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## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Behind him glittered the long French windows of the morning-room, one of which stood open, revealing the luxury of the room beyond; the table with its silver and delicate china service, and the purple hangings of the walls.

Presently he stopped in his stroll and turned his stern eyes towards the landscape stretching beneath him. Through the confusion of the dark woods there lay a long line of turf, cut here and there by formidable hedges, and divided by a streak of glittering silver, which was in reality a dangerous stream—indeed, higher up it became a torrent—forming the final obstacle of the Barmister steeple-curse. All the Leroy had been fond of horses. The Barmister stables had sent many a satin-coated colt to carry off the gold cup; and this race-course had been carefully kept and preserved by the family for many generations.

While he stood gazing on it a light footstep sounded behind him, and a slender hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned slowly, and with a kind of

**Grapes**  
green or ripe, in jelly, spiced conserves, or simply preserved in light syrup, make a delicious and inexpensive addition to your winter supplies.

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"And Mr. Vermont, too?" inquired Lady Constance almost timidly.

The old man's face darkened and his thin lips set in a hard line.

"Yes," he said fiercely, "I suppose so. Adrien is as much in love with him as a young fellow with his first sweetheart. I know that he's a scoundrel and a rogue—but here, what would you? Times have changed since my day; we have replaced horses by motors, to spoil our roads and ruin our lands, and gentleman friends by base-born, scheming adventurers."

"Oh, but, uncle," Lady Constance timidly remonstrated, "surely Mr. Vermont is a gentleman?"

"Yes, by Act of Parliament!" snapped the old man, in whose aristocratic eyes a lawyer was but little removed from the criminal whose case he defended.

"Certainly it is strange that Adrien should be so attached to him," the girl said musingly; she herself, had little liking for the gentleman in question, though her sense of justice had made her speak a good word for him.

"But he is a clever steward, at least," "A rogue's only virtue," said Lord Barmister dryly.

"Amusing, too," she suggested.

"We've no longer need of a court jester," returned her companion, with sarcasm. "But never mind, Adrien will find out his mistake for himself one day. Certainly, I am not going to attempt to strip the mask off his friend's face. Give him rope enough, and he will hang himself. Meanwhile, give me some more coffee, and leave the fellow's name alone; I hate even the thought of him."

Lady Constance refilled his cup and brought it to the end of the table, for she loved to wait on the old man. As she did so, his sharp eyes caught the glitter of a piece of needlework across the back of her chair, and with a curt gesture towards it, he said:

"What is that?"

She blushed, almost deeply, then took it up, and opened it out for him to see. It was a silk riding jacket, in the scarlet and white racing colors of the Leroy's, and their coat of arms, worked in silver, upon the breast.

"For the Grand National," said Lady Constance, as she refolded the jacket.

"You worked it yourself?" questioned the old man abruptly.

"Yes," she replied, blushing again. Then, as he was silent for some minutes, she said almost timidly: "You do not mind, uncle, do you?"

He started. "Mind? Good heavens, child, why should I? You know the wish of my heart only too well. What better favor could he wear than yours? As far as I am concerned, you were plighted in your cradles. Leroy and Tremaine are no unequal match. No—no—my dear, make his jacket, and win his heart—if you can!"

Some few hours later, panting and throbbing, the Daimler motor drew up in the castle courtyard—Adrien and his friends had arrived for the great steeplechase.

Attracted by the sound of the bark-bell, who apparently disliked the unaccustomed monster—Lord Barmister himself invariably using horses—Lady Constance stepped from her room on to the balcony which looked down upon the courtyard beneath.

The gentlemen's hats flew off in greeting, and, as Adrien looked up, an unusual thrill ran through him, as he noted the simple beauty of the girl above him.

"We thought we'd left the sun behind us," Constance, but evidently she is still overheard," he said smiling.

She looked down with mock reproach, playfully shaking at him a flower which she held in her hand.

"I thought compliments were out of date, Adrien. Have you enjoyed your drive?"

"Not half so much as the welcome," was the courteous reply, as he caught the rose which she had let fall.

She laughed, and blushed a little, then turned to the other members of the party, who had now alighted from the car.

"Ah, Lord Standon, I did not know you were coming." Then, as that young man's face lengthened, she added quickly: "Unexpected pleasures are always welcome. I am glad to see you, Mr. Paxhorn."

After a word of greeting to Mortimer Shelton, she drew back into her room; while the men, laughing and chatting, passed into the great hall, where they found Lord Barmister awaiting them. His stern face softened into a welcome as, with outstretched hand, he came forward to greet his guests.

"Ah, Shelton!" he said, "so you keep my boy company, and you, Paxhorn and Standon, Gentlemen, you are welcome—through there's no need to remind you of that, I know. Adrien, turning to his son, 'you have a fine day, did you drive or ride?'"

"We motored down, sir," answered the young man, in his soft, melodious voice.

His father frowned slightly. He heartily detested all modern innovations, and would never hold that motors—or indeed, any increased facilities for travelling—were improvements.

"They breed discontent, sir," he would declaim vigorously. "In my young days people were content to stay in the place in which they had been born, and do their duty. Now, forsooth, they must see this country and that, and visit a dozen places in the year, where their grandparents visited none. Anything for an excuse to fritter away their hard-earned savings!"

On this occasion, however, he made no comment, but turned to Mortimer Shelton.

"You'll find the roads here better suited for horses than for oil-cans," he said grimly. "We are primitive, as you know."

Shelton laughed; he knew his host's ideas on this subject, and was apt to respect them.

"So much the better, sir," he said in a cheerful tone; "I am a bit tired of the smell of petrol myself. Give me Nature without a corset."

"You'll certainly get that here," Lord Barmister replied, favoring his young guest with an approving glance.

Shortly afterwards, they made their way to the morning-room. Here, luncheon had been laid, and Lord Barmister, Miss Penelope, with Lady Constance, were awaiting them. The little party sat down to table, each one secretly only too ready for the meal; for the ride through the fresh, country air had been a fairly long one.

"I was really hungry, Constance," Adrien said, with his low, careless laugh. "There must be magic in the air of Barminster."

"Yet still you come here so seldom," returned his cousin gently.

"Business and the cares of State," quoted Adrien, with a smile. "But I might retaliate. Why do we not see you up in town? Society misses one of its brightest stars."

Lady Constance toyed idly with the grapes on her plate; then she looked up.

"Society has many brighter lights than I, Adrien," she said quietly.

"But now, tell me about the race—your aunt is terribly anxious over it; are you not, dear?"

"Yes, my love," returned Miss Penelope, who, reality, hardly knew one horse from another.

"Oh, Adrien always wins," put in Lord Standon. "That's a foregone conclusion. Have you seen the 'King' lately, Lady Constance?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "He is exercised in the paddock every morning, and is in fine form."

Adrien smiled.

"Poor 'King Cole'; he'll be worth his weight in gold if he wins to-morrow! What about the other horses, Stan; are they down?"

"Yes," replied Lord Standon; "my man saw some of them at the station; but no sign of the Yorkshire chestnut."

"So much the better," said Adrien; "perhaps his owner has thought discretion the better part of valour and withdrawn him."

(To be continued.)

### Commercial Fertilizers in Orchards.

Regarding the effects of commercial fertilizers in orchards, as these are generally most noticeable year after application, people are sometimes misled. I think money may be lost by them, if not judiciously used. Nitrate added in the fall would be money wasted, while phosphates thus applied would not, as these would not leak out as the nitrate would. Where clover and other legumes can be grown and cultivated in, nitrates are a useless expense. They are a detriment where wood growth is sufficient without them. Roughly speaking, if the foliage is pale colored and insufficient, the indication is that nitrate

## When The Children Rush In From School.

and about for "something to eat", cut off generous slices of bread and spread with

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

"Twill be the children's daily treat. So good for them, too—wonderfully nourishing, to build up their little bodies and help to keep them well and strong, as wholesome food should."

The most delicious of table syrups for Griddle Cakes, Waffles and Hot Bunlets. Excellent for Cake and especially for Candy-making.

In 2 1/2, 10 and 20 pound tins—and 3 pound "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars. At all grocers. Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies" shows the new and right way to make a lot of good things. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office. It's free.

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Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Borden's Corn Starch— and "Silver Glass" Laundry Starch.

ates will do good. This, of course, is true if the soil moisture has been conserved by constant cultivation. No fertilizer is worth anything if the moisture to dissolve it is lacking.

If the fruit is off color and small, it may indicate lack of sunshine and overcrowding. If not, potash may be what is needed. If the cores are large and hollow, and the pips imperfect, phosphates are lacking. It must be remembered that the lack of one ingredient may hinder the tree's development, even if all others are in excess. It must be borne in mind, too, that fertilizers are transient in their effect, being soluble and quickly absorbed. The proper time to employ them is in the spring when growth is starting. This is when the trees want food. If applied later they may do much good, if the moisture is plentiful up to the time the buds open into bloom.

Fertilizer should be disked or cultivated in. Never use a plow in an orchard if you can help it, for it will tear and mutilate the roots. Rather use a disc, which will cut them off

clean. By the judicious use of fertilizer larger and better apples and a better crop can be obtained, if the orchard really wants them; not otherwise.—W. J. L. Hamilton in Farm and Dairy.

## FREE PRIZES TO GIRLS

### Beautiful Doll and Doll Carriage.

This lovely Canadian Doll is 16 inches tall and looks just like the picture. She has jointed arms and legs and natural looking head, hands and feet. She has a pretty dress with lace and ribbon trimmings.

The Doll Carriage has a steel frame and wheels and is covered with leatherette. It is 24 inches high, just the right size for the big doll we are giving. Any girl will be proud to own this lovely Doll and Doll Carriage.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you 30 of our lovely 12x18 inch colored illustration Pictures to sell to your friends and neighbors at only 10 cents each. They are so pretty that nearly every house wants four or five of them. When you are sold you send us our money (Three Dollars) and we send you the Doll by mail, with charges all prepaid, and we send you the Doll Carriage too, just as soon as you show your doll to your friends and get three of them to sell our pictures and earn prizes.

Write to us to-day and you can get your Doll and Doll Carriage quickly.

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## The Farm

Turning Scrap into Money.

"How do I make my creameries pay with all the competition there is around them? I'll tell you in about four words: 'I use my by-products.' I'm not going to tell you what I make from them, but I will say that it's a pretty healthy amount."

This was the statement made by the owner of several prosperous Illinois creameries in answer to a question as to how he succeeded in making the profits he did each year despite the fact that his plants were located in districts where competition was decidedly keen.

"I hear a good many creamerymen complain that they're doing business on a margin which makes that business little else than a gambling proposition and yet they are annually selling buttermilk for hog feed, which they could, with very little effort, readily dispose of at a far greater profit over the counter of a soda fountain. Buttermilk, like every other drink, is something to which the people must be educated, but get them once started and you will be surprised at the demand there is for it."

"There have been a lot of creamerymen who have admitted that the buttermilk proposition may be all right for a large city, but that their plants are located in small towns, where everybody is accustomed to going to the creamery and getting all the buttermilk they wish for nothing."

"Let me tell you right here, that there is nothing to that. Last year four-fifths of all the buttermilk I placed on the market was sold in the little towns in which my plants are located or in the small towns near them. It's an actual fact that in several towns, where we sold our buttermilk there were creameries located where the people could get all they wanted for practically nothing, and yet they brought our product at the soda fountains daily and would set up a clamour whenever we failed to get it to them on time."

"How did we do it? Well, I don't suppose that there is much chance of our buttermilk customers seeing your paper, so I'll tell you. The cartoons make the sales."

"We put out our product in neat, single-delivery containers, something which the druggist or the soda-fountain proprietor was not ashamed to take out of his ice box and open before his customers. Bulk buttermilk may be all right, but I don't believe that it will sell like the placed in individual containers. You know, the customer likes to feel that he is getting something which has been made for him alone. Then, too, there are a lot of people who like to take buttermilk home but who won't do it if they have to carry a tin down to the drug store and back. No, I believe that you will find the use of a container will pay."

—Creamery Journal.

### Balancing the Ration.

Balancing the ration for a dairy cow may seem to be a task requiring thorough scientific knowledge of the composition of foodstuffs and of the requirements of the animal organism. So it does, if done strictly according to science, and the nearer the feeder approaches to the true scientific standard the better and more satisfactory will be his result. But without this detailed scientific knowledge it is possible to approach a great deal nearer to scientific standards than is done in ordinary hit and miss system of feeding in which the cow's ration is governed by the relative sizes of the hay and the straw mow, the grain bin not being taken into consideration. A few helpful suggestions and simple rules are contained in a bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They are compelled for the help of the inexperienced, and are as follows:

By balanced ration is meant the combination of such a proportion of nutrients and in such quantities as the cow requires to maintain her bodily functions and as she can utilize in the production of milk. These nutrients are classified as protein, carbohydrates and fats. Protein is one of the principal constituents of milk; fats and carbohydrates perform much the same functions, that is, produce energy and heat, and in the balancing of a ration are usually classed together. If the cow is given a ration containing an excess of either element, the excess is liable to be wasted; hence the economical importance of balanced ration.

Corn silage, corn stover, timothy hay, millet hay, prairie hay, hays from the common grasses, straws of the various cereals, and cottonseed hulls may all be classed as low in protein content, while legume hays, such as alfalfa, the clovers, cowpeas, soy beans and out and pen, are classed as roughage high in protein. Grain and concentrated feeds are the chief sources of protein, and the mixture should be made to fit the class in which the roughage belongs.

Under most circumstances the cow should be fed all the roughage that she will eat up clean.

### Lively Dodging.

"Do you take plenty of active exercise?"

"Well, the street where I live is a favorite one for auto speeders."