

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd).

"I am," said Leroy. "What is it you want?"

"I want to ask you a question," returned the other, bringing his face closer to Adrian, who recoiled involuntarily—the very smell of the fustian clothes offending his delicate nostrils.

The man noticed this, and frowned even more heavily.

"You're a gentleman," he said, "leastways I s'pose you calls yourself such—p'raps you'll act like one."

Kindly make haste and tell me what you want, my good fellow," said Adrian impatiently. He did not know but that this was a preliminary to an attempt to rob him, and he was in no mood for a brawl.

"Oh, I'll be quick enough for you," was the sullen reply. "You don't remember me, you say; p'raps you'll remember my name—Wilfer—Johann Wilfer."

"Johann Wilfer," repeated Adrian, thoughtfully and slowly, wondering where he had heard the name before.

"Yes, Johann Wilfer, Picture Restorer, Cracknell Court, Soho."

"Oh!" said Adrian, as a burst of memory dawned on him. "I remember you now. What is it you want? But tell me first, has the girl Jessica returned yet?"

"That's just like you swells," growled the man. "Nothing like getting your word in first." Has she returned to me? You know jolly well she ain't. She won't come back to me, till you've done with 'er, I'll be bound."

Adrian started, as the significance of the accusation dawned on him. He had thought more than once of the girl, with her dark eyes and silken hair. What had become of her? What, alas! could have been her fate, if she had not returned to this man, her guardian.

"What do you mean?" he said now, sternly.

"What I say," retorted Mr. Wilfer. "She ain't returned to me, an' that's my question to you. Where is she, an' what 'ave you done with her?"

"How should I know what has become of her?" answered Leroy, genuinely startled. "Do you dare to insinuate that I know where she is? I have never seen her nor heard of her."

"That's a lie," said the man shortly. Leroy surveyed him for a moment.

"You are impertinent," he said, in his clear tones. "Stand aside, and let me pass."

Mr. Wilfer thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood his ground.

"That won't go down with me," he said insolently. "I want to know where my niece is; and by Heaven, I'll know too!"

Leroy stopped short.

"She was your niece, you say?"

"She was," said the man, "though it's no business of yours; she belonged to me."

"So I presume, or you would not have ill-treated her," retorted Adrian dryly. "When did you see her last?"

"Over a month ago—as well you know," returned Wilfer coarsely. "She ran off the morning you came gallivanting after her."

Adrian could have knocked the man down, but he restrained the longing, and said instead:

"I thought you told me she'd robbed you, and had run away? That was a lie, I suppose?"

"Course it was. Who wouldn't lie to save his gal from such as you fine gentlemen? I know yer, so it's no use coming this talky-talky surprise with me. You just tell me where she is."

"I tell you," reiterated Adrian, "I have never seen the child since the night I took her from the cold. Stand out of my path, or I shall have you over to the police."

Mr. Wilfer laughed.

"So that's your answer, is it? Call away, my fine gentleman, call away." He glanced round the deserted path from the corner of his shifty eyes; then with a snarl of a savage beast, he sprang upon Leroy, and strove to bring him to the ground.

But he was no match for Adrian, who beneath all his listless mannerism possessed a grasp of steel and the strength of a gladiator. Almost shuddering at the touch of the man's greasy clothes, Leroy seized his arms, and lifting him off the ground as though he were a terrier, gave him, lightly and easily, over the park railings, which edged the by-path where they stood.

Johann Wilfer was too astonished for a moment to do anything but recover his breath, and Leroy, setting his disarranged cuffs, walked calmly away.

With a furious oath Wilfer sprang up, jumped back over the railings, and was about to pursue Leroy, when from behind him a hand was put on his collar, and he was borne rapidly and silently to the ground.

Meanwhile, Adrian, all unconscious of his deliverance from further disturbance, pursued his way to the theatre.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Johann Wilfer glared vengefully at the smooth face of his assailant, and, struggling still, breathed out, with a choice assortment of oaths, the question:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Questions we will leave for the present, my friend," was the reply. "Are you going to struggle much longer, because if so, I shall be under the painful necessity of using still greater force."

Mr. Wilfer lessened his movements. "So you decide to take things quietly. Wist man! Now have the goodness to rise and let me see to whom I have the pleasure of speaking."

Whereupon our friend, Mr. Jasper Vermont, released Johann's throat from the pressure of his knee—for it was by this means he had controlled the other's movements—and allowed him to rise to his feet. It was a very sullen and altogether puzzled individual that stood waiting, uncertain whether to listen to his captor's next words or to make his escape.

Jasper eyed him as a cat does a mouse, or the watch for the slightest attempt to move.

"So!" he said, as he took out his cigar-case, and drew forth one of Leroy's choice Regalia's. "So! Now we are on our feet again, we oow—well I must say, none the less a ruffian."

The man turned savagely as if about to run away, but Jasper was too quick for him; with a grip of steel he caught hold of the other's arm.

"Not so fast," he said quickly. "What is your name, my friend?"

"What's that to you?" queried Mr. Wilfer naturally enough, as he settled his ragged scarf, which, during the struggle, had become uncomfortably tightened.

"That is my affair," replied his opponent politely; "perhaps it is merely curiosity. But as a matter of fact, I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, and I never like to forget old friends."

"Come, let me think," Vermont continued, "were you ever at Canterbury?"

Mr. Wilfer started violently.

"Ah! I am on the right track. I remember now; it was a little inn in the summer time, a beautiful moonlight night."

"Wasn't me," snarled Wilfer, though his face was pale.

"I thought you were there," said his tormentor as cheerfully and triumphantly as if the other had admitted it. "You're not a good liar," he continued. "If a man can't do that sort of thing, well, he'd better stick to the truth. At a little inn in Canterbury. Yes, I remember it all now. I'm glad my memory does not play me tricks. My grasp tightened on Wilfer's sleeve. 'I don't like tricks,' he purred. 'How strange that we should meet again. I think at that time you were an artist; yes, that is what you called yourself, and there was a pretty little girl with you and you called her your wife. Oh! yes, my friend, you were good at 'calling' things."

"Look here," growled Wilfer, getting his word in at last. "You just stow it. I don't know you."

"No, I know you don't," said his companion imperturbably. "But you will; oh, yes, you will! Let us go back to Canterbury, where you manufactured such beautiful pictures."

Wilfer moved uneasily.

"Beautiful pictures," continued the mocking voice, "all by Rubens and Raphael and Titian. I shouldn't be surprised if that was one of yours I saw at the Countess of Merivale's to-day, the portrait of a gentleman, sold for £300. There was a warrantly with it, signed, sealed and delivered by a Mr. Johann Wilfer."

"I didn't, it wasn't," the man stammered, his face almost green in hue, his figure trembling with anger and fear.

Mr. Vermont smiled. He had his man safe and sound.

"Who the fiend are you?" commenced Wilfer, recovering himself; but Vermont's smooth voice interrupted him.

"I was right, I see! What a strange coincidence, Mr. Wilfer, that I should see your really admirable Rubens in the afternoon, and run against—or perhaps I should say, knock you down—in the evening."

Mr. Wilfer was goaded to desperation.

"Look here," he almost shouted, "I don't care if you're the old 'un himself; but that's enough of your jaw. What's your game anyhow? S'pose you did see me in a pub at Canterbury along of a young party, s'pose I am an artist, an' I did sell an old master, that ain't no business of yours; that don't give you the right to knock me down or interfere with me, so now then!"

"Finished?" enquired Vermont, pleasantly. "I quite agree with you, Mr. Wilfer—on some points; but it is greatly my business, as you will see. Had I not come up at that moment, I wonder if my friend would be as safe as he is now."

"Your friend," echoed the other. "Is Mr. Adrian Leroy your friend?"

"He is indeed," replied Jasper with a grin. "Now suppose you tell me what you two gentlemen were discussing."

"Suppose I don't?" retorted Wilfer insolently. "You find out for yourself, if you're so clever, Mr. Know-all; I'm off. He tried to push past Vermont and thus effect his escape; but he was not so get off so lightly."

Jasper removed his cigar, which he had been puffing, and dropping his soft, mocking tone, said sternly.

"Stand back; go and sit on that bench. I haven't done with you yet, Johann Wilfer."

"I shan't," was the worthy's prompt answer.

"Then I shall call the police," returned Vermont, pulling out his silver cab whistle.

Wilfer started back.

"Call 'em!" he said defiantly. "I don't care. What's the police to me, as I should be scared of 'em?"

"A great deal," was the calm answer. "If you are mad-enough to disobey me, I shall whistle for the police; they will find me struggling with a most villainous-looking ruffian, whom I instantly give in charge for assault and robbery of my dear friend, Mr. Leroy, who has gone in search of assistance."

"It's all a lie," shouted Wilfer furiously.

"Appearances would be too strongly against you, my friend. The law is a 'hass,' as doubtless you have heard before; and when it comes in the shape of a blue-coated, helmeted and thick-headed policeman, whose word do you think would be believed, yours or mine—to say nothing of this evidence."

Stooping, he picked up Leroy's gold watch and chain, which had fallen from his pocket during his struggle with Wilfer. "I found this in your hand. A clear case of assault and robbery, with penal servitude to follow."

Mr. Wilfer, dazed by the thickly-meshed net drawn round him, eyed the watch and yielded.

"Curse you!" he said. "You're a knowing one, an' no mistake." Jasper smiled.

"Thank you," he said; "a genuine compliment, and a candid one. Now then, to business. What did you want with Mr. Leroy?"

(To be continued).

MASCOTS AT THE ZOO.

Big Supply of Wild Animals Cannot Be Kept by Regiments.

The Zoo has a new interest nowadays. It has become a hostel for regimental mascots, says London Tit-Bits. The public is largely to blame for this influx of mascots. People hear, for example, that a Welsh unit is entitled to march a goat at its head, and forthwith that quartermaster's office becomes something like a scene in a Swiss valley. But when people continue to send bears to the Canadians, it becomes a question at last of one half of the battalion protecting the other half while on parade—or the Zoo.

As for deer and gazelles, regiments had badged with suggestions of these creatures might have had venison twice a week. There is a little herd of mascots now deposited at the Zoo. And no fewer than six black bears.

There is also Bill in the monkey house, who, when the T. B. man visited the Zoo the other day was sitting in his cage looking so sad, haughty, and lonely that a lady suggested that perhaps he was only just caught, and was thinking of bananas and orchids and palm trees. "Not 'e, mum," murmured a sailor, who had just come up. "E's thinkin' of the Battle of Jutland. E ain't got over it yet."

At that moment Bill caught sight of the sailor's cap, made joyous sounds, and played a tattoo on the netting with the soles of his feet.

"Bill," whispered the sailor. "Action stations."

Bill gave a wild cry, fell over backwards, and was in the furthest corner of the cage in two grand leaps. There he clung, shivering. "Poor old Bill!" said the sailor. "His ship was a light cruiser of the best. She was in the Dogger Bank fight, and Bill thought then 'ad learned everything about naval warfare. E got too proud, because later on 'e heard the guns off Jutland, quite close. Then 'e got into the rigger' and stayed there for two days."

BAD WINTER FOR SWISS.

Crowded With Refugees and Food and Coal Scarce.

Food is scarce in Switzerland and the problem of keeping the nation from going hungry is further complicated by the presence of half a million foreigners, consisting of refugees, men, women and children, students, ecclesiastics, from Poland, Belgium and the Balkan States.

Destruction, sequestration, bodily removal and theft of the contents of factory, warehouse, shop and chateau from Lorraine to Serbia by the Huns has accomplished a cruel and bewildering work for thousands of exiles now in Switzerland.

The Swiss army is still mobilized and must be fed.

There are thousands of wounded soldiers interned in camps and at hotels, besides relatives who have come to see the survivors. Switzerland has no coal mine, and Germany is reducing exports of German coal. Egg shipments from France and Italy have ceased, and chocolate and coffee have doubled in price. Meats and all other supplies are getting scarce, and the outlook for the winter in Switzerland is not very bright.

Redpath SUGAR



When you pay the price of first quality sugar, why not be sure that you get it? There is one brand in Canada which has no second quality—that's the old reliable Redpath.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!

The Farm

Don't Separate Cold Milk.

During the winter and cold weather milk should be warmed before separating. Any separator of whatever make will not do thorough work when separating cold milk, and it is impossible to keep it at a favorable temperature without warming it. But-ter fat, worth \$600 a ton, is too high-priced to feed to calves and hogs, and every precaution should be taken to ensure close skimming by the separator, especially the precaution of warming the milk during cold weather, if the temperature drops much after milking.

The cows are well advanced in their lactation periods, which cause a minimum milk production and there being a smaller quantity of this, it more quickly radiates its heat than during the summer. Then the milk is more viscous at this season and separating conditions must be favorable if close skimming is to be expected.

The milk may be warmed by the addition of warm water, or by setting it on the back of a stove in a pan of water until it is sufficiently warm. The addition of warm water lessens the viscosity of the milk, and accomplishes the double result of heating it to the proper temperature and of making it in a more favorable separating condition. The milk ought to be at least 90 degrees and never colder than 80 degrees.

During the winter when only a few cows are being milked, it may be advisable to separate only once daily, preferably in the morning. When this is practiced, night's milk should be strained carefully and kept in a cool, clean room where it will not freeze. Then in the morning it should be warmed gradually until it has reached the proper temperature. It is well to keep it warm for an hour or two before separating so that the fat particles can warm thoroughly. If it is simply heated to the separating temperature, the milk serum will warm while the fat globules will remain at a colder temperature.

The separator ought to be warmed before turning on the milk, by running through a few quarts of warm water. If it is cold, as it is sure to be, it will chill the milk, and the separating be incomplete.

Horse Talk.

Prepare roomy quarters for the colts.

A growing colt tied by the head in a stall all winter will be injured more or less.

Colts should be taught to stand tied in a standing stall, but should not be kept in them "day in and day out."

Roomy box stalls for stormy days and nights, and the yard or paddock for pleasant days, is the proper winter treatment of the colts and the idle horses.

It is of the highest importance that all growing colts have all the exercise they will take naturally.

Colts of the roadster type require more range for exercise than the draft breeds.

Do not depend upon the frost-bitten grass, but give sufficient feed in the stables to keep up fine condition. There is positive loss in letting a colt grow thin in flesh.

With proper care and judgment in handling, a fall colt will be nearly full profit.

Values are soaring for all high-class horses.

There is a steady and increasing demand for riding and driving ponies.

CLERGYMAN COMMANDERS.

Two British Regiments Have Divines At Their Heads.

It is not generally known that two British regiments are commanded by clergymen. Lieut.-Col. Beresford, of the 2-3 London Regiment (R.F.), is in holy orders. His promotion came in the ordinary way, and he was transferred from second in command of a line regiment to his present command. The Rev. W. E. Wingfield (formerly curate of St. Paul's, Portman Sq.), of St. Catherine's, Wigan, and All Saints', Southport, is now lieutenant-colonel in charge of a brigade of artillery.

Cheaper.

"Given up the idea of moving, old man?"

"Yes; we've changed the furniture around and imagine we're living in a new house."

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Women help in road-lar spraying at Chiswick.

A war shrine 5 ft. 6 inches high has been erected outside St. Peter's Canterbury.

Stoke Newington has sent \$3250 to the National Committee for Relief in Belgium.

Sea lamprens have recently been caught in eel pots in the Thames at Teddington Weir.

A wing is to be placed to Dovercourt Cottage Hospital, as a memorial to Captain Fryatt.

The curfew bell is being rung at Wigan every evening as a warning for the subduing of lights.

An agreement has been reached by which skilled engineers are exempted from military service.

Millbank Boys' School has been commandeered by the War Office as a club for Dominion troops.

Eastbourne Guardians are recommending poor people to buy clogs instead of boots for their children.

Mrs. Hannah Anker, the oldest fishmonger in England, has just died at Peterborough at the age of 96.

A proposal is now before the corporation of South Shields for utilizing the public parks as vegetable gardens.

Burnley Weavers' Association paid \$7055 upon 208 claims for death benefit in respect of men killed in the war.

New war bonuses, involving an annual outlay of \$26,005, are recommended for employees of Newcastle Corporation.

Two Manchester city councillors have volunteered for service in connection with the construction of roads in France.

There are, at the lowest estimate, 50,000 disabled soldiers discharged from the military hospitals as unfitted for further service.

The total number of fatal accidents in the Royal Flying Corps, military wing, in the last twelve months is 98.

The museum attached to Camberwell Art Gallery has been commandeered by the military authorities for a recruiting office.

Because of the increasing price of milk, Liverpool City Council is to be asked by the labor representatives to establish a municipal supply.

The "fetch your own loaf" system, by which the consumer gets the loaf one cent cheaper, is being adopted by many South London bakers.

Actors' public playing fields have been placed under cultivation as allotments and have been let out by the council for the production of "war food supplies."

There are now 2300 old boys of St. Paul's School serving in the forces. The roll of honor numbers 226 and 27 old Paulines have been awarded the D.S.O.

Broadstairs Tribunal passed a resolution to the effect that a movement should be organized to safeguard businesses owned by single individuals called to the colors.

Rear-Admiral Stuart, C.B., unveiled the portrait in oils of Jack Cornwall, V.C., the boy hero of the Jutland fight, which has been presented to Grimsby Hospital.

TO USE COUNTY SEATS.

Government Employment Bureau Will Have Them in Touch.

A new plan is likely to be adopted before very long by the Ontario Government Employment Bureau by which the forty-five county agents of the Department of Agriculture will be employed as agents for supplying farmers with necessary help.

By so doing the department will save some money, and also the farmers will be able to keep in touch with the men who advise them as to the management of their farms and get from them the men they require to hire for work on the farm.

In the United States the post offices have been used, and the country banks, but it is thought the employment of the county agents will work out much more satisfactorily.

"It will link up the county agents with the farmers, and the two departments can easily co-operate in this matter," say the officials of the department. "The work will be carried on in the same office. The farmer has been used to looking to the government agent about advice for his farm, and he will feel more like looking to the agent for his farm help if this is carried out."

Hottest Place on Earth.

Muscat, the capital of Oman, on the Persian Gulf, is called the "hottest place on earth" by a writer in Travel. The day he arrived in this ancient capital the thermometer registered 125 degrees Fahrenheit. To escape the midday heat the inhabitants resort to underground shelters, called "serads," the sunken windows of which are stuffed with brush that is sprinkled with water so as to establish a current of cool air. As the centre of the date trade, Muscat is in frequent communication with America.

If you can't say something good of the other fellow you're a poor observer.

The World's Deepest Mine.

The deepest mine works in any part of the world are in Brazil, says Railway Age. One of the mines of St. John Del Ray Mining Company, Limited, has reached the vertical depth of 5,826 feet, and since the vein shows no sign of losing its size or value the company is considering means of continuing to a vertical depth of 7,626 feet.