

# 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.

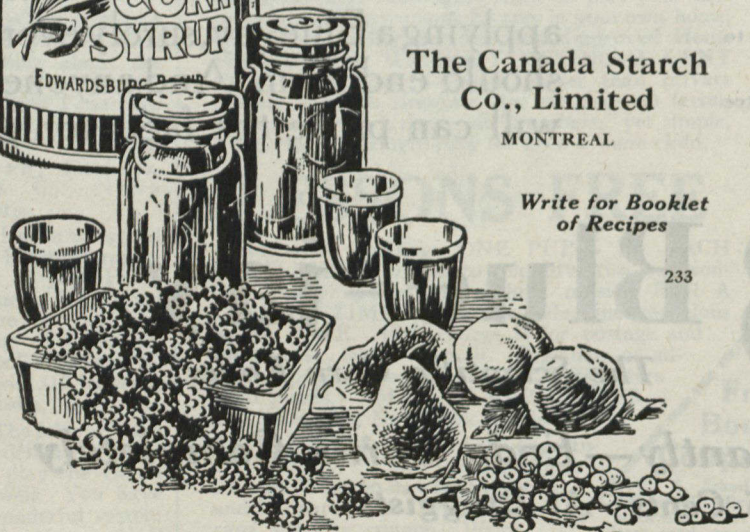


Your grocer sells Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited  
MONTREAL

Write for Booklet of Recipes

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# LILY WHITE

## The Hills of Desire

(Continued from page 51)

self before he could remember that Augusta was truly his wife and that she and he had an existence for each other which did not depend on that fiction. But when he looked again at Augusta and saw the woman in her, the steady, self-contained, gentle strength that shone in the beauty of her tired eyes, he knew that Augusta was really his. And now for the first time he weakened, his knees bent under him, he felt and was the sick man. He wanted to tell her, to confide, to lean upon her. Angrily he shook the feeling off and came quickly over to sit on the arm of her chair.

"But it's just as I told him. If I could only rap out a decent few lines I'd be all—"

A sharp fit of coughing came up, choking him. He hurried out into the hall. Augusta started to follow him, but a movement in the bedroom caught her ear and she turned back. She wanted to follow him, to make him tell her just what was the trouble. But the fear of what her mother might do was too strong upon her.

For the time, Wardwell had escaped. In his own room, he sat down at the desk, gasping between spells of coughing and trying to smother the noise with his handkerchief. The coughing stopped after a little, and he was surprised to feel a sensation of pleasant warm moisture in his irritated throat.

He cocked one ear up in a funny way he had, as though to listen. Then put his handkerchief to his lips and held it there a moment. When he had drawn it away and looked meditatively for a little while at the red blotch on it, he nodded his head.

He did not take this fresh piece of news argumentatively, defiantly, as he had met the words of the doctor. This was definite, conclusive. He must deliberate. He decided that he would deliberate. That was the thing. This matter must be thought out carefully.

He looked at the typewriter in front of him, for counsel. Then suddenly his arms shot out grabbing the rusted iron frame of the typewriter and hugging it, while his head sank down upon it and he whispered to it in agony:

"God! Never another good line on you!"

This has to be told. In that moment, that battered old contraption of cast iron and rattling keys was more to Jimmie Wardwell than woman, man or child could be. It was dearer to him, it was nearer to where he thought and really lived. And he loved it and hugged it to him, as though already they were trying to take part of his soul from him. For men of Wardwell's kind are like that. When the passion of creation has once gotten fire in their souls, they are damned to live this life alone. No articulate being can come near. And in their loneliness they fasten on something connected with their passion. There have been men who have loved to the death a rickety old table at which they have worked, or even a corner of a garret room.

After a while Jimmie lurched up out of his chair and fumbling got ready to crawl into bed. It was the first time that he had missed going down to say good-night, but he dared not face Augusta to-night.

The idea of dying, physically, meant little or nothing to him. He had never thought of it. He did not think of it now. But the failures of the past months and this last sure sign of physical failure, of the end in fact, threw him into blind panic; not a panic in fear of pain, or darkness, still less of punishment. No, it was the fear that the spirit fire, burning pent up and mad within him, was to be smothered. He was afraid, afraid that he, Jimmie Wardwell, would be snuffed out before he could form and bring out the things that burned within him and craved for expression.

Shivering under the bed clothes, he moaned over and over like a hurt child: "Never another good line!" Until, again like a child in pain, he fell into a sort of sleep.

He did not hear, probably he had forgotten, the girl who came with trembling steps and beating heart to listen at his door for this breathing and then hurried back in anxious fear to her own endless vigil.

A Wardwell debonair and blithe as the early spring morning came into Augusta's sitting room after breakfast. He had swept from him all traces of the storm of the night, and Augusta knew from the first glance that she would learn nothing from him in this mood.

"The glory of the morning,  
"The beauty of the dawning,



## His First Dress Suit

Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in rapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of the boy in his first dress suit—and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

In just a few years when he and Son are looking at the family Kodak Album, he will smile slyly and say—"William, you were great! Let's see, how old were you then?"

And the autographic film will tell.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited  
Toronto, Canada

## Gray Hair Ended In From 4 to 8 Days



Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

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I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....  
medium brown..... light brown.....

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