

# "SALADA"

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E 204

## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes, and I shall ride him," said Adrien quietly. "After an accident such as has occurred, none shall ride him save myself; then if anything should happen—"

"Ah! not!" cried Lady Constance, her face paling, and her blue eyes full of alarm; "you mustn't!—you sha'n't!" she stopped short. "I mean," she went on speaking more quietly, "you must think what it would be to your father—and auntie—"

"And you," he said eagerly, catching at her hands. "Would you care, too?"

She gently drew her fingers from his grasp. "Of course I should," she replied, in her usual quiet tones. "Am I not a sort of cousin?"

"Constance," he broke in passionately, "I have no right to speak to you, I know; but tell me, just this, if—if—"

Alas! for Adrien. Alas! for poor Lady Constance. The book in Miss Penelope's hand had slid quickly from her grasp, as she sat dozing near the fireplace. At this, the most critical moment, it came with a sudden crash to the floor, and Miss Penelope opened her eyes, and sat up briskly.

Nothing more could be said under the circumstances, and Adrien was perforce obliged to spend the evening as best he might, turning over the pages of his cousin's music, and watching her with longing, ardent eyes; while Miss Penelope sat near by, tactlessly wide awake.

Presently she glanced up.

"Adrien, did you ask your father about the ball?" she asked.

Her nephew looked abashed. Truth to tell he had completely forgotten it. "No," he admitted candidly, "I did not. But forgive me, this time; I will ask him to-night."

A little later the ladies rose to retire.

"Good-night, my dear boy," said Miss Penelope gathering up her precious book and chocolates. "You go to town to-morrow? Oh, then, I shall not see you again. Good-bye, and don't forget about the ball."

Adrien held the door open for her, and she passed out; then he closed it again.

"Good-night, Constance," he said, gazing longingly into his cousin's face.

"Good-night," she said, giving him her hand. "Good-night, and a pleasant journey."

"Will you not wish me a speedy return?"

"That might be an ill wish," she answered lightly—"if you did not care to come."

"You know I do," he whispered, and he raised her fingers to his lips.

With a vivid blush, Lady Constance withdrew her hand from his grasp, and left the room. Going straight up to her own apartment, she flung herself on her knees. The kiss he had impressed on her fingers seemed to burn them; the sound of his voice rang in her ears; yet, with a strength of mind extraordinary in a girl so young, she put away the sweetness of his half-formed declaration, hoping that his journey to town meant the cutting free of all entanglements, and the settling of his affairs.

Early the following morning, the sound of a motor, and the barking of dogs, brought Lady Constance to her window; below her was Adrien, followed by a servant with the traveling case, which was placed beside the chauffeur.

Adrien had already entered the car, and was about to have it set in motion, when a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he glanced up at Lady Constance's window.

She opened the casement and stood framed by the surrounding greenery.

Adrien waved his hand to her; then, hastily scribbling something in a notebook, he tore the page out, and evidently despatched it by one of the waiting servants.

She watched every movement, with eyes shining with eagerness, and could have cried bitterly at the thought of his absence. She knew, too, that she was playing a dangerous game, when she allowed him to return to town, his passion still undeclared; yet she felt that this was the only means of holding his affections; for she was a firm believer in the adage—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

She sighed deeply, however, as with a parting wave of his hand, and bareheaded, Adrien was rapidly driven away.

A few minutes later the servant brought her the hastily written note. It was only a scrap of paper, and un-

folding it, she read the two lines: "My father grants us the ball. We will make it an eventful one, Adrien." Her face glowed. "We will, indeed," she murmured. "It is a high stake I play for; but it is worth the struggle. Heaven grant me his whole heart! I ask nothing else."

Carefully locking the scrap of paper away, she descended into the morning-room, where Lord Barminster was already seated at the breakfast table. His grim face softened at the entry of the girl he had always looked upon as a daughter, and loved even more intensely—if that were possible—now that he meant to win her for his son's bride.

"So Adrien has left us again?" he began, as she poured out his coffee.

She flushed slightly at his significant tones.

"Yes," she replied. "Uncle, thank you so much for letting us have the ball."

"Nonsense, my dear," he returned. "Adrien told me you wanted it, and that was sufficient. Why didn't you ask me yourself? Have I been such a cruel guardian?"

"No, no," she cried, and coming round to him impulsively, she pressed her lips to his forehead. "You've been the dearest uncle in the world. Indeed, no father could have been better."

He smiled at her earnestness.

"I've done my best, my dear, though I admit I'd like you for my very own daughter-in-law."

Lady Constance blushed scarlet. This was carrying the war into the enemy's camp with a vengeance.

"Nobody asked me, sir," she said, "I sang gaily."

"Ah, but whose fault is that?" asked Lord Barminster, pleased that she had not refused to discuss the question.

"Please, Uncle Philip," she said, with a sudden quiver in her voice, "I'd rather not talk about it—if you don't mind."

"Quite right, my dear," replied Lord Barminster, patting her hand reassuringly.

For a few minutes there was silence. His lordship drank his coffee, while his companion stared dreamily through the window at the magnificent view of park and woods. The old man was the first to speak.

"We shall miss Lord Standon," he said, with a meaning glance at her.

Lady Constance looked up with a start; then, as she realized the significance of this simple statement, she smiled. She knew she could trust her uncle not to betray her woman's secret; and, though she had no scruple in using Lord Standon as a means to spur on Adrien, she would not allow the old man to be worried unnecessarily by doubts of her fidelity to his beloved son.

"Yes," she answered, quietly. "But he only came down for the race; and I daresay he was anxious to rejoin his fiancée."

It was her uncle's turn to start, and his intense surprise told Lady Constance only too well that her speculations were correct. Adrien had believed her in love with Lord Standon, and his father had undertaken to find out the truth. She was not afraid of Adrien's being undeceived now; for, even if Lord Barminster wrote—which was very unlikely—the spur would have done its work.

"I did not know he was engaged," the old man exclaimed.

"No, the news has not been made public; but he told me in confidence," Lady Constance returned calmly, as she rose from the breakfast-table.

Then, having seen her companion installed with his newspaper, she passed out to the terrace.

To the astonishment of everyone in Barminster Castle, some few hours later, Mr. Vermont reappeared.

In his turn he seemed quite as surprised when he learned that Leroy had already returned to London.

"Gone," he echoed, "just a few hours ago? Dear! I must have missed him by telling my chauffeur to take the road across the moor."

He entered the Castle while he was speaking, and the servants hastened to learn his commands; for, next to the sun, there is nothing better than the moon—next to the Hon. Adrien came his friend and agent, Mr. Jasper Vermont. But Jasper waved them amiably aside, as he entered the dining-room.

"You would like some luncheon, sir?" inquired the butler, coming forward respectfully.

Jasper nodded.

"Just a snack, Judson. Don't put yourselves out for me, I'm off again directly."

While the estimable Judson went off to get this snack—which resolved itself into an exquisitely-laid lunch—Mr. Vermont dropped into a chair, and surveyed the scene through the open window. Strange to say, his thoughts seemed to run similarly to those of Lady Constance, earlier in the day; for he exclaimed under his breath:

"It's a large stake, worth playing for. Awkward my missing him." He smoothed out a pile of deeds and documents and replaced them in his leather bag. "He would have signed these without a word here; at his chambers, he'll amuse himself by reading them, confound it!"

A rustle of silken skirts attracted his attention; the acowl vanished, and he readjusted his smiling mask as the door opened and Lady Constance entered the room.

She had been informed of his sudden arrival; and, though heartily disliking him, she was yet bound to play the part of hostess while her aunt was resting.

The girl's face paled ever so slightly, though she strove to give no sign that his shaft had hit home. Adrien had received a letter that morning, as she knew, one having been brought up to her by mistake.

"Very likely," she said imperturbably. "I daresay he had to attend to some business too."

Adrien is very changeable," Vermont said reflectively, "one can never count on his movements; following him is like wild duck shooting, down the river on Monday, and up the Fens on Tuesday. I'm sorry I missed him, though, for I have several papers which he must see."

Lady Constance tried to appear sympathetic.

"It is a pity you weren't earlier," she said with a smile. "Still, I daresay you know where to find him."

"Oh, yes," returned Mr. Vermont, glancing at her from the corner of his eye, as he aimed his second shaft. "He will be either with Miss Lester or her Ladyship; he fluctuates between these two points of happiness as a rule."

Lady Constance did not appear perturbed in any way by this news.

"Lady Merivale is a charming woman," she said briefly. "But who is Miss Lester?"

"She is also a charming woman," with a sudden quiver in her voice, "but with the difference that she is unattached—save to the theatre."

"Oh! an actress!" exclaimed his companion with patrician contempt. "That reminds me," she continued, "What is your last success at the Casket?"

"My success," echoed Mr. Vermont, with an air of amused astonishment. "Yes, are you not the manager of that building?" she asked simply.

He bowed and smiled.

(To be continued.)

What are we as farmers doing to ward increasing either the quality or quantity of production, in order to meet the enormous present demands for foodstuffs? How can we meet the great after-war trade demands? Are we systematically preparing against possible dull markets which may follow? In other words, have we, as business men, taken a careful survey and inventory of our live stock operations with a view of increasing production at a decreased cost, by stopping waste in every form and utilizing all our limited capital and labor to better advantage?

Feeds.—Every pound of feed should be carefully saved and fed to obtain its maximum value. Where roughages are of poor feeding value greater care and intelligence must be used in preparation to make these more whole, some, palatable and more easily digested. Variety is one of the great secrets of feeding. Waste no good straw; it is more valuable than low-grade hay and should be fed either cut and mixed with other roughages or fed long once daily, or the animals given free access to the straw as a supplement to the supply of better roughage, fed with a well balanced grain ration. In the absence of sufficient succulent, a good substitute such as molasses, beet pulp or an extra supply of grain must be provided. The stock must be kept thrifty, else they are not extracting the most value from the feeds consumed.

Milk feeds should have been purchased, co-operatively, in mid-summer when prices were low. However, if not yet purchased, buy at once. It will save at least a dollar per ton to buy in carload lots. Remember the best grade of feed is in every way the cheapest, costing less per pound of protein and usually being more digestible.

Horses.—The horse market is steadily improving and promises to show continued strength. Nevertheless, greater care is needed in breeding, rearing and feeding a better class of horse which will be more suitable to Canadian markets and command higher market prices.

Horses becoming thin from under-feeding during the winter are losing money. More feed is required to put these horses in shape for the hard work of summer than would be a good maintenance ration during the whole idle season. Horses over-fed during the winter are subject to digestive troubles, become over-fat and soft, and are not in good shape for hard work in spring.

The idle work horse may be maintained in weight and condition during the winter months on a ration composed of 1 pound hay, 1 pound straw and 1 pound carrots, mangels or turnips per hundred pounds live weight. All changes in feeds, feeding and management must be made gradually.

The cost of good quality, which is

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growing most rapidly and kept in thrifty condition but not too fat, will make the largest horse, which will command the top market price.

All the good mares should be bred to meet future market demands. Fall foals may be reared as satisfactorily and in many cases more economically than spring foals. It is not too late to catch the mare which has not yet been bred. It is, however, advisable not to breed at all if a good stallion is not available.

Dairy Cattle.—Good calves of good breeding, well reared to the first calving, are by far the most profitable animals. Varying with the feeds available, prices of feeds and individuality of the animal, it costs at least \$60 to \$75 to raise a heifer to first calving (28 to 32 months of age). Other things being equal, the poorer the bull used the poorer the dairy farmer is to bankruptcy, and the better the bull the nearer prosperity. The best available pure-bred bull is the only animal which may profitably be used. He will pay for himself in one crop of calves. Can we not see the personal and national loss in the scrub bull, or must we await legislation regarding the registration and elimination of the scrub bull before we stop this tremendous loss.

Canadian farmers are losing millions of dollars annually by milking poor cows and rearing poor calves from them, by worthless bulls. The cost of rearing and maintaining, in feeds, labor, and interest on buildings and equipment, is the same for the profit-making cow and the cow losing from \$10 to \$30 per year. Why not give every cow and heifer a good chance through good feeding and management, then let the boarder go to the butcher? Milk records must be kept to discriminate between good and poor cows. Free milk and feed record forms may be had at this office.

In the absence of sufficient labor, rather than go out of dairying or dry the cows off permanently, it will be found more profitable to install a good mechanical milker.

Beef Cattle.—Are we making the most beef from our feed? Are we raising, feeding and marketing small, weak, thin-shed steers, which are consuming as much as the thick, good steer which tops the market? A good beef-bred bull of the right type is the only sire which can leave the most profitable feeding steer.

Are we winter feeding our store cattle most economically? Do not lose the thrifty condition of the yearlings or 2-year olds which are held for finishing on grass. A good winter ration is here suggested: Hay (alfalfa or clover if available), 10 to 12 pounds; roots, 40 to 50 pounds; corn ensilage, 25 to 40 pounds, or a mixture of equal parts roots and ensilage, 50 pounds; clean oat straw, 5 pounds; grain, if necessary, 2 to 4 pounds of a mixture composed of oats and barley equal parts. Lack of quality in the hay or insufficient succulent feeds—roots and ensilage—must be replaced by more and richer grain.

Sheep.—Are you feeling ticks and lice this winter? It is not too late to dip the sheep and thus save a half of your feed and produce thrifty ewes, which can only drop and rear good lambs.

Only the very best breeding rams of good size and quality, showing particularly a heavy, good quality fleece and a strong back and leg, will produce the best feeding lambs and the most wool.

**Men Wanted for the Navy**

**The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, wants men for immediate service Overseas, in the Imperial Royal Navy**



Candidates must be sons of natural born British subjects and be from 18 to 35 years of age.

**PAY \$1.10 per day and upwards. Free Kit. Separation allowance, \$20.00 monthly.**

Apply to the nearest Naval Recruiting Station or to the Department of the Naval Service, OTTAWA.

## NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN FULL AND HIS PEOPLE

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

At one London police station fifteen unexploded bombs have been collected.

A school war fund at Barnsbury Central School has brought in nearly \$1,500.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton, author and journalist, has joined the East Surrey Regiment.

A military band led the music in Rochester Cathedral on the occasion of the harvest festival.

Gen. Joffre has conferred the Legion of Honor upon Mr. Phillip Sassoon, M.P. for Hythe.

Islington reports a marriage rate for last year of 26.12 per 1,000, compared with 19.59 for 1914.

Sir Walham Bowring, formerly Lord Mayor of Liverpool and a prominent shipper, has just died.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Massey, is to receive the freedom of the city of London.

There are 3,777 London insured persons receiving treatment for consumption in hospitals and sanatoria.

Alderman J. O. Thompson, editor of the Essex County Chronicle, has been chosen Mayor of Chelmsford.

In the Strand district there is a War Savings Association for domestic servants, with over 200 members.

The death has occurred at Broadwater, Worthing, of George Lindup, a Crimean veteran, in his 81st year.

Princess Louise has presented 115 volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine" to the Kensington Public Library.

St. Pancras Borough Council proposes to appoint two temporary woman sanitary inspectors at \$500 a year.

There have been 2,000 prosecutions for offences against the shop-lighting orders in London during the last six weeks.

For tampering with the time clock in order to show increased working hours, a Midland munition worker was fined \$100.

Brighton's first outdoor war shrine and roll of honor has, been unveiled in Brewer street, with 41 houses and 45 names recorded.

A man who was scalded when taking a bath at the municipal baths secured \$30 compensation from the Kensington Council.

Nearly 400 war savings associations have been formed within the city of London boundaries, with a membership exceeding 1,000.

Two more institutions controlled by the Metropolitan Asylum Board, the Grove Hospital and the Belmont Workhouse, are to be used as military hospitals.

At a Harrow meeting of protest against the price of 12 cents a quart for milk, a resolution was carried agreeing to abstain from adult consumption of milk.

Gen. Bramwell Booth, speaking at Yarmouth, said he was organizing a scheme for sending to the Dominions as soon as possible 5,000 widows of soldiers and 10,000 children.

By a majority of one vote the Wall-sall Board of Guardians have decided to substitute suit puddings and treacle for plum puddings for workhouse inmates at Christmas.

Out of 48,000 children in the elementary schools of Newcastle, it is now only necessary to provide 1,000 free meals per week, an indication of the present prosperity of the Tyne.

Through the air pipe of his diving dress becoming choked, Stanley Henry Cadman, a dockyard diver, was suffocated while at work in one of the basins in Chatham dockyard.

A number of tenants of Crown estates in the Holford district of Lincolnshire have received notice to quit, as it is stated that a block of marsh land, about 1,000 acres, is to be used as a colony for the settlement of soldiers.

One comparatively small strip of the coal fields that have been discovered in the Antarctic continent is estimated to contain as much fuel as all the un-worked fields of Great Britain.

## Rubber Supply Steady While Leather Gets Scarcer

This Explains Low Price of Rubber Footwear in Spite of Increase in Cost of Chemicals, Fabrics and Labor.

The war is using up enormous quantities, both of leather and rubber. At the same time it is seriously restricting the output of the former, much of which came from Russia—while rubber production keeps pace with the demand. From the great plantations now reaching maturity in Britain's tropical Dominions will come this year 150,000 tons of raw rubber—75% of the world's production, and an increase of over 40,000 tons over last year.

Thus, thanks to the British Government's foresight in encouraging these plantations, the Allied armies have been abundantly supplied with all the rubber products they need—Germany and her allies have been cut off—and the price to the world at large has actually been reduced. Meanwhile leather has been getting scarcer and more expensive—80% higher than in 1914—and the end is not yet.

At normal prices a pair of good shoes cost about four times as much as a pair of rubbers—and would last twice as long if rubbers or overshoes were worn to protect them. Or a pair of heavy rubbers for the farm cost much less than heavy shoes, and would stand much more wear in bad weather. So even before the war rubbers were a mighty good investment, to say nothing of their prevention of wet feet, colds and doctors' bills.

Now, when leather costs so much more in proportion, the saving from wearing rubber footwear is so outstanding that no one who believes in thrift will think of doing without rubbers, overshoes, rubber boots, or whatever kind of rubber footwear best suits his needs. Nor will he who is anxious to help win the war, for by wearing rubber he conserves the leather that is so scarce, yet so absolutely necessary to the soldiers.

**Wear Rubbers and Save Leather, for Our Fighting Men!**