

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Syrup for Pancakes

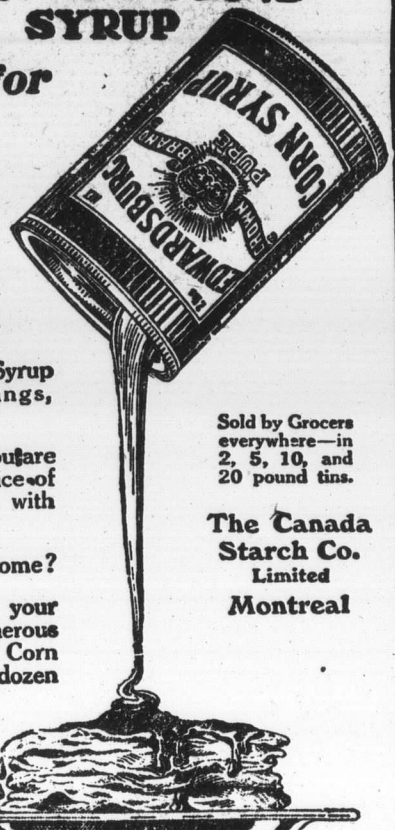
A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand!

Could that day ever come?

Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".



Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited Montreal

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

She looked from right to left, as if she would have escaped the question if she could; but his eyes were fixed on her with an intentness, an earnestness that seemed to command her heart, and—traitorous heart!—it yielded.

"Why, yes," she said, in a low voice, which, for all her efforts, quavered, and with a smile that flickered pathetically, "I—shall be glad you have always been so kind—so—so—careful of me—us, my sister—"

"At the stable," she said, just glancing at him. "But don't trouble. One of the men—"

He walked beside her, and almost in silence they reached the stables. He got the horse—she noticed how carefully he examined the girths and the fastenings—and held his hands lifted and knee for her. His strong hands lifted her, as if she were a feather, into the saddle, and he stood for a moment looking up at her, as he arranged the reins in her hands.

"Thank you, thank you," she murmured, her eyes downcast. "I—I am late, I must ride fast. Good-by!"

"Good-by," he responded, in his deep voice; and the music of it rang in her ears, and seemed to be echoed by the pines as she rode between them.

Jack stood looking after her, his face pale, his lips set. Yes; he could wait until the time of grace set forth in the will had passed; then he would go to her and say: "I am Wilfred Carton. I have renounced my claim to the estates and the money, they are yours; I love you; will you marry me?"

A voice from the beach startled him, and he turned, to see Lord Stanton coming up the beach.

"What luck!" he called out, and the words sounded like a good omen in Jack's ears. "I was afraid I should miss you. I say, Douglas, the specifications have come down, and I want you to go over them at once. Will you come up to the Towers to-night?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, I'll come," he said, absently omitting the "Lord Stanton."

The lad looked at him. "I say, you look rather off color, Douglas," he said, and he laid his hand in a very friendly way on Jack's broad shoulder. "You haven't looked the thing for some time past. You've been sticking to the work too hard, and want a change, that's what's the matter. Why not take a holiday, go up to London, and have a bit of a spree, do the theatres and the music-halls, eh?"

It did not strike him as strange that he should speak as if to an equal; and Jack nodded.

scene which had once been familiar enough.

He paused in the screen of the laurels and looked in wistfully. The softly shaded lights showed him the women in their rich frocks, the men in the severe regulation evening dress; Lady Mervyn in black velvet, with priceless lace and diamonds, Mollie in her white cashmere with her ruddy hair tied in a pigtail, and—yes; there was Clytie in black lace that made the clear ivory of her neck like the driven snow on which the faint dawn is shining. How lovely she was, and—ah, how much better!—how lovable!

But for his folly, and the fierce passion which was akin to madness, that had wrecked his life, he might be there, by her side, a welcome guest, free to love, to woo her. With a sigh, he was turning away, when he saw the tall, slight figure of Hesketh Carton leave Lord Stanton and approach Clytie. Jack stopped unconsciously and watched them. He saw Hesketh bend over Clytie and speak to her—it was some request, evidently, for she, after a moment's hesitation, rose, and they passed into the adjoining conservatory.

Jack moved away; but he had to pass the conservatory, and, though he turned his face aside, and, setting his teeth, endeavored to walk on, his resolution failed him, and he looked in.

They were standing in front of a bank of chrysanthemums, and Hesketh Carton—his cousin, as Jack mechanically reflected—was talking to her, bending over with an expression in his face which sent a cold shiver down her spine. Clytie was listening at first with just conventional attention; but he Hesketh suddenly drew closer, and still lower over her, and take her hand.

He was almost too blinded by the sudden passion to see that her face had grown crimson and then pale; his eyes were fixed on Hesketh's face.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$3 per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

and his rapidly, yet smoothly moving lips; and with a staid exclamation an oath wrung from him in his agony, he turned and fled—for it was fight—into the darkness.

Fool, fool that he was! He had been too honorable to declare himself, to tell of his love, had beaten about the bush, had stammered an appeal to her to wait—and Hesketh Carton had stepped in before him and won her!

His passion, the jealousy, which had been so swift to leap to a conclusion, tore at him like a wild beast. He flung himself into the shrubbery, and forced his way through like some wild animal in a fury, and found himself upon the road, down which he stumbled like a man half-blind.

Lucky! He had called upon it, and it had answered him promptly enough—made a mock of him. Yes, he had lost her. And serve him right! Such men as he, such fools as he, deserved just such luck as had been dealt out to him.

For hours he wandered about the woods, now blundering against the hedges, now stopping to stare before him and try and ease the anguish, the despair, that assailed his heart, but ever driven on again in his flight from thought, from the realization of his loss.

With some difficulty he wrote a short note to Lord Stanton, saying that he was off, not for a holiday, but for good; then he went up to his room and packed a few clothes into a bag and stowed down again. Softly as he moved, Polly, who was awake, heard

him, and called to him. He went into the tiny room, and she sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Is that you, Mr. Jack?" she said, yawning. "What are you doing? It's velvet laid— isn't it? Where are you going with that bag?"

"I'm going on—a little journey, Polly," he said. "Don't make a row and wake your mother. Tell her I was obliged to go. She'll find some money on the kitchen table."

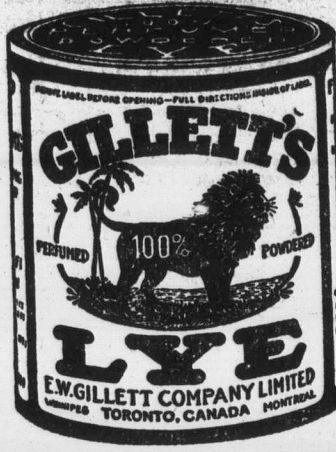
The child put her arm around his neck and peered sleepily up at him. "How curious your voice sounds," she said, "and you're all white and shaking. You're not going in the middle of the night for?"

"Business, Polly," he said, his throat dry and aching. "You're comin' back?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm coming back," he said, forcing the falsehood. "There, lie down and go by-by again."

He drew the clothes about her and kissed her, with a little sigh of content she closed her eyes, and Jack, a lump in his parched throat, stole from the room and out of the house.

CHAPTER XIX. Now, Clytie had accompanied Hesketh Carton to the conservatory without the least suspicion of his object in asking her to do so. She had accepted as an almost unspoken law that every woman, even the most virtuous, knows when she is loved with her; and she had never been engaged in a love affair, she had never discovered the fact; but he was not in love with her—it is doubtful whether Mr. Hesketh Carton was capable of an exalted passion—what he desired was not Clytie, but Bramley and Sir William's fortune; and, that being so, Clytie was justified in attributing the attentions



with which he had favored her to a simple desire to make himself pleasant to a near neighbor.

So she went into the conservatory quite innocently and without any misgiving, and listened placidly and serenely as he expatiated on the beauty of the chrysanthemums. She noticed that his voice was softer than usual, and that his dark eyes dwelt upon her face rather than the flowers, but she remained quite unconscious until, his voice dropping to almost a whisper, he said:

"Miss Bramley, I asked you to come out here along with me because I wanted to speak to you, to tell you of something that is of vital importance to me. I think, I hope, that you will not be altogether unprepared for what I am going to tell you. You must have seen that my frequent visits to the Hall, my evident desire to be near you, sprang from no ordinary cause. Indeed, though I have refrained from speaking—for I have, of course, felt, been sensible of the presumption of avowing myself—I think you must have guessed how it was, with me. I do not think any man could have seen so much of you as I have done without being inspired by love for you; at any rate, I am not that man; and I have come to love you so much that I can keep silence no longer. To-night I have resolved to confess my love for you and to ask you to be my wife."

It was at this point he had taken her hand; and Clytie was so amazed, so bewildered, by the sudden and unexpected avowal that, as Jack unfortunately had seen, she had actually allowed her hand to remain for a moment or two in Hesketh Carton's, while a blush, say, rather, a startled flush, had risen to her face; it might well have been mistaken by Jack for the sign of a warmer emotion. But after that moment or two she recovered herself, and, withdrawing her hand, looked at Hesketh steadily, her face pale, her brows drawn together as was their wont when she was deeply moved.

Most men would have been disconcerted by the steady gaze of the beautiful eyes; but Hesketh Carton, not being in love, had nothing of the lover's timorousness, and he bent himself to his task with all the advantage which a man possesses when his heart is not engaged. He was perfectly self-possessed and an admirable actor, and a very fair imitation of passion shone in his dark eyes and quivered about his thinly cut lips.

"I see that I was wrong, for I have startled you," he said. "You are so innocent, so beautifully ignorant of the world and its ways that you have not suspected the truth. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry. Yes, I am glad; for it is so characteristic of you, so indicative of your pure, innocent nature. It will make the acceptance of my humble proposal—if you should deign to accept it—so much more precious. Please do not speak yet." For Clytie had opened her lips, which had been tightly compressed, and he saw the gleam of the end. "I will ask you to hear me to the end. I have spoken of presumption, and I know how great a crime it is, and I cannot but be aware of the fact of the distance between us and the audacity I am displaying in endeavoring to pass it. You are—that you are. Not only a member of one of the oldest of our county families, but the mistress of Bramley."

Clytie opened her lips again to deny the assertion, but he held up his hand, and smiled softly.

"I know what you would say," he said. "That your tenure of the estate and Sir William's fortune is uncertain. Perhaps that fact has given me courage to speak to you. Miss Bramley,

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I bought a bottle. It did me good. I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. W. Weston, Philadelphia.

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Clytie, I need scarcely tell you that I am indifferent to that uncertainty. I love you and care nothing for the land or the money. I would ask you to be my wife, I would implore you, if you were one of the Bramley factory-girls. It is you I love."

Clytie turned her head away. No woman can receive a proposal of marriage from any man, however unworthy he may be, without being moved by it; and Clytie, in her innocence, was touched by the emotion which Hesketh so skillfully feigned. And yet she was vaguely conscious of a false note in it. She could judge only by comparison, and though he had not spoken an open word of love to her, it was not thus Jack Douglas had looked, not thus his voice had rung, when he had stood before her and looked and spoken that afternoon.

"Your are, as I say, far above me, in social position, everything. I am just Hesketh Carton, the proprietor of the Pit Works, of no social standing or position. I have only my love and a life's devotion to offer you—ah, give me one more moment! I am pleading for something that is more precious to me than life. Hitherto I have not been an ambitious man; but my ambition has grown with my love for you. I feel that if you will accept me, I am capable of making a place for you in the world, not worthy of you, Clytie; there is no position, however lofty, that your beauty and your grace would not adorn; but I can at least strive to win one in which you can reign as an acknowledged queen. Outside, in the great world there, I may find for you a sphere in which you may shine like the radiant star you are. It would be a labor of love for me to work for you, to realize those dreams which dwell in the heart of every true woman. What will you say to me, Clytie? Will you make me the happiest of men or the most wretched and hopeless?"

(To Be Continued.)

A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. PROF. HEMMETER says: "The liver is an organ of secondary importance only to the heart."

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take castor oil or a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of Mayapple, leaves of aloe and jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

THE LORD MAYOR. Something About London's Historic Civic Head.

The office of Lord Mayor of London dates from the twelfth century and the first held office twenty-five years. It then became annual.

The first two centuries remain misty. However, John Carpenter, town clerk, wrote his copious book in 1419, giving a full account of the Corporation. It is interesting to observe up to what privileges the London Mayor fought. He was a century and a half getting the title of lord, with all its meaning. Most readers will be surprised with what he has gained.

Within the city proper the Lord Mayor ranks next to the King. He is even mentioned before the Queen Consort, but so mention such dignitaries as the Premier (who has no heraldic rank), the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Lord Mayor takes precedence of the Lord Chancellor as First Judge of the Criminal Court. Neither of them enters upon "details" there, but it must be remembered what the outranking means when liberties had to be fought for.

The Lord Mayor of London cannot jump up easily. First he must be a member of one of the livery companies. Next elected alderman. Then a sheriff. Anybody refusing to be an alderman is liable to a fine of £500 if he cannot prove his wealth to be under £20,000. The sheriff gets £700 a year, but must spend about £400. The Lord Mayor gets £10,000 and spends at least twice that in normal times. When a sovereign dies he attends the Privy Council and is a signer of the proclamation of the new monarch.

Explaining Falling of Leaves.

The shedding of leaves in autumn may be due to physiological drought. The soil contains sufficient moisture, but the temperature of the soil may be too low to enable the trees to absorb it. "June drop" of oranges and many similar losses may be due to similar causes.

Many a paperhanger goes to the wall because his wallpaper doesn't.

RUNNING NOSE COLDS STOPPED INSTANTLY

Throat is Cleared, Headache Stopped, Sniffles Go For Good.

CATARRHOZONE NEVER FAILS.

Drippling from the nose is one of the foulest and most disgusting symptoms of a Catarrhal cold. By using Catarrhozone you cure this quickly—cure it because you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that powerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum of Australia.

So healing is Catarrhozone that you feel wonderfully benefited in five minutes' use of the inhaler. Nothing ever devised cures a cough, cold or sore throat so quickly. Get the drugs to take, nothing to upset the stomach, you follow nature's own plan in using Catarrhozone which supplies healing essences and soothing balsams in vapor form to the places that are needing treatment.

Results talk—that's why thousands rely solely upon Catarrhozone to prevent and cure their winter ills. Get the complete \$1.00 outfit. It lasts two months; small size 50¢, sample size 25¢. All dealers and the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

A RIGID SABBATH.

Britain Only in Recent Times Ended Blue Laws.

Numerous laws in the United States, Canada and Great Britain forbid various acts of work and play on Sunday, but not since the late American laws of colonial days—when Americans were forced by legislation to go to church on the Sabbath—has an exchange of such laws between the two countries taken place. In England, however, it was not until the middle of the last century, during the reign of Queen Victoria, that all penalties for non-attendance at religious services were abolished. Some unusual incidents attended the enforcement of the regulations, particularly upon the Hebrews.

They were not released from the provisions of the law until 1871 and multitudes of them were prosecuted for insisting upon observing their own Sabbath. In the thirteenth century, it is reported, a Jew of Tewkesbury fell into a sewer on a Saturday. Although almost submerged, he would not permit himself to be drawn out, believing that to do so would be to violate the sanctity of the holy day. On the following morning he was quite ready to be removed from his perilous plight, but the authorities, out of reverence for the Christian Sabbath, would not permit the unfortunate man to be rescued until after sunrise on Monday, when he was found to be dead.

As late as 1880 there were persons to English prisons whose only crime was refusal to attend divine service. One of them was a young man, who had been convicted at the instigation of his own mother, who appeared against him. In 1817 Sir Montague Burgoyne was haled into court to explain why he disregarded his religious duties. Rigid Sunday observance in England began during the reign of Edgar, in the tenth century, when the Sabbath day was ordained to be kept holy from three o'clock on Saturday afternoon until sunrise on Monday. The most innocent actions were condemned, and death was the extreme penalty for continued violation of the law. About three centuries ago Parliament passed a law imposing a fine of one shilling for remaining away from church on Sunday, unless some good excuse was forthcoming. This act remained in effect until comparatively recent times, and inability or unwillingness to pay the fine resulted in a prison sentence.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

For Women's Ailments

A Scientifically Prepared Remedy, recommended by physicians, and sold for nearly fifty years for Delayed and Painful Menstruation, Nervousness, Disinclination to Eat, Headache, Constipation and other Women's Ills. Accept no other. At your druggist, or by mail direct from our Canadian agents, Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can., upon receipt of price, \$2.

BIRD RIDES FREE.

Rice Bird Uses Buzzard as a Steed.

Size and strength are popularly associated with victory, especially among the lower animals, but in many cases this is far from being the case, particularly in the bird world. Among the rice flats of the Carolinas there abound at some seasons tiny rice birds, birds so small that it takes two buzzards for a good meal, even though bones and all are eaten.

The great buzzard is found circling over the flats at all times. He dreads the time for the rice birds to come, for he is then pestered to death. It is a common sight to see one of these tiny creatures fly up to a buzzard, and after dodging this way and that around the awkward bulk, finally alight well forward between the buzzard's wings on the back. Here the little passenger grabs a few feathers in his beak and holds on for grim life. After enjoying a ride for as long as he desires, the little fellow hops off and is gone.

The peculiar feature of the whole performance is that apparently the only purpose the rice bird has in getting on the back of the buzzard is to take a free ride. It puzzles everyone who chances to see the little play to find any other reason; yet the fact remains that it is a frequent occurrence, and the little birds seem to enjoy it hugely.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 75c. Trial, 25c. Free. P. J. Chaney & Co., Proprietors, Chicago.

FREE

To Asthma, Hay Fever and Catarrh sufferers. Write to-day and get a trial treatment of the world's greatest remedy, Buckley's two bottle mixture; nothing ever made like it... One bottle gives instant relief, while the other drives the poison from the system. Something different; no burning or nerve wrecking drugs, but two scientific mixtures that will conquer any of the above ailments. Don't hesitate a minute longer. Fill out the blank below and get started on the road to health.

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Please send me two bottles of your mixture. I enclose ten cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Do this to-day as for a limited time only I make this offer. NAME..... ADDRESS.....