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Of course, "Crown Brand" is your favorite Table Syrup. Of course, you enjoy its delicious, appetizing flavor with Bread, Pancakes and Hot Biscuits.

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The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal.



THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"I think," Davenant said, "that you are taking too much for granted. I do not know Scarlett Trent, and I frankly admit that I am prejudiced against him and all his class. Yet I think that he deserves his chance, like any man. Go to him and ask him face to face, how your father died, declare yourself, press for all particulars, seek even for corroboration of his word. Treat him if you will as an enemy, but as an honorable one!"

She shook her head. "The man," she said, "has all the plausibility of his class. He has learned it in the money school, where these things become an art. He believes himself secure—he is even now seeking for me. He is all prepared with his story. No, my way is best."

"I do not like your way," he said. "It is not like you, Ernestine."

"For the sake of those whom one loves," she said, "one will do much that one hates. When I think that but for this man my father might still have been alive, might have lived to know how much I loathed those who sent him into exile—well, I feel then that there is nothing in the world I would not do to crush him!"

He rose to his feet—his fresh, rather boyish face, was wrinkled with care.

"I shall live to be sorry, Ernestine," he said, "that I ever told you the truth about your father."

"If I had discovered it for myself," she said, "and, sooner or later, I should have discovered it, and had learned that you too had been in the conspiracy, I should never have spoken to you again as long as I lived."

"Then I must not regret it," he said, "only I hate the part you are going to play. I hate to think that I must stand by and watch, and say nothing."

"There is no reason," she said, "why you should watch it; why do you not go away for a time?"

"I cannot," he answered sadly, "and you know why."

She was impatient, but she looked at him for a moment with a gleam of sadness in her eyes.

"It would be much better for you," she said, "if you would make up your mind to put that folly behind you."

"It may be folly, but it is not the sort of folly one forgets."

"You had better try then, Cecil," she said, "for it is quite hopeless. You know that. Be a man and leave off dwelling upon the impossible. I do not wish to marry, and I do not expect to, but if ever I did, it would not be you!"

He was silent for a few moments—looking gloomily across at the girl, loathing the thought that she, his ideal of all those things which most become a woman, graceful, handsome, perfectly bred, should ever be brought into contact at all with such a man as this one whose confidence she was planning to gain. No, he could not go away and leave her! He must be at hand, must remain her friend.

"I wonder," he said, "couldn't we have one of our old evenings again? Listen—"

"I would rather not," she interrupted softly. "If you will persist in talking of forbidden subjects you must go away. Be reasonable, Cecil."

He was silent for a moment. When he spoke again his tone was changed. "Very well," he said. "I will try to let things be as you wish—for the present. Now do you wish to hear some news?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"It's about Dick—seems rather a coincidence too. He was at the Cape, you know, with a firm of surveyors, and he's been offered a post on the Gold Coast."

"The Gold Coast! How odd! Anywhere near—"

"The offer came from the Bekwando Company!"

"Is he going?"

"Yes."

She was full of eager interest. "How extraordinary! He might be able to make some inquiries for me."

He nodded. "What there is to be discovered about Mr. Scarlett Trent he can find out! But, Ernestine, I want you to understand this! I have nothing against the man, and although I dislike him heartily, I think it is madness to associate him in any way with your father's death."

"You do not know him. I do!"

"I have only told you my opinion," he answered, "it is of no consequence. I will see with your eyes. He is your enemy and he shall be my enemy. If there is anything shady in his past out there, depend upon it Dick will hear of it."

She pushed the wavy hair back from her forehead—her eyes were bright, and there was a deep flush of color in her cheeks. But the man was not to be deceived. He knew that these things were not for him. It was the accomplice she welcomed and not the man.

"It is a splendid stroke of fortune," she said. "You will write to Fred today, won't you? Don't prejudice him either way. Write as though your interest were merely curiosity. It is the truth I want to get at, that is all. If the man is innocent I wish him no harm—only I believe him guilty."

There was a knock at the door—both turned round. Ernestine's trim little maid-servant was announcing a visitor who followed close behind.

"Mr. Scarlett Trent."

CHAPTER XXI.

Ernestine was a delightful hostess, she loved situations, and her social tact was illimitable. In a few minutes Trent was seated in a comfortable and solid chair with a little round table by his side, drinking tea and eating buttered scones, and if not altogether at his ease very nearly so. Opposite him was Davenant, dying to escape yet constrained to be agreeable, and animated, too, with a keen, distasteful curiosity to watch Ernestine's methods. And Ernestine herself chatted all the time, diffused good fellowship and tea—she made an atmosphere which had a nameless fascination for the man who had come to middleage without knowing what a home meant. Davenant studied him and became thoughtful. He took note of the massive features, the iron jaw, the eyes as bright as steel, and his thoughtfulness became anxiety. Ernestine, too, was strong, but this man was a rock. What would happen if

she carried out her purpose, fooled, betrayed him, led him perhaps to ruin? Some day her passion would leap up, she would tell him, they would be face to face, injured man and taunting woman. Davenant had an ugly vision as he sat there. He saw the man's eyes catch fire, the muscles of his face twitch; he saw Ernestine shrink back, white with terror, and the man followed her.

"Cecil! Aren't you well? you're looking positively ghastly!"

He pulled himself together—it had been a very realistic little interlude.

"Bad headache!" he said, smiling. "By the by, I must go!"

"If ever you did such a thing as work," she remarked, "I should say that you had been doing too much. As it is, I suppose you have been sitting up too late. Good-bye. I am so glad that you were here to meet Mr. Trent. Mr. Davenant is my cousin, you know," she continued, turning to her visitor, "and he is almost the only one of my family who has not cast me off utterly."

Davenant made his adieux with a heavy heart. He hated the hypocrisy with which he hoped for Scarlett Trent's better acquaintance and the latter's bluff acceptance of an invitation to look him up at his club. He walked out into the street cursing his mad offer to her and the whole business. But Ernestine was very well satisfied.

She led Trent to talk about Africa again, and he plunged into the subject without reserve. He told her stories and experiences with a certain graphic and picturesque force which stamped him as the possessor of an imaginative power and command of words for which she would scarcely have given him credit. She had the unusual gift of making the best of all those with whom she came in contact. Trent felt that he was interesting her, and gained confidence in himself.

All the time she was making a social estimate of him. He was not by any means impossible. On the contrary there was no reason why he should not become a success. That he was interested in her was already obvious, but that had become her intention. The task began to seem almost easy as she sat and listened to him.

Then he gave her a start. Quietly and without any warning he changed the subject into one which was fraught with embarrassment for her. At his first words the color faded from her cheeks.

"I've been pretty lucky since I got back. Things have gone my way a bit, and the only disappointment I've had worth speaking of has been in connection with a matter right outside money. I've been trying to find the daughter of that old partner of mine—I told you about her—and I can't."

She changed her seat a little. There was no need for her to affect any interest in what he was saying. She listened to every word intently.

"Monty," he said reflectively, "was a good old sort in a way, and I had an idea, somehow, that his daughter would turn out something like the man himself, and at heart Monty was all right. I didn't know who she was or her name—Monty was always precious close, but I had the address of a firm of lawyers who knew all about her. I called there the other day and saw an old chap who questioned me until I wasn't sure whether I was on my head or my heels, and, after all, he told me to call again this afternoon for her address. I told him, of course, that Monty died a pauper and he'd no share of our concession to will away, but I'd done so well that I thought I'd like to make over a trifle to her—in fact, I'd put away £10,000 worth of Bekwando shares for her. I called this afternoon, and do you know, Miss Wendermott, the young lady declined to have anything to say to me—wouldn't let me know who she was that I might have gone and talked this over in a friendly way with her. Didn't want money, didn't want to hear about her father!"

"You must have been disappointed."

"I'll admit it," he replied, "I was; I'd come to think pretty well of Monty although he was a loose fish, and I'd a sort of fancy for seeing his daughter."

She took up a screen as though to shield the fire from her face. Would the man's eyes never cease questioning her—could it be that he suspected? Surely that was impossible.

"Why have you never tried to find her before?" she asked.

"That's a natural question enough," he admitted. "Well, first, I only came across a letter Monty wrote with the address of those lawyers a few days ago, and, secondly, the Bekwando Mine and Land Company has only just boomed, and you see that made me feel that I'd like to give a lift up to any one belonging to poor old Monty I could find. I've a mind to go on with the thing myself, and find out somehow who this young lady is!"

"Who were the lawyers?"

"Cuthbert and Cuthbert."

"They are most respectable people," she said. "I know Mr. Cuthbert and their standing is very high. If Mr. Cuthbert told you that the young lady wished to remain unknown to you, I am quite sure that you may believe him."

"That's all right," Trent said, "but here's what puzzles me. The girl may be small enough and mean enough to decline to have anything to say to me because her father was a bad lot, and she doesn't want to be reminded of him, but for that very reason can you imagine her virtually refusing a large sum of money? I told old Cuthbert about it. There was £10,000 worth of shares waiting for her

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This flavour is unique and never found in cheap, ordinary teas. Let us mail you a sample. Black, Mixed or Green.

and no need for any fuss. Can you understand that?"

"It seems very odd," she said. "Perhaps the girl objects to being given money. It is a large sum to take as a present from a stranger."

"If she is that sort of girl," he said decidedly, "she would at least want to meet and talk with the man who saw the last of her father. No, there's something else in it, and I think that I ought to find her. Don't you?"

She hesitated. "I'm afraid I can't advise you," she said; "only if she has taken so much pains to remain unknown, I am not sure—I think that if I were you I would assume that she has a good reason for it."

"I can see no good reason," he said, "and there is a mystery behind it which would be better cleared up. Some day I will tell you more about it."

Evidently Ernestine was weary of the subject, for she suddenly changed it. She led him on to talk of other things. When at last he glanced at the clock he was horrified to see how long he had stayed.

"You'll remember, I hope, Miss Wendermott," he said, "that this is the first afternoon call I've ever paid. I've no idea how long I ought to have stayed, but certainly not two hours."

"The time has passed quickly," she said, smiling upon him, so that his momentary discomfort passed away. "I have been very interested in the stories of your past, Mr. Trent, but do you know I am quite as much interested, more so even, in your future."

"Tell me what you mean," he asked.

"You have so much before you, so many possibilities. There is so much that you may gain, so much that you may miss."

He looked puzzled. "I have a lot of money," he said.

"That's all! I haven't any friends nor any education worth speaking of. I don't see quite where the possibilities come in."

She crossed the room and came over close to his side, resting her arm upon the mantelpiece. She was still wearing her walking-dress, prim and straight in its folds about her tall, graceful figure, and her hair, save for the slight waviness about the forehead, was plainly dressed. There were none of the cheap arts about her to which Trent had become accustomed in women who sought to attract. Yet, as she stood looking down at him, a faint smile, half humorous, half satirical, playing about the corners of her shapely mouth, he felt his heart beat faster than ever it had done in any African jungle. It was the nervous and emotional side of the man to which she appealed. He felt unlike himself, undergoing a new phase of development. There was something stirring within him which he could not understand.

(To be continued.)

Cats for Food in Hungary.

The Paris Figaro quotes the Budapest correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung as follows: "The official extent of land devoted to the cultivation of the central Hungarian slaughter houses, states that in the Biharkenszter district, where all the Italian residents of Hungary are interned, a great number of cats are killed and dressed daily. The demand has been such that the price of cats rose to a prohibitive figure, hence the local authorities stepped in and fixed the maximum price at three crowns the kilo." (About 25 cents a pound).

Alcoholic drinks are now forbidden in Iceland.

RED CROSS NEWS.

Salvation Army has already provided the Red Cross in England with eleven motor ambulances and three motor lorries, each manned by Salvationists.

Scottish women have given an X-ray motor ambulance for use in connection with Red Cross work in France. It cost £1,000 and represents the last word in the science of radiography. It was equipped under the personal supervision of Mme. Curie, the noted French scientist.

German War Office has a regulation which provides for the detention of prisoners' letters for a period of ten days. This accounts for some of the complaints of non-delivery which have been made.

Turkish prisoners taken by the French at the Dardanelles are concentrated in one of the Aegean islands. They are allowed to write to their families, but the Turkish Government so far have made no arrangement for a postal entente. The French have overcome the difficulty by dropping the prisoners' correspondence over the Turkish lines by aeroplanes.

Swiss Red Cross has affected the exchange up to date of 8,800 French and German soldiers who are incapacitated for further service. This movement has been temporarily stopped owing to difficulties raised by the German Government.

Henri Dunant, the Swiss gentleman who founded the international Red Cross, after giving his fortune to the organization, lived in great poverty and obscurity until, in 1901, he received from the Swedish Government the first Nobel Peace Prize.

Women of Dover, England, have contributed over a thousand gifts of Jewellery, much of it valuable, to a special War Anniversary Fund for the Red Cross.

In a report on the prisoners' camps in Germany made by members of the American Embassy at the request of Sir Edward Grey, it is stated that Canadian officers interned at Bischofswerda have complained that when they were transferred from the front they were compelled to travel with Algerian black troops.

Every English post-office is now a collecting depot for books and magazines to be distributed to the soldiers and sailors. There is no need to pay postage or to wrap and address the parcel. By this means there has been secured a large supply of reading material, of which there is a constant need.

The London Morning Post, speaking of No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital—an establishment with 500 beds,—states that it is a palace. It has a great domed entrance hall, fine stair cases and galleries and vast salons, which give it great exterior magnificence. In details of organization and business efficiency it is said that it could scarcely be improved upon.

The Safety-First Critic.

"Brown is a very careful critic, isn't he?"

"In what way?"

"He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable comment."

"For instance?"

"His bride made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied: 'It isn't as good as your mother used to make.'"

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains three times as much as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

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