

Give the "Kiddies" All They Want of CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value. A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound—on a 3 pound glass jar.



THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Tidy Water" Corn Syrup—Borden's Corn Syrup—
and "Super-Glue" Laundry starch.



Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Cakes", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning following the disastrous steeplechase, Mr. Jasper Vermont ordered his car, and then sat down to write to Adrienne. He told her that he regretted having to leave the castle so suddenly, but urgent business required his presence in London, and that he would return to Barmister as soon as possible.

On the appearance of the motor, he took his departure, travelling direct to Jermyn Court, where he stayed to lodge, waited on by the attentive Norgate as though he had been Adrienne himself. Then, having filled his cigar-case with his friend's choicest Cabañas, he strolled through the fashionable parts of the park.

The loungers and idle men of fashion who usually frequented it at that time of the day knew him well, and nodded with forced smiles of friendship—it was clearly to their interest to be on good, if possible, cordial terms with a man who always had the entrée to the innermost circles, and who had won the confidence of a popular favorite like Adrienne Leroy.

Those who had not been personally introduced to Jasper, had still heard reports of his position, and looked after him with that half-jealous air which says so plainly:

"There goes the kind of prosperous, wealthy man I myself should like to be."

Mr. Vermont strolled along, his face wreathed in a perpetual smirk of recognition, his hat off half a dozen times a minute, acknowledging the smiling glances accorded to him.

When he had nearly come to Hyde Park Gate, he was confronted by one of the loungers—an old acquaintance of his—whose woe-begone countenance seemed expressive of acute mental distress.

Jasper Vermont recognized him in spite of his altered appearance—usually a very gay one—and stopped him.

"What, Beau?" he exclaimed, with seemingly effusive warmth; "you here; whatever have you been doing—committing murder? Or have you married in haste, to repent of it at leisure?"

"Neither, my dear boy," answered the well-groomed young man—a captain in the "Household" Guards—one of the fastest and most generally-

liked fellows in town. "Neither, Vermont; but I have just come from the city."

"City of the Tombs?" drawled Jasper facetiously.

Captain Beaumont laughed, but rather mournfully.

"Yes," he said, "all my hopes are buried in that beastly place. Really, the County Council ought to put a notice over the west side of Temple Bar monument instead of that heraldic beast: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.'"

Mr. Vermont laughed, in his usual quiet way.

"How's that? The city is good enough in its way. What have they been doing to you; won't they lend you any more money?"

"Worse even than that," said the young spendthrift; "they actually want me to repay all that I owe them already, on short notice, with the usual threats if I fail to comply within their time."

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Vermont simply; but his "oh" was full of meaning and apparent sympathy for the misfortunes of his friend.

"Yes, that hard-hearted old skinflint, Harker—that mean brute he is! I should like to bury him, and would attend his funeral gladly to be certain I had seen the last of him. He holds a pretty little tot-up in the way of bills of mine; and I expected, naturally enough, when I called on the firm, that they would renew them at the usual Shylock rates, and I could try elsewhere for something to go on with."

"Yes," said Mr. Vermont, "of course, that's the way you have done for years."

Captain Beaumont nodded.

"Yes, that's so; but Harker only shook that long head of his, and refused me; and nothing I could say would change the old skinflint's mind either. You know that cock-and-bull story he always tells, about his not being the principal, but only the servant? Well, he says his principal has instructed him to call in my bills, and it is impossible for him to renew them; and that the usual steps will be taken if I am not able to meet them."

Jasper laughed, with gentle sarcasm. "Of course, that's always the moneylender's excuse. I'm afraid he will sell you up, Beau."

Captain Beaumont whistled.

"My dear Vermont, it will be an awful shock for the governor. He can only give us younger sons a small allowance, and he certainly won't be able to settle this matter; it would be altogether beyond him."

"What is the amount?" inquired Jasper. He was as well aware as was the young captain himself, of Lord Dunford's financial difficulties.

"Well, not much," replied Captain Beaumont. "Only seven thousand; but it's no good my going to the governor for a penny piece, and how to clear it up is more than I can tell. But why do you ask?" he added, though with but faint eagerness. "Do you think you could find anyone able to help me out of this beastly hole?"

"Well, I might," said Jasper, eyeing him meditatively, as if seeking from its fumes some inspiration as to a method of aiding his friend.

"I only know one way to prevent Harker taking extreme measures," went on the troubled debtor; "that is if I could get someone to back new bills. Now if, say, Adrienne Leroy, were to back some bills for me, Harker certainly would not refuse; but I am hardly in a position to ask Leroy."

"But I am," said Vermont, smiling with the consciousness of power; "and I will do it for you, for old friendship's sake."

"You will!" exclaimed the Captain gratefully. "Jasper, you're a brick! I feel sure, somehow, he will do it for you. I should stand no chance. You are a good fellow to come to my rescue in this fashion."

"Ah," said Mr. Vermont, with a smile; "but can we be sure that Harker will accept Leroy's name on the bills?"

"Why, of course, Harker or anybody else wouldn't," asked the Guardsman, as the cloud dispelled

from his face at hope coming so quickly from this unexpected quarter. "Why, it's as good as the Bank of England. Harker take it—he'll snap at it. Only try him and see his greedy eyes glisten. What could Harker get by selling me up?—absolutely nothing. Besides, it would do him harm by letting others know how harshly he served me. Oh no, Harker will not sell me up if he can find such an easy, safe way out of the difficulty."

"True," said Jasper pleasantly. "Well, I'll interview Leroy and see if I can persuade him to assist you, as a friend of mine; I believe I can do it for you. Going to Lady Merivale's to-night? Yes? Then we shall meet again, till then, au revoir."

So, with a shake of his fat, smooth hand, the benevolent, unselfish Mr. Vermont took his departure, still smiling serenely, on the business which had brought him that day to London.

Nobody knew Jasper's private address. He was always to be found with Adrienne Leroy, and all letters were addressed to his club, or to Jermyn Court; but of the locality of that place which Mr. Vermont would sanctify by the name of "home," everyone was ignorant.

Whenever questioned on this subject—he never obtruded the matter on anybody—it was his custom to answer lightly:

"Home! what does such a word, such a jettison and flotsam of the world's flowing tide, want with a home? Really, my dear boy—or madam, if the speaker happened to be of the gentler sex—"if ever you have occasion to see me, I am sure to be at one of these three places: Leroy's chambers, my club—the Palladium, or Barmister Castle."

And, accordingly, to one of these places his fashionable acquaintances directed their inquiries for him. Mr. Vermont, however, really possessed a home, small, it is true, but one quite suitable to his needs, and absolutely secluded from the possible knowledge of his friends in the gay world.

After leaving Captain Beaumont, he had himself driven to the City. Alighting in front of a large jeweller's shop, apparently with the intention of purchasing something, he dismissed his car; then when it had disappeared, walked quickly along the crowded thoroughfare for some distance. At

last, looking round furtively—for he was ever cautious—he dived into one of the small entrances in Lawrence Lane, and mounting two flights of stairs, entered the front room. This was the home, or rather, perhaps, refuge from the conventions of society, that Mr. Vermont possessed. Here he could find shelter at any time of the night, for he possessed a private key; and by his orders the bed was kept constantly aired and ready by the housekeeper, who had her own room on the floor above. It was no unusual thing for her to leave the rooms tenantless late in the evening, and find them occupied when she rose in the morning, Jasper having arrived during the dead of night, silently as was his invariable custom.

The second morning after his sudden return to town, Mr. Vermont was in his sitting-room, which was very plainly furnished indeed, partaking of a breakfast so simple that his fashionable friends would scarcely have believed the evidence of their own eyes. When he had finished, and the table had been cleared, he went over to the roll-top desk which stood in an angle by the window, and opened it, disclosing piles of letters, sheets of closely-written foolscap and slips of memorandum forms. On the corner of the desk stood a telephone which communicated with Harker's private room, downstairs in the office; they were dignified by the name of Harker's "Bank," and were of course, those of the money-lending business which was carried on by Vermont in that name. Taking up the receiver now, he asked Harker to come up to him as soon as possible.

Within the next few minutes, George Harker was standing before the master both naked and scared. He was very tall, with thin, lined face, from which all light and hope seemed to have fled. His whole being appeared wrapped up in attendance on Jasper Vermont. He watched him eagerly now, not speaking until he was spoken to, but simply waiting patiently, doggedly, till his master was ready to attend to him.

Vermont drew the heap of various papers toward him—with keen eyes and quick brain grasped the multitude of facts they set forth, checked the long column of figures, struck the balances; and, with a nod of satisfaction, looked up at the man before him.

"All right, Harker, as far as I can see—and, as you know, that's all the way and a little beyond. But we must do better than that. Where's the private account?"

"Here, sir," said Harker, in a dry, rasping voice, somewhat like the creaking of an old, rusty-hinged door.

"Where?—oh yes, I see. Oh, Pax-horn has come to us, has he? Writing poetry is not a paying game, eh? Or is it the fine, grand company that runs away with the golden counters? Well, all fish—or idiots—that come to our net are welcomed, no matter what wind drives them. Thirty per cent. from Paxhorn. No more?"

"I could not get any more, sir," said Harker earnestly. "I tried—I tried indeed I did, I assure you. I would not give in until he threatened to go to another office."

"Hem, well I suppose it's the truth; though, of course, all moneylenders are rogues—and you're only a money-lender, you know." He looked up for a moment to look at the logical joke. "Who backs his paper? Lord Standish. Oh, my lord is pretty keen in our books already, isn't he? Where are his statistics?"

"Here, sir," said Harker, taking one of the papers from the heap. Jasper Vermont glanced at it, and laid it down again with an evil smile on his face.

"Oh, he's good for more than that Harker; but be cautious. We'll lend him another ten thousand; but put on five per cent. Lords must pay, to set the fashion to commoner folk. By the way, Captain Beaumont—"

"Whose bills you instructed me to call in, sir."

(To be continued.)

USE AFRICAN LABOR.

2,000 South African Natives to Work in France.

With regard to the scheme for sending South African natives to France, 2,000 Cape boys, or half-caste natives, are being forwarded in advance of the 10,000 for which arrangements were originally made. The majority of the selected natives have previously had experience of work in the mines of the Transvaal and life in the compounds under a quasi-military discipline. They will be placed in charge of officers of good standing in South Africa, who know how to treat them wisely. Some of the officers have served previously as magistrates in the districts reserved for natives.

Neither Cape boys nor natives proper will be permitted to offer for service at the front; they are to be employed exclusively at the seaports in the south of France, and kept strictly within the compounds. They have volunteered for the work, being satisfied with the wages offered and other conditions, and they will be sent back to South Africa as soon as their help ceases to be required.

Drafts Men for Farming.

It is announced from Constantinople that the Turkish Government has decided to introduce a system of compulsory agricultural work during the war. All persons not required for military service, including women, will be liable for compulsory work on the land.

Admiral Jellicoe looks for Canadians

The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve Overseas Division

will enrol 2000 men of good character and good physique for immediate service overseas, in the British Navy.

Pay \$1.10 per day and up Separation allowance \$20.00 monthly Free Kit

For further particulars apply to

The Nearest Naval Recruiting Station

or to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

R. N. C. V. Overseas Division

Why? Shouldn't you

enjoy, in your own home, as smooth, clean and comfortable a shave as the city man, or as anyone else in this broad Dominion? Why shouldn't you own and use the keenest, speediest, most convenient shaving tool in the world—the

Gillette Safety Razor

The thin Gillette Blades, electrically hardened, honed with diamond dust, stropped in wonderful automatic machines, carry an edge whose uniform, lasting keenness has never been matched. The curved Gillette head holds them rigid—guarded—adjustable by a turn of the handle for a light or close shave.

With the Gillette there's no need for honing, stropping, or careful working round the chin or angle of the jaw! There are no preliminaries—the razor is ready for business—you just pick it up and shave, with the easy angle stroke, in five minutes or less.

The Gillette "Buildup", "Aristocrat" and Standard Sets cost \$5—Pocket Editions \$5 and \$6—Combination Sets \$6.50 up. At Hardware, Drug, Men's Wear and Jewelry stores.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
Office and Factory: GILLETTE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Couldn't be Rude. "Are you in love with young Smith?" "In love! I despise him." "But I saw him kiss you good night." "Oh, I couldn't be rude."

Practical Girl. "Darling, I love you so much I would gladly die for you." "That's very nice of you, George, but it wouldn't do me any good. I'd so much rather you'd make a good living for me than a glad dying."

GOOD DIGESTION—When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP corrects and stimulates the digestive organs, and banishes the many ailments which arise from indigestion.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED, Craig Street West Montreal

Be Proud of Your "Company" Cake

Made with Five Roses Flour, it keeps its freshness and flavour longer. Light, but firm of texture, it won't crumble under the keen-edged knife. Your guests are sure to praise it.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

FOR BREADS—CAKES—PUDDINGS—PASTRIES.

Penman's Underwear

SLIPPING into a suit of Penman's is satisfying—the material feels good, and you feel good about it, because you know as far as underwear is concerned you are following the precedent of our best-dressed women. All styles, all weights—all right.

Penman's Limited Paris

Also Makers of Hosiery and Sweater Coats

The Farm

Keep the Furrow Straight.

Really good plowing is so uncommon to-day that a fairly well-plowed field attracts the attention of the passer-by. Judging from appearances of the average plowed field, plowmen take very little pride in their work. To get the field blackened is the principal aim. In this age of rush and scarcity of help there may be some excuse for hurrying over the work as quickly as possible, but, what effect has the slipshod method of plowing on the man who does the work, and on the future crops? Decreased yields of crops are, in some cases, directly traceable to poor plowing. The cut-and-cover system, which some follow, cannot possibly leave the soil in as good condition for the next season's crop as cutting the furrow clean and properly turning it. The old system of setting the furrow on edge has largely given place to turning it flat, and no appreciable difference in crop production is noticed. Poor plowing is responsible for some noxious weeds gaining in number. If the roots of even a few plants are allowed to slip around the plow-shape they may grow and propagate, thus becoming the means of seeding down a considerable area. Wild grass is another enemy of the crops that requires turning completely under if it is to be killed. This necessitates the use of a jointer or skimmer on the plow in order to turn the edge of the furrow under. If this were more generally used there would be less danger of grass getting a start. True, its use would increase the draft on the horses, but more satisfactory work would be done. When plowing down long grass, clover or weeds it is a good plan to attach a chain to the plow in such a way as to pull all growth into the furrow.

Avoid Leaving Holes.

Only recently a young farmer was seen plowing a field on which was a luxuriant growth of weeds. Neither skimmer nor chain was being used, and, consequently, from a distance, the field looked more like a meadow than plowed ground. When questioned regarding the advisability of leaving the field that way, he remarked: "I know I should use a chain on the plow but I haven't one handy; maybe I will get one from my brother to-night." One-and-a-half acres of poor plowing in a field is an eyesore and possibly a seed-bed of noxious weeds, from which seeds will be carried to other parts of the farm. An endeavor should be made to turn under all growth and avoid, as far as possible, leaving holes in the field. If the field is stony this is no easy task, especially for a young man just learning to plow. There is some excuse for a beginner doing rather poor work, but there is no excuse for the man who has been plowing for several years. From the very commencement there should be gradual improvement. If the plow strikes a stone it should be pulled back and a fresh start made. The writer well remembers the first field he plowed. Not being heavy enough to pull the plow back, the horses were turned around and an endeavor made to leave as few holes as possible. True, this takes time, but it is worth it. If a man does not try to do good work when commencing to plow, the habit of carelessness gradually grows on him, and he never becomes a good plowman. When striking out a field it is well to first turn a furrow out each way and then turn it back. This gets over the difficulty of having a high centre and the ground is all cut. Too often the centre of the ridges are not cut, and little else but grass and weeds grow up the following season.

The Plowing Match.

On the majority of farms, plowing is the young man's job. To some the work gets very monotonous, while others take a delight in following the plow day after day and ever trying to improve on the straightness and neatness of the furrow. Plowing a straight furrow gives as much satisfaction to some men as painting a picture does to the artist, but it is feared that too many tillers of the soil do not look upon their labors as a work of art.

Within the past year or two plowing matches have been revived. Evidently the need was felt for training better plowmen, and results so far have been gratifying. A splendid feature about them are the claves for boys and young men. They have an opportunity of showing to spectators the kind of work they can do. The work that is done in competition must of necessity be duplicated at home, for no man can become an expert plowman in one day. It would be a good thing if more of the young men made themselves eligible to enter these competitions. The only way to do it is to practice at home. Straight, neat work can be done with the double plow, as well as with the single-furrow plow. It is a matter of handling the horses carefully and properly adjusting the plow. Better plowing, we believe, would have a tendency to improve the crops. It should also be borne in mind that the way the plowing is done is an indication of how all other work undertaken will be done. There should be scores of young men in competition at every plowing match. To compete favorably, the home field must be the training ground.—The Farmer's Advocate.