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CORN SYRUP**

It will do more than satisfy his craving for "something sweet"—it will supply the food elements needed to build up his little body and help him to gain in health and strength.

"Crown Brand" is a wholesome, nourishing food—as well as the most delicious of table syrups.

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Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup, Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

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Gingerbread BRAND Molasses

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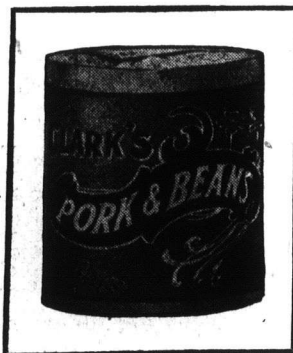
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The value of **BEANS** as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

*They are cooked ready—simply
warm up the can before opening*

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

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all he could get next winter, for he realized that Ben's future was uncertain.

Round the fire at night time the two—the man and the boy—talked at length of striking the pay streak. Ben stated that he was "holding on a bit," so that ultimately he would be able to educate Kitty in the way her mother was educated. He spoke of music, fancy cooking, and languages, but as the weeks passed by the boy saw these things drawing no nearer to Kitty's life. Indeed, if you asked him to-day he would tell you that there never was any gold to speak of on all Ben's claim.

When the fall came Ben himself evidently began to realize something of the truth. There was no conversation regarding Kitty's future, but Ben would sit and stare at the child, his pipe between his two great fists, then he would turn impatiently, but still hopefully, and glance towards the fruitless trenches.

The flour bag was getting low, but still—nothing doing, and at length the inevitable evening came. Ben started off by thanking the boy for the good work he had done and for his kindness to the kid, and he finished up by stating that the claim was not sufficient to carry two—he had feared it from the first.

The boy understood, but when he looked across at Kitty a lump came in his throat. Presently he observed that there would be mail waiting for him at Milween, and that—"if it's all the same to you, Ben, I'd best hit out to-morrow."

Ben nodded. "The kid will miss you, boy," he said at length.

So it was with the boy. The arms of coincidence are long and many. He fell asleep with the scent of the blueberries in his nostrils, and with thoughts of the long, thirsty trail, and "nothing doing" in his mind. He awoke with the merry laughter of a child ringing in his ears.

The boy scrambled up. The sun was warm, the air was keen, and there was something in the very atmosphere which seemed to suggest he was starting life anew. Kitty was scrambling along the overgrown trail at the foot of the ridge, pursuing something which was drifting rapidly down the creek. Then, as the boy looked, he saw that the creek had risen at least a yard—there must have been a cloudburst somewhere—and that three of Ben's fish floats had been borne by the rising waters down into the creek. It was these—the inflated musquash pelts, Kitty was pursuing.

"I'm with you, Kitty," shouted the boy. "We'll get them at the bend." And he started off through the brushwood, while the spruce hens scattered from his path.

Kitty, colored and breathless, awaited him at the bend below. Directly ahead the creek swerved to the left, the cliffs rising a sheer fifty feet on the water washed side. There was a pathway along the face of the cliff wide enough for one to tread in safety, and along this natural strata shelf the boy led the way, Kitty at his heels. Had he been more experienced in creek lore, had he even given himself time to think, he would



Types of English soldiers fighting on the western front. British official photograph. Note the first signs of winter, the mufflers, and the covering for the barrel of the rifle.

"And I her. It's been home to me, Ben."

He was up, as usual, very early next morning. He lit the stove, tidied the shanty and set breakfast ready for cooking. Then he went out quickly and did not return. He knew that the old man would insist on his taking out a supply of grub, and there was little enough to spare. Besides, he had his little bit of dust, and could pay for his own grub back to camp. So he quietly left the shanty ere Ben and the child were astir, and hurried along the trail till he reached the ridge above the creek. The spruce hens were calling in the brushwood, the sweet scents of autumn were abroad, and here the boy flung himself down in the blueberries and buried his face in his arms.

Some men are never boys, some are boys and men in turn, and some—a blessed few—are boys and men in one. He had seen strong men bury their faces and weep—not because their boyhood had re-awakened, but because the manhood within them was broken. The boy wept because he was a boy, and because fate mocked the manhood within him. "Not worth my keep!" he sobbed, "not worth my keep!"

It is not always great events, but the merest of trifles which decide the paths men tread. A stream across the trail may divide the pathways of truest friendship, and often—how often!—has the voice of a child bound men together or bade them walk apart.

not have ventured along that pathway, for the cliffs here were of that formation which woodsmen term "rotten." Each strata of solid rock was interset with a layer of soft earth and as the flood-waters undermined the cliff, the natural pathways slipped down. So it would go on till, by the slow silting process the rotten face was washed away and the solid bedrock laid bare.

All this never occurred to the boy as he walked along the ledge, his gaze fixed on the floats as they bobbed and swirled over the face of the brown waters. A dull thud, followed by a venomous hiss, brought him to his senses and, looking ahead, he saw that a miniature landslide had taken place, bearing away the ledge. The face of the cliff had crumbled downwards, so that the track they trod ceased abruptly five paces ahead.

Instantly the boy realized the danger. He turned, telling the child to run back, but even as she set her feet to go she paused, then came back to him shuddering with fear. For directly ahead of her the pathway had suddenly slipped down into the gulf. Thus they were stranded on thirty feet of shelf, while two yards below the creek rose steadily towards them.

The boy looked up. He himself might escape in that direction, but it was impossible to take the child. If they waited where they were till the shelf gave way—as it undoubtedly would—they would be sucked down and probably buried under the load of falling earth.