



#### Use Sunlight Soap This Way

Wet the clothes well and soap thoroughly all over with Sunlight. Then roll the garments, put them into soak in lukewarm hard or soft water and go away for thirty minutes while Sunlight Soap does its work. Rinse well in water of the same temperature, take special care to get out all the dirty suds, and then wring out.

## A SOAP FOR WASHING FLANNELS AND SOFT GOODS

EVERY soap is compounded in a general way from similar basic materials; the significant difference between Sunlight Soap and other soaps is that Sunlight is a *correct* compound made scientifically exact by expert chemists—and that it is absolutely free from injurious ingredients of any kind.

There is no free alkali or chemicals in Sunlight Soap; there is just sufficient to render the process of soap-making complete, to leave the fats so that they dissolve readily in either hard or soft lukewarm water, so that they make a soft, quick suds and do away with rubbing and hard work.

Sunlight Soap may be safely used on any kind of underwear, flannels, merino, cashmere and any other soft materials without fear of shrinking or hardening them. It leaves them soft, fleecy and clean-smelling—no greasiness, no oiliness, no yellow color or no musty odor.

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.



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# SUNLIGHT SOAP

passions, and love the girl with all his life's implicit devotion, or he must blot her out of his heart for ever, and pursue the other path. No middle course, no compromise now! Fame or Love—which?

He had come out on the edge of a towering cliff. Below him the angry, resolute sea was slowly eating away the solid rock that reached upward from its grasp. It was a very wild day. Strife and turmoil were in the air. Out at sea, just visible, a steamer trudged toward the open waters of the ocean. There was no appearance of softness in her advance. She crowded down all the opposing

waves, shouldering her way with a grim determination through all that came along. It was a hard, stern fight, with a distinct objective. He pictured to himself the glad exhilaration that possessed the souls of those who stood on the reeling deck. They were battling for empire, spreading the glory of the land to the uttermost parts of the world. Not for them was the leisure of home. For them no loving arms waited, no softness of ease, no fond caresses. Duty called them, and they went forth into the world, without hope of reward, save the knowledge that they were doing some small thing for their country's weal.

It was an omen. He himself had more than a safe arrival at a definite port to look for. He had the world at his feet. Honor was to be won as the price of striving. The deleterious smoothness of a love-filled life must have no place in his existence. He must fight on for ever.

There on the sea-washed cliff, he made up his mind. He opened his overcoat, and groped in the breast pocket of his jacket. Something was there, and he drew it forth. It was a tiny glove, white, still impregnated with a subtle, elusive perfume, that brought the visions of Marjorie crowding in on his mental sight.

"Here's my sacrifice to Fame," he said, and with a fleeting kiss he weighted the delicate glove with a stone and flung it far from him. The wind caught it. For a moment he thought it would be blown back in his face, refusing to be discarded thus. But then the wind lulled for a brief space, and the little pledge fell sullenly down, to disappear in the angry, foam-capped waves.

"Now for Fame. Let Love pass by," he cried defiantly, and walked away.

It was not until he had walked back to the town that he realized how the time had fled. It was growing dark now, and he was conscious of a great hunger. The season was over at the place. All the restaurants were closed; only from an unconsidered public house did a glow of warmth proceed. He entered and called for food and drink, and when it was served he ate hungrily. He was quite satisfied with his decision now. Marjorie would never know of that struggle between his heart and his brain. She would go her way; he would go his. He would send a wire to her saying that his appearance at her home was impossible on account of a pressing engagement, and then he would forget to call, or would call when he knew she was out. He felt a curious sense of pleasure now. His duty had bound him in thralldom, and he would not be free again.

"Didn't I allus say it?" demanded a hoarse voice outside the room in which he sat. "Them motor-cars are the very deuce and all. Downright jug-an'-noughts I calls 'em!"

The landlord of the inn entered. In his hand was one of those flimsy yellow afternoon editions, which a sport-loving age demands shall be published every hour of every day.

"Extra special just in, sir," said the landlord, coming forward. "Like to see it?"

Creighton took the paper carelessly. It so happened that the countryman had folded the paper with the "Stop Press" column to the front. Creighton read the slurred, smudged paragraph there without much interest.

"Alarming motor accident," he read. "A large touring car overturned this afternoon at Lowminster, and all occupants were killed. They were Lady Ferrars, Lady Merceston, and Miss Marjorie Sandys."

"My God!" he cried numbly. And then again, "My God!"

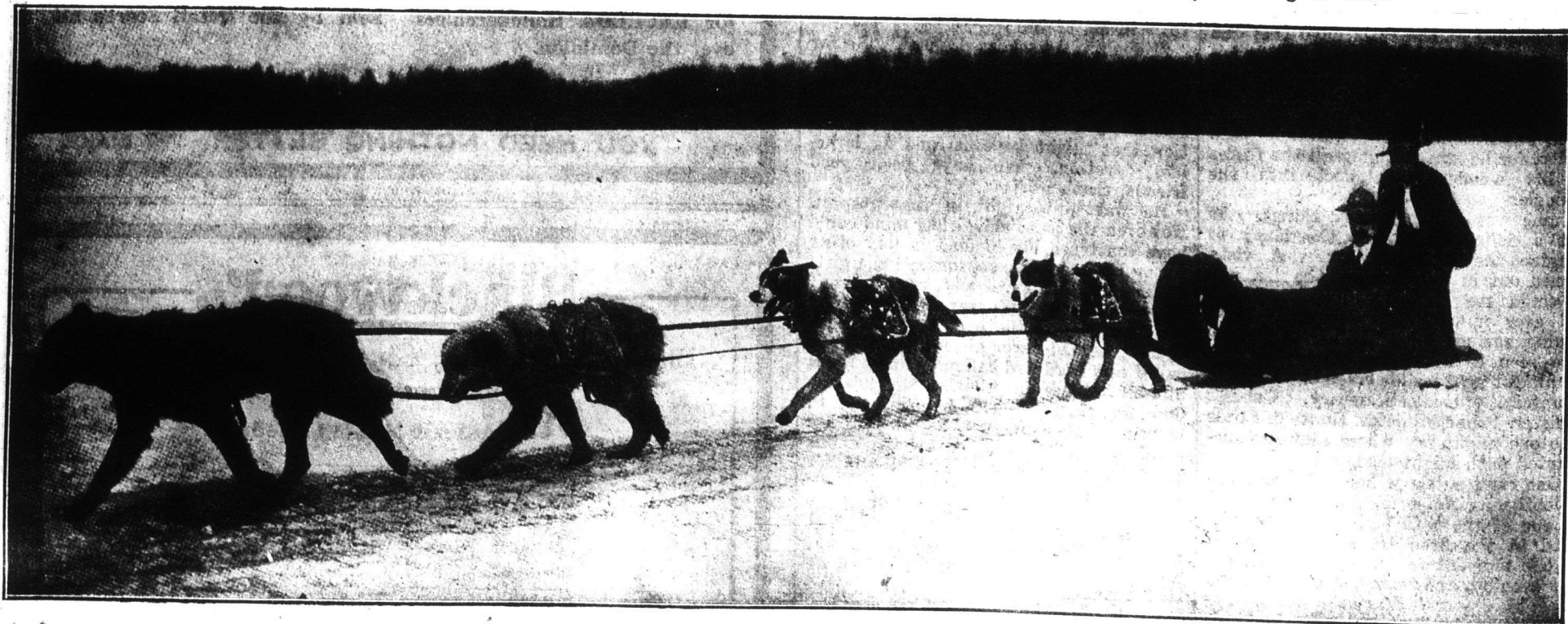
Boniface looked at him curiously, and grunted.

"Got a pain, sir? Heard bad news? 'Ope no one you're fond of got hurt in that there motor accident?"

"When's the next train to town?" asked Creighton, rousing himself with a mighty effort from the horrible numbness that was closing in upon him.

"There's the bell now. You'll catch it with a run."

Creighton heard, as in a dream, the ringing of a nearby bell. He flung a sovereign down on the table, caught up his hat and coat, and raced forth, leaving the landlord standing open-mouthed, scratching his head.



A Husky Team, in the Canadian North.