



Delicious with Blanc Mange

Have you ever tried "Crown Brand" with Blanc Mange and other Corn Syrup puddings? They seem to blend perfectly—each improves the other—together, they make simple, inexpensive desserts, that everyone says are "simply delicious."

EDWARDSBURG "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

is ready to serve over all kinds of puddings—makes a new and attractive dish of such an old favorite as Baked Apples—is far cheaper than butter or preserves when spread on bread—and is best for Candy-making.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 LB. TINS.

THE CANADA SYRUP CO., LIMITED
Head Office - Montreal

"L.L.C. WHITE" is a pure white corn syrup—more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand." Perhaps you would prefer it.

"BLACK SHEEP" WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BOYS ARE HEROES.

Many of Them Have Won Glory Since War Began Its Alarms.

The war has discovered in the erst-while "black sheep" of the family much potential heroism, and in scores of instances, heroism that is superb, dauntless, says London Answers.

Take a single fact in proof. The Armies and Naval crews that are winning Britain such undying glory in the present struggle number among them nearly twenty thousand boys from industrial schools and reformatories.

As official records show, hundreds of these lads have displayed a courage and a self-sacrifice worthy of our best traditions, while up to the end of March last, no fewer than twenty had been mentioned in despatches, twenty-five had been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, three had been awarded French decorations, eight had received commissions, and on three the King had bestowed the highest of all honors for a soldier or a sailor—the coveted Victoria Cross.

Wrongly Estimated.

The writer has read many human documents of high life and low, but he has never read a more stirring collection than that which lies before him now. It consists of extracts from despatches, of official reports of institutions, of private letters from the front—all dealing with the conduct, under fire, and in a hundred tight places, of boys who, a few months or years ago, were ticketed "bad," or thought needful of correction or restraint.

One question keeps hammering for answer: If these are our "bad" boys, what of the others? Certainly our criterion of "badness" has been sadly at fault.

The casualty lists show that they have been in the thick of the fight. Of the 20,000 death has claimed 592, and 1,540 have been wounded. More than 500 died in the very heat of battle.

The first V.C. awarded to a former inmate of an industrial school was won by a lance-corporal in a Welsh regiment for "conspicuous gallantry in advancing a hundred yards to rescue his wounded captain and carry him back to cover under very heavy machine-gun and rifle fire."

Saving the Guns.

A few weeks later, while again directly imperilling his life to save another, he himself was hit by shrapnel and severely wounded.

The record of a lad who was once described by his master as "one of the worst boys in the school" is no less brilliant. At Le Sateau he and another driver in the Royal Field Artillery volunteered to save some guns. The enemy's infantry was only a hundred yards away, and turned on them a withering fire. The men accomplished their mission unhurt. Both received the V.C. Our hero, who was formerly in a truant school, was only eighteen. A sentence in an old school report gives the key to his character: "He hates school, but, on the other hand, seems to like work."

The first victim of the war, among these boys, was a seaman on H.M.S. Amphion, the first ship to deal a deadly blow at the enemy, destroying a German minelayer and herself falling a victim to one of the mines. He joined as a stoker, but for his good conduct and marked ability, was soon promoted to engineer's writer. His last message was:

"We are out to-night under sealed orders. We have got everything ready for war here, and I sincerely hope we go and fight the Germans, as they want a lesson. If we do, I will do my best to bring credit to the school by doing my utmost and not acting cowardly."

A fine example of the "public-school spirit" in unexpected quarters.

There is nothing weak in these personal letters. On the contrary, they all display a pluck and an indifference to pain worthy of boys from the best families in the land. Where could one better find this, for example:

"I am writing this in bed, in the Royal Naval hospital. The day after I wrote last I was sent aboard H.M.S. Talbot, and we went straight out to the North Sea, where we joined the Fleet. A chum of mine has had one of his arms cut off. We were a 4-in-gun's crew, and while we were fighting at Heligoland a shell from the enemy's cruiser Hela dropped on the quarter-deck, killing the drummer and also the gun-layer and sight-setter. One of the bullets from the shell caught me in my right shoulder-blade.

"There were 175 of us taken to hospital together. I managed to keep with my chum. The reason he lost his arm was, he was stooping down to pick up a charge when the shell hit him, carrying his arms with it. I was projectile loader, and was just in time to miss it. I hope to be better within a month and out to the front again. I get quite excited through it all."

That these brave deeds are the fruit of good qualities rightly trained is proved by the case of a sergeant in a regiment, who won the Distinguished Conduct Medal on two occasions.

After four years in an industrial school, where he was rewarded for good conduct and skill in sports, he enlisted direct, two years before the war.

In November last he was already sergeant, though only twenty-three. In that month he was captured by the Germans. They took away his revolver, and tried to "pump" him. But the sergeant was one too many for them. He ingeniously lured them into the British lines, with the result that they in turn were made prisoners.

His second war was won at Ypres, in June. While a bayonet charge was in operation the sergeant leapt from his trench, and, under a heavy fire, conveyed ten wounded comrades to safety.

Praised for His Daring.

"Nor does every brave deed performed by these boys win reward, or even public mention. A trumpet-major in the Hussars tells the following of an industrial schoolfellow named "Mac."

"Young Mac had some hard lines at a charge of our troops made at some Maxims. There were only four returned of thirty-five, and whether he was wounded or not I cannot say, but his horse was killed, and we have not heard of him since. Had not his troop officer got killed Mac would have been mentioned, for at Mons a man was wanted to cross the firing-line. His officer called for a volunteer; out came Mac, and got the message to the brigadier and brought an answer back safely, which was praised as a daring piece of work."

It was just the same in the Boer War. The Home Office schoolboy showed up as well as the best of them. When the last roll was called it was found that 4,565 such boys engaged in the war, 216 were killed, 315 were wounded, or died of disease, four were mentioned in despatches, ten won the D.C.M., two obtained commissions, and four won the Victoria Cross.

War Stops Unique Paper.

One of the most extraordinary little newspapers in Europe has been forced out of existence by the war. It was published at Eberswalde, Germany, and issued twice a week, printing the local news of the little community in which it circulated. Its unique feature lay in the fact that it was printed on one side of the paper only, and carried an announcement that this was done so that it could be used for wrapping up provisions without contaminating the food by contact with the printer's ink. The war has occasioned a shortage in paper, resulting in so high a price that the Eberswalde Lokal Anzeiger has had to discontinue.

General Sir Ian Hamilton has published more than one volume of poetry. Midshipmen are promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant after three years if their examinations are satisfactory.

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

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"I don't agree with you. As vicar of the parish he ought to know the seducer's name, for the protection of other girls. It was sheer obstinacy that made her refuse to tell." "Or sheer terror. Anyhow, about the boys." The schoolmaster drew back. "For Heaven's sake!" he cried; "you don't suspect one of my boys about the Roscoe girl?" "No, no, of course not! It's some young fisherman. That is . . ." They both paused a moment.

"I hadn't thought of that," the curate went on, with a troubled face; "but Greaves and Polished . . . Anyway, it's no use imagining horrors like that till we have cause. And Heaven knows the other thing's black enough."

"It is indeed; and the worst is that I'm afraid the Vicar's own nephew is at the bottom of it all." "Hewitt, are you sure of that? Jack is without exception the most trouble-some boy I ever came across, but he doesn't look to me that sort, anyhow. Now if you'd said Thompson—"

"Oh, as for Thompson, I have no doubt at all. But I'm afraid Jack must be a bad lot too; he's so utterly callous. And if so, his influence over all the other boys makes him fearfully dangerous. You know, in everything, it's he that leads them away. I scarcely know how to go and tell Mr. Raymond what I suspect, after all the trouble he's taken about the school. I'm convinced of one thing: if we have to have a scandal in this place, and boys expelled, and the newspapers' reporters down, and his nephew's in it, I'll break the Vicar's heart. Who's that—Greaves?"

A slim, indefinite-looking boy, with timid eyes, too prominent and a little too near together, got up from beneath a tussle of gorse, and pulled at his cap with a shamefaced grin. He was the village blacksmith's son, and a personal satellite of Jack Raymond, without whose nefarious influence he would probably never have had the courage to rob any man's orchard. A born huckster, he made a good deal of pocket-money by accompanying Mr. Hewitt's scholars on various marauding expeditions under Jack's leadership, and selling them birds, ferrets, and fishing-tackle by the way.

"Could you go a message for me this afternoon?" asked the curate. "If Master Jack will let me, sir; he told me to wait for him here: he wants to go fishing."

"You see," sighed Mr. Hewitt, as he walked on with his friend. "Jack told him to wait; and he'll wait the whole afternoon sooner than disobey. A boy like that is putty in Jack's hands."

Indeed, Billy Greaves had waited for a long time when his commander appeared, moody and wrathful-eyed, and dismissed him with a curt: "Bill, it's no go."

"Why, Jack, aren't you coming?" "Can't; the beastly sneak is keeping me in to do a lot of piggyish Latin—just because the weather's fine."

"What, old Hewitt? Why—"

"No, uncle, of course; it's just his spite."

"Have you been putting his back up again?"

"Oh, the everlasting story—want of respect to the bishop. I wish that old boy would come back out of his grave for five minutes—wouldn't I just punch his head!"

The Bishop, an eminent and learned great-uncle of the Raymonds, and the only member of the family who had ever attained to any special distinction, was at the vicarage a kind of household god on a small scale. Every object connected with his memory was treated with solemn reverence; and Jack's grudge against him was, perhaps, a natural result of the many hundreds of "lines" that he had written out, on various half-holidays, as penance for transgressing against the family taboo.

"You know that knife with the green handle that uncle makes such a fuss over because the Duke of something or other gave it to the Bishop?" I just took it to mend my tackle this afternoon, and of course, he came in and caught me; and wasn't he wild! I slipped out at the back door as quick as I can. Good-bye."

"Jack!" Billy called after the retreating figure: "meet me behind our cowshed when you're done; we'll have some larks."

Jack stopped and turned back. "Why, what's up?"

"Whitefoot's calving, and something's gone wrong. Father's sent for the vet to put her right. He won't let me in; but there's a chink at the back by the ash-heap, and we can—"

Jack drew up suddenly. "Bill Greaves, if I catch you hanging about and peeping at things that aren't your business, the vet'll have you to put right next, you dirty little cad!"

Billy subsided meekly enough, but with a small internal chuckle, remembering what things could safely be said and done under this strict commander's very nose.

"All right," he said mildly; "you needn't snap my head off. I say, do you want a grey-bird?"

"What, a tame one?" "Well, you can tame it if you like. I caught one yesterday in the glen—a beauty. You can have it for ninepence."

"And where am I going to get the ninepence?" "Why, you had half-a-crown the other day."

Jack shrugged his shoulders; money never would stop in his pockets for any length of time.

"I've only got twopenny halfpenny now."

"All right! then I shall let Greaves

have the bird; he asked me for it. I'll blind it to-night."

Jack's level brows contracted into a frown.

"Let the thing alone, can't you!" he said angrily. "What'd you want to blind it for? It'll sing right enough without that."

At this second display of mawkishness in his captain Billy permitted himself a little snigger.

"Why, Jack, I didn't think you were so soft! Of course I'm going to blind it; it's the proper way. There's nothing to make all that fuss about; you just stick a needle into a cork and make it red-hot and—"

"Let me see the bird before you do it," Jack interrupted imperiously. "I'll get done by tea-time."

He walked away, his forehead still contracted. Perhaps the dash of Hungarian blood inherited from his mother was responsible for the overweening personal pride which made any suspicion of ridicule so intolerably galling to him. He rated himself fiercely for caring who peeped and sniggered at "beastly" sights, or put up with a wild bird's eyes. What was it to him that he should mind so much? Nobody else ever minded those things.

Nevertheless, the grey-bird and the hot needle kept getting in the way of the Latin verses the whole afternoon, and Jack's temper grew worse and worse. His education and surroundings, the steady hardening process through which he had been put, had come near to grinding out of him all the trouble he's taken about the school. I'm convinced of one thing: if we have to have a scandal in this place, and boys expelled, and the newspapers' reporters down, and his nephew's in it, I'll break the Vicar's heart. Who's that—Greaves?"

A slim, indefinite-looking boy, with timid eyes, too prominent and a little too near together, got up from beneath a tussle of gorse, and pulled at his cap with a shamefaced grin. He was the village blacksmith's son, and a personal satellite of Jack Raymond, without whose nefarious influence he would probably never have had the courage to rob any man's orchard. A born huckster, he made a good deal of pocket-money by accompanying Mr. Hewitt's scholars on various marauding expeditions under Jack's leadership, and selling them birds, ferrets, and fishing-tackle by the way.

"Could you go a message for me this afternoon?" asked the curate. "If Master Jack will let me, sir; he told me to wait for him here: he wants to go fishing."

"You see," sighed Mr. Hewitt, as he walked on with his friend. "Jack told him to wait; and he'll wait the whole afternoon sooner than disobey. A boy like that is putty in Jack's hands."

Indeed, Billy Greaves had waited for a long time when his commander appeared, moody and wrathful-eyed, and dismissed him with a curt: "Bill, it's no go."

"Why, Jack, aren't you coming?" "Can't; the beastly sneak is keeping me in to do a lot of piggyish Latin—just because the weather's fine."

"What, old Hewitt? Why—"

"No, uncle, of course; it's just his spite."

"Have you been putting his back up again?"

"Oh, the everlasting story—want of respect to the bishop. I wish that old boy would come back out of his grave for five minutes—wouldn't I just punch his head!"

The Bishop, an eminent and learned great-uncle of the Raymonds, and the only member of the family who had ever attained to any special distinction, was at the vicarage a kind of household god on a small scale. Every object connected with his memory was treated with solemn reverence; and Jack's grudge against him was, perhaps, a natural result of the many hundreds of "lines" that he had written out, on various half-holidays, as penance for transgressing against the family taboo.

"You know that knife with the green handle that uncle makes such a fuss over because the Duke of something or other gave it to the Bishop?" I just took it to mend my tackle this afternoon, and of course, he came in and caught me; and wasn't he wild! I slipped out at the back door as quick as I can. Good-bye."

"Jack!" Billy called after the retreating figure: "meet me behind our cowshed when you're done; we'll have some larks."

Jack stopped and turned back. "Why, what's up?"

"Whitefoot's calving, and something's gone wrong. Father's sent for the vet to put her right. He won't let me in; but there's a chink at the back by the ash-heap, and we can—"

Jack drew up suddenly. "Bill Greaves, if I catch you hanging about and peeping at things that aren't your business, the vet'll have you to put right next, you dirty little cad!"

Billy subsided meekly enough, but with a small internal chuckle, remembering what things could safely be said and done under this strict commander's very nose.

"All right," he said mildly; "you needn't snap my head off. I say, do you want a grey-bird?"

"What, a tame one?" "Well, you can tame it if you like. I caught one yesterday in the glen—a beauty. You can have it for ninepence."

"And where am I going to get the ninepence?" "Why, you had half-a-crown the other day."

Jack shrugged his shoulders; money never would stop in his pockets for any length of time.

"I've only got twopenny halfpenny now."

"All right! then I shall let Greaves

Fresh and Refreshing

"SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

"The tears did?"

"Only the bad ones; I ate the others, half before the licking and half after to take the taste out of my mouth."

"You're a cool hand!"

"You don't suppose I care," said Jack, with lofty scorn.

Billy reflected. A boy who could stand unlimited "licking" without turning a hair, and a creature to be approached with due respect, however ludicrous might be his preposterous innocence and his occasional softness."

"Do you really want to swop?" "Course I do. Where's the bird?" "At home. But—look here—"

"Well?"

"Are you sure you won't . . ."

"Why, get me into hot water?"

Jack's big fist took him by the scruff of the neck and jerked him back on the heather. "Now, then, none of your cheek!"

"Bill Greaves, if I swop, I swop. You take the knife, and I take the grey-bird, and the hiding. Is that plain? Then stow your rot and clear out of there and fetch the bird."

"Oh, well, if you don't care, I don't." He ran back to the blacksmith's cottage. Jack lay still, kicking his heels lazily, and meditating on his bargain. He was not really quite so indifferent to consequences as he chose to appear. Now that there was no one to see, his forehead contracted again; at the bottom of his heart he was afraid. But his reputation as a "devil's limb" had to be kept up; and moreover, thrashings, as he reflected, are among the inevitable accidents of life, like "the act of God" that the railway companies mention in their consignment bills. You can't expect to get through boyhood without them; not, at least, if you happen to be the orphan of evil disposition, with a double dose of original sin and a pernicious resemblance to a mother who is both dead and damned; so it makes little difference just when they come. And then, to have one's eyes burnt out and be set to sing for all one's life in a little wooden cage . . .

After all, it would be a joke to see uncle downright furious. The theft of the Bishop's knife would probably go down in the "conduct book" with a black cross against it; uncle's memory was evidently short. Jack, for his part, needed no such artificial aids; he had many grievances against his uncle, and he remembered them every one.

Whatever else the Vicar had accomplished, he had at least taught this turbulent, difficult nature some self-control. In the Captain's lifetime Jack had been a creature of impulses; had bitten and scratched furiously when he was hurt. Now he was chronically angry and well accustomed to being hurt; and had learned to set his teeth and wait for his opportunity. It generally came, sooner or later; and he did not often fail to render the offending "grown-ups" as uncomfortable as they had made him.

Billy ran back with the wretched lace pants and flustered in a cage of firewood hardly bigger than itself. So Jack walked home with the cage under his arm, and slipping into the house unobserved, hid the bird in his bedroom.

(To be continued.)

FEUDALISM IN GERMANY.

People to the Front.

If the Kaiser precipitated the war to stifle democracy, he made his greatest possible miscalculation. No matter whether Germany wins or loses, there is every probability that this war will make a great advance in the democracy of the German people, and that they will in greater or less measure shake off the feudalism that has been fastened upon them.

The Napoleonic wars broke up the worst of the feudalism in Germany and gave the common people for the first time the ownership of the lands they cultivated. This led to the wonderful uprising which finally expelled the French from Germany. The war was made by the common people, and was led by Generals rising from the common people. Unfortunately, after having made this great stride forward they allowed themselves to lapse again under the control of the military aristocracy, which had been so thoroughly discredited in the Napoleonic wars.

It is inevitable that in a great war like this that worth among the common people would come much more strongly to the front than the claims of birth and aristocracy.

The Germans are the best-fitted for popular government on the continent. They will realize that having to fight the battles of the Fatherland gives them the strongest right to the government of that Fatherland. The Kaiser will find that, instead of reigning by the "grace of God," he will, at the end of the war, be reigning at all, be reigning by the will of the people.

Albania means "the mountainous region."

Inhabitants of San Francisco do not like to hear their city referred to as "Frisco."

President

SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

MADE IN CANADA

FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The Glasgow Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund now amounts to over \$175,000. Dundee Parish Council have closed the year with a surplus of \$17,815. Damage to the amount of over \$5,000 was caused by a fire that broke out in the Roseneath Pier offices.

The Eyemouth Harbor Commissioners are spending over \$20,000 in deepening and widening the harbor.

As a result of the Flag Day for the French National Relief Fund, over \$3,500 was collected in Edinburgh alone.

There are now 570 women acting as conductors on the Glasgow Corporation tramway cars or training for the duties.

The Galloway Cattle Society voted \$250 from the funds-towards the Belgian Repatriation Fund at their last meeting in Dumfries.

A Command Signal School has been established at the Peebles Military Camp, where officers from military battalions are operating.

A number of horsemen connected with the Ayrshire Yeomanry are now billeted in Peebles, and will be attached to different units of the Royal Scots.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has just sent a new lifeboat to Fraserburgh to replace the old one stationed there by the institution many years ago.

Treasurer McMichael reported to a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council that on the municipal accounts for the year there was a surplus of \$155,000.

Recruiting has just commenced in Kirkcaldy for the formation of a Bantam Battalion, to be known as the 14th Service Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry.

Captain Hugh Macdonald, of Glasgow, master of the Clyde Shipping Company's steamer Eddystone, has been presented with the medal of the Royal Humane Society.

At the monthly meeting of Annan School Board it was decided that instruction be given to boys in the joinery classes to make periscopes, splints, surgical appliances, etc.

Eighty-five members of the Maxwelltown and Kirkcubbin Company of the Stewarts Volunteer Training Corps, attended the first company drill at Palmerston Park. The company now numbers 130 members.

In recognition of his services as an officer in the Customs for over 35 years, Mr. James Hood, who was a member of the water guard branch of the service at Leith, has been awarded the Imperial Service Medal.

A sub-committee of Greenock Corporation has now under consideration a scheme for the provision of hut dwellings for the workmen engaged at the Royal Navy torpedo factory. Accommodation will be made for 500 persons.

Edinburgh, including the Lothians and Fife, has been declared a munitions area, and, in consequence, strict regulations have been issued for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Similar regulations are to be taken in the west, with Glasgow as the central location, and in the north-east at Dundee and at Aberdeen.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT.

A Woman Addressed the Image of Herself in the Mirror.

This is an extract from a letter written by a woman who is willing to share a good joke, even if the laugh is at her own expense.

It was a damp, windy day—the sort of day that turns straight, straggly blond hair like mine into a mass of strings and ends that stick out about the face and neck with frightful effect. I was downtown on a shopping expedition that was exceptionally trying, and I knew I looked so badly that I carefully avoided all chance glances into mirrors, for I was sure I could not, under the circumstances, improve my appearance much. Recklessly I entered an ice-cream shop with a friend whom I happened to meet. As I placed my shopping bag on the floor near the table at which we were to sit, another bag, exactly like my own, was put beside it. Quite naturally my glance followed the hand and arched up to the face of my neighbor, and as I met her look, I said to myself, "She has hair just like mine,—sticking out in every direction,—and she looks even worse than I do, poor thing!"

Naturally, my heart went out to her in a great wave of sympathy. We smiled simultaneously as our troubled eyes met, and I said, aloud and quite distinctly, "If we are not careful, we shall get our shopping bags mixed!"

The moment the words were out of my mouth I wished very earnestly that the floor would mercifully open and let me through. It did not require the subdued snicker from the near-by tables to awaken me to the realization that I had been addressing the image of myself in the mirror of which the entire side of the shop was formed. Do you get the picture?

It is believed by the superstitious that a mole in the hollow of the cheek denotes a quarrelsome disposition.

