

"Perfect Seal" Quart Jar.



Three Pounds of Syrup.

## In 3 pound Glass Jars

Your grocer has "Crown Brand" Syrup in these new glass jars—it 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. 143  
THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

### CZAR ONCE WAS A PRIVATE.

Submitted to All the Rigors of Military Life.

The Czar, who has placed himself at the head of his army, at one time served as a private, submitting himself to all the rigor of military life, saluting his officers and carrying the full equipment, which then weighed nearly seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the weight of the rifle, writes a correspondent.

On the regimental roll he was inscribed as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Ortholox faith, coming from Tsarkoe-Selo. One of the important new influences in the immediate entourage of the Czar will be Count Varentzoff-Daschkoff, whose vicereignty of the Caucasus is taken over by the Grand Duke Nicholas. The Count has been Viceroy of the Caucasus for eighteen years. He is known to be an especial favorite of the Emperor, who has repeatedly expressed his admiration of his Caucasian reforms.

Sent to repair the blunders of his predecessor, Prince Goltz, who had contrived to plunge the country into anarchy, the Count rescued the Government from a state of terrorism, put down brigandage—the curse of

the province—and by his tact and humanity brought the Caucasian peoples to a condition of comparative ease and security.

Like Gen. Alexieff, Russia's new strong man and the Czar's right hand man, Varentzoff-Daschkoff, made his reputation in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878.

### WOMEN'S NEW EMPLOYMENT.

Wide Range of Activities Which They Can Perform.

An article in the Windsor Magazine deals with the war-time services of women, and the extent to which they have already been able to replace and release men for active service by undertaking their work at home. The wide range of activities in which this substantial service can be performed is carefully considered. In the course of his theme the writer says:—"This great war has given woman's life a new turn. She has seen five great hospitals at the Front entirely supplied and maintained by her own sex. Lower down the scale she has seen skilled women driving motors in the London streets at a wage and allowance far above the ordinary. These new chauffeurs work the same hours as men, though, of course, they do no unloading or repairs. One, at least, is a singer by profession—a well-loved girl, careful in traffic and keen on her work. Gone for ever, then, is the helpless woman in a world of endless opportunity for energy and wit. One big company owning motor vans reported fifty applications a day from would-be lady drivers. Other girls—young dressmakers and actresses out of work through the war—learn toy-making with chisel and saw. When proficient it is their intention to teach the trade in our small towns and villages, thus setting up a home industry like that which once brought Austria and Germany millions of pounds a year. The women's Emergency Corps supply gardeners and groomers. There are girls now instead of boys at the railway bookstalls, and soon there will be many more, for they take kindly to the work, are polite and deft, as well as anxious to interest a new customer."

### METAL OF OCEAN FIGHTERS.

Varies From Eighteen Inches in Thickness to Five-eighths.

It may not be generally known that, while the armor plate which protects an ironclad from projectiles is eight or ten inches in thickness the other necessary plates scarcely exceed five-eighths of an inch. The thickest plates are along the vessel's sides, but the direct forepart of the ship is fitted with a "ram," and this may be two or more feet in thickness. Everything in the vicinity of the large guns of a battleship is made of solid steel, for the force of an explosion is so terrific that anything of slight texture would be smashed like so much matchwood by it.

The armor plating used for the hull is made in pieces weighing from thirty-five to forty tons each, and in fixing the sheets screws or rivets no less than four inches in diameter, and varying in length according to the thickness of the metal, have to be pressed into service.

Didn't Favor Proxies.

Mrs. Morton (angrily)—"Tommy Horton, what made you hit my little Johnny?" Tommy Horton—He struck me with a brick. Mrs. Morton (more angrily)—"Well, never let me hear of your hitting him again. If he hits you, you come and tell me." Tommy Horton (sneeringly)—"Yes; and what would you do?" Mrs. Morton—"Why, I'd whip him." Tommy Horton (in disgust)—"What! He hits me with a brick, and you have the fun of licking him for it? Not much!"

Sympathy is what everybody thinks the other fellow ought to have.

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

### CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Raymond, my lad, Mirski's mother tells me you have undertaken to look after him and keep him out of mischief," said Dr. Cross. "I told her I was sure the little chap couldn't be in better hands. You'd doubt him a lot of good already; I've just been talking about it with the monitors. You're a good fellow, if you could control your temper. By the way, if you should happen to have any little differences with the others, nobly will mind your settling them with your fists in the old-fashioned manner provided you don't go too far; but you'd better not threaten your school-fellows with anything of the kind; time; it isn't an English way of going to work."

"Very well, sir," said Jack, submissively.

In the corridor a little hand stole into his. "Jack," Theo whispered, looking up with soft eyes like his mother's, "is anything wrong with you? You're all shaking."

Jack stood still, feeling the small consoling fingers curl round his. Presently he pulled his hand roughly away.

"What should be wrong with me? There'd be nothing wrong, if people would only let me alone."

He shoved past the child and went about for the rest of the day with a hard face, surly and defiant. But late in the night, when masters and boys were asleep, he lay and brooded silently, hopelessly, for hours.

It was some little time before the pillar of sleepless nights began to show through Jack's swarthy skin. He was so miserably healthy, so strong and sturdy, that even if he had fallen bodily ill he would have shown it less than most boys. But he was not ill; there was nothing the matter with him but sheer misery. Only as the weeks dragged by he grew more colorless and haggard, and the look that he had worn last August came slowly back into his eyes. At last the headmaster began to get anxious and took him to a doctor, who looked at him in a keen, puzzled way, and presently asked: "Have you been upset about anything?"

"No, sir," said Jack with his stolid face.

The doctor finally declared him to be "a little below par," and prescribed a tonic, which of course did no good. "I wonder what's the matter with that boy Raymond," said Dr. Cross to the mathematical master.

"Do you think he's moping?" "Hardly; he seems too stolid a creature to mope much. But one never can tell; perhaps he's a bit homesick."

The days were not so bad; there were always lessons and games, and the presence of his schoolfellows. He took no interest in any of these distractions; but they filled up time and space and kept out other things. Yet sometimes, even in the middle of cricket or football, the thought of the coming night would strike at his heart.

Of all torments the keenest was to see his schoolfellows asleep. By day he now envied, now despised them; by night he was ashamed before them. He would sit on the edge of his bed, watching the long still rows of placid figures, listening to the sound of their breathing. Sometimes one would turn over with a sigh, or another would fling a bare arm out upon the coverlet; and to the desolate onlooker the sight was as the stab of a knife.

The Easter holidays were close at hand, and a flutter of excitement had begun in the school. To Jack the prospect of solitude and silence was now a relief, now an added terror. Suddenly it flashed upon him that only four months remained, till the long summer vacation, and that then he should have to go home. Somehow, he had never thought of that before.

"Raymond," said Dr. Cross, on the last Monday of the term, "you remember it was arranged that you should spend Easter here? I find now that it can't be managed, because of the spring cleaning; so I wrote to ask your uncle if he could make it convenient to have you home, and he wires that he'll expect you next Saturday. I'm glad, for I think a scamp on the moors will do you good."

The spring cleaning difficulty was a kindly fiction. Dr. Cross having decided that the boy must be homesick, Jack went out into the playing fields with a face of stone. His four months' grace had vanished, and he must decide now what he would do.

He might run away. But there was the risk of being caught and taken home by force. Also, to run away when one has no money and no friend to go to, would mean a lot of thinking, and planning, and arranging; and he was too tired. There was a way of escape that was quite safe and simple, and one could take it without any trouble.

He walked down to the pond in the hollow of the furthest field. The deep water lay still and black, bordered by trails of leafless bramble and sodden wrecks of last year's rushes. He threw a stone into the middle of the pond, and watched till the slow ripples died away; then crept along an overhanging tree trunk, and looked down into the water. Yes, it would be quite easy.

Then in an instant the fear of death took hold upon him. He shut his eyes, that he might not see the water, and clung with both hands to the tree trunk. "I can't! Oh, I can't! I can't! I can't!"

He reached solid ground again, and opened his eyes. If he had only been brave for one minute, it would have been all over by now; but he was a coward. All degraded creat-

ures are cowards; he remembered reading that somewhere. He was not brave enough to drown himself, or to run away; so he must submit, as towards any brute, to the will of fate. He must go back to Porthcarrick, and see the woodshed, and his uncle's face, and the staircase which they had gone up together.

"Why, Raymond, what's the matter with you, boy?" Jack put out both hands in the direction of the voice.

"I—feel sick."

Dr. Cross took him by the arm. "Come indoors," he said; "you'd better lie down."

The dormitory was quiet and airy. Jack lay down on his bed, and the headmaster brought him a glass of water.

"Let me look at your tongue. No, that's all right; and you're not feverish."

"There's nothing the matter with me. I only got a bit giddy."

Dr. Cross looked down at him for a little while.

"I wonder whether you've been feeling rather lonely, perhaps, as you hadn't been away from home before? I remember when I was a youngster I didn't like it at first."

Jack clenched his teeth. Oh, if they would leave him alone, all these people!

"I'll be all right next term," said Dr. Cross. "Perhaps you feel rather a stranger here still, but you'll soon get used to it."

"Oh, yes," he said; "I shall get used to it."

A class bell rang, and Jack lifted his head from the pillow. Dr. Cross gently pushed him down again.

"No, you'd better lie still for a bit, and go to sleep."

Jack put up his left hand, and bit it till tears started under his closed eyelids; then he pressed it down over his eyes, trying to make shapes and colors come, and shut out other images.

His teeth showed in livid crescents on the brown skin.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Raymond!" cried Theo, bursting into the room. "Mother's come! Jack's head went down over the algebra book."

"Hold your noise, you little donkey! Can't you see I'm doing lessons?"

"Well, you needn't be so beastly sulky, if you are! I only came to say that the mathematical master."

"Do you think he's moping?" "Hardly; he seems too stolid a creature to mope much. But one never can tell; perhaps he's a bit homesick."

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## ST LAWRENCE SUGAR

Best For all Holiday Dainties because it is all pure cane sugar and yields the greatest amount of sweetening.

St. Lawrence "Diamond" being Sugar helps the taste and appearance of the Cake.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

JOFFRE'S DAY.

How Great French General Spends the Twenty-four Hours.

The pride and pomp of war have gone. A visit to General Joffre, except for one or two orderlies at the gate, says a correspondent of the London Times, is just an ordinary visit to an ordinary hotel.

Pere Joffre received me at the appointed hour in a tiny room with a long, narrow table covered with a white felt top. The room was probably one of the servants' offices in the days when the building where his headquarters are situated was a hotel.

He arrives in this room at half past six o'clock every morning, and at seven o'clock he has a conference with the leading officials of the general staff. At this conference all the reports and dispatches of the night are discussed, and orders are given for the day. Luncheon is served at eleven o'clock, and always consists of eggs and cutlets, after which, at twelve o'clock, there is another conference.

At one o'clock the general goes out until four o'clock. He either walks or drives, generally in the adjacent woods. At half past eight o'clock there is a third conference, attended by the same people, and at nine o'clock punctually the general goes to bed. The rest of the day he stays in his room poring over the maps.

He stays all the time at his headquarters, except that once a week he goes to the front to inspect the troops or to see generals. A very efficient telephone service makes it unnecessary for him to leave headquarters.

Joffre wears a pale blue tunic, of very ample proportions, no decorations except three gold stars on his arm and on the cuffs, and the usual red trousers with the black stripe.

As he rose from the writing-table, the impressing of the man upon me was that of massiveness. Uniform caps of whatever nationality have the effect of making men look more or less alike. The great head of Joffre, the iron chin, the kind, rather sad eyes, are quite unlike the photographs and equally unlike our stupid notion of what we call "the average Frenchman."

Pere Joffre, although he comes from the south of France, speaks slowly, and with no more gesture than a Scotchman, in the rich accent of the Midi.

Why He Left It.

An Irishman in London was holding forth to some companions on the good points of his native country. "It is the cheapest country in the world to live in," said he. "You will buy a fine salmon for sixpence and a dozen mackerel for twopenny. And Paddy, why did you leave that blessed and cheap country?" "I left it because I didn't happen to have either the twopenny or the sixpence about me," replied Paddy.

SECRET OF BRITAIN'S MIGHT.

The Spirit Which Animates the British Army and Nation.

A Kilmarnock (Scotland) woman whose husband is on active service had the privilege the other day of witnessing a scene which, whatever be the future, she will never forget, and one that deserves to be enshrined in the pages of history as a striking illustration of the spirit that animates the British Army and the British nation in this hour of crisis and clashing systems. Her man had been quartered at Edinburgh Castle, and, chosen with others to fill a draft for the front, sent word for her to come through and bid him good-bye. She did so, and they had a while together. Then, ere she left, says the Standard, the assembly sounded, and on the historic square, shadowed by the grim battlements that had seen many a famous parade, the draft of a couple of hundred men or so, her man among them, was drawn up. The only spectators a few women folk, like herself, there to bid farewell to loved ones about to march into the unknown. The men were addressed by an officer and told that in an hour or so they would be on the way to France and the firing line; but, he added, if any man would care to stay at home and do munitions work he might step forward. There was not a movement in the ranks. For a moment or two there was deep silence, then a voice called "Are any of us downhearted?" and from two hundred throats an emphatic "No!" woke the echoes of the parade ground and clove the still air like a volley. That is the secret of Britain's might, and of the invincibility of her serried hosts.

An Unfortunate.

"Did you come to change before leaving the window?"

"Then we can't rectify mistakes."

"I'm glad that I found after I got away from here that you had given me \$5 too much."

## CONSTANTINOPLE'S IMMENSE GROWTH

PRESENT POPULATION A MILLION AND A QUARTER.

City Extends Far Beyond Ancient Walled Capital of the Emperors.

"Constantinople extends far beyond the ancient walled city of the emperors, which only covered the promontory known to-day as Stamboul. This promontory, bounded on the north by the poetic Golden Horn, which, extending some miles inland, forms perhaps the most magnificent harbor in the world," says a correspondent to the Yorkshire, England, Post, "and on the south by the blue waters of the Marmora, is indeed the most enchanting part of the city; but the present population, estimated at about a million and a quarter, could not be housed within its borders. Facing the eastern side of Stamboul, on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus and Marmora, stand the ancient cities of Calcedon (Kadikewy) and Chrysopolis (Scutari). These now form part of Constantinople. Across the Golden Horn to the north, up the slopes of the hill crowned by Galata tower, built by the Genoese, houses upon houses are so crowded together that, looked at from the sea, it would seem as though there were no streets to separate them."

Numerous Villages.

"The shores of the Bosphorus are strewn with villages, some insignificant, some fairly considerable, all of them part of the city. To the west, beyond the Leven towers and the magnificent marble gate through which the emperors rode in splendor," the writer continues, "numerous other villages have sprung up, and to-day Constantinople may be said to extend to a length of some twenty miles. The coast running south from Kadikewy, and the Princes islands are also included in the city, so that in width, too, there is a very great difference since the days of the Turkish conquest."

Constantine founded his capital in 328, and for eleven hundred years it was a Christian city. Walking the narrow streets to-day one comes across here a mosque, which was once a Christian church, there a Greek inscription; here a column with beautiful capital; there the foundation of a once gleaming bronze column. But most wonderful of all stands that noble edifice, now mosque, of St. Sophia. Built on the top of the first hill, immediately behind the site of the emperor's palace, it dominates the city. Its dome, outlined against the horizon, catches the eye from every point of view. What has St. Sophia not seen? The crowning of emperors with all the pomp and ceremony, expresses riding in state into the spacious ladies' gallery, quarrels, intrigues, and, lastly, a conquered emperor, fleeing to it for refuge from the invading Turk. All these form a succession of events whose narrative holds one in spell.

The Conquering Turk

did not in any way lessen the romance of the life in the city, and to-day the charm is still there. Which one of us, having once threaded his way through the fascinating bazaars, does not picture again the quaint shops with vendors sitting cross-legged on the floor, the curious old arches, the Oriental crowds in their gay colors?

"Since the revolution and counter-revolution of 1909 much has been done to improve the general aspect of the city, and also to facilitate communication. A splendid new bridge has been thrown across the Golden Horn, streets have been widened and paved, electric trams have taken the place of horse trams, public parks have been opened in various parts of the city, the Turkish postoffice has been reorganized, and last, but not least, a telephone system has been established."

"The Turk," the writer says, in conclusion, "is polite to a fault; he is often shocked by the brusqueness of the Westerner. His sense of humor is large, his inimitable way of storytelling is proverbial. Those of us who have known him intimately have found him a generous host, a kindly neighbor, and a good comrade; but as a ruler quite incapable of falling in with modern methods."

What He Made.

During the trial of a case in court it became necessary to take the testimony of a curiously reserved witness.

"What do you do?" asked the lawyer having him under examination.

"I am very well," was the unexpected answer.

"I am not asking as to your health. I want to know what you do."

"I work."

"Where do you work?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"It is a rather large factory."

"May I venture to inquire what you make in the factory?"

"You want to know what I make in the factory?"

"Precisely. Answer without further circumlocution. Tell us what you make."

"I make \$10 a week."

## 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 49 years of the Hospital's existence there have been treated within its walls 26,408 children as in-patients; 231,788 as out-patients, a grand total of 258,196 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 499 patients were admitted from 222 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, 51 club-foot, 17 dislocations of hip, 42 tubercular disease of knee, hip, ankle, wrist and elbow; 76 infantile paralysis, 3 wry neck, and 21 miscellaneous.

Our battle is never-ending—ix 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.