

"SALADA"

It has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold—

Black—Green—or Mixed

E204

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

Lucy's eyes shone. What mother does not believe that her children are the best in the world? She had been like an angel of mercy to the tired girl when her husband had brought her into the little home. She had put her to bed, fed her, and clothed her in old things of her own; and she had neither questioned nor worried her since.

Jessica, only too thankful to find a home for the present, and realising the hopelessness of her strange passion for Adrien Leroy, had done what she could to repay her benefactress by helping her in the little shop, and playing with and taking care of the children. Now, at their request, she took them back to the river side again, while Lucy sat down at the table before a pile of sewing.

CHAPTER XX.

Meanwhile, Adrien's skiff was moored at the landing-place of an old inn, some distance further up the river. Under a rustic porch Lady Merivale was finishing her tea, while her companion enjoyed a cigarette.

Alas! for the irony of fate! This day, during which he had strenuously endeavored to forget Constance, had only shown him more plainly the utter impossibility of doing so. If he had but known the opportunity he had missed with that letter, his mortification and despair would have been even greater.

Constance had regretted her policy in sending Adrien from her almost before the day was over, and had purposely planned this way of seeing him. Deeming his coming—thanks to Jasper's clever insinuations—to have been undertaken on purpose to avoid her, the girl's heart was heavy within her, and filled with something very like resentment too.

Adrien, on the other hand, all unwitting of the harm this excursion had done his cause, had talked long and quietly with Lady Merivale. He had quite made up his mind to break away even from these silken strings.

"So you have determined to leave me?" she said sadly.

He nodded.

"You know I must," he replied. "For your sake, as well as mine, it is best."

"Perhaps you are right," she said in a low voice. "So this is the last happy day we shall spend together?"

"Yes," he answered with a sigh. "Now, standing here, I see only too well that we ought never to have spent any at all. I dread lest I have spoilt your happiness. Eveline, lend a breath of slander should touch your name. I will not deny that I had of late hoped to marry and settle down as my father wishes, but it is not to be. Don't laugh at me when I tell you I am going to turn over a new leaf."

After this ball at Barminster, I shall go abroad for a while. That will give the world time to forget we have ever had more than a passing acquaintance."

Tears rolled down Eveline's face as she listened to his words. She had played her last card, and she knew the game was lost; though it was her vanity that suffered more than her heart. She was too clever and too proud to resist any further, however, or sue for his favor. Presently she rose, and said, as steadily as usual:

"Come, Adrien, let us turn down stream and retrace our way while we can see. It is dusk already—I had no idea it had grown so late."

He helped her into the little skiff in silence; and as the Sea Foam glided over the rippling waters a profound

stillness seemed to descend over the darkening landscape.

Presently Lady Merivale peered forward.

"This half-light is so deceptive," she said, in a rather nervous voice; "I nearly steered you into the bank then."

"Can you see?" he asked. "Put down the lines and let me guide the boat."

"No, no," she replied. "I can see well enough."

"Just as you like," he said gently. "I will row quicker. It's time we were in Hampton. For what hour did you order the car?"

"I came by train," she answered. "I have my motor," said Leroy; "I suppose you would not return in that?"

"Good Heavens, No!" she exclaimed. "Whatever would people think? No, I'll return by train, and take a taxi from Waterloo. I shall even then be in time to dress for Lady Martindale's 'At Home'."

He did not speak to alter her decision, but sent the boat along with rapid strokes, which broke up the placid water into ripples at each plunge of the oars.

Lady Merivale leaned forward and gave a sudden start.

"Look, look!" she cried in terror-stricken tones. "What is that?"

She pointed to a sheet of spray rising and falling a few yards from them, or rather below them. Adrien turned, and his very heart seemed to stop beating.

"Sit still," he cried, "for Heaven's sake. You have steered us near the weir!"

With all his strength he started to row back. The strain was tremendous. That line of silver spray marked their fall to instant and certain death. No aid was possible; the solitude of the woods and lands was as absolute as if they had been in an unknown world.

All he could do was to keep the woman in whose safety he was concerned as quiet as possible, while he exerted every nerve in his body to withdraw the little craft from the danger line.

"Cling to the boat," he shouted loudly, for the falling water rang in his ears with a deafening roar.

As he spoke, the frail craft capsized, and its occupants were plunged into the foaming, churning water. Leroy made a frantic grasp at his companion's dress, but missed it. A second later, he saw, in the midst of the foam, her slight form being carried down to the weir. With a cry of horror, he struck out, in an attempt to rescue her.

In those few awful seconds he prayed that the punishment of their light-hearted folly might not fall on the woman, but on him; that his life might be lost, sooner than her good name.

Luckily, he was an expert swimmer; and aided by the stream, which was as swift as a mill race, he soon managed to get within reach of Lady Merivale.

With a great effort he grasped her firmly, and, turning slowly and painfully, swung around the stream to the opposite bank.

Her face was white, as if life were already extinct. Her eyes were closed.

"Heaven grant me her life!" he groaned, as, panting and nearly exhausted, he dragged himself and his precious burden up on the bank.

He laid her down and felt for some signs of life; to his intense gratitude, she still breathed; and with a silent prayer of thankfulness, he turned to look for assistance.

At a little distance a light burned in a window. Without pausing an instant, he took the still form in his arms and hastened towards it.

All unconscious of the struggle for life going on so close to her, Lucy Ashford sat working busily, her pretty face lifted to the clock every minute or so, as she waited for her husband to return.

The children were in bed, and Jessica was just coming down the tiny staircase when a sharp knock sounded at the outer door, causing Lucy to drop her work in her usual terror at any unexpected sound.

The shop had been closed, it was too late for rural customers, and wondering who it could be, she took up her candle and went to the door.

Timidly she pulled back the latch and peered out. A gentleman stood on the threshold with his face towards the river. At the sound of the opening door, he turned. Down went the candle with a crash and splutter; up went the two hands to her face.

Mr. Jasper Vermont stood looking down at her with a cruel, amused smile for a moment; then in his soft, purring voice he said:

"I'm afraid I've startled you, Miss Mrs. Ashford. Pray let me recover the candle. There, that's better." As he spoke he pushed past her into the dimly lighted shop.

"Quite startled, eh?" he continued blandly. "Unwelcome visitor I suppose?"

"No, no!" breathed the poor little woman, who at the moment resembled a sparrow in the clothes of a hawk, or a mouse beneath the paw of its enemy, the cat. "No, no, I—I am very glad to see you, sir. Will you come in?"

At this faint welcome Mr. Vermont smiled still more.

"Thank you, Mrs. Lucy," he said, "I think I will," and he followed her into the spotless sitting-room.

Meanwhile, Jessica, at the first sound of a strange voice, and afraid of being sought for by Wilfer, had concealed herself at the back of the house.

Jasper looked round the room in mock-admiration.

"What a delightful little place, you have here," he continued. "Most charming! Commerce and romance mingled together, I declare. And now, sinking into a seat and fixing his eyes upon the white, frightened face of his victim, "how is your husband, Mr. John Ashford?"

"Very well, sir," faltered the miserable woman, praying with all her heart that John might not come home.

"And the children," continued her persecutor, "two, are there not? Pretty little dears! I'm so fond of children, you know, Mrs. Lucy. Quite a happy woman you must be. A most comfortable little house. I never saw anything like it, excepting once, and that was at Canterbury."

The poor woman, her worst fears realised, fell down on her knees, and turned up her white face piteously to the cruel, mocking one above her.

"Oh, sir, kind, good, sir," she implored, "spare me! You will not, say you will not ruin me? We are so happy; it will break his heart if he learns my secret. He is so good. The children! Have pity on them at least, sir, and do not betray me."

Jasper smiled, and Lucy became even more incoherent.

"Oh, sir," she cried, the tears streaming down her white face unheeded. "I was so young, so giddy, and thoughtless, and that man was so wicked. He tempted me. Oh, Mr. Vermont, sir, I will pray every night for you as I pray for John and my little ones, if you will but spare me and keep my secret."

She kept just as well have prayed to the wooden table, as expect any mercy or pity from this man, to whom such abject misery was better than meat and drink.

With a contemptuous gesture, as if to spurn her from his sight, he said:

"Get up, my good woman. I shall keep your secret as long as it pleases me. Perhaps for ever, who can tell? Good John, simple John," he laughed maliciously. "He little thinks his wife was given to taking trips to Canterbury with handsome young men. There! There!" he added, as a moan of anguish burst from the dry lips of the tortured woman. "That will do. I shan't enlighten good kind John, as long as you do what I want, I need a bed. I'm going to sleep here to-night. Hallo! who's that?" He broke off suddenly, as Jessica, tired of waiting outside for his departure, entered the room, her dark eyes dilated with anxiety.

She paused at the sound of his voice, and stared at him. She recognised him as the man she had seen with Leroy, and a subtle instinct seemed to tell her that he was evil. Jasper, too, stared at her uneasily. A memory of another person, strangely like her, crossed his mind, but he was too full of his knowledge concerning Leroy to consider any fresh train of thought.

(To be continued.)

The Reason Why.

"I wonder why X was selected as the symbol of the unknown quantity." "Because none of your friends ever have one when you want to borrow it."

The farmer pays no bigger tax than that levied by waste.

Two tenpenny nails driven into the wall about an inch apart make a fine place to keep the hammer. Hang it with the head between the nail, and the handle down, and keep the hammer there when not in use.

Give the "Kiddies" All They Want of

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value. A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment. So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it. You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blane Mince and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies. Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin—or a 3 pound glass jar.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, and "Silver Glaze" Laundry Starch.



Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

The Farm

Wintering Cattle Cheaply.

Occasionally there comes a winter when, owing to the scarcity of feed, the average farmer is driven to the end of his resources to get his cattle through. It is a very easy matter to criticise him for selling his stock and to call down anathemas on his head for jeopardizing the live stock industry, but it is not so easy to bring a herd through such a difficult winter as this one is without sacrificing.

It is doubtless true that much stock is sacrificed that could with a little more resourcefulness be brought through, to the immediate profit of the farmer himself and to the advantage of the live stock industry in the future. Those who have their own interests and the interests of live stock in general at heart, will keep as many of their cattle as can be conveniently wintered, and if any are sacrificed, it will not be the breeding stock.

It will, therefore, be possible to bring the herds up to the usual strength within a year or two should we be blessed with favorable seasons.

With all concentrated feed at the present unheard of levels, it may be sound business to rough the vigorous young stock and even the day cows through the winter on the cheaper feeds, even if in so doing they do not come out in the spring as well fleshed and conditioned as is usually the case after more abundant seasons.

To rough the animals through, does not mean that they will be half starved and left exposed to the rigors of the winter straw stacks. It means to pull them through so that in the spring they will come out, at least, in good hearty condition. Growing stuff especially should not be allowed to come to a standstill. It should be kept growing a little and in a thrifty and hearty condition, so that even if it does lose a little in flesh, it will immediately start gaining upon being returned to pasture. Adequate protection, regular and sufficient water and regular feeding of the coarse feeds are the first requisites in roughing cattle through the winter successfully.

The best combination for cheap wintering is silage and alfalfa or clover hay. Straw alone is not sufficient. It has not nutriment enough to keep cattle in a thrifty condition. They must have something more. The past season fortunately was a good one for hay and mof, if not all, have a larger supply of this than usual to round out the ration.—Farm and Dairy.

Waste on the Farm.

Canadian farmers are supremely wasteful of materials that would maintain the fertility of their soils. To one who has seen the economy of the French and Italian farmers and the dwellers in the Rhine valley, there is nothing in Canadian farm methods that strikes him so forcibly as waste.

Straw, cornstalks, leaves and husks which if composted would make rich humus, are burned or left in open piles uncovered, an open invitation for vermin and obnoxious insects to harbor and breed.

If the labor of hauling such things to some central point to compost them is thought too great, a trench can be dug and they can be packed tightly, the tighter the better, and covered from the air, and left to rot in the ground. Leaf mold so formed goes through three stages of fermentation, and in the first two the partly rotted trash is acid and should not be used on the soil except with lime to correct it; but the third and last stage leaves the mold alkaline when the rotting is complete. The writer has made piles of leaves in the fall and winter, and covered them, leaving the piles flat on the top to catch the rain, and as they settled covering the spots where the settling has left air passages; and thus with no other work, in the second spring has had tons of finest black mold to haul upon the land and supply the ever greater hunger of the soil for humus. Don't burn anything on the farm that can be rotted. Don't leave brush, weeds and trash in fence corners or fields uncovered from the air, or your ever vigilant insect enemies, and field-mice, etc., will raise large families to prey upon you later.

Stop this waste of good manure-making material, a waste that is so

very different from the careful and thrifty methods of the European farmers. The humus that goes up in smoke on many Canadian farms would make the European farmers weep.

How To Produce Good Milk.

Cows must be healthy and kept clean.

The barn should be kept clean, well lighted and ventilated. The barnyard should be kept clean and properly drained. Utensils should be thoroughly washed and scalded or steamed and kept in a clean room.

Cows should be fed good wholesome food and pure water.

Milkers and attendants who come in contact with the milk should be healthy and clean.

Cows should not be fed at milking time or immediately before. Dust from feed falls into the milk and contaminates it with germs.

Wipe the udder and side of cow with a damp cloth and milk with clean, dry hands. Use small top milking pail. This helps to keep foreign matter from the milk.

Immediately after milking remove the milk to a separate room from the barn, to be strained and cooled. Cool the milk to as low a temperature as possible without freezing. Forty or fifty degrees F. retards growth of most germs, and particularly those that cause milk to sour quickly.

In summer keep flies out of the barn and milk room. One fly may carry as many as 150,000 germs to the milk. They may be disease germs. Manure should not be allowed to accumulate around the barn—it is a breeding place for flies.

The number of bacteria in milk depends largely upon cleanliness of milking and handling, temperature at which milk is kept and age of milk.

Therefore, clean milk, quick cooling and prompt delivery are very important factors in producing pure dairy products.

Lime is a good disinfectant, and should be used liberally in the dairy barn.

Farm Notes.

Speed up the old farm a bit this year. Happen so the poorest kind of a planner.

Declare war on the first rat you see or hear of.

Clean up the big barn floor. Be a good barn keeper.

Warm, and neat as a pin, is a good rule for the stables.

No fooling with the calves or colts, boys! First thing you know you'll get boosted into the middle of next week if you pester these young folks of the barn.

The old-fashioned shoemaker's bench and tools are not nearly so common at farm homes as they used to be. If they were, they would save many a dollar in repairing the family footwear.

The other day when you and your wife were out to tea, didn't you say: "How nice these biscuits are!" That was very polite. But when did you ever say that of the biscuits your own wife made?

Every bit as good as those the neighbor's wife made, too. They were then polite if you speak that way of your wife's good cooking; it is just what a good kind husband will do every time he gets a chance, and that will be pretty often.

GOOD DIGESTION—When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

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POULTRY

Money in Turkeys.

On most farms turkey culture will be found profitable; in fact, a more profitable side-line would be difficult to find. Turkeys require plenty of range where they can find grasshoppers and other insects, green vegetation, the seeds of weeds and grasses, waste grain, etc. A range of that kind will save considerable home feeding, although a grain food should be given each evening, at a regular hour, near the barn or shed where the turkeys should roost.