

## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

### CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Jasper!" she almost shouted. "You'll drive me mad! Why don't you speak out and say what you mean? What's the matter with Adrien? What does he want? Aren't there a hundred men who'd be glad to furnish a house for me as I like? And can't I even eat what I choose without Adrien Leroy's delicate nose being turned up in disapproval?"

"You can go to the deuce, if you like, my dear," declared Jasper with a calm smile. "I merely warn you that you are on the way to finding yourself in the street, if I may be allowed to speak out. Have another cigarette, and spray some patchouli about the room. There are more guests than one, as you say; and, after all, it is hard if you can't indulge in onions in your own room at one o'clock in the morning."

Goaded almost to desperation by the sneering sarcasm of Vermont's words, the woman threw down her fork, thereby smashing a champagne glass, and thrust her angry, flushed countenance close to his.

"What's your game?" she hissed. "Are you playing with me and Adrien? Are you sitting him against me? I know your awful tricks; but don't you play 'em on me, Jasper! What are you doing up at the castle so often? Making yourself pleasant to old Lord Barminster's niece there, I'll be bound. Perhaps she isn't fond of scent or a pork chop or two, and she can have real statues of his likes. You don't remind him of that, do you? Oh, no, of course not! But you mind your skin, Jasper, for you can't play fast and loose with me. Shuffle him on to the Constance girl, and I'll make you pay for it. I know something you wouldn't like my lord to hear about; so, if you don't want me to open my mouth and split on your little games, don't you play me any of your tricks, that's all, or I'll go straight to Adrien and tell him all!"

She stopped, out of breath, and Jasper Vermont, springing to his feet, glared down at her in impatient fury. But she only laughed at his angry face.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't like Adrien to know how you fooled poor Julia, though it is now twenty years ago. I haven't forgotten, if you have, how you took her over to Paris while I was away on my first tour, and went through some form of marriage with her. You wouldn't like him to know how you told her what you'd done, when there was no longer need to keep it dark from your father, and of the attack of brain fever it brought on, poor dear! You were a nice brute to her, you were, Jasper Vermont; and it's a lucky thing for you and her too that when she recovered her memory had gone, and she forgot you as well as the child."

Jasper stirred uneasily. "I didn't think she would have cared so much," he said. "Besides, she's all right now; she only forgets those few years."

"Lucky thing for you," repeated Ada dryly.

"What have you done with the child?" he asked suddenly.

His companion's face lighted up with malicious triumph. "I've put her where you can't find her, anyhow," she said. "You shan't break her heart, as you did her mother's."

"Oh, nonsense, Ada!" said Vermont contemptuously. "Don't begin to rant—you're not on the stage now. I kept all my promises to you, at any rate. I got you on at the Rockingham and I introduced you to Leroy; and if you had only played your cards properly you would have booked him by this time. As it is, he'll marry his cousin, if you're not careful."

"If he does, it'll be your fault," she snarled. "And I'll tell Adrien all, and how you're fooling him in other ways as well."

Jasper sprang across the room, his face working with anger. There was something so deadly in the light of his dark eyes, such murderous hate in every line of his face, that the woman

shrank back and uttered a cry of fear, instinctively glancing at a knife which lay on the table close to Jasper's other hand.

How far Vermont's anger might have carried him she did not know, for, to her intense relief, the door opened and Adrien Leroy himself entered the room. He gazed in surprise at the two occupants, and in an instant Jasper had regained his self-control. He did not release Ada's wrist, but, smoothing his scowl into a sleek smile, he said with a careless laugh:

"No, Ada, your arm is as slim as ever. The bracelet will just fit you." He relaxed his grip as he spoke and turned to Leroy. "Ada has bet me that the new bracelet you bought her is too small, Adrien," he explained glibly. "She thought she was getting stout."

Adrien nodded indifferently; while Ada, with a little cry of relief, ran towards him.

"Adrien, how good of you to come!" she exclaimed. "I did not expect you so soon."

Leroy did not seem to notice her, but looked round the room with evident displeasure. The table, with its remains of supper, the stained cloth; above all, the undesirable odor of food and stale tobacco; all seemed to fill him with disgust. Gently, but firmly, he put Ada from him.

"Jasper," he said, turning to Vermont, "you know why I came. Give Miss Lester the deuce of the Casquet Theatre. I am tired and am going home."

With a courteous good-night to Ada, who, without attempting to thank him for his gift, stooped and sullenly, he passed out of the room; while Vermont leaned back against the table with folded arms and his inevitable, but significant, smile on his face.

### CHAPTER III.

The night was bitterly cold; but, disdaining a taxi for so short a distance, Leroy hurried up his coat and strode swiftly along towards his chambers in Jermyn Court, W. As he turned the corner of the square, he stumbled sharply over the slight figure of a girl, crouched near one of the door-steps, and, with his habitual courtesy, he stopped to see if any harm had been done.

"Have I hurt you?" he asked gently, placing his hand on her shoulder.

At his touch the girl started up with a cry of distress; and, as the shawl fell back from her head, Leroy was almost startled by the vivid freshness of her beauty.

"Oh," she exclaimed in terrified accents, "I wasn't doing any harm! I will move on—I was only resting." Then, as she saw the kindly face looking into hers, she subsided into silence.

She was quite young, not more than about sixteen, and so slenderly formed as to appear almost a child. Her features were clear-cut as a cameo and she had a slightly foreign air. Her eyes were brown, but as the light of the gas-lamp fell full on her upturned face, they showed so dark and velvety as almost to appear black, while masses of dark hair clustered in heavy waves round her forehead.

Unconsciously Leroy raised his hat as he repeated his question. She shook her head at him as he bent over her, but made no reply.

"How is it you are out on such a night as this?" he asked. "Have you no home? Where do you live?" "Cracknell Court, Soho," she replied, in tones singularly free from any trace of Cockney accent.

"With your parents?" queried Leroy, feeling for some money.

"No," said the girl, her red lips quivering for a moment. "Haven't got any—only Johann and Martha—and they don't care."

"Who is Johann?" said Leroy, with an encouraging smile.

"I don't know," she answered listlessly. "He's Johann Wilfer, that's all."

"Why have you run away, then?"

## PRACTICAL FARMING

### Corn for Silage.

In Canada here we lagged a good deal behind the States in silo construction. There were many reasons for this. One no doubt was because our people are naturally more conservative. The chief reason was because our farmers—and even our scientists—did not think it possible to grow corn profitably on account of our cool climate. Time, however, has shown the fallacy of these ideas. By selection and climatizing high yielding varieties of corn we can grow corn for silage just as well as our neighbors to the south of us.

The silo has proved its worth as the yearly increases in the number of acres that are seeded to fodder crops show.

It is in the spring that the possession of a silo is most appreciated. At this time usually nearly all the roots have been used up and the milk given by the cows decreases in quantity because they are not getting sufficient succulent—if there are getting any at all. When they are turned out to grass the flow of milk may increase, but it will not be as plentiful as if they had sufficient succulent feed right along.

Beef cattle that have to be finished on grass get a serious set back if they have been fed a liberal amount of succulent feed all winter and then have to do without it for four or six weeks in the spring until the grass is fit to carry them.

Many farmers make the practice of turning out all their stock early in the spring as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the soil is sufficiently firm to carry them. This is a great mistake, as if sufficient silage is on hand great benefit would be derived both by the stock and the pasture if the animals were kept in for three or four weeks longer. When turned out so early the young grass does not get a fair chance and the stock cannot get sufficient feed to nourish them properly. The setback that most cattle experience in the spring on being turned out to pasture is very largely due to this cause.

Even if one grows more silage than can be used during the winter no loss occurs. The silage is preserved just as fruit is preserved and will keep for years as long as the air does not get at it. Even if the silo has been opened and some of the silage taken out the rest of the silage can be kept safely by tramping it well down and throwing some wetted straw or chaff on top to keep out the air. Some of the silage next the top will be somewhat spoiled where the air has got at it, but the rest underneath will be perfectly fresh.

As a rule it is not necessary to feed silage or any other succulent feed if the stock are out on good pasture. But it often happens that during the months of July and August the pastures dry up and the cattle suffer if no succulent feed is on hand. When the pastures begin to show signs of drying up a small portion of silage should be fed, and if no rain comes and the pastures continue to dry up the amount should be gradually increased until the stock are on practically a full ration of silage.

The silo can be used to preserve

other fodders than corn. In wet seasons it often happens that the alfalfa cannot be properly cured. When this is so it would be much better to put it into the silo green than to make hay that is half rotten out of it.

### Cleaning Grain.

In a bulletin entitled "Grain Screenings," issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, it is estimated that the loss entailed in shipping Western grain uncleared amounts to considerably more than half a million dollars. The following account of an experiment by a Western grower should be of value in connection with the problem of eliminating the waste due to the shipment of grain subject to a dockage on account of screenings:

A Monitor cleaner and a five-horsepower engine to run it were purchased and both mounted on an extra strong wagon gear. A 15-foot ordinary grain elevator was attached to the elevator spout to deliver the grain into a wagon or bin. Another box wagon received the screenings (mostly broken and shrunken grain). The cost of the entire outfit, including operation, repairs and interest on capital, was \$1,195. The grower calculates that he saved on his 80,000 bushel crop 1,600 bushels of broken and shrunken wheat worth \$960, freight on which to the terminal elevator would have cost \$220, and haulage to the local elevator \$64. He thus has a profit of \$49. The outfit paid for itself in one year, and he says is as good as when it started.

This experiment, it is argued, proves that cleaning the grain on a large farm is practicable where one has his own outfit. On a medium-sized farm, where the threshing is hired out, it could not be done in the case of grain hauled directly to market. When the grain is stored on the farm before hauling, cleaning is practicable and advisable. The really practicable way for the whole country generally would be that the threshing outfits should include a grain cleaning attachment, as many of them now do a sheaf loading machine.

Any ordinary threshing machine, if fitted with proper screens and carefully operated, is capable of removing many of the smaller weed seeds that now constitute a considerable percentage of elevator screenings.—Seed Branch, Ottawa.

### Cheap Substitute for Paris Green.

This year Paris Green is selling at three or four times its ordinary price, but there are other insect poisons that are quite as effective and much cheaper that can be substituted for it. Probably the most satisfactory of these is calcium arsenate which is made as follows:

In one and a half gallons of hot water dissolve 10 lbs. of powdered sodium arsenate. In another half-gallon of water slake six lbs. of fresh stone lime. When the slaking is well under way pour in the dissolved sodium arsenate and stir until all the slaking has ceased, adding more water if necessary to keep the time from burning. Add four pounds of the thick paste that results to forty gallons of water, which is the right

der, her dark eyes closed trustfully. Adrien Leroy hurried on, for the wind cut with the force of a knife; but his face was very thoughtful as he approached his chambers.

"What else can I do?" he asked himself. "She is such an innocent child. Can I take her to my rooms without injury to her poor shred of reputation? Yet no houses are open at this hour, and I cannot hand her over to that drunken brute. There's no help for it!"

It evidently never occurred to him to turn back and deliver her into the charge of Miss Lester. Indeed, he thought that would have been greater cruelty than to have left her in the streets.

Having reached his block of buildings in which were his own rooms, Adrien walked up the stairs and opened a door on the first floor. In an earnestness that made Leroy's heart ache, as he thought of her extreme youth and saw the bitter despair in the great dark eyes.

He drew himself up sharply as if he had decided on his course of action. "I cannot leave you here," he said quietly, "and money is of no use to you to-night. Will you come with me?" He held out his hand as he spoke, and, without a word, the girl rose wearily and laid her own cold one in his. They proceeded thus, in silence, for the length of the square; but Leroy soon saw that, whether from cold or from hunger, the girl's steps were growing feebler and more uncertain. Without further ado, he picked her up in his arms, wrapping her shawl more warmly round her.

"We are nearly there," he said reassuringly, "and you are as light as a feather."

She lay back, perfectly content, her head pressed against his broad shoulder.

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strength for spraying. Before adding to the water it may be necessary to strain through a cloth to take out any lumps that might clog the nozzle.

Calcium arsenate, like lead arsenate, will not burn the foliage and is considerably cheaper than this poison which has been favored so much of late years as a substitute for Paris Green. Sodium arsenate, the poisonous principle, is about one-half the price of lead arsenate. Made of directed the cost for one barrel, or enough to do two-thirds of an acre of potatoes, is about twenty-five cents. When applying it should be constantly agitated. As a remedy for potato bugs it has been used with unqualified success.

Little Potato Disease. The little potato disease causes little potatoes the size of a pea or a little larger to form on the potato stems, and no potatoes form on the roots. The reason is that this disease closes up the pores in the stem

so the starch made in the leaves can not go back to the roots to form potatoes.

Potatoes affected with this disease have small spots on the surface made up of green masses, that look like a little soil stuck on the surface. The difference comes out when one tries to remove the spot. They do not come off while soil will. This disease is also called russet scab and Rhizoctonia. It is best not to save affected potatoes for seed.

### Sent to Bed too Late.

"Papa," said Jamie, "the reason there's so many laws is because there are so many lawyers in the legislature, isn't it?"

"Yes," said his father. "Bed for yours now."

"Just one more question, Papa," said Jamie, "why are there so many taxes when there aren't any taxicists in the legislature?"

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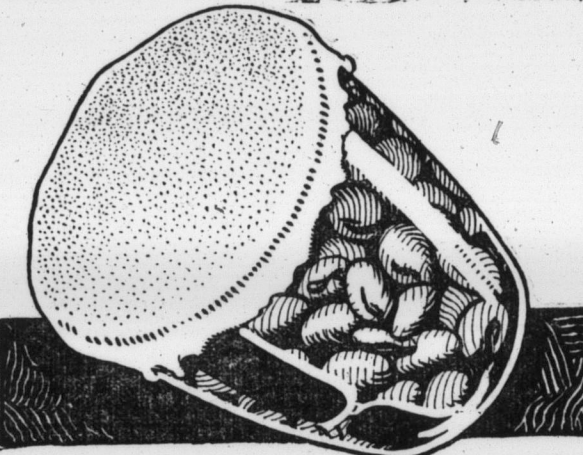
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## HOW HEFTY ANNIE WENT TO WAR

WHAT SOLDIERS CALL ONE OF THE BIG BRITISH GUNS.

When Hefty Annie Fires a Shell She Makes a Noise Like a Cough.

The young newcomer to the billet sat up with a start and stared in wonderment while the ground rocked under him.

"Needn't be alarmed, sonny," quoth an old timer there as he unconcernedly lighted a "fag," that's only "Hefty Annie" doing a cough and spit at the Bunches. Never heard big guns barking before, I s'pose?"

The youngster admitted that he had not. "Well, you'll soon get used to them here, an' then you won't mind them no more'n if they was your mother slinging y' to sleep. It's fine music, m' boy, fine music when it's made by your own side and mighty unwelcome when it's made by the other." Having delivered himself of this terse description of gun-fire the old timer stretched comfortably back and whiffed his "fag" with great enjoyment, says a writer in the London Daily Mail.

"Hefty Annie" lay out in the fields near by cunningly screened from the sharp eyes of the hawk-men from over the barbed wire border who were always trying to locate her whereabouts with the sinister motive of compassing her destruction. Official documents, in their cold, unimaginative way, described her as "Howitzer, 15-inch, mark ——" and so on. But to the more understanding minds of the men who expended much loving care upon her, "Annie" was a creature with a soul, something that could be talked to and had a truly feminine way of exacting little attentions from the male folk around her—not a mere cylinder of steel, which alternately labored and slept. But then officialdom, dry as dust and dull of vision, does not understand the psychology of guns as the men who work them do.

"Hefty Annie" was not only "hefty" in herself, but she demanded the same useful quality from the "court" over which she queneed it with most exacting autocracy. No room there for unmanly weaklings nor any slow of foot. The Gun's Travels. When "Annie" started upon her travels she did so in almost royal state. Her train spread over quite a considerable length of roadway. A huge patrol tractor led the van—a strange-looking contraption with wheels almost as high as an omnibus' knife-board; then came "Annie" herself in solitary grandeur upon her spoked carriage and robes in tarpaulins—the scarlet and ermine of her line. After her rolled the "pill-boxes," otherwise the ammunition wagons (so called because the battery humorist had chalked "Pill for the Kaiser" on their dull grey sides); then the "wireless" truck and sundry other vehicles all designed for the specific purpose of ministering to "Annie's" needs. These trundled along at a good pace under the persuasion of the tractor, which, although a queer-looking affair in itself, was indubitably "hefty" when it came to pulling. "Somewhere in France" at last, and "Hefty Annie" was settling down to "own a bit of the earth." Dextrously, yet carefully, her "subjects" went about the task of erecting her throne. First, they laid the bed-plates which formed the base of it; when all was ready tackles were rigged and "Annie" was enthroned with somewhat less pomp perhaps, but with far greater solicitude for the permanency of her seat than is usually shown towards monarchs. Just what was done, how it was done, and why it was done would make an interesting story. Doubtless history will tell us all about the matter one day. This narrative, not being history, must stop at arousing curiosity and not go on to satisfy it.

### Coughing All Day.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that everything that had to be done was done—swiftly, deftly, and correctly, as the work of well-trained hands always is. Its completion found "Hefty Annie" sitting grimly on her seat and poking an ugly round snout contemptuously towards the enemy. "All ready for action, sir," shouted a subaltern, poking his head into a hole and addressing someone apparently down in the bowels of the earth, who answered: "Righto. What's your full range, did you say?"

"Fifteen miles or a bit more, sir," replied the "sub," whereat the subterranean voice rumbled back an expression of great satisfaction.

And so it was that "Hefty Annie" began her reign. At intervals she coughed, a deep, raucous "hoof" that ripped its way through her whole body. Sometimes she did this just once or twice, at others quite a long paroxysm, seized her. As "Annie" coughed she spat from her iron lips great mouthfuls of bright yellow flame, from the midst of which was ejected a huge shell that shrieked viciously away to a place so far off that only the observers aloft and in the lars ahead could get even the dimmest sight of it.

### Sanitary.

A small boy had a bad cold and sniffed abominably, to the great annoyance of the other passengers in the car in which he was riding. Finally, says the Manchester Guardian, one of the suffering men turned on the offending youngster and said, "Have you a handkerchief?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but mother don't like me to lend it to strangers."

The rich are able, but not liberal; the poor are liberal, but not able.

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