

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
PURE
CORN SYRUP

For Table Use and All Cooking Purposes
Everybody's happy when there is Corn Syrup on the table. Do you know that there is a White Syrup as well as the delicious, golden

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Crown Brand is unequalled as a Syrup for Pancakes, Muffins, as a spread for bread, for making candy, sauces, and in cooking, generally.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

Best for Preserving and Marmalade making. It is a clear white color and "jells" excellently!

Sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins
The Canada Starch Co., Limited
Montreal 209

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"We are going to have a shower," said Clytie cheerfully.

"Yes," he said succinctly. "If you'll be so good as to stand up one moment, I'll help you on with these."

"Oh, but I could not," she protested; "you will have nothing!"

He knelt on the stern-seat and got the tiller between his knees.

"Quick, please!" he said, almost curtly in his anxiety. "It will be upon us in a moment, and you will be wet through."

"And you—" She hesitated, but he had begun to slip the thick, stiff coat on her, and with a shrug of the shoulders she obeyed. The wind caught the sleeves and blew them away from her, and he had to take her arms and guide them.

"The cap, you must put it on, or your hair will get wet."

Laughingly she took off her hat, the wind blowing her hair almost across his face, and put on the sou'wester.

"There are some strings," he said. "Can you tie them? Will you let me?"

He did not wait for permission, but tied the strings under her chin. His eyes were fixed on the knot he was making, and his lips were drawn tightly, so that he looked almost angry and sullen, and his fingers shook, as, necessarily, they touched her warm, smooth neck.

"Thank you, thank you," she said in a low and hurried voice. "I'm sure I cannot get wet with these things on; it would be impossible."

"Keep her out a bit, please," he said gently, as she sank back and took charge of the tiller again.

"Far enough? How the wind blows!" she said cheerfully. "I have never been on the sea in a storm."

"And I wish you weren't now," he murmured. "I must have been blind not to have seen it coming on!"

"What does it matter?" she said, "excepting that you will get wet through. How dark it has become. It is very—"

As he spoke a wave—the sea was running with almost incredible wildness, considering the short time it had had to get up—struck the boat and sent a heavy spray over her; and the next instant the rain drove across them with the force of a blow. Clytie shook the water from her face and laughed; and she laughed again when the next wave caught them and drenched the boat from bow to stern. Her eyes were sparkling, the rare color was glowing in her face, her lips were apart as if to give free play to the spirit that rose within her, and Jack glanced at her with admiration and surprise.

"You are not afraid?" he said unwittingly.

"Afraid? No!" she retorted, with a smile. "There is no danger, is there?"

Jack responded to her smile. "No, there is no danger—while we keep out here," he said, as quietly as he could in the roar and crash of wind and wave. "Of course, we cannot go in."

"Oh, I understand that," she said; "but it will not last long."

Jack could not refrain from casting a glance at the sky.

"I hope not," he said. As he spoke, he wriggled out of his shooting-coat and wrapped it round her feet.

"No; I certainly will not permit you to do that!" she said, with a sudden rush of color to her spray-wet cheeks. "Please take it back and put it on immediately."

Jack shook his head. "You must keep it," he said resolutely. "It is getting cold, and—and you are not strong."

"Not strong!" She opened her eyes on him and laughed as she thrust the coat away. "Why, I am as strong as a woman could be."

"Mollie says not, and I won't risk it," he said, still more resolutely.

"And, besides, what on earth's the use of the thing to me! I am wet through already, as I have been some hundreds

of times before. Don't add to my remorse by refusing to take as much care of yourself as you can! I feel bad enough about you as it is, Miss Bramley."

She let him replace the coat round her, and said no more. But even in the stress of the moment she noticed that he had spoken of Mollie without the formal, respectful "Miss."

"I am afraid we shall have to keep her farther out," he said presently. "We're getting the back current of the wind here, and there are some rocks. Quick!" he commanded sharply, but calmly; and he leaned forward and seized the tiller.

Unwittingly his strong hand had closed on hers, and she felt all the force of his as he pressed down on her own. If she had been nervous, which she was not, the strength of the hand that seemed to almost crush hers would have given her confidence. She stretched her fingers when he had released them, with a sense of protection, of assurance, and glanced at his face with a strange light in her violent eyes. There was silence for some time.

"Oh, Mollie!" she exclaimed, not loudly, but he heard her.

"That's all right," he said quickly. "They will think we have waited ashore, at the Head, until the storm passed."

"Of course," she assented with a smile. "Besides, she is not nervous, and takes things that would send some girls into hysterics quite calmly."

"The Bramley pluck," he commented absently.

She looked at him with a curious expression.

"Are we far enough out?" she asked.

She had to raise her voice; and its calm, ringing note sang intoxicatingly in his ears. Intoxicated, because, like most strong men must be, he was exhilarated by the storm, and her clear unwavering voice was like that of a fellow spirit calling to him, stirring his emotion. He nodded; he could not trust himself to speak. They could not see the coast-line now; the wind-driving rain had blotted it out; nothing was visible but the great waves surging round them and ever and again breaking in white spray, rendered dazzling by the surrounding darkness, over the boat and falling in a sheet of wet down the all-protecting oilskins that wrapped Clytie.

"It is magnificent!" she said, in her full, round voice; "but it is lasting longer than I thought. Where are you going?"

"Toward Labrador!" he replied grimly. "I'm a pretty kind of man to be trusted with a young girl—lady."

"Oh, come!" she retorted, with a laugh, as she dashed the water from her eyes. "You are not Prospero, you know; you didn't raise the storm, Mr. Douglas!"

"No; but I ought to have seen that it was coming," he said bitterly. "I ought to know the coast by this time. It's not the first time I've been caught in a southwester. Why didn't I look at the sky? Why did I let you come? Are you getting wet?"

"I am as dry as the proverbial bone," she replied cheerfully. "and, if I do get wet, what does it matter? As for you, you must be drenched—Ah!"

The cry was wrung from her by a flash of lightning that, for a moment, made visible the huge waves through which they were plowing.

"That means that it will soon be over," she said, as if apologizing for her involuntary exclamation. "Oh,

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable, regulating medicine. Sold in three doses—No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$1.50; No. 3, \$2.00 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

how wet you look!" She laughed ruefully as she leaned forward, sweeping the water from her eyes.

"The worst is to come," he said, frankly; for he knew that nothing could daunt her spirit. "I must lower the sail, or we shall have it torn to ribbons. Give me the tiller. Your hands must be numb."

He dropped the sail, and seated himself beside her; sheltering her as well as he could from the wind and the driving rain.

"Strange," she said, close to his ear, "but I haven't felt so—so happy for a long time. I suppose we women all like excitement, Mr. Douglas; and this is the most exciting moment I have ever had. Where are we now, I wonder? I fancy—it is only a fancy, of course—that we have passed Withycombe."

"No," he said. "We are nearly opposite it. Are you wet? Have the rain and the spray drenched you?"

"No," she replied. "I am sure I am quite dry, but there is a pool of water in my lap. I think I will tilt it out."

With the audacity of inexperience, she rose before he could stay her; a huge wave caught the boat, and she was thrown, hurled, against the side. She struck her head on the gunwale, and slid a limp and helpless form at his feet.

Jack caught at her and lifted her to his breast. In doing so, he released his hold of the tiller and the boat swung round broadside to the mountainous waves. For an instant they were in deadly peril; but, with one arm still encircling her, he regained the tiller and put the boat headways to the billows, and the peril was averted. She hung on his arm like a lily, her face pressed against his breast, her eyes closed, her lips apart as if her spirit had passed through them for the last time.

Jack lost his head. He pressed her to him, calling on her name in the accents of the strong man in anguish.

"Clytie! Clytie! My dearest, my darling! Oh, God, I have killed her!" A faint thrill ran through her; the crush of his embrace sent a still warmer glow racing along her veins. She sighed and, insensibly, nestled closer to him.

"Clytie!" he cried hoarsely. "You are safe. It is all right! I am here—Douglas, Wilfred Carton—oh, my darling, you are hurt—hurt!"

He pressed her to him—it was all he could do—and murmured, still hoarsely, encouragement; and presently she opened her eyes, and, with a little shiver, stirred in his arms.

Ladies Have a Clear Sweet Healthy Skin By Using Cuticura

Promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health by making Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your every-day toilet preparations.

Just touch any redness or roughness with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, best applied with the hands which it softens wonderfully, and continue bathing a few moments. Rinse with tepid water. Dry gently and dust on a few grains of Cuticura Talcum Powder, a fascinating fragrance for powdering and perfuming the skin.

Contrast this simple, wholesome treatment with fireproof massaging and manipulating.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are sold everywhere. Write for literature to: Cuticura Soap Co., 100 Broadway, N. Y. C.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Are we wrecked?"

"No, no," he responded fervently, eagerly. "We are all right. A wave caught you—you were hurt. Oh, Clytie!"

She moved slowly—not too readily, until she had slid—there is no other word that will adequately describe the movement—from his arms, and sank into the seat.

She was silent for a moment, while he watched, devoured, her with his ardent, anxious eyes. She could see them through the mist, the darkness of the raging storm.

"I—I must have fainted," she said.

"Something hit me."

"You fell against the side of the boat," he said, hoarsely. "Are you hurt—in pain? If only I had some brandy!"

"I am all right," she said, in a very quiet, still voice.

"Thank God!" he breathed, devoutly. "I was afraid—no, I'll take the tiller bit there." He placed the cushion for her at the bottom of the boat. "The storm is passing; there is a streak of light in the west. You are sure that you are not hurt?"

"Quite," she said; and she lay almost at his feet, her head pillowed on her arm. He could not see her face; if he had been able to do so, he could not have failed to have seen the ex-ting; her breath—and how he listened to it!—came as regularly, as softly, as a child's.

The moments passed, and with them the storm—even that coast had ever experienced. The sky grew clearer; the waves sank, the rain ceased and the wind dropped to a moderate breeze. Jack raised the sail and made for Withycombe. Clytie lay quite quiet; she seemed to be sleeping; her breath—how he listened to it!—came as regularly, as softly, as a child's.

It was not until they swept into Withycombe harbor that she stirred, and, sitting up, said:

"Are we there?"

"We are," he said, almost gruffly; what words had he allowed to escape him in that moment of anguish, that moment of dread? "Here we are, and here are Lord Stanton and Miss Mollie."

He added, as those two persons rushed down to the boat:

"Oh, you poor dear!" exclaimed Mollie, as she flung her arms round Clytie. "You wicked girl! And you, Mr. Douglas! How could you let her go to sea in such a storm?"

"Yes; it was my fault, Miss Mollie!" said Jack, remorsefully.

"By George, we were on tenter-hooks!" said Lord Stanton. "We came on here by the road."

CLARK'S Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce and Cheese is Great.

Ready to serve. Just heat and eat.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

"Get her—get Miss Bramley home as soon as you can," broke in Jack, grimly, commandingly. "She is wet—cold."

As Clytie turned, with Mollie's arm round her, she looked over her shoulder at his drenched figure, but she said nothing.

She was silent until they reached the farm. As Mollie slipped the oilskins from the slim figure, she exclaimed:

"Oh, you poor dear Clytie! Such a storm! You must have been terrified out of your life! Now, don't tell me you weren't afraid!" for Clytie had laughed strangely.

"Yes," she responded, with a little shiver; but with her eyes lowered, as if she feared Mollie's loving scrutiny. "I was afraid; and—and I am afraid still!"

"No wonder!" exclaimed Mollie. "It was awful! There, get into bed! They—the fishermen—were saying that Jack Douglas must have been a marvel to have faced such a storm and lived through it. Does your head ache?"

"No," said Clytie, but she might have added that her heart did.

For certain words, spoken, cried, amid the roar of the storm, still rang in her ears.

CHAPTER XV.

He loved her!

He had not realized the fact until he had held her in his arms, had felt her heart faintly beating against his, in that moment when death seemed hovering on the edge of the storm; when, in a greater storm than that which raged in the heavens, a rush of pity, of love, of agonized anxiety swept over his spirit and bore away the barriers of prudence, and tore aside the veil of ignorance and doubt as to his own feelings.

It had smitten him, this love of his, the first time he had seen her on his return—had it not, indeed, existed in those far-off days, when they played as children together?—and it had been growing, growing ever since. He knew why his heart had stirred at sight of her, why he had been so happy when he was near her, why he had thrilled at the sound of her voice; he loved her.

What was he to do? he asked himself, as he paced up and down the jetty that night, long after Withycombe had gone to rest, and no sound broke the stillness save the splash of the now calm water against the walls of the jetty, and the mournful cry of an owl up among the trees on the heights.

Surely no man was ever placed in so unfortunate a position! If he had fallen in love with one of the Withycombe maidens, he would have been free to tell her, and to have borne her away to the far-away land, to Parraluna, in which he had made a secure habitation and a home; to have remained "Jack Douglas" and lived contentedly, happily, to the end of the chapter.

But he had fallen in love with Miss Bramley, the girl to whom his father had left his fortune and the estates—unless he, Wilfred, married her. The irony of the thing filled him with bitterness. Supposing he were to go to her and say: "I am Wilfred Carton; I have been masquerading as Jack Douglas, a fisherman, a common man; and I love you!" Would she not jump to the conclusion that he was wooing

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD DRUGGING CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

her because he could not obtain the estates, the money, without doing so? Of course, she would refuse him. And he would rob her of Bramley and the money.

Jack, with all his faults, was not a vain man, not an excoomb; your strong man rarely is; and it did not occur to him, for a moment, that during their fairly frequent intercourse of late she might have grown—well, to like him. To her he must seem just a workman, a workman with rather more cleverness and better manners than those with which the workman is usually endowed. He had been wearing a mask; but she had been just her own incomparable self, a beautiful woman of infinite charm, of irresistible loveliness.

He lit another pipe, biting hard on the stem, and took another quick, feverish stride up and down the jetty. It was evident, he told himself, that she had not heard the words that escaped his lips at the moment he held her in his arms, crushed her, pityingly yet passionately, to his heart. If she had done so she would, of course, have shown her indignation, her resentment of his presumption. Jack did not know that a woman can conceal her feelings with a perfection of art which is born in her, with that capacity for concealment which is the birthright of her sex. He did not know, or, knowing, remember, that a woman, the veriest girl, can smile when she is racked with physical pain, or turn an epigram while her heart is wrung with anguish; and he was convinced that she had not heard his passionate declaration of love, his confession of his real name. Of course, she had not heard the wild words which had burst from him; she must have been insensible when he uttered them; for she had shown no resentment when she had come to, had not overwhelmed him with haughty disdain, or treated him with the coldness of outraged pride. No; her eyes had met his steadily, almost kindly; and they had worn a grateful expression when they had rested for a moment on his as he went up the beach.

(To Be Continued.)

Sound-Proof Council Room.

The apartment at 10 Downing street, where the meetings of the British cabinet are held, is a solid and plainly furnished room, 15 feet long and 20 feet wide, fitted with double doors, through which no sound can reach the keenest listening ears.

It is sometimes difficult for a man to keep a stiff upper lip when even his collar witts.

McCRIMMON'S LIQUID ANTISEPTICS

For Pyorrhoea, Inflamed and Tender Gums

Use Every Night and Morning

Bleeding gums are one of the first symptoms of PYORRHOEA. If this condition is allowed to remain it causes the teeth to become loose, thereby resulting in serious injury to the health.

McCRIMMON'S MOUTH WASH

Is a valuable antiseptic for PYORRHOEA. It heals and hardens the gums and aids in restoring them to a natural, healthy condition. Compounded scientifically after years of experimenting and research. Recommended and used by leading members of the dental profession.

COMPOUNDED SOLELY BY
McCRIMMON'S CHEMICALS LIMITED
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS
TORONTO

FOR SALE BY LEADING DRUGGISTS

SET WITS TO WORK.

Wife Proved Equal to Grave Emergency.

The following would be almost unbelievable if the facts were not the talk of the community and if it were not substantiated by the various participants. In Penobscot bay, three miles from Isleboro, is a little island known as Mark Island, owned by Preston Player, a State street broker of Boston, and he there maintains a big summer place. The keeper is Ralph Collamore, of Lincolnville, who in the winter, with his wife and two children, makes his home on the island in a little cottage.

On Wednesday, January 23, he took the boat and started for Isleboro. Three hours were taken in making the trip of three miles by water. He came back and upon landing and pulling the boat up onto the shore on Mark Island he pulled the boat over onto him, pinning him down and breaking his leg. His wife kept looking for her husband's return and finally, attracted by his groans, found him pinned under the boat. She is a frail woman but with him hanging onto the injured limb, she managed to drag him up to the cottage. There, with the aid of a leather wallet and a stick she set the leg the best she could. There they were practically isolated and help was needed badly.

Mrs. Collamore, full of pluck and determination to get help, went to the Player summer home. There she managed to set agoing the electric dynamo by which the place is lighted. She turned on every light in that big house and put on also a red light. The lights were run all day Thursday and not until 5.45 Thursday afternoon was the light noticed at Dark Harbor. Telephone calls were sent to the naval station and the tug Zizania started to Dark Harbor to see what was the trouble. Dark Harbor was reached about 9.30 Thursday night. There no one knew what was the trouble at Mark Island. The Zizania cut her way through the ice, in some places 8 and 10 inches thick, for three miles to the island. Captain herman and nine men went ashore. They made their way to the lighted house and there found no one. Groping along in the darkness they were frightened by the sudden uprising of a flock of turkeys from a tree. Then they came upon the cottage in total darkness with the door open but no signs of life about. Going in they found the courageous little woman asleep, the injured man half asleep and both children slumbering. The tug went back to Dark Harbor and there found a doctor who was brought back to Mark Island. The Zizania remained at Mark Island until four o'clock Friday morning when the injured man was attended to.—Bangor Commercial.

Big Bill for Highways.

The staggering total of \$263,069,610 is the amount that will be expended on highways during 1919 by the U. S. National Government and the different States. Texas heads the list with an appropriation of \$25,000,000; Illinois and Indiana vie for second place with \$17,000,000 each.

SHILOH

SINCE 1870

30 DROPS COUGHS

PARKER'S WILL DO IT

By cleaning or dyeing—restore any articles to their former appearance and return them to you, good as new.

Send anything from household draperies down to the finest of delicate fabrics. We pay postage or express charges one way.

When you think of

Cleaning or Dyeing

Think of Parker's.

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay Carriage one way on all orders.

Advice upon Cleaning or Dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers.

791 Yonge St. Toronto.