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## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER VII—(Cont'd.)

Diamonds glistened round her perfect throat, upon her head rested a magnificent tiara of the same stones, her hands flashed as if touched with living fire. She might have stood as a figure of Undine—as beautiful and as soulless.

All round her the little band of courtiers thronged, ever-changing, and passing on to the ball-room as others eagerly took their place. Half-past twelve struck, and she grew more impatient; the blue eyes sparkled frostily, the red lips became more tightly set.

"Lady Merivale looks tired," Mortimer Shelton said to his partner as they passed her. "You can see that by the sweetness of the smile with which she has just favored Hadley. She wishes him anywhere—I know. Funny thing about you ladies! the madder you are with one poor dev—fellow, the sweeter and deadlier you are to the rest of us."

His partner laughed; she was a bright little brunette, flushed with the dance, and thoroughly happy.

"Why should we wear our hearts upon our sleeves for cynics such as you to peck at?" she replied. "The art of dissembling is one of our few privileges. But do you think the Countess is angry? She is so beautiful."

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the cynic, raising his eyebrows. "Dear Lady Chetwold, is it possible that I hear one beautiful woman praise another's looks?"

The little lady flushed.

"It would be a greater marvel still if you men gave us credit for just a little generosity. But tell me, Mr. Shelton, where is Adrien Leroy?"

"My dear lady," said Shelton, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, "if I knew that Lady Merivale would be down on me like the proverbial load of bricks. He was to have been here; but his movements are as uncertain as her ladyship's smiles. See, she has fairly extinguished poor Hadley—drowned in sweetness!"

"You are a horror," laughed his companion as the waltz came to an

end. "I shall be quite afraid of you in the future—I'd no idea you were so cynical."

"I could never be cynical with you," he said gallantly. "By the way, have you seen Prince Prowsky to-night?"

"Yes," said Lady Chetwold, "I am engaged to him for the next dance—if he remembers it. He is always so forgetful."

"Put not your trust in princes," quoted Shelton. "But if his Highness should be so ungrateful, perhaps you will allow me the pleasure—"

"Certainly not," she retorted brightly; "Caesar or nothing!"

"And here he comes," laughed Mortimer, adding softly, as the Prince came up to claim his partner, "and here is someone even more interesting—look."

Lady Chetwold followed the direction of his gaze and saw Adrien Leroy advancing up the rose-decked room. As usual, his appearance created something of a stir, for he was popular with men and women alike, and no smart gathering seemed quite complete without him. But the young man appeared totally unconscious of the interest he was evoking as he bent over his hostess's hand with a murmured greeting. Then turned to make his bow to the Prince, who, as firm an admirer as the rest of Society, had paused to exchange a word before the dance commenced.

Adrien sank on to the velvet lounge beside the Countess.

"Don't scold me, belle amie," he said in his soft tones; "lay the blame on Mr. Paxonhorn. I dined with him at the club. You know what Paxonhorn is—there was simply no getting away. But now, have you saved me a dance?"

"You do not deserve one," she said, all the irritation melting beneath the magic of his smile and the music of his voice.

"It's a mercy," he retorted lightly, "that one does not get all one's desserts in this world!"

"I saved you the next," she said, giving him the programme. "You see, I am as foolishly forgiving as ever!"

"You are gracious and sweet!" he

murmured in her ear. "How could you ever be otherwise?"

The soft phrase passed unheeded. "You have been down to Barnminster again?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied, as he settled himself more comfortably.

"You have been very attentive to your father lately," she said a little suspiciously; "I thought filial affection was not the Leroy's strong point."

"Nor is it," he said with a laugh; "but it is business, my dear Eveline, odious business, into which Jasper inveigles me."

"I thought Mr. Vermont was the new machine that was to save you trouble?"

"Yes, that's what I thought," was the languid reply. "But one has to turn the handle, even of machines. There are signatures, and leases, and Heaven knows what else besides."

"How is Lord Barnminster?" she inquired.

"Splendid."

"Lady Constance also well?"—with the slightest tinge of restraint in her voice.

"Yes," he answered indifferently; adding, "but you haven't asked after King Cole."

"Ah, no, but you would have told me at first if anything had been wrong with him."

Leroy smiled. He knew that to be true.

"He will win, you think?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" was the careless reply. "Vermont says there is nothing to touch him."

The Countess raised her eyebrows. "You trust this Vermont with a great deal, Adrien. Your horses, your wine, and your legal business. He must be a wonderful man."

"Yes," he answered confidently. "Jasper's a treasure. Nothing comes amiss to him. I should be in my grave if I had to face half the worries he wrestles with daily. Come," he added, as the first bars of the new waltz floated from the gallery; "and with a sigh of enjoyment she rose for the promised dance."

"No one's step suits me like yours," she breathed, when they paused for rest. "Adrien, shall I back King Cole for another two hundred?"

The two sentences were, perhaps, rather incoherent, but curiously characteristic of her ladyship; for in addition to a partiality for betting on the turf and speculation on "change"—both, of course, sub rosa.

"Oh, yes," he said, as they started again. Jasper has put two thousand more of mine on today. There he is, he broke off, as the sleek, carefully dressed figure of Mr. Vermont entered the ball-room.

"Talk of angels," murmured Lady Merivale, but with a glance implying that she meant a being very far removed from that celestial grade.

Jasper Vermont did not excel at dancing; yet, strange to say, he was invariably invited to every function of the season. Indeed, the hostesses of Mayfair would almost as soon have omitted the name of Adrien Leroy himself as that of his friend.

It was difficult to explain this other than on account of his engaging amiability. Probably Vermont would have transformed the famous advice of Urich Heep to "Always be obliging." Certainly, no pleasanter company could be found, whether for man or woman; whatever the hour, however mixed the company, Jasper Vermont had always a smile, a jest, or a new and piquant scandal. In the smoking-room he would rival Mortimer Shelton in apparently good-natured cynicism. In a duchess's boudoir he would entertain the afternoon tea hour with the neat-

est of epigrams and the spiciest glances of her Grace's dearest friend. Nothing came amiss to him; as Adrien Leroy had once said, he was "a walking encyclopaedia."

Yet with all Mr. Vermont's charm of manner, he could resent, smiling still, an impertinence or a snub, and deal back a tongue thrust that would effectually put his opponent hors de combat. Truly of him might be said, "I smile, and murder while I smile."

To-night he was apparently enjoying the gay scene before him. His sharp black eyes were like little snakes, darting here, there, and everywhere, while he wagged his smooth head to the time of the music, as if in keen enjoyment.

Mortimer Shelton noticed him; "floating over his former victims," he commented, almost audibly, as he and his partner passed close to where he was standing. Vermont, however, apparently did not hear him, but continued to smile amiably as the dancers whirled by.

It was nearly daybreak when the carriages drew outside the great house to take the guests to their respective homes; and, having successfully steered a young Marchioness into her electric brougham, Leroy found himself standing close to Vermont, not far from where his own motor awaited him.

"They call this pleasure, Jasper," he said, almost scornfully, watching the struggling, aristocratic crowd with a half-contemptuous smile on his lips.

"Why, it's hard work. They fight and push for the sake of a few hours spent in a crowded, poisoned room; and there's no prophet to rise up and proclaim it madness."

"No," laughed Vermont cynically; "prophecy nowadays have no liking for being stoned; and, after all, life would be unendurable were it not for its pleasures. Let me remind you that it is nearly four o'clock, and you are due at Lord Standon's rooms."

With a sigh Leroy turned and jumped into the motor, followed by his faithful squire; and the powerful car footed its way through the twilight of the dawn.

Lord Standon's chambers, and the festive and merry party. The room was filled with beautiful women, mostly stars of the musical comedy stage, including Ada Lester, who was evidently on her best behaviour.

Here, amidst light and laughter, the goddess of pleasure was being fed by her youthful worshippers, and none appeared a more eager votary than Adrien Leroy. Yet, as he stood, champagne glass in hand, preoccupied the toast of the evening or rather morning, for the dawn was breaking in the sky—there was none to tell him of the impending cloud of treachery that hung over his head. None who dare warn him to beware of the friendship of Mr. Jasper Vermont.

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### The Farm

Infectious Sore Mouth in Young Pigs.

An outbreak of sore mouth in young pigs is sometimes noticed without appreciable cause. It is sometimes called infectious stomatitis, as the stomach is often involved. It is due to a specific germ.

Causes.—This disease is seen almost exclusively in pigs under two months old. The principal predisposing factor in the development of this disease is filth. Dirty quarters, filthy feed troughs, mud-holes, accumulation of manure in the lots, poorly ventilated pens or sleeping quarters, allowing hogs to borrow in manure heaps or stables, and feeding decomposing food and filthy slops, are the conditions that predispose and render hogs readily susceptible to infection. Some claim that the virus of the disease (a germ known as necrosis bacillus) is found in the intestines of all hogs, but in animals well cared for and in good health it cannot multiply sufficiently to cause trouble. The disease may rapidly spread through a whole litter by the teats of the sow becoming infected and distributing the germs among all nursing her. The germ does not seem able to get a hold on a normal, healthy membrane. It is necessary for some abrasion to be present in order that the germs may be able to get the necessary start. Abrasions may be caused by eruption of the teeth, by injury from sharp-pointed objects, or by inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

Symptoms.—At first the symptoms are much the same as those of an ordinary sore mouth, but are much more severe. The patient refuses to nurse or eat. It is dull and listless and there is an increase in temperature. If the mouth be carefully examined at this time it will show a number of inflamed patches, especially on the lips and gums. In the early stages of the disease the spots are of a deep red color, quite dark, and the gums are seen to be considerably swollen. In severe cases the swelling of the snout and lips may be sufficient to close up the nostrils and cause the patient to breathe through the mouth. At a later stage the spots become ulcers, the margins of which are much inflamed and thickened, while the centres are a yellowish white. Later the centre becomes depressed and presents an ulcer which is very slow to heal. The gums may slough sufficiently to involve some of the teeth, and the ulcer in the lips or snout may be very deep. Pain is well marked, and the least movement of the jaws causes intense suffering. The patient is unable to eat, hence rapidly loses flesh and strength. The sloughing ulcers cause a disagreeable odor. The course of the disease is usually rapid, lasting from 3 to 10 days, and a considerable percentage of the affected die.

Treatment.—In the prevention of the disease there are two important lines to be followed. First, the prevention of the appearance of the disease in the herd, and second, the prevention of its spread should it appear. As a precaution against its appearance the quarters in which the pigs are kept should be cleaned out regularly, and should be sprayed with a disinfectant, as a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid or one of the coal tar disinfectants, at intervals of at most three weeks. When the disease appears in a herd the affected ones should be at once moved from the others, or a better plan is to remove the healthy ones to quarters known to be non-infected. It is also well to remove the mother from the rest of the herd, as pigs of other litters may suckle the infected teats and develop the disease.

Curative treatment must be well attended to in order to get results. The mouth should be irrigated with some strong, non-irritant disinfectant, as a solution made of 1 oz. of potassium permanganate to a gallon of water, or a solution of boracic acid 1 oz. to a quart of water. The ulcers should be touched with the point of a pencil of the nitrate of silver, or with a mixture of equal parts of boric acid, antimony and tincture of myrrh carefully applied with a feather. This treatment should be repeated twice or three times daily for several days. Where large numbers are affected and it is not convenient to apply this treatment, a simpler treatment can be given by making a bucket full of one of the above solutions, or a 4-per-cent. solution of one of the coal tar disinfectants, and dipping each pig head foremost into it. In this manner the ulcerated surfaces are brought in direct contact with the disinfectant. Some claim to get good results by putting a teaspoonful of the flowers of sulphur into each pig's mouth twice daily.

On account of the severe nature of the disease and the fact that most of the pigs that recover from an acute attack do not thrive, but become stunted, it is well to carefully consider whether it would not be wise to destroy the badly affected cases. Cases that recover should be given tonics, as a teaspoonful of equal parts of gentian, ginger, nut vomica and bicarbonate of soda to 8 or 10 pigs twice daily, and carefully fed and cared for for a few weeks.—Whip, in Farmers' Advocate.

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### Ground Fence Wires.

The loss of live stock from lightning may be greatly reduced if not entirely prevented by properly grounded fence wires," says Professor H. H. Hoy, of the engineering department of the South Dakota State College. According to Mr. Hoy, fence wires on wooden posts should be grounded by running ground wires at intervals of two to four hundred feet along the fence, being securely attached to the fence wire at several points if woven wire is used, and to all the wires when the ordinary barbed wire or smooth wire is used. The lower end of the grounded wire should be carried at least two feet below the surface beside the post, if possible, into moist earth. The wire should be galvanized to prevent corrosion and should be of larger diameter than the fence wire. A number 8 wire would be still better.

Just why lightning seems to have a tendency to strike live stock is ex-

# 2 IN 1

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plained by Professor Hoy as follows: "Metal fence wires are good conductors of electricity, often carrying the current a long distance. Bodies of live stock also form good conductors, especially when they are driven by a storm against the fence, affording a better path for the current to the ground through their bodies than down the fence posts. The result is death to whatever animal helps to form the path."

"Proper grounded fence wires not only will carry off electricity without injury to animals standing near, but also have a tendency to dissipate electric charges. This is especially true of barbed fences where the accumulating charges pass off readily from the sharp pointed barbs. Fences grounded in this manner prevent to a considerable extent the occurrence of discharges and provide a path to the earth for the discharge when it does take place."

Be Kind to Your Horse.

Be kind to the horse. Don't berate him because he does something which should not have been done. Perhaps he had the right motive, but in his dumb way was unable to express it. Perhaps he wanted to help you, possibly he meant no evil, though outwardly he seemed perverse and stubborn. Give him credit for at least trying to be good, for there are few horses which are naturally bad.

Many persons take it for granted that when a horse does wrong he intended to do so, and they therefore punish him for it. Now this action only aggravates the matter, and if continued will result in an incorrigible animal, made so solely from mistreatment by his master. This and this only explains why some horses are bad.

The best policy is to be kind to the horse. Remember that he is a dumb animal. Don't expect as much understanding from him as you expect of men. Remember that of all the animals which aid man, the horse is the most useful. Give him credit for that. Don't think him mean, for unless it made so by man, he seldom is. Don't punish him for every wrong he does, for possibly they are not so intended.

Try to put yourself in his place, and don't forget that he is a slave.

Be kind to him, and see for yourself if your work does not proceed more smoothly than ever before. Follow the Golden Rule, and treat your horse as you would wish him to treat you if your positions were reversed. Investigate for once and you will never say again that kindness doesn't pay.—Indiana Farmer.

In England it was formerly the custom to throw wheat over the bride, and not rice.