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## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XI.

It was night and the race course lay deserted and silent beneath the palled moon. The noisy crowd had tramped and driven its way back to London. But there was one whom the noise and bustle of a race meet would never rouse again—Peacock the jockey, who lay dead in the stable house.

His death had cast a depression over the entire Castle, and though both Adrian and his father—to say nothing of Jasper—had striven their utmost to keep the minds of the guests away from the unhappy event, it was yet an almost gloomy party that gathered after dinner in the silver drawing-room.

Nearly all had lost heavily through the fall of poor "King Cole." They had had such entire faith in their

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"Immensely," replied Lord Standon, who himself had lost more than he could afford—indeed, there was little doubt that this race would almost prove his ruin; but, nevertheless, his inordinate good humor and optimistic nature triumphed above every other consideration. Certainly, no word of blame or self-pity would he allow to pass his lips. "Yes, he has lost more heavily than any of us, as Mr. Vermont knows, I'll be bound," he broke off, as that gentleman approached.

Jasper Vermont smiled, as he did at every question or assertion made to him.

"I'm afraid he has plunged deeply this time," was his smooth reply. "Unfortunately, he only has himself to blame, though I deplore the fact that I was not with him at the time."

Both Lady Constance and Lord Standon looked up, startled by his tone as much as by his words; and Jasper continued glibly:

"He gave the jockey a ten-pound note last night, and of course, the man got drunk. Consequences—an unsteady hand this morning, a hasty pull at the last rise, and a clear loss of the race, not to mention the colossal sum in bets. All his own fault! If he will be so recklessly generous, what is to be done? But, as I said before, I blame myself for not watching him more closely."

"No one blames you, Mr. Vermont," said Lord Standon coldly, for even he, the least suspicious of men, seemed to detect the false sorrow in the speaker's voice.

Lady Constance looked at him gratefully; and Lord Standon was encouraged thereby to proceed:

"Adrien is generous to a fault; and if in this case it has had disastrous results, it is usually a fault which few imitate."

Jasper raised his eyebrows; then, with a low bow to Lady Constance, and a gentle, deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, walked away.

The girl waited till he was out of earshot, then turned impulsively to Lord Standon.

"I hate that man," she said in a low voice; "and sometimes I believe he hates Adrien too."

"So do I," returned Lord Standon, looking with intense admiration into her lovely, troubled face.

"Do you?" she murmured. "Oh, if you would only try to open my cousin's eyes to his friend's falseness—I know he's false, but Adrien is blind."

It seemed as if he were blind in more than one direction; for at that minute Leroy himself crossed the room, with an aspect that, in any other man, would have been termed glum. The sight of the girl with whom he was so rapidly falling in love, sitting in rapt conversation with Lord Standon—even though that young man was his friend—had roused a strong feeling of resentment within his heart. He restrained himself, however, though it was in a rather cold, forced voice that he asked Lady Constance if she would sing. She rose demurely enough; for his very coldness and jealousy, slight as it was—careless as she knew it to be—proved to her that the love she so ardently desired was awakening at last.

The evening passed quietly. Adrien himself refused to sing, though he stayed close by his cousin's side, and turned over the pages of her music with such a devoted air that at last the ladies of the party began to whisper knowingly amongst themselves.

Luckily for Adrien's peace of mind—for he loathed and dreaded scenes of any description—Lady Merivale had not returned with the party to the Castle, much as Miss Penelope had wished it. Eveline Merivale was only too cognisant of what was passing between Lady Constance and her cousin; and though she knew that Adrien and herself had merely played at love, and greatly against his will at that, still she was just as unwilling to see him the devoted slave of another woman, who was younger, if not more beautiful, than herself.

After the ladies had retired for the night, Adrien gave himself up to unaccustomed reverie. The tenor of his life had been changed. The insane senseless round of dissipation had begun to tire him; the homage and flattery cloyed on his palate. And now, with his new-born love for Constance filling his heart and mind, had come the overwhelming failure of his beloved horse, and the death of his jockey; the last causing him more pain than the lighthearted companions around him would have believed possible. Neither had the half-defined charge made against Jasper escaped his notice, though he had disdained to make any mention of it.

Shelton noticed his absent manner, as they smoked their last cigar before going to bed.

"Counting up the losses, Adrien?" he asked casually.

Adrien started at the question, and smiled.

"Not I," he said. "I leave that to Jasper—I call him my walking account book. I'm sorry you fellows were let in though. I can't understand it; although—with a rueful laugh—"I suppose it was my fault with that tenner. Yet, I must say, I noticed the man as he galloped past, and saw no signs of anything wrong."

"Nor I," put in Vermont. "I was in the weighing-room, and saw him scaled. He was all right then. He was all right then. He always was white and seedy-looking. I saw nothing wrong."

"Nor I," echoed the others.

Adrien lit another cigar, and the light fell full on his grave face.

"The losses are heavy all round;

yet, speaking for myself," he said, "I would rather have dropped treble the amount than that poor fellow should have lost his life by a horse of mine."

"His own fault. It was absolutely a case of suicide," declared Lord Standon angrily. "He put the 'King' to that last hurdle half a minute too soon. The horse was not to blame; he would have taken the hedge, and another on top of that, but for that unlucky spurt. 'Pon my soul,' he concluded hotly, 'if I didn't know how well he'd been cared for, I should have said it was done on purpose!'"

Unlucky youth! he little knew the harm he had done his empty pockets by this rash speech. Jasper Vermont's eyes narrowed, as was their wont when anything occurred to annoy him, and he registered a mental note against the unfortunate peer's name.

Adrien frowned, as he rose with the rest.

"That is impossible," he said, almost sternly; "Jasper saw to that too well. But, in future, no one shall ride the 'King' but myself; he's just up to my weight," he concluded. "Jasper, enter him for the Cup. We will give him a chance to retrieve this day's failure."

Jasper had risen with him, and amid a volley of good-nights, the two men passed into the corridor. As Adrien was about to ascend the stairs to his own apartment, he turned to Vermont, and said quietly:

"Jasper, I should like that poor fellow to have a Christian burial in the private chapel; and if there are relations, find them out—" He broke off abruptly. "There, you know better than I what to do, and how to do it. Oh! just one word more; of course, I shall see that no notice is taken of his delicious ravings. Good-night, old man."

Jasper thanked him, and returned his "good-night" with sympathetic cordiality; then turned softly to his own apartment. Having reached it, he gave himself up to a spasm of silent laughter.

"Christian burial!" he chuckled. "Oh, yes, he shall have Christian burial in the family vaults. Lucky job for me, the hound died, or the game would have been all up. As it is, that fool—that popinjay, almost gassed. Well, deny everything and demand proof, that's my line. After all, it's the very risks and chances that make the game so fascinating."

He sat down and drew out a little note-book—only a very ordinary penny note-book; for it was wonderful how mean this man could be when he had to expend his own money. Save clothes, which necessarily had to be of good material, though quiet in color, he never failed to buy the cheapest article obtainable; unless, of course, when on the principle of "throwing a sprat to catch a herring," he stood to make a profit.

In this little book, there lay the records of fortunes. A fortune spent by Leroy—a fortune gained by Jasper Vermont. He smiled to himself, as he closed one eye, and counted up the gains he had netted through this day's work.

"Eight—ten, with Yorkshire Twining's last little touch—ten thousand pounds. Ah, if those fools knew how 'intruder' was stripping them of their golden plumes, how mad they would be! Ten thousand pounds! But Twining was too risky," he muttered, frowning at the recollection. "My grand knight might have smelled a rat. Just like his noble lordship; two to one, because some stranger doubts the strength of the animal's legs."

He chuckled again as he thought how carefully he had stage-managed the day's comedy. Of the tragedy into which it had been turned by the death of his poor tool and accomplice, Peacock, he gave no thought; his whole mind was bound up in his jealous hatred for Leroy. Just why he hated him so he, himself, could hardly have explained; but with men of Jasper Vermont's calibre, the mere fact that one possesses so much—wealth, position, and popularity—while the other must perforce live by his wits, is quite sufficient to arouse all the evil passions of which he is capable.

"A mighty regal way he has with him," he muttered again, as he put away his book, "ten thousand pounds! Go on, Jasper, my boy—persevere! The game starts well, the winning cards are yours. Gentlemen, make your game, the ball is rolling."

With this invitation to mankind in general, and his titled and wealthy acquaintances in particular, Mr. Jasper Vermont made his preparations for the night. He kept no valet; men of his type seldom care to have another in such close relations as must necessarily happen when one man holds the keys of another. It has been said by some cynic, that "the man who takes off your coat sees what is passing in the heart beneath it," and with this statement Mr. Vermont probably agreed.

"I am a simple-minded, rough-and-ready creature," he often assured his friends; "a man to worry my tie, and force me to buy a new coat, because he desires my old one, would drive me mad."

So he undressed himself slowly, reckoning up his gains, smiling at his mask of a face in the large mirror, and hatching his little plots with every knot he untied, every button he released. At last he got into bed, and slept as easily as serenely as any simple-minded farmer.

Thoroughly dry the peel of an orange or a lemon, and place it in the tea-caddy. It will greatly improve the flavor of the tea.

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**Housing Machinery.**

The practice, all too prevalent, is to leave the machinery standing in the corner of the yard, where it is hauled from the field. This, of course, subjects it to all the atmospheric changes. During the extremely hot, dry weather, the wood expands, checking, splitting, and a general loosening of all joints. Much the same applies to the metal posts, there is always a corroding, which weakens bolts, springs, and throws finely-adjusted posts out of plumb, all of which adds to the expense of upkeep, and lowers the working powers of the machine.

It is highly advisable that machinery should be kept painted; it lengthens the life of a wagon or binder by preventing checking; this, however, is not sufficient; some form of shed should be provided where the machinery can be cleaned and stored during the period when it is not in use; the shed need not be an expensive one; often the granary is placed over-head. A vacant barn floor can often be used, but some place should be arranged for as machinery is far too valuable, especially now, with the great shortage of labor, to be allowed to rot down through carelessness. — Canadian Farm.

**Dairy Wisdom.**

The best cows are never cheap and seldom for sale; so it is up to every dairyman to give the heifer calves the most intelligent care.

Calves intended for the dairy should not be made fat as veals, and they should not be allowed to become stunted. They should be thrifty and growing all the time.

They should have enough bright clover hay to distend the digestive tract. Give them all they will eat up clean.

Give them water every day, even though they are drinking milk.

The cows should have a chance to go to shelter now when they naturally seek it.

A thorough chilling now will disqualify a herd for profit during the whole winter.

All windows and ventilators should be put in order now.

The stable floors and mangers should be inspected and put in first-class condition. Don't leave these things until a big storm comes.

Efficiency counts as much in handling a dairy herd as in any business.

Plan the stables so you can save the liquid manure. It will pay.

Use up the pumpkins before they freeze.

If you are making butter or selling cream, be sure your cows are bred for that end. If you are selling milk be sure about that.

**Depending on Him.**

"I can't join the army. I got a wife dependin' on me."

"You've got a wife dependin' on you, Sam? I thought your wife took in washin' to support you."

"Well, she does take in washin', sir but she's dependin' on me to be home regular to my meals."

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## The Farm

**Silage and Roots Compared.**

Considerable corn is now being grown for silage purposes in Nova Scotia, and it may be of interest to readers there to know how the silage made from corn grown in the Maritime Provinces compares, in feeding value, with roots. At the Experimental Farm at Kentville, N. S., during the winter 1915-16, an experiment was carried on with feeding steers, in which test silage and roots were part of the ration. Readers generally should take into consideration the fact that corn grown in the Maritime Provinces does not usually obtain the same degree of maturity that it does in the southern part of Ontario, consequently its feeding value will not range so high. However, the growing of corn has proved successful in a considerable portion of Nova Scotia, and silage has become an important factor.

In the test to which we refer, 24 steers were divided into two groups of 12 each. They were chorned and divided into uniform lots and allowed to run loose.

The 12 steers fed on roots received 60 pounds each per day for the first six weeks, 35 pounds for the next two, 30 pounds for the next two, and 35 pounds for the remaining six weeks of the period. The 12 steers fed on silage received 40 pounds each per day for the first six weeks, 35 pounds for the next two, 30 pounds for the next two, and 35 pounds for the remaining six weeks of the period. The meal ration was the same for each lot, and was fed at the rate of 1 pound each per day for the first week, 2 pounds for the second week, 4 pounds for the next two weeks, 6 pounds for the next four weeks, and 9 pounds for the remaining four weeks. This averaged 6.17 pounds meal per steer per day of the feeding period. Ten pounds of mixed hay was given each steer per day during the whole period. The succulent feed was given first at 7 a.m. and on this the meal was scattered, and after this was eaten hay was given. This was repeated at 4.30 p.m. An equal amount was fed both morning and afternoon.

The grain mixture fed consisted of 200 pounds wheat bran; 200 pounds cottonseed meal, 100 pounds ground oats, and 100 pounds of corn meal. One pound of this combination cost 1.50 cents. One lot of steers was fed silage, meal and hay, while in the other lot roots were substituted for the silage.

The following statements show clearly the profit resulting from the feeding of roots versus silage:

**Lot Fed on Silage.**

First cost of 12 steers	.....\$556.32
Average cost per steer	..... 46.36
Cost of feed for 12 steers	..... 303.04
Total cost for 12 steers	..... 859.36
Selling price of 12 steers	..... 961.12
Average selling price per steer	..... 80.09
Profit on 12 steers	..... 101.76
Average profit per steer	..... 8.48

**Lot Fed on Turnips.**

First cost of 12 steers	.....\$556.05
Average cost per steer	..... 46.33
Cost of feed for 12 steers	..... 300.43
Total cost for 12 steers	..... 856.48
Selling price of 12 steers	..... 957.37
Average selling price per steer	..... 79.78
Profit on 12 steers	..... 100.89
Average profit per steer	..... 8.40

It will be observed that throughout the different periods of the feeding experiments roots were fed in more liberal quantities than the silage. It has been said that, pound for pound, roots and silage have the same feeding value, but the Kentville test proved that even the silage made from corn in Nova Scotia is superior to roots grown in a country very favorable to their production. The methods of feeding, the character of the ration, and the profits accruing therefrom are all of considerable interest.

In some parts of the Maritime Provinces corn is a risky crop, but fortunately roots do exceptionally well in these particular sections. Farmers there have no occasion to worry, in an average season, regarding their supply of succulent feed, for, as this test shows, by feeding a larger quantity of turnips they can obtain practically the same results as secure where silage is used.—Farmer's Advocate.

**WAR CLEANS UP SLUMS.**

Many Homes in English City Wonderfully Improved.

War and the resultant industrial activity have done miracles in the great arsenal city of Woolwich, Eng., the health officer states in his annual report. He says:

"As a result of the increased prosperity in Woolwich, the homes are better furnished, the provision of bedding is more satisfactory, and the children are better clothed. With better financial conditions, many of the homes I almost despaired of, have become improved almost beyond belief, which goes to prove very emphatically that if we want to eliminate the slum type of human being and slum type of home the surest and quickest way is to give the workmen a good living wage."

"It is only natural that wives and mothers get tired of struggling against a tide of difficulties which every day threatens to engulf them."