



Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

10¢

TRUST the children to know what is good to eat. Kellogg's is a warm favorite with them because they like the delicious crispness of the delicately toasted flakes. Mother knows that Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are good by the way the youngsters thrive on them. They contain much of the nourishment that little bodies need, and their extreme digestibility makes them kind to little "tummies."

The only product made in Canada by
The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited
London, Ont.

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battle, went mouthing and gibbering away on the arm of his stalwart com-
panion, and presently Hilda and her
servant followed in his wake. By the
time they reached the cluster of cot-
tages in the cove they caught a
glimpse of the unwelcome visitors
getting into their fly on the road be-
hind. With a pleasant sense of hav-
ing routed the invaders, they were
about to climb the steep path back to
The Tower, when a woman came run-
ning to them from one of the cottages.
"What is the matter, Mrs. Penalva?"
Hilda asked her.
"Please, Miss Carlyon, will you
come and have a look at Nathan
Craze?" panted the woman. "He's
do w' un."
"Do you know how long he has been
ill?"
"Not rightly, Miss, we don't. But,
come to think of it, I ain't seen him

about on the beach for some days. Didn't pay any attention, because he's been from home, off and on, a goodish bit lately since Marigold went away.
Hilda accompanied her informant to Nathan Craze's cottage, and on entering the kitchen was shocked at the sight that met her gaze. The gaunt fisherman was stretched on the floor in front of the fireless hearth, babbling incoherently and with the light of fever or worse in his restless eyes.
"Hip and thigh! Smite them hip and thigh!" he was muttering, and then, after a pause: "Agag came to him delicately, but he got hewed in pieces all the same. Ha! Ha! Ha!!!"
"Nathan, old friend, don't you know me?" said Hilda, laying a cool hand on the furrowed brow.
Some chord of memory must have been touched in the clouded brain, for after a glance at the speaker, the sick man essayed to rise, only to fall back

with a groan of agony. Hilda saw that there was physical as well as mental trouble, and bringing her knowledge of "first aid" to bear she discovered two broken ribs.
"It is certainly a case for medical help," she said, and turning to Pascoe she bade him hurry to St. Enoch's and fetch the doctor. In the meantime she and Mrs. Penalva would remain with Craze.
For two long hours she sat in the humble kitchen, listening to the fiercely exultant blasphemies of the disordered brain, hurled in scriptural language at scriptural characters—such as Jezebel, Delilah and Rahab; Judas Iscariot, Herod and Saul.
Only when the doctor had been and the patient had been put to bed did she return to The Tower and gently break the news to Marigold, telling her how her father had met with an accident, in beaching his boat prob-

ably, and that he was also suffering from brain fever. He was too ill to be removed to the hospital at Fal-mouth; but Mrs. Penalva and Mrs. Tresidder, the neighbours, were going to take turns in nursing him.
Marigold went white, but her voice was firm as she answered: "No, Miss Hilda; that's my place. I shall go down and nurse father myself."
Hilda hesitated. Her own sense of duty was in conflict with fears for the girl's safety—alone with a maniac. But the doctor had told her that the patient would be absolutely helpless for a fortnight, in any event. And there were suspicions of internal injuries, not yet fully diagnosed, which made it doubtful if he would recover.
"Very well," she said. "It is the right thing for you to do. I shall come down to the cove and see you every day—dark days for all of us, dear."
(To be continued.)