

Redpath

is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies.

When you pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, you naturally want to be sure that your jellies and preserves will turn out just right. You can be, if you use **Redpath Sugar**.

Absolutely pure, and always the same, REDPATH Sugar has for sixty years proved 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 for REDPATH—

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

"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

142
CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Jocelin's Penance

CHAPTER I.

"I did renounce the world; Palace, farm, villa, shop; Its pride and greed, Trash—such as those poor devils Have given their hearts to, All at eight years old." Brother Jocelin smiled as he traced the letters of the Missal he was illumining, and softly sang King Knut's song—

"Merrily sang the monks, While merrily rowed the King, And all the birds did also sing, And tell their loves 'Twas spring—'twas spring!"

He was low of stature, and dark of eye, with clear-cut features of singular beauty, and his hands were white and effeminate, for Brother Jocelin, as a limner, was free from those mental tasks which fell to the lot of the meditative monk. He wore the usual dress of the Beneficines—the loose black robe with its obtuse, oval hood and plain scapular; and, as the sunlight streamed upon him through the narrow casement, he seemed to absorb all its brightness; his picturesque figure strangely at variance with his bare environment, for the scriptorium of St. Edmund's Abbey was scantily furnished with a carved desk and stool and naught else, save a great ebony crucifix on the wall, inscribed, "Behold me meekness, chide, and leave thy pride." As if this monk stood in need of warning against the pride of life, and the rush of warm blood in his young veins.

It was spring, and he was but twenty. When the spring sun shined, and the buds burst forth as if called into being by the birds' songs the hearts of earth's young creatures everywhere expand and throbb, and glow in the air and warmth of Nature's revival, Jocelin was weary of the dim chambers, of the drone of prayer and chant, and today a mad impulse urged him to fling aside his black robe and go forth into the bright world of camp and court; to do deeds of great enterprise; to win fame, and the love of some pine-checked maid; and to live a man's life in a man's world. His song died away, and he sat idly gazing through the open casement.

The pear trees were blooming in the Abbey garden, and the sunshine seemed to warm each blossom, while breast from beneath its verdant zone, the apple trees spread their leafy boughs beside the delicate pink tress of the plum. A white-throat chirped her nestlings to sleep in a gnarled oak which stood at the end of the long, pleached walk; and the light, filtering through the tender green of young leaves, gold-flecked the stone pavement. Beyond the walk stretched a colonnade extending the Abbey's entire length, and through the arched openings white and black-robed monks hurried to and fro, unmindful of the beauty so near. Above all, toward

the grim, gray walls of Bury St. Edmunds, with many an arch, rounded belfry, deep-set window and grim garzoyle, massive, stern and strong—a testament in stone of the power of Rome in England.

The Abbey lay along the eastern slope of the town of St. Edmunds, a town of no mean size in itself. Its embattled walls, with four grand gateways, enclosed fully sixty acres, containing many buildings and courtyards besides gardens and cemeteries. The buildings, including three chapels, the Chapter house, the Ambulatory and the Infirmary, huddled about the church, like small children at a mother's knee. Behind these, to the west was the empty house of the Master of Horse; for once the Abbey had maintained several score of fighting horsemen. The humble cots of Cellarer, Senechal and Clerk were near by, in front of the long, low line of stables along the southern wall, and enclosing a spacious courtyard was a field, "A certain solemn mansion," the residence of the Abbot, and often used by the King himself.

This completed the Abbey settlement, save for a high tower which stood down by the northern wall, overlooking a forest. It stood there grim and mysterious, with its low, iron-spiked door, widely placed oeillets and deep-set, narrow windows high up toward its conical roof. This was the Abbey prison, and (some said) torture house. Dark tales were whispered of it in St. Edmund's town, and the solitary herdsman passing on his way home at twilight, shuddered and crossed himself, thinking its shadow crept over the wall to follow him.

The revenues of the Abbey were great, and her holdings formed a whole county in themselves, yet, in satiable towns, and her scattered carucates of land were many, while fifty advocates, or feudal knights, with their hundreds of vassals, did her homage, headed by the renowned Adam de Colokfield.

But it was not of the wealth or greatness of the Abbey, nor of the fair scene before him, that Brother Jocelin thought. He had forgotten it and his rustic life in remembering his childhood, in St. Edmund's town. The low raftered house of his father, Magister Wilhelm, in the narrow little lane of Brakeland, just outside the Abbey wall, and he saw the long, bare room where his father taught.

Magister Wilhelm was master of the schools, with a few of the Abbot's pupils, but the school was mostly filled with young, indigent clergy, unattached to any monastery, who came hither for the learning for which they were unable to pay.

Such being the general financial status of his scholars, and his allowance from the Abbey being small, it was not to be wondered at that Magister Wilhelm's family were left destitute. When little Jocelin had vainly pulled his father's coat one winter's night, and vainly called him to their

scanty supper, till the frightened wife had come hurrying in, to find the scholar dead and cold over his Ovidius Naso. Thus the widow of the master of the schools found herself and her small children in poverty, scarcely relieved by a daily cry from the Abbey.

When Jocelin was eight years old, being accustomed to running in and out of the Abbey kitchen for the soup and bread on which they existed; what with having lived among wandering friars, inferior clergy, and the monks of Bury, his head was full of legends of angels and saints. And one night, lying on his life pallets, he dreamed that Satan, with black wings spread wide, descended before a great stone building to fly off with him. Then he cried to St. Edmund for help, and the good saint appeared and took him by the hand; whereupon the devil flew away. His cries awoke his mother, and she pondered on the awful dream through the night. On the morrow, being a devout woman, she took him to St. Edmund's shrine, that she might pray over him and ask guidance of the monks.

"It was just here that St. Edmund touched me, mother," said Jocelin, as they passed through the Abbey gate. After some talk with the Prior, the child was admitted into the Abbey and left by his mother, as was young Samuel of old; thus, at the age of eight renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Ah," mused Brother Jocelin, leaning his head on his hand, "such a dream was any interpreted by the monks. Otherwise, I might now have been bearing arms under Sir Adam, a right valiant squire, instead of dreaming over an antiphony, and who knows if fortune and St. Edmund had not interfered with my fate, but I might have borne my grandfathers' crest upon a knight's shield!"

But, hardly crossing himself as he glanced at the crucifix with its warning text, "doubtless the brethren were right. Diabolus, with outspread wings, was the pride of life, the pleasures of this vain world, 'Voluptates, hujus seculi,' which would have borne me who knows whence, if St. Edmund and the Prior had not made a monk of me!" And he, sighing, laid by his work, for the shadows had lengthened, and ere he had set his painting tray to rights the refectory bell summoned him to the evening meal.

CHAPTER II.

The refectory was a noble wainscotted hall, lighted from above, with a stone bench around two sides. In front of the arched door, above the wainscoting, was a picture Christ, to which, on entering, Jocelin made obeisance. At the left of the hall was the ambry, where stood the massive golden grace-cup, and nearby was the niche, wherein were kept the ewer and basin in which the novices lav'd the brethren's hands.

A great table stood in the centre of the room, with a smaller one near the window, through which food was passed from the kitchen. On one side was the Bible-stand where, as Jocelin moved to his place near the head of the table, a blushing young novice was reading the evening lesson in very bad Latin.

Len was over, and the table was bountifully laden with caten cakes, wine and huge trenchers full of a smoking stew.

"Made of my pet calf," mumbled John O'Dice, as he shook his white head over the portion served him in a burnished platter. "By our Lady, the Sub-Prior has a most infidel spite at me, Brother 'Fristian' (this to a little waxen monk, with salted face and red wings of hair bristling around his tunic), 'never was special favorite of mine in the cattle pen but that he sendeth it to Richard of Hennaun to butcher, an' right glad Ric seems to do it' (scowling at the burly Richard, who sat farther down the board, welding his knife as if it had been a cleaver). Pale, sneering-faced, water-broth in his peevishness, 'Now, now, John O'Dice, you were grumbling at naught. For what dost thou tend the Abbey herd save for the very end which befall thy calf? It makes a savory mess, indeed, and methinks I would scold less or eat less.'"

These remarks were covered by the drone of the reader's voice, being subdued by a roar of reprimand for speaking while the lesson was under way. Jocelin (because he was the Prior's favorite, sat at the Sub-Prior's right hand, and thought that worthy saw fit to reprove the young monk for tardiness several special dishes were sent him; and indeed there was a rich passing of food from the Sub-Prior's end of the table to the eaters farther down the board.

The meal was presided over by an aged, white-headed monk, who had passed the trenchers and filled the cups, seated at their own table they seemed of what remained in the dishes.

The Sub-Prior, a pretentious ignorant, conversed with Jocelin about the flowers he was painting, frequently interrupting the novice's names, but the Sub-Prior was absent-mindedly displaying his own erudition, and did not notice the inattention. When he had concluded, Jocelin roused himself to inquire about Abbot Hugo, who, known blind and old, kept his chamber in Bradfield house.

"My young friend, he grows no better," answered the Sub-Prior, "and I fear me things fall worse and worse for our house. Debt increases. The Jews refuse to advance more moneys (save at ruinous rates), and alas, it seemeth to me that those of the Father's household are but flattering time-servers, who beguileth him with lies, profit by his infirmities."

In a lower voice he continued: "We lose our power in St. Edmundsbury on our own Stove. An, by our Lady, 'twas only yesterday when our Cellarer, trying vainly to collect the repesolver, was forced to seize throughout all the town stools, kettles, or household wares, in lieu of the refused reaping penny. And beshrew me an' he was chased, yea, my brother, chased through the streets by a crowd of yelling belademes, who beladored him most soundly with their distaffs. Ora pro nobis! We are coming upon bad times. Twenty years ago our head would have graced the town walls for such resistance of our Lord's authority. The field-husbandry are short in their rents to the Reve, the dyers and

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

IS USED BY THE BEST BAKERS AND CATERERS EVERYWHERE, ALSO BY CHEFS IN THE LARGE HOTELS, AND ON DINING CARS, STEAMSHIPS, ETC.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

weavers pay but a small tithe of their aged tax, and even the fund for lighting our holy saint's shrine' (crossing himself as he spoke) "falls short of that of last year. Yea, we are coming upon bad times, as thou may'st see; though certes on thy young shoulders falls little of the burden which resteth on mine!" And the Sub Prior nodded his head, and squared his shoulders pompously, though, in fact, he had nothing whatever to do with the administration of the Abbey affairs; his duties being limited to a certain guardianship of the Scriptorium, and the senechalship of buttery, kitchen and refectory, shared in common with palsied old Hugh, the third Prior.

"Has Brother Samson not yet returned?" asked Jocelin.

"Yes, the Norfolk Barrator! He lies in the tower where our Lord Abbot hath sent him. Didst not know that he failed in his mission to Rome, and that Geoffrey Ridel hath been given the Woolpit Church. He sits there in foot gages awaiting the Abbot's pleasure, and there are whispers of banishment to Acre."

The Sub Prior detailed this news with peculiar relish, for Brother Samson was unpopular with most of the easy-going, careless monks, being an austere, taciturn person, who exhorted them to less self-indulgence, and condemned openly, as many did in secret, the ruinous policy of the Abbot.

Hugo had tried in vain to overawe this stern critic, punishing him more than once to subdue his haughty spirit. Then, to placate him, he made him Sacristan, and finally Librarian, but Samson, perfect in the performance of these functions, neither thanked him, nor ceased denouncing the bankruptcy of the Abbey.

"A doubtful man," querulously said the infirm old Abbot to the Prior. "Severity cannot break, nor kindness soften him." So they sent him to Rome, and having failed in his mission, he was punished in the arbitrary manner of the times. But whatever he might be to Abbot and monks, he was Jocelin's beloved master, and he received the Sub Prior's news with lowering brow, eating no more of his goodly food. As soon as the meal was over, and the monks had marched from the refectory, singing a psalm, he seized his unemulged cup, and poured the wine into his flask, then placing it with some food in his wallet, he went into the garden. Taking his way furtively in the flower-scented twilight falling about the great buildings (where bats flitter in and out of the turrets, and owls hooted softly from far-off bell towers), Jocelin walked for some time, and then climbing cautiously, mounted the Abbey wall, and some yards farther, came to the prison. The vesper bell had begun to toll, as he swung himself lightly against the tower, by getting a perilous foothold on projecting stones, aided by a sturdy creeper which wreathed its front, and he at length raised himself to the level of a deep-set, grated window.

"Brother Samson," he called, but there was no answer, save the deep breathing of a sleeper, which told that the worn-out traveller had thus forgotten failure and punishment. Taking the food and wine from his wallet, Jocelin pushed them through the grating, and scrambling down, was soon back in the Abbey chapel, leading the droning vesper chant; his mellow notes rising high and clear above the rough tones of the brethren in the "Ave Maria."

CHAPTER III.

The inmates of the Abbey, roused from their slumbers by the tolling of bells, were assembled in their various chapels of the Nocturnal service. The rain was falling heavily, drearily, outside, and the drone of the sleepy chanters mingled with the low rumble of thunder. As the last "Kyrie" was sung in the chapel of our Lady, the big Abbey bell boomed out solemn and deep. The praying monks rose from their knees, and stood looking at one another with whitening faces. It was not an alarm, nor a call to the church. Slowly, slowly, it tolled, ringing sadness to every heart, and they knew by its sound that in the stately mansion of Bradfield, the soul of their father Abbot had passed out into the stormy night.

To one man, far off in the cold darkness of the prison tower, the Abbot's death knell brought many and varied thoughts. Brother Samson had small respect for his superior, for the Abbot was a weak man, of little learning, who owed his Abbotship to the favoritism of King Henry, and who who for many years had governed most inefficiently. Samson had no love for weaklings of Norfolk breed, he was possessed of a sturdy strength of character that no cow could subdue. Early entering St. Edmunds as a novice, on becoming a monk he had departed to the great schools of Paris, and from thence to Rome, in both centres of learning winning fame for his Abbey and commendation for himself.

At the age of forty-five he had returned to find Hugo in the place of his friend and master, Abbot Gaunarus, and the Abbey sunk into a slough of debt; deserted by the learned monks he had known, and filled with idle, ignorant men. The buildings were out of repair, many valuables stolen or lost

and only half of the Advocates true to their allegiance. The monks feasted and caroused; eating flesh and breaking other rules of the order. Rents remained uncollected; no horsemen were maintained; the whole estate evidencing the direst neglect and abuse. While the Abbot, like a frightened hen in charge of ducklings, tried vainly to rule his idle, rebellious monks finally retiring to Bradfield, whence he held lax sway over the disorganized Abbey. Deeply in debt to the Jews, who were clamoring for their rights at the very gates, the Abbot and Prior signed paper after paper, reduced the living fund of the Abbey, and borrowed more and more each succeeding year.

So while the bell tolled, the Norfolk monk thought bitterly upon these things. "Roger, the Prior, will make each another Abbot as Hugo, and I doubt not it is on him the choice will fall: an' were I out of this vile prison, wherein I am so unjustly confined!—But of the dead naught but good!" he murmured, and checked his angry musings with a prayer for the repose of old Hugo's soul.

Loving his Abbey, and jealous of its fame, of aggressive nature with great executive ability, Samson was feared and nicknamed "Barrator," or "Quarrelor." The monks long since had reached the conclusion, by arguing from occasional empty stomachs, and knowledge of the increasing Abbey debt, that if things were allowed to continue on the same basis, no roof would be left to cover them, and, forced to become friars, they would have to wander over the country, precariously living on alms; and the most of them realized that it would take a strong hand and clear brain to set things right. And so already the tide was turning in Samson's favor, when Prior Roger summoned the Sub Prior, Jocelin, and some of the other brethren to the Abbot's house before Nocturnal, with the news that the Prelate was dying.

GUN-FLINTS.

Their Making Still a Big Industry in Britain.

It is interesting at the present time, writes Wilfred Mark Webb in Knowledge, when the manufacture of cartridges and shells is of the utmost importance to the nation, to remember that the production of gun-flints is still going quietly on. Thousands are exported every year, particularly to tropical countries, where more primitive methods linger, or are found to the more convenient; or, again, where the British Government sees to it that modern firearms do not get into the hands of the natives.

There seems little doubt but that the maker of gun-flints, or the flint-knapper, as he is called, is carrying on an industry which has continued unbroken from very early prehistoric times, when man first began to fashion implements of stone.

The work of flint-knapping, as it is

called on at Brandon, in Suffolk, is briefly this: The flints are taken out of pits, as surface material is refractory and of little use. The picks used, though now made of iron, show by their shape that they have been modelled upon the primitive deer-antler picks which have been found in prehistoric workings. The large flints are broken up with a heavy hammer into convenient sizes, a process which is called "quartering." From the lumps thus made flakes are struck off with a light hammer, which are in every way comparable to the flakes struck off by the prehistoric man from one stone with another.

It is possible to produce a flake with one ridge running down the middle and two sharp edges, or by removing the whole of one facet and part of the two on either side a flat flake with two sharp edges may be obtained.

The knapper knows the flake on the top of the wedge-shaped piece of iron, driven into a block. In front of the iron is a piece of leather, over which the knapping hammer is held. This is a very light tool, nowadays made, as a rule, from an old file, and has thin, square ends. With this hammer it is possible to cut the flake into pieces to form the gun-flints, which are afterwards trimmed round with a few dexterous blows.

To the student of flint implements, who is astounded sometimes to see the minuteness of the flakes which have been removed from the edges of a flint knife or arrowhead, and wonders how the work was done, it may be pointed out that one blow of the knapping hammer may make dozens of these; and it is safe to surmise that the pre-historic artificer was no less clever than his modern representative, and much of the beauty of flint was obtained by a few well-directed blows, and not by much laborious chipping.

Gun-flints are also made in France, and these, as a rule, have one end rounded. Strike-a-lights are also made, as flint and steel are still used instead of matches in some parts of the world, and during the Boer war many tinder-boxes were sent out to the British soldiers in South Africa.

Amateur Truce Makers.

Toward the end of the last siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71, the custom grew up of observing an informal armistice of about an hour's duration at sundown, when the hungry citizens, or some of them at all events, used to come out and purchase sausages from the Prussians and Bavarians in the advanced trenches at about ten times their normal price. After awhile, however, the custom came to the knowledge of Von Moltke, who effectually and promptly put a stop to it by shooting some half dozen or more of the amateur truce makers.

—Pearson's Weekly.

You never can tell. Many a man with a coat of arms wears baggy trousers.

Protect Our Homes

Our Boys are in the trenches. But we Canadians have a man's work to do,—right here at Home.

We are threatened by cowardly enemies. From these we must protect ourselves.

The Peabody's Overall Factory (Walkerville, Ontario) was bombed on the night of June 20th, because of its activity in making uniforms for Lord Kitchener's Army. The Windsor Armoury's destruction was attempted the same night because soldiers were sleeping there. The same enemy agency attempted to blow the C. P. R. Bridge at Port Arthur, also the Welland Canal. Attempts to kill and destroy in this cowardly manner have been made all over the Dominion.

So—Rally to the Home Guard.

This Patriotic Movement for the protection of our homes and public institutions is sweeping across Canada. Your King and Canada Need You.

Every man, woman and child of you.

To support the Home Guard is merely a pledge of the loyalty and the patriotism of those who cannot go to the front.

So—Support the Home Guard.

Clip the attached Coupon. Sign it and get a handsome Home Guard Button Free from the nearest store which is Agent for PEABODYS' "Bomb-Proof" Overalls. Every PEABODYS dealer is official distributor of Home Guard Buttons and Uniforms. See the news columns of this newspaper for the official representative of the Home Guard in your town, he will give you your Home Guard Button.

Yours for Loyalty and Home Protection,
THE PEABODYS COMPANY,
Limited,
Walkerville, Ontario.

Cut out this Coupon and Exchange it for a Home Guard Button Free.

I will lend my moral support to the Home Guard. I will do all I can to assist our Government to Protect the Home.

As a pledge of which I will wear a Home Guard Button.

Name _____

Address _____

Present coupon for Exchange at the nearest Agent of Peabody's Overalls.

2 IN 1 COMBINATION COOKER and HEATER

The most efficient and economical Stove made. Will burn coal, wood, etc., corn cobs or anything burnable.

Fitted with Duplex Grates, Hot Blast Tube and Screw Dampers.

Will hold fire over night. Cook, boil and bake equal to the largest range.

Has a fine oven of heavy steel sheets closely riveted together. Body of polished steel.

If your dealer has not a sample for your inspection, send direct to

HAMILTON STOVE & HEATER CO., LIMITED
Successors to **HAMILTON, ONT.**
THE GURNEY TILDEN CO., Canada's Oldest Stove Makers

\$20.00
DELIVERED AT YOUR HOME TOWN