

So many daily uses



In 2, 3, and 10-lb. tins

As it is served in some form at every meal, and keeps indefinitely, many thrifty housewives order several cans of Crown Brand at a time. Thus they always have a supply on hand. How pleased they are to find that no emergency calling for cooking, baking or candy-making finds them unprepared. It is economical.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

# Crown Brand Syrup

The Great Sweetener

## By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

(Copyrighted)

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Louie Vogel, a notorious criminal, is offered \$5,000 by Lebrun to kidnap Judge Graham, terror of evil-doers. As Lebrun leaves "Silver Danny's" saloon, he is observed by Ralph Charlton of the Department of Justice who has dubbed him "The Gray Wolf." Vogel takes the \$1,000 given him to bind the compact to Stella Lathrop, a country girl he had found starving in the city and befriended. Stella is now earning honest wages in a factory and refuses to marry Vogel unless he gives up his evil ways. She has, however, fallen a convert to Bolshevism. Vogel carries out his pact. Judge Graham lies bound in a shack some miles out of the city. "The Gray Wolf" demands that the Judge should let certain prisoners off with merely a fine. Threats of death for himself and torture for his son have no weight with the just Judge. Charlton becomes suspicious of "The Gray Wolf" and Vogel. Stella Lathrop joins the Inner Council. Charlton visited Stella to find out if she knew of Vogel's whereabouts, and when leaving the hotel saw Lebrun break into her room and Vogel rush to her rescue. Lebrun got the worst of the fight and pursued Vogel and Stella in a motor run to the hut where Judge Graham is imprisoned, but was frightened into returning to the city. Stella insisted upon taking the unconscious Judge with them in their flight to safety. Charlton invades the Inner Council under guise of a messenger from headquarters, and afterwards Lebrun revealed the secret of the Graham plot.

### CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

In less than ten minutes they were in Lebrun's roadster fairly eating up the road to the shack. "The Gray Wolf," his attention centred upon holding the road at their terrific speed, and to keep up a broken conversation with Charlton, had no eyes or ears for anything else, but Charlton, looking back through the glass in the back curtain, saw two bright beams of light that seemed to maintain the same speed as their own car. "The police," thought Charlton, finding comfort in the fact that he would have help near at hand in case Lebrun should grow suspicious and turn ugly. Confident that the detectives assigned to shadowing Lebrun had again picked up the trail, he put himself out to keep his companion so intent upon other things that he would not notice the car at their heels.

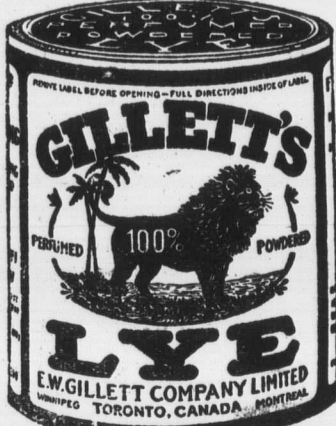
Charlton took one quick backward glance when Lebrun turned off the well traveled road into an unpaved, rough one. He saw the beams of light from the other car for a moment just at the crossroads, then they disappeared.

"They must have been just joy-riders or if they were the police they did not see us turn," thought Charlton; then he resigned himself to play out the game alone. He had gone too far to turn back now.

Lebrun drew to a stop at the edge of a growth of heavy timber. "The house is back there," he said. "It would be best if we left the car here and walked so as to give no warning of our approach if that damned thug and his men should happen to still be here."

He turned off the ignition and the lights and the engine died away. Charlton could have sworn that he heard the soft swish of a high-powered car coming up the road they had just traversed under low speed, then convinced himself that he had been mistaken and turned into the woods after Lebrun.

"You are armed?" whispered "The Gray Wolf." Tucked in a holster



ENJE No. 22-21.

under his clothing Charlton did have a weapon, a vicious little automatic, but he did not admit it.

"I have but one pistol," said Lebrun disappointedly. He produced it. "I wish I had known sooner that you did not have a weapon with you, for I have others in my rooms."

"It is not likely any will be needed," replied the Government man. "Lead on. It's getting late."

"The later the better," said Lebrun, and Charlton thought of the old Bible quotation about men whose deeds are evil preferring the night. In dead silence they went forward. Charlton at Lebrun's heels, until even in the gloom of the heavy trees the Government man could detect the shadowy outlines of a building. "The Gray Wolf" seized him by the arm. "There it is," he whispered. "It doesn't look as if any one were about."

"No," replied Charlton shortly. "Come on." He took the lead and approached the shack cautiously. Not a sound greeted them. They advanced to the rotting front porch, ascended the broken steps and stood just outside the doorway. Charlton did not place any too much faith in the fact that they had not been challenged. It might be that in the house itself Vogel, revolver in hand, merely waited for a fair sight at them to shoot them down.

Suddenly the thought crossed the Government man's mind that he might be the fool and the dupe after all. Suppose that Lebrun knew who he was, after all, and had merely concocted a pretty story for the purpose of luring him here to this lonely place and killing him at his leisure? Who would ever know it? Hadn't Judge Graham been held here for almost a week without the fact becoming known, that is, if Lebrun had told the truth in even that particular? But cold reason reassured itself over his fears. The story told by "The Gray Wolf" coincided in many particulars with things which Charlton had reason to know were true. No, the man was unsuspecting. Still, he might test him.

"Have you a flashlight?" whispered the Government man.

"Yes," Lebrun fumbled in his pocket.

"Give it to me," ordered Charlton, and waited anxiously. If Lebrun surrendered the light to him it would be because he trusted him. Even if he were unarmed, as "The Gray Wolf" believed, and had the light he would have the advantage of Lebrun and his pistol. Lebrun, dazzled by the rays of the light, would be blinded for several minutes after it was switched off and be unable to tell in which direction to shoot.

To Charlton's relief he felt the flashlight shoved into his hand. Reassured, he turned toward the door, pressed the button of the flash lamp and turned a flood of light into the interior of the shack. Lebrun, at his side, weapon held forward in readiness to fire at any enemy, sighed aloud with relief.

"They are gone," he said in his natural voice. "Turn the light over in that corner toward the steps. The Judge was in the cellar to which they lead."

Charlton, holding the light so that their steps would be within its range and taking care that the other should walk beside and not behind him, started for the stairway to the basement.

"You've got the gun. Go first," he suggested, casting the rays down into the basement. Lebrun did so. Certain that they might not expect to find any one in the shack now, Charlton followed. Up and down, all around the floor and the ceiling and the walls he played the light.

"They have taken Judge Graham. What shall I do?" asked Lebrun anxiously. It was the second time that night he had turned to Charlton for advice.

Charlton, bending over the cot which the other had pointed out, sought traces of blood which he believed would be there if Judge Graham had met with foul play. He found none. Certainly the old jurist had been uninjured when he left this place, either freed by Vogel as revenge upon Lebrun or a prisoner of the gunman, who might seek to collect the rewards for his return.

In that moment, before Charlton's horrified eyes, his Government badge shined brightly in the beams of the flashlight in plain view on the cot. Instantly he snapped off the light, reached out one hand to snatch the

badge and with the other tapped at the weapon in its holster beneath his coat. But he was too late!

Lebrun, peering where the light had directed his gaze, had seen. "You ———— detective," he screamed and fired pointblank at the spot where he had pointed Charlton last. But the Government man had anticipated him by the fraction of a second and had softly changed his position, but not far enough. He felt a searing pain across the side of his head and, with the thought that Lebrun's bullet had found its mark and that this was the last flicker of life, he slid to the floor. But not before he had heard a shout from above: "Charlton, I'm coming. It's Alfred Graham," and the sound of two shots almost simultaneously. Then he ceased to know anything.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### On the Trail Again.

Charlton came back to consciousness with a realization that his head pained him slightly, that a wet cloth was about it, but that he did not feel in the least as if he were badly hurt. For a moment he lay with his eyes closed, then opened slowly. He was still in the basement of the shack, he judged, and lying upon the cot. Overhead he heard the creaking of a loose board, then, within range of his vision a pair of sturdy legs began descending the stairway into the basement and, a moment later, he discovered that his visitor was Lieutenant Graham.

"Hello, old top," hailed the aviator's voice. "You've come to, I see. How are you feeling?"

"Fine." Charlton struggled to a sitting position and felt gingerly of the bandage about his head.

"Oh, that isn't serious," said young Graham, cheerfully. "Just a deep scratch where the bullet deprived you of a few locks of hair. You won't notice it after a day or two." "Lebrun didn't make a bad guess as to where I was," replied the Government man. "I thought I had made him miss for a minute and that he had killed me the next. By the way, where is he?"

Graham shrugged his shoulders. "Probably a thousand miles away from here by now, at the rate he was travelling when I last saw him," he said. "When I heard him yell out his discovery of the fact that you were an officer and followed it with a shot, I was lying with my head poked over the edge of the trapdoor up there. The next thing I knew I had tumbled down the steps on top of him as he tried to come up, and we had a nice little tussle down here in the dark. I lost my revolver in the jamboree and he must have known it, for he shook himself loose, threatened to kill me if I followed him and backed up the steps. I heard him run out of the house. I felt around, got my hands on the flashlight, found my revolver and chased out after him. He was turning his car around by the time I got to the road and I was too late to stop him. But I let him have a couple of shots for good measure and they only made him travel the faster."

"Thank you, Graham, you saved my life, I believe," said Charlton gratefully. He held out his hand and they shook. "I won't say anything more about it, old man, but I pledge myself to clear up this thing and find your father if it takes the rest of my days. That was a brave thing to do, to drop down into this place and face an armed man."

"Oh, forget it," said the fiercer, visibly embarrassed. "I did that on the spur of the moment. It took more courage to come back to this hole in the dark and feel for your heart to see if you were still alive. I felt the cold chills running up my spine. I've always been slightly squeamish where a dead person is concerned and you certainly fit like a log. I found out you were very much alive, I poked you up on the cot, went back to my car and got enough water out of the radiator to mop off your wound, tied it up and then there wasn't anything to do but to stick around and wait for daylight and you to come to again."

"What time is it?" asked Charlton. "About 4.30 in the morning. Daylight comes early this time of the year. It's a trifle early even for a June day just out of the Army, but I'm fairly wakened. So if you are quite ready, we'll make it out to the car and hunt up a place to eat. Doubt if there is any place nearer than town and I want a big meal, too."

"But you haven't told me how you happened to be in on the party just in the nick of time," said Charlton when they were seated in Graham's machine, and its powerful engine was drawing swiftly toward the city. They had stopped to examine the tracks left by two motor cars in front of the building, and Charlton had guessed that they were those driven by Vogel and Lebrun. In the hard road their tracks had been lost.

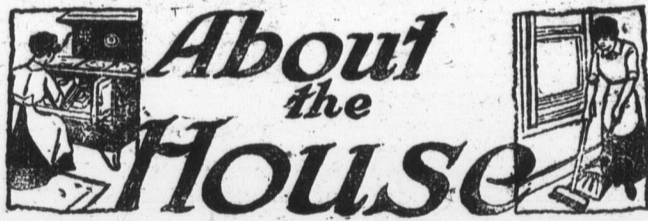
"Just accident, pure and simple, dear boy," Graham answered the question. "I took your advice, went home, had a good sleep and felt better. Then I got the car, thinking to run downtown and see if I could be of service to you. On the way I saw you and a strange man in a roadster which answered the description of 'The Gray Wolf's' car as you described it to Inspector Griffin in my presence, so I turned around and followed. I couldn't imagine how you two, the hunter and the hunted, happened to be on such apparently intimate terms, but I put two and two together and took a chance that you were playing the game with him. Was I right?"

"Go to the head of the class," replied Charlton with a grin. "I was playing a game all right, but my badge fell out of my pocket when I leaned over the cot, and the beans were spilled. Go ahead with your yarn."

"Well, I had an idea from the speed you were making that you were on a hurry call and I thought it might be something to do with my father and I hung along."

"You haven't asked after your father," chided Charlton. "I heard what you and Lebrun said about it before he took the pot shot at you, so I naturally supposed he hadn't been found. Lebrun seemed worried about it, too, so I deduced that if he wasn't happy father must have gotten the best of him somewhere. He paused for confirmation. "Still at the head of the class," said Charlton. "You know almost as much as I do as to your father's present whereabouts. But I believe he is unharmed, but still a prisoner, probably in the hands of Louis Vogel. I wouldn't be surprised if we found a demand for the rewards awaiting you when we get back. But I'll tell you my story in detail later. It is a long one, and I'll make one telling do for you, too, when I make my report to the chief. That is, if you can stand it." (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.



### About the House

#### For Your Strawberry Time.

Have you ever eaten frosted strawberries? To make them, beat the white of an egg until fairly stiff. Dip the strawberries one by one into the white, roll in powdered sugar, and let dry.

**Strawberry marshmallow cream**—4 slices white cake, 12 marshmallows, 1 cup whipped cream, 2 cups strawberries. Place a piece of angel or any white cake in a sherbet glass, mix the marshmallows, which are cut very fine, with the whipped cream and pile on the cake. Decorate with strawberries.

**Strawberry fluff**—1 cup instant tapioca, 4 cups water, 1 1/4 cups sugar, 2 cups mashed strawberries, 2 egg whites. Put the tapioca and hot water into a double boiler, and cook until clear; add sugar, strawberries, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and set aside to chill.

**Strawberry sponge**—2 tablespoons gelatin, 1 1/2 cups water, 4 cups berries, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 egg whites. Soak the gelatin in one-half cup of cold water; mash the berries and add one-half the sugar to them. Boil the remainder of the sugar and the cup of water gently twenty minutes. Rub the berries through a fine sieve; add gelatin to boiling syrup; take from the fire, and add the berry and lemon juices. Place the bowl in a pan of ice water, and beat with an egg-beater five minutes. Add the whites of eggs beaten stiff, and beat until the mixture begins to thicken.

**Glorified strawberry pie**—2 cups strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 package strawberry gelatin. Fill a cool, open pie crust with the sugared berries. Prepare the gelatin, and when it begins to jell or thicken pour over the berries. Set aside to chill. At serving time spread whipped cream over the top, and decorate with a few choice berries, if desired.

**Strawberries French style**—2 cups strawberries, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar. Wash and stem berries and cut them in slices. Put in tall sherbet glasses.

Fill the glasses two-thirds full of berries, and one-half tablespoon of orange juice and one tablespoon of powdered sugar to every glass. Serve very cold.

#### Sleep Requirements of Children.

No child nutrition worker, says the Public Health Service, can hope to get satisfactory results without insisting on enough sleep for her charges. Besides damaging the nervous system, late hours cause "sleep hunger" and make children nervous and fidgety. The Service commends the following precepts just issued by the I. O. O. F. County Council: School children under four years need twelve hours sleep a day; aged five to seven, 11 to 12 hours; eight to eleven, 10 to 11 hours; and twelve to fourteen, 9 to 10 hours. Children grow mainly while sleeping or resting. Do you want yours to grow up stunted? Tired children learn badly and often drift to the bottom of the class. Do you want yours to grow up stupid? When children go to bed late their sleep is often disturbed by dreams and they do not get complete rest. Do you want yours to sleep badly and become nervous? Sufficient sleep draws a child onward and upward in school and in home life. Insufficient sleep drags it backward and downward. Which way do you want your child to go? Tired children are often only tired children; test the truth of this. That a neighbor's child is sent to bed late is not a good reason for sending your child to bed late; two wrongs do not make a right. Going to bed late is a bad habit, which may be difficult to cure; persevere till you succeed in curing it.

#### Honey Bars.

Honey is healthful as well as delicious. Used as a basis for candy it insures a sweet that is wholesome, appetizing and unusual. Honey bars have all of those qualities.

Place in a saucepan one quart of honey, three generous tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of vinegar. Boil the mixture until, when a little of it is dropped into cold water,

it hardens. Stir in two teaspoonsful of lemon extract; then add slowly, cracking it fine between the forefinger and the thumb, one-half teaspoonful of cooking soda. Mix the whole thoroughly; pour it into a buttered platter, and when it is partly cool mark it off in bars, making the lines so deep that the bars may be readily broken apart.

#### The "Travelling" Farm Woman.

A farm woman—we have this story direct; and it is true—who was growing weary with the walking she was forced to do because of the inconvenient arrangement of her living-room, kitchen, cellar and other rooms which called for her presence most of the time of every day, made an odd experiment. It was certainly a thoroughly up-to-date and scientific one. She wore for a length of time a pedometer which would give her an absolute record of the distance walked each day. The results were amazing. We should doubt them had we no proof.

This woman, doing ordinary housework on a farm, walked twelve miles a day when she was doing only her average daily stint of housework; on days when there were extras on hand, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, or threshing, the pace climbed up to between fifteen and eighteen miles. Totalled up, she covered an average of 400 miles in a month and in five years—hold your breath—circumscribed the globe, right in her own home! We move the installment of a lot of pedometers. Or, better, a general improvement of household equipment.

#### Engaging a Cook.

"Tell me, did you engage her?" asked one lady recently of another, to whom a cook she had formerly employed had applied for a position.

"Almost," was the reply, "but not quite. She insisted on being sent to church every Sunday in an automobile, because we are a mile from the village. I told her that the trolley cars ran right by, and that we had no automobile; but it was no use. You had sent her in your automobile last summer, and she wasn't going to arrive in any less elegant manner this! She said that if we hadn't an automobile we could buy one; she should think we'd be ashamed not to have one, anyhow, and us calling ourselves genteel folk."

"We were three miles out, and the trolley didn't run by," explained her friend. "I'm sorry if I spoiled her. It seemed the only decent thing to do."

"Oh, it was; you behaved as a lady and a Christian ought," conceded the other sadly. "I hope I'm a Christian, too—even your cook hasn't told me that I'm not! But without an automobile it seems I'm not a lady."

Cooks are certainly independent nowadays, but occasionally they showed a tendency to argue with prospective employers even in the tranquil Victorian times and in conservative England. In the diary of Mrs. Gladstone, kept during her early married life in the 1840's, occurs this entry: "Engaged a cook after a long conversation on religious matters chiefly between her and William."

Query: Were William and the cook sympathetic souls? Or did the cook overcome the mighty Gladstone in discussion, or did he overcome her? If he did, he must have been discreetly non-exultant over his triumph, or his wife could never have engaged her.

#### Cradle Song.

This is a charming little poem by one of our gifted Canadian poets, Miss Norah Holland:

Hushen lo!  
The sun is westing,  
Birds are nesting,  
Shadows grow;  
And above your cradle swinging  
Mother's singing—  
Hushen lo!  
Hushen lo!  
Hushen lo!  
If on the morrow  
Cometh sorrow,  
Who shall know?  
God, His watch above you keeping,  
Guards your sleeping—  
Hushen lo!  
Hushen lo!

## Used Autos

BRANNEY WELLS TRUCKS: USED in cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 250 miles, or less run of same distance if you wish, in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

RING mechanism of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Branney's Used Car Market  
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## The Spacious Firmament on High.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens a shining frame Their great original proclaim. The unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball; What though no real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found; In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; Forever singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is Divine."

—Joseph Addison.

## Shelter-Belts for Prairie Farms.

Several million seedling trees and cuttings are being sent out from the Dominion Forest Nursery Stations at Indian Head and Sutherland, Saskatchewan, this spring, for planting by prairie farmers as shelter-belts about their premises. The trees are sent out free on condition that the farmer prepares the ground for the reception of the little trees and keeps the land cultivated till the trees have grown sufficiently to shade the ground and thus keep down grass and weeds. The species of trees sent out are Manitoba maple, ash, poplar, and willow, and the tree-like shrub caragana. This work has been going on now for about twenty years with the result that thousands of prairie homes are surrounded and sheltered by belts of trees. Except for the war years the work has shown steady increase from year to year, and the plan has proved so successful that it has been adopted by several of the provinces and by the United States Department of Agriculture.

## Minard's Liniment for Buring, etc.

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