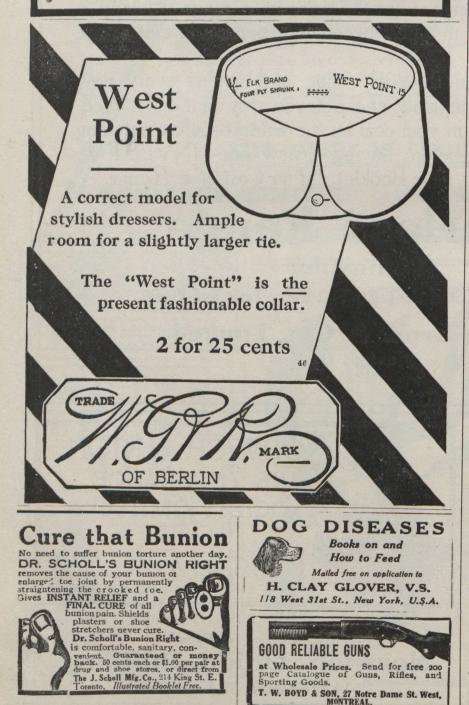




Toasted Corn Flakes

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of my mother's half-brother, Hermann Muller. Sometimes he worked for the cause, but at others he worked for his own ends, and I was a useful tool. For a few years I was away from him, at school, perhaps it was then that he knew Sylvia's mother, for I never saw or heard of her. Since I left school I have been his catspaw, his decoy, the helper in all his schemes for money get-ting, for low adventure. Men came to his card parties, because I was good to look at, and amusing to talk to. I have been all over Europe with him, and I his card parties, because I was good to look at, and amusing to talk to. I have been all over Europe with him, and I never understood till now, how low I had dropped in lending myself to his base schemes and low frauds." "What has taught you now?" the words were almost severed exit at her

words were almost snapped out at her, the two stood facing one another, it was as though some momentous crisis were at stake. "What has taught you now?"

at stake. "What has taught you now?" Hugh repeated, when she did not at once reply. "I cannot tell you that," she answered slowly, the colour that had come back to her face as she talked, dying out of it again. "I had to tell you the truth, I could not let you know me any more under false pretences, but—there is nothing else to be said." All the vital-ity seemed to leave her with the last words, she stood there before him like a flower broken on its stalk, her head a flower broken on its stalk, her head drooping, her whole pose one of intense fatigue, and Hugh's grave tone changed. "There is everything more to be said,"

"There is everything more to be said," he answered very gently, his hands drawing her trembling hands into their grasp. "Do you know what I think of you for coming and telling me all this?" She shook her head, and a wan smile flickered across her face, though her eyes brimmed over with tears. "I think, like your mother, you are a noble woman," he said very softly. "It was not an easy thing to tell me the truth." "Easy?" Her tear-dimmed eyes

"Easy ?" Her tear-dimmed eyes looked full into his. "I didn't think I could ever do it. I fought against do-ing it, but something made me come-something—that was stronger than my-self." The grasp of his hands upon here The grasp of his hands upon hers tightened.

"What was it stronger than your-"What was it stronger than your-self?" There was a compelling force in his eyes, she could not withdraw her own glance, but the soft colour crept

own glance, but the soft colour crept over her face again. "You!" The one word came under her breath, drawn from her by that irresistible force against which she was powerless to struggle, and as he heard it, Hugh Berners laughed, a low, con-tontod laugh

it, Hugh Berners laughed, a low, con-tented laugh. "Was I stronger than yourself?" he asked, his voice dropping into a caress-ing tenderness that sent a shiver of joy through her veins. "Did you know that I should understand?" "I thought you would never want to speak to me again," she said, a great bewilderment and a great happiness thrilling in her voice. "I fought hard with myself before I came to you, be-cause I was sure that you would de-spise me utterly when I told you the truth. I thought by telling you it that I was cutting myself away from you for ever." ever

ever." "You thought that, and still you came," his hands drew her impercept-ibly nearer to himself. "I had to come," she repeated. "I could not let you think me better than I am. I had to tell you the worst."

You care for me enough to want me know the whole of you, good and to know The note of triumph deepened in

bad?" The note of triumph deepened in his voice. "Yes," she whispered, her eyes falling at last before what she read in his. "I knew I would rather never see you again, than be dishonest with you any more. I have never done anything to again, that be distributed with you any more. I have never done anything to disgrace my womanhood, only I have lived a life of adventure, of intrigue. I————" But the end of her sentence was muffled by the rough folds of his coat, for he caught her in his arms, and held her closely, raining kisses on her rosv face.

(To be continued.)

Ready Answer.—Sunday School Teach-er—"Now, who can tell me what our text means: 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full blade in the ear?'" Little Jimmy—"Sure, I know. It means you'd orter eat green corn wi' a knife!"—Chicago News.



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