

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

The conversation then flowed into other channels; Paxhorn provoking roars of merriment by his stories and epigrams. Presently the ladies withdrew; Lady Constance to prepare for a ride with Adrien, which he had just suggested, and Miss Penelope to rest her "nerves."

While waiting for his cousin to rejoin him Adrien crossed over to the window, which commanded a view of the castle entrance, and stood gazing idly down. Outside stood a smart groom, and from it was alighting the trim figure of Jasper Vermont.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I had forgotten Jasper."

He tapped at the window, and waved his hand in affectionate greeting to his friend, who looked up with his most amiable smile, and he brushed aside the servants who had hurried out to meet him.

There are people who are served well from sheer force of personality, and who, though neither generous nor unselfish themselves, yet contrive to abstract the very essence of these qualities from those around them; and of these Jasper Vermont was one. His tips were few, though he was lavish in smiles and honeyed words; yet not one of the retinue of servants at Barmminster Castle but would fly to attend to his wants, as they would those of Adrien or Lord Barmminster himself.

A few minutes later he strolled into the room where the rest of the guests were seated. As he did so Lord Barmminster involuntarily drew himself up with a slight frown. He had hoped that the "adventurer," as he invariably termed him, would remain in town and not thrust his unwelcome presence upon the guests at the castle. But, in another minute, his natural courtesy reasserted itself; and, though it was patent to the least observant that the new arrival was not as welcome as he might have been, he answered Jasper's amiable inquiry as to his health politely enough.

"Thank you, Mr. Vermont," he said grimly, "I am quite well. But you, I fear, are an invalid."

His sharp eyes glanced towards the closed motor, which was gliding round the bend of the drive.

"No, sir, I'm quite well, I assure you," Jasper replied, meekly, as if unconscious of any irony. "But I have learned enough wisdom to feel convinced that all journeys, including that of life itself, should be taken as comfortably as possible. I prefer, therefore, to have the dust and smell outside the car instead of in. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly," returned his opponent, with a sarcastic smile; "you should surely know your own constitution best. It was an unfortunate error on my part."

At this moment, Adrien, who had been listening to the polite-and-thrust conversation, exceedingly ill at ease, intervened, and under some pretext drew his father out with him into the corridor.

"I do detest that fellow so," said the old man apologetically, as though ashamed at having displayed his feelings.

"It's a pity, sir," returned Adrien, respectfully; for his father was the only person who dared say a word in disfavor of his friend. "He takes any amount of pains to save me trouble."

"Well, it pays him," retorted Lord Barmminster dryly; then with a wave of the hand as if to dismiss an unpleasant subject, he added, "You're off to the stables, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Adrien, "I want to have a look at 'King Cole.' With me in the direction of the stables."

A friendly nod, he ran lightly down the wide oak staircase and disappeared. For a few moments Lord Barmminster stood gazing after him, his stern face relaxed, his keen eyes softened. Adrien was more to him than all his possessions, which were vast enough to have provided for a dozen sons. Therefore, he denied him nothing, however extravagant or reckless in price, and refrained from any comment on his line of conduct.

CHAPTER IX.

Adrien's appearance in the stable-yard was the signal for much excitement among the hands there; and presently the head groom made his appearance, struggling into his coat, while coughing with embarrassed respect.

"Good morning, Markham," said his master with a nod; "where's the King?"

"In the south stable, sir," replied the man, as he fumbled in his pocket for the keys. You would like to see him, sir?"

Adrien nodded, and made his way to the stable, accompanied by the groom. "No one else is allowed to enter the stable but yourself, Markham?" he asked, as the man unlocked the door.

"No one, sir. I'm always here when he's being littered or fed. Not a soul touches him without I'm at his side. He's in fine condition, sir; I never saw him in better."

Adrien passed his hand over the satin coat of the racehorse. The dainty creature pricked up his finely-pointed ears, and turned to his master with a whiny of delight.

"He looks well enough," he admitted. "Has he had his gallop this morning?"

"Yes, sir; but would you like to see him across the paddock?"

"Yes," said Adrien. "By the way, who rides him to-morrow?"

"Peacock, sir."

"Ah, the new jockey."

"Yes, sir; Mr. Vermont's lad," returned the groom.

"A good seat?" asked Adrien.

"Capital, never saw a better, sir, and weighs next to nothing. I'll send for him. He whistled, and half-a-dozen stable helpers rushing forward, he despatched them to find the jockey. While waiting, the groom had the precious "King" brought into the yard and saddled; and in a few moments the man arrived. Markham had called him a lad; but in reality he was almost middle-aged, with the stunted stature of a child. Adrien looked him over critically.

"So you ride the 'King' to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the dwarf, humbly.

"Let me see you take him round the paddock," said Adrien. The man threw off his coat, showing himself to be in shabby riding costume; then, vaulting into the saddle, he took the racer to the meadow at the back of the stable-yard. Adrien watched the bird-like flight of the superb animal, and nodded approvingly when he presently returned to the starting-point.

"You'll do," he said, as the jockey dismounted; "ride like that to-morrow, and we shall win. There is something for you, but no drinking, mind."

He held out a ten-pound note as he spoke. The man stared at it for a moment, then crouching almost like a dog, took it gingerly by the edge.

"Don't be afraid, man; one would think you expected a blow," said Adrien, with a smile.

Touching his forehead, the man took the note, and Adrien turned away. As he walked out of the stable-yard he happened to glance back at Markham, who was re-covering the "King," and he saw that the jockey was still gazing after him, with a tense, almost longing expression in his small, deep-set eyes.

"Poor devil!" said Leroy to himself as he went up the drive, "I must get Jasper to do something for him, especially if he wins—I only hope he doesn't get drunk!"

In the courtyard Lady Constance's horse and his own were waiting for him, and in a few moments they in her ever-smiling Jasper Vermont.

Blessed by nature with a good figure, Art, as represented by French modistes and Redfern, had put the finishing touches, with the result that Lady Constance Tremaine, whether in evening dress or the blue cloth riding-habit of the field, was a joy to the eye. As she stood now, waiting Adrien's approach, he could not help mentally contrasting her natural, spiritual type of beauty with the made-up and coarsened charms of Ada Lester, and he wondered how he could have been so blind as not to notice it before.

He was not the only one who admired her. Jasper Vermont had elected himself as the girl's chief slave, and whenever he was at Barmminster Castle invariably managed to carry out her slightest whims—indeed, would even endeavor to forestall them. Now it was he who attended to her saddle, and helped her into it before Adrien had fully realized what he was about to do; and for once Leroy experienced just the least feeling of resentment towards his devoted friend.

For a while the two rode almost in silence; but after the first canter Adrien reigned up his horse close to that of his companion. Lady Constance purposely brought the conversation round to his estates, for, with all his dissipation and languor, Leroy was no indifferent landlord, and Lord Barmminster invariably referred to his son.

"I'm sorry you would not renew the lease for Farmer Darrell," she said gently; "he is almost heart-broken at having to leave Briar Farm."

Adrien pulled up his horse sharply. "Farmer Darrell to leave Briar Farm!" he said quickly. "What do you mean, Constance?"

She looked at him steadily, as she replied:

"I rode over there yesterday, and found them all in great trouble. They told me Mr. Vermont acting under your orders, had refused to grant them new leases. I promised to speak to Uncle Philip; but you know how angry he gets whenever any one mentions Mr. Vermont's name, so I thought I would ask you myself." She blushed crimson, as if at her own boldness. "Of course, you mustn't do it just on my account, but—"

"Mustn't I?" interrupted her cousin, looking keenly, almost affectionately at the slim, girlish figure, and pretty piquant face. "I should certainly grant whatever you asked me if it lay in my power. As a matter of fact, however, I think Jasper said that, as they were unable to make Briar Farm pay, would I lower the rent; and as that would be creating a precedent for all the other tenants—I refused."

Lady Constance nodded her head. "Quite right," she agreed; "but I happen to know that the farm does pay splendidly, and—"

"In any case, Constance," interrupted Adrien, almost tenderly, "it is quite sufficient, if you wish it so. But I think—I am sure—Jasper must have made a mistake."

Lady Constance did not reply, but wisely changed the subject; she was too clever to pursue her advantage, and she had gained her point—sown the least little doubt of Mr. Jasper Vermont's rectitude in Adrien's mind.

Meanwhile, Mr. Vermont had also betaken himself to the stables; but he did not ask to see King Cole—contenting himself with beaming admiringly on Mr. Markham, while the head groom held forth on all the precautions he was taking with regard to the precious animal's safety.

"An' if he's got at, Mr. Vermont, sir, I'll eat my head," was his parting speech.

In reply to which Mr. Vermont murmured inaudibly, "I shall be a good fellow, that I shall make you keep your word!"

At the end of the plantation, beyond the stable buildings, there was a little cottage attached to the straw-yard. Having reached this, Jasper listened attentively; then, without any warning knock, he lifted the latch, and entered.

To all appearances the room was empty, save for some pieces of poor furniture. But the visitor, blinking at the sudden transition from light to darkness, walked over to a rough couch, where lay the misshapen jockey Peacock, either asleep or deep in thought. Jasper shook him angrily by the shoulder, and a sullen scowl darkened the little monkeylike face as he recognised his visitor.

(To be continued.)

WHAT EYEBROWS REVEAL.

Thick Hair Denotes Violent and Passionate Character.

Straight eyebrows show orderly habits and a methodical turn of mind in their possessor.

Arched or pointed brows are a sign of taste in the arrangement of colors and a wonderful ability to match shades and hues of all sorts.

Eyebrows set far apart from one another betoken a capacity for judging sizes and proportions with a considerable amount of accuracy.

If eyebrows bend down in the middle towards the eyes, so that they appear as if indented, they show a nature that is disposed neither to forgive nor to forget, which is resentful and inclined to revenge itself for injuries.

The greater amount of space between the ridge of the eyebrow and its outer end and the corner of the eye, the higher are the powers of calculation in the person.

When the outline of the eyebrows is straight, it indicates sincerity and frankness. If, however, it should be oblique, and the hairs spring from the root of the nose, it shows elusive and deceptive tendencies.

Very thick brows denote a somewhat violent and passionate character, especially in a man.

Brows that are exaggeratedly arched and placed high on the forehead denote a dull and unemotional disposition.

DOGS ATE A CHURCH.

'Twas Built of Whales' Ribs and Walrus Hide.

The lot of an Eskimo dog is a hard one. In the first place, he has to earn his living by drawing sledges. In the next place, food is so scarce that a dog is usually hungry, often hungry enough to eat his harness, or, indeed, any bits of skin and leather he can find. To prevent this the men rub the leather cords with tar. But in order to live at all an Eskimo dog has to fight his way. Whenever there is a pack of dogs together they fight. The weak ones are driven away or killed. The strongest and fiercest one, who can thrash any or all of the others, is known as the king dog. He has the best place to lie, and his choice of the food. A single growl from him is like a growl from an emperor.

Of all the things that can befall a church, nothing could be more strange than the destruction of a little house of worship north of Hudson Bay. The Eskimos had built a church with whales' ribs for rafters and covered it with walrus hide. The little church held eighty persons; but in the time that elapsed between two services the building was set upon by a pack of famished dogs and demolished in a few hours.

BRITISH SHIPYARDS BUSY.

Preparations Are Being Made for After-the-War Trade.

The shipping trade of Great Britain, while suffering considerable losses from enemy submarines, is nevertheless quietly strengthening itself by means of various financial amalgamations of interests to meet the "after war" competition, and by means of fresh tonnage construction, despite the huge increase in cost of material and labor. Various shipyards are stocked with orders. The investing public are also showing their belief in the future of British shipping by absorbing all sorts of shipping shares privately and on various stock exchanges.

The Farm

Winter Care of Cows.

Cows are sensitive creatures and for this reason must have especially good care during the winter season. The man who would obtain the best milk yields in the winter must endeavor to approximate summer conditions as closely as possible.

On account of their general spareness of flesh, cows have little protection for their vital organs and are therefore peculiarly susceptible to cold. For this reason warm housing during the winter season is a matter of the highest importance. It matters little how good a dairy machine a cow may be or how well she may be fed, the returns from her will be unsatisfactory, if she is compelled to shiver in the stable.

Never expose cows to the cold drizzling rains which usually precede and follow the severe cold of the winter. It is not uncommon for cows to shrink ten per cent in their milk flow as a result of such exposure and there are cases where the shrinkage is more than double this amount.

Many, in their attempts to keep cows warm, expose them to conditions which they may suffer even more than from exposure to cold. We refer to the practice of shutting up cows in stables where there is no provision for ventilation. A cow barn should be built as warm as possible.

Another matter of importance is to supply cows with reasonably warm water. Think of the amount of fuel (feed) necessary to heat water from near freezing to blood temperature! The best plan is to furnish cows only freshly pumped water. If the water is allowed to stand in the tank until it is nearly frozen, it should be warmed by means of a heater placed in the tank. In this connection, it is well to remember that wood is cheaper fuel for heating water than feed. But there are other disadvantages of allowing cows to drink cold water aside from the extra feed required in warming it to blood temperature. The bad effects of supplying very cold water to cows just before and after calving are too well known to require much comment. Many an afterbirth has been retained by chilling cows with ice water at this critical period.

Provide cows with plenty of salt. Cows on dry feed exhibit an inordinant craving for salt to which they should have free access. Place the salt where the cows can have as much as they wish to, adding it to the feed. Some cows crave more salt than others, but since they will not eat more than is good for them, they are more likely to get what they need by allowing them to help themselves.

With the foregoing conditions provided and plenty of succulent feed, such as silage and roots, supplemented with leguminous hay and grain, winter dairying will be found very profitable.

In connection with the subject of feeding, attention is called to the underfeeding of dry cows on many farms during the winter. We have known farmers to winter their cows on a ration consisting almost exclusively of corn stover and straw. Needless to say, such a ration is entirely inadequate to properly nourish a pregnant dry cow. When no grain is fed dry cows must be given a liberal allowance of leguminous hay. Underfeeding dry cows not only results in a poorly developed calf, but is also followed by reduced milk yields.

Dairy Helps.

There are so many good dairy helps that each individual preference may be supplied, but which to advise would be foolish, even if allowable, as what will suit one will not fill the bill with others.

The best plan is to inspect various dairy helps, where their use is demonstrated, then think if your conditions would allow of securing same results. If the answers are satisfactory, procure the helps at once.

A cream separator, a good tester, reliable scales, and a good churn, where cream is not sold, are among the helps that are necessities. The silo is all but a necessity. Just as soon as the way is made clear, by all means procure or build a silo.

The many other helps are sometimes just conveniences; as such the most of them should be purchased. Where the conveniences are plenty, we hear less of farm drudgery and of the young folks leaving the farm.

Through the coming stormy days, when so many will be of necessity "shut in," make use of the leisure for studying and planning the work for another year. Arrange the dairy barn and pasture, on paper, as it should be according to other surroundings and buildings, then at the very first chance, arrange them in reality.

Use lots of bedding. This saves so much of valuable fertilizer that it would seem none would be allowed to waste, but a drive through a farm section will soon cause you to conclude otherwise.

It seems foolish for farmers to allow such fertility to go to waste for the need of more bedding when often the material is going to waste in the fields in the shape of straw. Then in the spring buy commercial fertilizer to use on the crops.

Such management, or rather non-management, is what causes discontentment, and "farming don't pay" ideas. Farming, nor anything else, will not succeed under such managing.

If no straw is available, haul sawdust. Nothing is a much better absorbent. Get something and make use of it every day. If used, and the manure utilized, the resulting crops will be an agreeable surprise.

Comments on Systematic Farming.

Farmers, in order to be successful in their work should be systematic both in business transactions, and in the general farm operations. One farmer we know keeps a memorandum book in which can be found entries similar to the following:

Nov. 15—See to fences and have men begin repairing. Drive to— and ascertain price of pork—if over \$10.50, sell.

Nov. 20—Sell about 25 early capons to meet note due Dec. 1.

Nov. 24—Put stub cutter through 40 acre field.

These are simply representative items and do not apply to any year in particular, but they show the methods employed by the farmer in order to keep things working smoothly. The farmer is educated or trained rather to his business, and during his leisure moments thinks out and plans ahead to meet the little matters constantly worrying the average farmer, and keeping him awake nights. Take for instance the item dated November 20. By careful calculation during leisure time the man has concluded that these capons will be ready to kill by that time, and it will be the best possible way for him to raise the cash.

Now, a less thoughtful man may have sacrificed his pullets or other fowl that might bring considerable better prices and have been in much better shape by Christmas. By so doing he would have been the loser to a considerable amount.

He is not like many who forget about their bills until due, and then borrow the money of someone else, at a big rate of interest.

Again, the first item concerning the pork, was doubtless jotted down as the result of much careful consideration. The conclusion was that if \$10.50 a hundred could be realized at that time the amount received for the weight would bring more money than heavier hogs would around the holidays, even if worth a trifle more money. In other words the clear money for the additional feed necessary, at a higher price would not counterbalance the extra money expended in feed.

The plan is one worth the careful attention of every progressive farmer, and one sure to be productive of good. Every farmer can adopt the use of one of these plan books, in which to keep his farm work carefully planned out throughout the year, a month or two ahead of the operations scheduled all the time. The benefit is in bringing system into the work where, in many instances several odd jobs would always be piling up on each other.

Fertilize the Soil Daily.

Heap out and spread the manure every day from now on. The meadow is a good place.

As we begin to stable the stock more during the cold nights, a load of manure will collect in a few hours' time around the stalls, even where stock raising is not carried on very extensively; and if this supply is hauled out promptly and spread over the fields, it will save halfhearted it as much, and prevent its being scattered and wasted; while the rejuvenation of the soil will begin at once, as all of the rich liquids and fertilizing components work into the very texture of the ground. And whatever part of the manure particles do not enter the soil this winter, will be right on hand to do its work the very first propitious day next spring.



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BUY PACIFIC OIL LANDS.

British Firm Resumes Negotiations Broken by War.

Negotiations for the acquisition of important oil interests in California which were concluded by a British shipping syndicate, but which fell through when the war broke out, have been revived and the original scheme will be carried out, says a London despatch. The primary movers in the scheme include Earl Grey, Lord Pirrie, Thomas Royden and Hans Anderson, managing director of the East Asiatic Company, Copenhagen, for which eighteen motor ships of from 10,000 to 18,000 tons are now being built.

The British firms concerned are the Cunard, White Star, Union Castle, Elder Dempster, Atlantic Transport, Dominion and Leyland lines, and it is likely that most of their vessels will be fitted to burn oil when the shipping world gets straightened out again. The syndicate will establish stations for the supply of oil fuel on various ocean routes.

Orders for a large number of vessels of the tank type were placed with British firms some time ago, but the great pressure of naval work has made it impossible for these firms to get on with the work, hence many of their vessels are now being built in the United States.

Wanted To Know.

A bold, unsold citizen went to a new boarding house, and as he had always met his obligations promptly, he had become notably outspoken. On his second day the hostess asked: "Why don't you say a blessing, Mr. Golden?" He looked over the table and said gloomily: "I'd like to know what for?"

The Sensible Girl.

"She's a mighty sensible girl," "That so?"

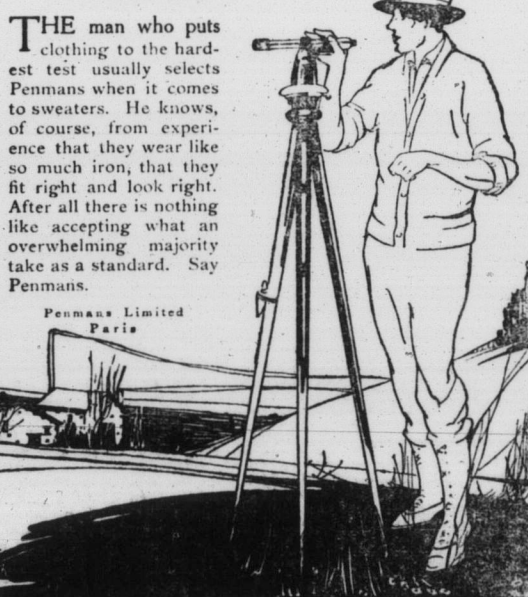
"Yes, the man she is to marry asked her if she'd have her diamond ring now or use the money to buy something for their home instead."

"And she took the diamond ring?"

Penman's Sweater-coats

THE man who puts clothing to the hardest test usually selects Penman's when it comes to sweaters. He knows, of course, from experience that they wear like so much iron, that they fit right and look right. After all there is nothing like accepting what an overwhelming majority take as a standard. Say Penman's.

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"CARRIED OUT LITTLE ENTERPRISE"

AND HOW THE TRICK IS DONE AT THE FRONT.

Sounds Small in the Official Report, But It Was a Lively Little Scrape.

"Last night our troops carried out a little enterprise in the neighborhood of —." Official Report.

An enterprise is just what the word suggests. There is no certainty that it will be successful. Therefore to bring about the desired result nothing is left out of the calculations, if possible, to ensure success.

Here is an account of what may be regarded as one of the typical common or garden "little enterprises" so frequently undertaken on the British front. Enterprises, it may be remembered, are undertaken with the general idea of worrying the enemy and reducing his morale.

The night sky on the date the enterprise took place was minus a moon. An advantage. The night was consequently dark, and it was but a slowly moving coil of men who, in Indian file, wound their way stealthily through the long tortuous communication trench to the front line.

The captain in command of the operations walked along the line of front trench where his men were gathered to assure himself that they were correctly marshalled for the coming attack. To his section commanders he gave his final directions, and to each individual man a cheery word.

The mine was to be sprung at 8 p.m., and then the captain was to give the order for the rush across. As the minutes caught up to the hour and the last minute of all broke itself up into seconds there were mon. The fishermen are now getting 40 cents each for white spring salmon, the highest price ever paid for this fish. Sockeyes fetch 50 cents, many strained but eager faces staring over the parapet.

Suddenly there was a rumbling, drum-like boom!

A Boom—and Silence.

An eruption of grey clay-cloids showed in ghostly chunks against the ill-lit sky. An earth tremor which made men's knees tremble whether they wished or not.

For a dumb instant—silence. Then with sudden thuds the great clay-cloids dropped to earth. It was now the moment of all the moments.

"Come on, the Little Potters!" It was the captain's shout as he sprang over the parapet. An Australian, though serving in an English regiment, he was born thirty-three years before in the Antipodes to lead just such an enterprise as this.

With that peculiar discrimination which a real leader of men shows in addressing his followers at the crucial moment, he hit upon the most inspiring phrase he could have used. It was the "football battle-cry" of the famous regiment to which he and his men belonged.

Every man was endeavoring to scramble over the parapet in advance of his nearest friend.

Suddenly, as though electrified into incoherence as to what was happening, the Boche from his support lines sent up hundreds of "shooting-star-like" lights. It added almost a sense of gaiety to the otherwise sombre scene as the khaki-clad "Little Potters" dashed on towards their objective, through the lip of the newly torn-out crater which provided a sperry-like entrance to the German trenches.

There was a vicious rattle of the enemy machine guns, as they insistently flung out their streams of lead, from points to the right and left of the newly born crater; the sound of our own shells, which were more than "straining" the enemy's rear trenches.

Then came the booming "burst" of our heavy bombs, flung from trench mortars farther down our lines. And the enemy's "shooting-star-like" lights darted up in ever-increasing numbers towards the sulky sky.

Joined in the Charge.

The bombers led the attack, yet such was the intense enthusiasm inspired by the chance of getting at the enemy that others who should not have done so sprinted up to them.

Those watching from the British lines were no longer able to discern what was happening at the Boche trench, which had now been successfully entered.

The boom of hand grenades intermingled with the snap-like sounds of revolver and rifle shots. It was obvious that a hand-to-hand fight was in progress, but only from the sounds, dulled as they were by the half-subterranean position in which it took place.

A blazing light suddenly burst from the British trench, followed shortly by blasts of whistles. It was the signal to return.

Stolidly, with clay-cloids boots, the raiders retrace their way. They are fewer by some half-dozen than when they set out, but those who have been wounded and still have life in them are carried back tenderly across the outlet-swept zone to the safety of their line.