

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold night in early spring, and the London streets were nearly deserted. The great shutters of the shops were being drawn down with a dull rumble, and every moment the pavements grew more dreary looking as the glories of the plate-glass windows were hidden.

Tired workers with haggard faces were making their way homeward; to them the day was at an end. But to the occupants of the whirling taxis and smart motors, as they sped westward, the round of their day was but half-way through; for them, the great ones of the earth, the all-important hour of dinner was at hand.

At the entrance of one of the most luxurious clubs in Pall Mall two men, in immaculate evening dress, stood carefully surveying the hurrying throngs of people.

"Seven," said one, as the hour struck from the nearest church. "I thought Standon said seven."

"Yes, and like a woman, meant half-past," returned the other, hiding a yawn.

"Stan's too young to value his dinner properly, but Leroy ought to have been punctual. Oh, here is Stan!" as a slight, well-dressed man sprang hastily from a smart motor and came towards them.

"Hello!" said the new-comer, shaking hands, "you two fellows first? I hope I'm not late, Shelton."

"Of course you're late," growled Shelton with characteristic pessimism. "You always are, and Leroy is worse. Come along, we may as well wait inside as in this beastly draught."

In the great dining-hall the snow-covered tables were being taken rapidly by members about to dine; silent footed waiters were hurrying to and fro, carrying out their various duties, while intermittently the sound of opening champagne bottles mingled with the buzz of conversation and the ripple of laughter.

The three men, Mortimer Shelton, Lord Standon and Frank Parselle, seated themselves at a table in a comfortable recess and took stock of the room, responding to numerous nods and smiles of recognition, while grumbling at the unpunctuality of their friend.

"Ten past seven!" growled Shelton, looking at his watch "I might have known that Leroy would be late. Shall we wait?"

"Oh, yes!" said Parselle; "Adrien might not like it, you know. It is a bore, though! The soup will be as thick as mud."

"By Jove! I'd forgotten," interrupted Standon, suddenly. "I met Leroy yesterday, and he asked me to tell you he might be late, as he was off to Barmister Castle last night. We were not to wait. He gave me a note, and—if I haven't left it in my other coat—" He fumbled in his pocket. "No; here it is." He produced the note with an air of triumph,

and Shelton, with a muttered exclamation of disgust, ordered dinner to be served before he opened it. As he did so and ran his eye over the contents, he frowned.

"Just listen to this," he said irritably. "My Dear Mortimer, 'A letter from Jasper takes me down to the Castle. I will return in time to join your little party, and with your leave, bring Jasper along too; but don't wait on our account.'"

"Yours, 'Adrien Leroy.'" "Jasper—always Jasper!" commented Standon. "I'd like to know by what means Jasper Vermont has obtained such innumerable over Leroy."

"Ah, that's the mystery!" said Parselle, frowning. "It's as plain as a pikestaff," growled Mortimer Shelton. "Leroy saved Vermont's life years ago at Oxford. I think that's enough for Adrien. If a cat or dog, or even a one-eyed monkey, placed itself under his protection, Adrien Leroy would stick to it through thick and thin. You know his little way; and this Vermont is no fool. He intends to make full use of his friend."

"And yet Leroy is not easily taken in," remarked Parselle thoughtfully. "Every man has his weak point," retorted Shelton with a shrug, "and Jasper is Leroy's one vulnerable spot. He will believe nothing against him."

"He's a lucky chap, Vermont," said Standon pensively. "No one really knows what he is or where he springs from; yet he always seems to have plenty of money, and apparently the whole of Leroy's passes through his hands."

"Something near a million," put in Parselle, enviously, "and with the run of a castle like a palace. No, Vermont's no fool!"

Mortimer Shelton nodded. "The Castle's all right," he said, curtly. "You can trust the Leroy to have the best of everything. They treat money like dirt, and bow before nothing but Royalty and women. Yet, with it all, there's no stauncher friend than a Leroy."

"As Vermont knows only too well," muttered Standon, dryly. "By the way, I saw Ada Lester in the park this morning. Jove! Such furs."

"In that quarter Adrien certainly treats his money like dust," said Parselle, with a short laugh. "I can't think what he sees in her; to me she seems an insatiable animal—and about as difficult to satisfy. It's a jolly good job for Leroy that, thanks to his father's generosity, his income runs into five figures—nothing else would stand the strain."

"Do you know, someone told me at the Casket the other night that Leroy had made the theatre over to Ada en masse, and settled a thousand a year on her into the bargain," said Standon, leaning forward.

"I daresay," Mortimer commented, dryly. "He's fool enough for any thing. The place runs him into eight thousand a year as it is—not including Ada Lester, the lady manager—so he might just as well hand it over to her altogether. I wish to goodness, the wretched building would burn down! 'Pon my word, I shall set it alight myself one fine night—"

"Hush! Here he is," said Lord Standon, adding quickly, "with Vermont, of course."

The others looked round towards the new-comers. One was a dark-haired man of about forty years of age. His face was pale, with an almost unhealthy pallor, from which his small dark eyes glittered restlessly; his thin lips, tightly closed, were set in an almost straight line. Clean-shaven, sleek of hair, he wore an expression of cautious slyness that implied a mental attitude ever on guard against some sudden exposure of his real feelings. Such was Jasper Vermont.

His companion was of a different calibre. Still apparently in the early thirties, tall, and with clear-cut, aristocratic features, he was decidedly good to look upon. His face, fair as that of a woman, was, perhaps, slightly marred by the expression of weakness which lurked round the finely-moulded lips; but for all that it was stamped with the latent nobility which characterised his race.

The Hon. Adrien Leroy, only son of Baron Barmister, was one of the most noted figures in fashionable society. His father, who since the death of Lady Barmister had lived almost as a recluse, spent his days in the old Castle, and had practically abdicated in favor of his son. So that the colossal income accruing from the coal mines of Wales, the rentals of the Leroy estates in the Southern Counties and the ground-rents of a considerable acreage in one of the most fashionable parts of London, all passed through the hands of Adrien, who, in his turn, spent it like water, leaving Jasper Vermont—his one-time college friend and now his confidential steward—to watch over his affairs.

Leroy, with a genial smile of greeting for all, but a grave, almost weary expression in his blue eyes, parried the numerous questions and invitations that beset him on all sides, and, taking Vermont's arm, drew him towards the table where his three friends awaited him.

"I'm sorry we're late," he said in his pleasant voice, which was clear and unaffected, in strong contrast to the chatter which buzzed round him at their entry. "Blame Jasper, who, if he is as hungry as I am, is punished already."

His good-humoured laugh as he seated himself drew echoes from his friends; Leroy's popularity was never more apparent than in the gathering of this sort, composed exclusively of his own sex.

"So you have just come up from Barmister," said Shelton presently. "How is the Castle looking?"

Adrien, busily satisfying a vigorous appetite, merely nodded and smiled in reply; but Jasper Vermont answered for him.

"Beautiful!" he said, with a smile which showed his white, even teeth. "Beautiful! It's a charming view; but we saw little of it this visit. Ah, Shelton, you are really an epicure! We don't get clear turtle like this at the Palladium—eh, Adrien?"

"No," replied the young man, looking up. "We ought to have Shelton on the committee. No wonder they love you here, Shelton! And so the colt has lost the steepchase? I saw the news as I came along."

"And you have lost, how much—two thousand?" queried Parselle. "Five," said Vermont, not quickly, but just before Adrien could speak.

"Is it five?" asked Leroy, indifferently. "I thought I'd backed 'Venus' for more."

"I backed her myself for a couple of hundred," put in Lord Standon, ruefully. "She's a beautiful creature, though, and I'd like to buy her."

"You can have her, my dear Stan, for mere song," said Leroy, cordially. "I'm afraid that's impossible," interposed Jasper with suavity. "She's sold."

Adrien looked up in surprise. "Sold! To whom?" he asked. "To the knacker," was the calm reply. "Don't you remember, Adrien, that she threw Fording and broke her leg over the last hurdle?"

Leroy's face resumed its usual air of bored indifference. "Ah, yes, so you told me. My dear Stan, I'm awfully sorry! I had completely forgotten." He looked round the table. "Any of you seen the papers?" he inquired. "Last night was the first of the new comedy at the Casket—how did it go?"

Frank Parselle laughed. "I was there," he admitted. "Ada played finely, but they hissed once or twice."

"Lost on my horse and on my new play. That is bad luck!" exclaimed Adrien, looking, however, very little disturbed by the news. "It must be withdrawn."

"Certainly," agreed Vermont, amiably. "Certainly."

"By Jove! what did you tell me the mounting cost?" asked Parselle, addressing Vermont, but glancing significantly at the others.

"Three thousand pounds," answered Vermont, glibly, while Adrien ate his fish with the most consummate indifference.

"Three thousand for four nights, that's about it. The public ought to be grateful to you," said Shelton, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, as he nodded across at Leroy.

Adrien laughed. "Or I to them," he said, cheerfully.

"It's no light thing to sit through a bad play. But how is that, Jasper? You said it would run."

"I?" protested Vermont, with a pleasant smile. "No, Adrien, not so certainly as that. I said I thought the play well written, and that in my opinion it ought to run well—a very different thing, eh, Shelton?"

"Ah! replied Shelton, who had been watching him keenly. "So you were out in your reckoning for once. It is to be hoped you didn't make the same mistake with the colt. I think you were also favorably inclined to that, weren't you?"

"Yes, admitted Vermont, leaning back with an admirable air of content. "I laid my usual little bet, and lost—of course."

"You should have hedged," said Shelton, who knew as a positive fact that Vermont had done so.

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

Grow Your Own Fertilizer.

The fact that the yield of wheat was greatly increased when it followed a crop of clover was known to farmers even in the time of the Romans. It has not been, however, until comparatively recently that we have known just why clover increases the yield of the crop coming after it, or that any accurate experiments were carried on to determine just how much clover could enrich the soil.

If one pulls up a clover or alfalfa plant he will notice that it has little flesh-colored incrustations on the roots. These incrustations or nodules are the living and breeding places of little microscopic organisms which, unlike most other bacteria, are able to use the nitrogen of the air for food.

Just exactly how the little creatures are able to do this is not known, but it is known that energy is required to do so and they get the required energy by feeding on and using part of the carbonaceous tissue of the plant on whose roots they are living. Some of the nitrogen which the little germs have gathered from the air is used up by the plant for its own use. There is thus a kind of reciprocal arrangement between the plant and the germs which live on its roots whereby the plant furnishes the germs with carbonaceous food and the germs furnish the plant with nitrogenous food. This sort of union is called by scientists "symbiosis."

That give and take, reciprocity, co-operation, or whatever one wants to call it, not only benefits those immediately interested, but often others as well, is a well-known fact, and is well illustrated in this particular case. The little nodule germs or bacteria and the clover plant, by pulling together, add thousands of dollars' worth of fertility to our Canadian soils every year.

A two-ton crop of clover contains 100 pounds of nitrogen. This is as much as is contained in 10 tons of farmyard manure, and if it were possible to plow such a crop under we would have added about \$15 worth of fertility per acre to the soil. The best and most practical way to enrich the soil with clover is not to plow it under, but to feed it to the stock.

It is not necessary to plow clover under or even to feed it on the land for it to enrich the soil, as experimenters carried on at the Rathmasted experiment station well show.

In these experiments, roots, barley, clover and wheat, have been grown in rotation for the last sixty years. On one set of plots, however, instead of growing clover the land has been allowed to lie fallow, so that we are able to see what effect clover has had in increasing the yield of wheat. Taking the average of the yield for the last five courses we find that when wheat followed bare fallow it yielded 32.9 bushels to the acre, but when it followed a crop of clover which yielded very nearly two tons to the acre, its yield was 47.1 bushels per acre. That is, the clover increased the yield of wheat by 8.2 bushels per acre.

A still more striking example of how clover will increase the yield of the succeeding crop, especially on land that is somewhat run down, is shown by another Rathmasted experiment. A piece of land was divided and one part was cropped with barley and the other part with clover. The nitrogen was determined in the two crops and it was found that there was 37 lbs. of nitrogen per acre in the barley and 151 lbs. per acre in the clover. The following year the whole of the land was sown to barley. The nitrogen contained in the barley which had been grown on the land which had been in barley the year before contained 39 lbs. of nitrogen per acre, and the nitrogen contained in the barley which was grown on the clover sod contained 69 lbs. of nitrogen per acre. This means that on the land where barley followed barley the yield was 32 bushels per acre, but where the barley followed clover the yield was 56 bushels per acre—Canadian Countryman.

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Home butter-making is not a lost art, but still it might be more extensively practiced than it is. A good deal is said about the hog as a mortgage lifter, but it is up to the man behind the hog to do his part. "Fat as a hog" is likely to take on a new meaning. The pork-eating public is demanding less fat and more lean meat.

In many parts of the country dogs seem to have more friends than sheep, and yet the dog belongs in the non-producing class.

There is an ever-increasing conviction that there is a close relation between filthy quarters and hog cholera. And this conviction is sound.

The wild pigeon and the Labrador duck have become extinct in our day, but there is no danger that the horse will entirely disappear in our time.

Cows producing over half a ton of butter per year are so common that they are no longer a subject for special comment, but there still remain several millions of the other kind.

High Building. "High buildings, sir," remarked an American, contemptuously. "Why, in England you don't know what height is! Last time I was in New York it was a blazing hot day, and I saw a man coming out of a lift wrapped from top to toe in bearskins, and I said to him:

"Why are you muffled up on a broiling hot day like this?" "Waal," said he, "you see, I live at the top of the building, and it's so high that it's covered with snow all the year round."

The stronger the butter in the tub the weaker it is in the market.

USEFUL PRESERVING HINTS

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1o—Use ripe—but not over-ripe fruit.

2o—Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting and later on cause preserves to ferment.

We advise purchasing the Red Diamond Extra Granulated in the 100 lb. bags which as a rule is the most economical way and assures absolutely correct weight.

3o—Cook well.

4o—Clean, and then by boiling at least 10 minutes, sterilize your jars perfectly before pouring in the preserves or jelly.

Success will surely follow the use of all these hints.

Dealers can supply the Red Diamond in either fine, medium, or coarse grain, at your choice.

Many other handy refinery sealed packages to choose from.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A successful flag day was recently held in Dublin in aid of Irish disabled soldiers and sailors.

Ten policemen have been injured trying to stop a cattle drive near Ballynashole, County Roscommon.

In many parts of South Kildare first crop meadows have been sold at prices averaging \$50 an acre.

Pte. W. Crowley, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, of Dublin, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Irish-grown new potatoes have now made their appearance in Belfast market, and are being sold at 90 cents to 96 cents per stone.

Mr. William Patrick Wilson-Lynch, of Belvoir Park, Six Mile Cross, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the County Clare.

The farmers around Newtownhamilton, Co. Armagh, in consequence of the high price of coal, are at present cutting large tracts of bog.

The death has occurred at his residence, Dublin, of Mr. Harry Holt, barrister-at-law, for many years secretary to Chief Baron Pillemer.

District Inspector Shelley prosecuted a man at the Ballye Petty Sessions, and who was fined \$30 for having a jar of potheen in his possession.

At the Tralee Quarter Session, Maurice M. Cartley, sheriff's bailiff and civil bill officer, was suspended from acting as bailiff for having charged double poundage.

After being icebound for seven months and twice afterwards running aground, the Holt Line steamer Laertes, with 3,000 tons of flour from Russia, reached Belfast last week.

A serious fire occurred at Middleton in the wool stores of Messrs. John Cogan & Sons, woolen manufacturers, Ballinacraig. Damage to the extent of \$10,000 was caused.

Amongst the nurses who have been awarded the decoration of the Royal Red Cross in recognition of their services, is Mrs. George King, daughter of the late Dr. Andrew McBride, of Newry.

While a number of youths were playing near Londonderry they discovered three hundred rounds of revolver ammunition. The bullets were in a crevice, loosely covered with earth and grass.

A giant pike was caught by Mr. Patrick Smyth, Culrath, Granard, whilst fishing in Lough Gowan. The pike turned the scales at 26 lbs., and when opened contained three full-sized perch.

The Rt. Hon. Edmond Archdale, P. C., died last week at his residence, Castle Archdale, at the age of 66. He was the first landlord in Ireland to sell his estate to his tenants under the Land Act of 1903.

The exodus to England from Mayo of harvesters has been very large. They are mostly boys or men beyond middle life. The cause is that the young men fear conscription in England and Scotland.

Another addition to the regular fleet of Dublin steamers engaged in cross-channel business, has arrived in the Liffey. The new steamer was built to the order of the British and Irish Steam Packet Company.

BRITISH CAVALRY. Will Be Used in a New and Startling Fashion Shortly.

The First Dragoon Guards, one of England's crack cavalry regiments, were used in a charge on German organizations in the recent offensive and for the first time since the battle of the Marne British horsemen were in action in France.

Great Britain still believes in this arm of the service in spite of the trench warfare. She has approximately 250,000 cavalrymen in France and England, trained to the minute, and these men can take their place as infantrymen in the trenches as well as charge the enemy on horseback. The most intelligent and physically perfect men in Great Britain have been picked for this work. They have been taught to charge over ground pitted with shell holes, and terrain of this sort has been prepared on British moors where the cavalry has been going through the hardest sort of work. It is estimated that, with the Indian cavalry, England has over 150,000 mounted men in France and these are going to be used in a new and startling fashion in the near future, if plans do not miscarry.

THE SAME OLD STORY. There's a story in each of the faces You see in the passing throng; But it's only the same old story—The struggle of right and wrong; The battle of hate and duty; The strife between love and fear; It's only the same old story With a chapter for every year. The hope is turning to sadness; The courage beset by pain; The moment of transient gladness That shines like the sun through rain—

The tale may be told but simply, For it isn't so much to tell, Only the same old story About this old world known so well.



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