

CROWN BRAND

Use
More
Corn
Syrup



for Preserving

Real home-made Preserves, and the woman who puts them up—how they're both appreciated.

Preserving is not difficult to-day. The LILY WHITE way has removed the uncertainty.

Most of your preserving troubles have come from using sugar alone. Even the beginner can count on success if she will use half LILY WHITE and half sugar. LILY WHITE blends the sugar with the fruit and makes preserves that will never crystallize.

LILY WHITE and CROWN BRAND
are both Dandy for Candy



Your grocer sells Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup in 2, 5, 10 and 20-pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co.
Limited
MONTREAL

Write for Booklet
of Recipes



LILY WHITE

THE STEEPLE

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go to meeting at all, went to Snow Center."

IT was blisteringly hot in Snow Hill. The beetling elevation from which the little village had its name sheltered it from any cooling breeze which might blow from the east and the sea, and when the afternoon sun blazed from the west, the heat-waves were echoed back from the broad bosom of Snow Hill. Two men who sat on the bench in front of Dyce's grocery store were discussing it.

"Yes," said one, Sam Dyce, the store-keeper, "that damned hill that they say holds the snow longer than any mountain in these parts, in the spring, makes this whole place hotter than tophet summers."

Sam was in his shirt-sleeves, and his suspenders, which his daughter Daisy had

customer, and of no earthly financial use to him. Sam had not once thought of his pretty daughter, but her mother had, and Daisy had worn her pink and white dress at breakfast next morning.

The stranger came again. He was an odd, incidental sort of man, not very young, seemingly rather aimless, or uncertain concerning his aims. Daisy had fallen in love with him but nobody knew whether he had fallen in love with Daisy or not. Sam, prodded by his wife, had found out what little there was to know about him.

His name was Weston, Lee Weston. He was a bachelor and his reputation was exceedingly good. He was much sought by society people, but hung aloof in the lazy, courteous fashion which he had inherited from a Southern grand-



"That old Sabbath bell rang out a chime of prophecy of endless happiness."

embroidered with rosebuds, were in evidence. He had removed his collar, and his long, stringy throat showed Sam was Yankee from way back. He was Yankee from head to toe, and that meant a goodly length of Yankee, for he was over six feet tall. He kept his country store in the fear of the Lord and the determination of profit.

He was constant in attendance at the church in Snow Center, three miles away. He was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was well-to-do. He had remodeled the old Dyce homestead. It had bay windows, a double colonial piazza, and a front yard designed by a landscape gardener. His wife kept two maids, and every spring she and her daughter went on an excursion.

The daughter, Daisy, had been away to school, and her father had bought an electric victoria for her. She was a pretty girl, very sweet-tempered, and not in the least above her father and his store. Some Saturday nights when there was a rush of customers, she came over and helped at the dry goods counter. It was there the other man had first seen her. He had been motoring; his car had broken down and he had stepped into the store in search of a supper of bread and cheese. Sam had sent him to his remodeled mansion where he had feasted, and finally, as the car was still balky, remained over night, quarters being provided for his chauffeur. The car was installed in the barn at the risk of losing insurance.

Sam was hospitable, although a Yankee, and this stranger was not a

mother who had been a Lee. He lived alone with servants and an old house-keeper, and his house was said to be a museum of art.

That Sam Dyce regarded as distinctly not in his favor. Sam scorned art in spite of his rosebud suspenders. He did not in reality care for them, but Daisy had worked them, they were her first embroidery, and Sam did care for his Daisy. He liked the other man well enough. He would have preferred Daisy to marry a man of Snow Hill or Snow Center, but Lee Weston, regarded as a possible son-in-law, did not overawe Sam Dyce. A prince of the blood could not have done that. He scarcely saw Weston's immaculate summer attire and the determined crease of his trousers, and was perfectly unconscious of his own shirt-sleeves.

All that troubled him was the fact that Weston had come and come, and put up his touring car in his barn, and as yet his intentions regarding Daisy were doubtful. Now another man wanted her, and Daisy was urged by her mother that a bird in the hand—Sam's wife was so set of mind that affairs at home were becoming strenuous, and poor Daisy was unhappy.

Now Sam was very uncertain whether Weston would be well received by his wife, since the other man had come to board for the summer next door, at Mrs. Eliza Angel's, and was courting Daisy assiduously, and had acquired favor in the eyes of her mother. He was much younger than Weston, and very handsome, and the covert air of high breeding which Sam's wife's acute feminine