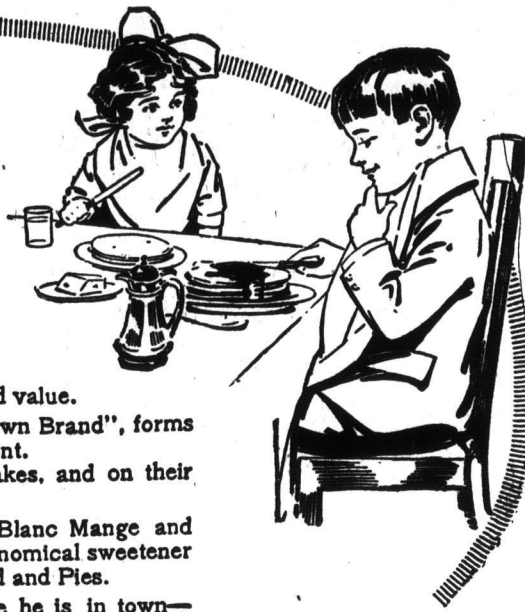
A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin.

**THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED**  
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.  
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—  
and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.



Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

Put **INCUBATOR** To Work  
An **INCUBATOR** Now



This Cabinet  
can pay for itself  
and make money for  
you by the  
time spring gets here  
with practically no  
extra work.

The G. G. G. Cabinet Incubator gives you a double White Pine, Asbestos and Wool Packed egg chamber; Pure Copper hot water heating apparatus that is absolutely uniform; an automatic temperature regulator; and an instruction book that makes everything as plain as A B C. Completely equipped and ready to operate when you get it. They're not expensive, either. 60-egg capacity, \$18; 120-egg capacity, \$24; 240-egg capacity, \$29, freight prepaid. We can also supply brooders, hovers, and all necessary equipment. Get our special book on Incubators and Poultry Supplies—it's FREE.

**The Grain Growers' Co. Ltd.**  
Agency at:  
NEW WESTMINSTER,  
British Columbia

Branches at:  
REGINA, Sask.  
CALGARY, Alta.  
FT. WILLIAM, Ont.  
**HEAD OFFICE Winnipeg, Man.**

Why is the name of Florence Nightingale immortal? She helped to dignify labor and to elevate humanity.

I like to think of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in this connection. Some one said of her: "When mothers teach their daughters to cultivate their minds as did Mrs. Browning, as well as to emulate sweetness of temper, then will men venerate women for both mental

We seek for beauty on the heights afar;  
But on earth it glimmers all the while;  
'Tis the garden where the roses are;  
'Tis the glory of a mother's smile.  
We esek for God in every distant place;  
But, lo, beside us He forever stands;  
We meet Him guised as sunlight face to face;  
We touch Him when we take a sister's hand."



Banana Patch at Los Indios

and moral power. A love that has reverence, for its foundation knows no change."

One seemed never to dream of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Books and humanity, great deeds, and above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and therefore oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion.

Her husband would not touch her prayer-book before washing his hands, so reverently did he regard her cleanliness of character.

The Italians, who loved her, placed on the doorway of Casa Guidi a white marble tablet, with the words:

"Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who, in the heart of a woman, united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made her verse a golden ring binding Italy to England."

The fourth inner need of every girl is the spirit of sacrifice. Since there is such nation-wide example of this just now among our men and women, we may look about us anywhere and learn lessons that are not surpassed in history. All internal needs may be summarized in will-power and efficiency—the greatest need in the life of any girl. The two great safeguards for a girl are knowledge of pitfalls and skill to earn herself, independent of favor, a decent living—yes, efficiency and will-power are the best protectors a girl can have—these are the greatest needs of the wage-earning girl to-day—in fact, the greatest needs of any girl.

And the greatest external need? A good Christian woman friend.

### The Isle of Pines

On another page of this issue appears an advertisement of the Canada Land and Fruit Company which is worthy of consideration.

The Isle of Pines was not content to set a record for early grapefruit shipments this season—it has added to its laurels as "The Garden Spot of the World" by setting a record for early shipment of winter vegetables. The first shipment of peppers was made during the week of November 13—nearly a month in advance of the usual Island season, and fully two months in advance of the earliest shipping date for growers in the States. The advantages of early shipments are almost too obvious to require comment. It means demand that supply is insufficient to meet, and consequent exceptionally high prices and big profits.

The grapefruit growers on the Isle of Pines are going to reap such prosperity this season as never before in its history of continued and increasing successes. The European war which last year tore the bottom out of the fruit market just as the fruit growers were on the threshold of a successful season, has reacted to the benefit of the planter. There has never been so great a demand for grapefruit in years as there is this season.

The growing child as well as adult should be taught how to swim; it develops a poise, or balance almost impossible to attain, unless a long and sometimes tiresome course of training is undertaken, which may be developed by spending a few weeks at the seashore or lake, and swimming regularly every day.

### That is Best

Mother, I see you, with your nursery light,  
Leading your babies, all in white,  
To their sweet rest;  
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,  
And that is best!

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine  
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine  
On your warm breast;  
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine—  
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms  
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,  
And sore oppress;  
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,  
And that is best!

You know over yours may hang even now  
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow  
Nought can arrest;  
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,  
And that is best!

You know that of yours the feeblest one  
And dearest, may live long years alone,  
Unloved, unblest;  
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,  
And that is best!

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,  
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,  
And unconfessed;  
Mine entered, spotless, on eternal years,  
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see  
Always why I should so stricken be,  
More than the rest;  
But I know that, as well as for them, for me  
God did the best!

### Beyond the Dawn

By Frank Lillie Pollock

I will take back the life I knew.  
The old life that I knew of yore,  
And seek beyond the sky-line blue  
The old romance, the wonder-shore.

I have forgotten it too long.  
The evening darkens; down the street  
The puny pale-faced peoples throng  
The reeking squares with foolish feet.

In the deep skies of mine own land  
The quenchless moons of magic rise;  
Empearled the fairy turrets stand,  
Whose vision lured my boyish eyes.

Their crested flares across the night  
That lowers upon the foreign main;  
But all the halls shall burst in light  
When I, their lord, come home again.

I will go back to yesterday;  
The old adventure is the best;  
And down the unforgotten way  
Ride on the still unfinished quest.

By druid wood and haunted mere,  
On goblin moor and mountainside  
Sparkling like stars go crest and spear,  
In chiming mail the warriors ride.

Above the roads like flame and flower  
The knightly pennons flutter free;  
And in some giant-guarded tower  
A prisoned princess waits for me.

The daylight dies in fog and rain,  
The grimy streets dissolve in gray;  
Ah, how the city throbs with pain!  
How far it is to yesterday!

A very pretty and palatable dish may be made by cutting the cabbage into eighths; throw these into boiling salted water, and bring to the boiling point; simmer, never boil, until the cabbage is transparent and white; this will take about thirty minutes. Drain; arrange on a round dish, one piece overlapping the other. Pour over half a pint of cream sauce, dust lightly with finely chopped parsley, and serve at once.