

## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

"I have no judgment," Vermont reproached reproachfully. "I am a man of no ideas, and I admit it. Now Adrien is all acuteness; without him I should soon go astray. I am supposed to look after his interest; but, by Jove! it is he who supplies the brains and I the hands. I am the machine—a mere machine, and he turns the handle!" He laughed gently at his own joke, and held up his glass for replenishment.

"A pretty division of labor," commented Shelton, with a faint sneer. "Now we give you the credit for all the tact and business capacity."

"Ah, what a mistake!" replied Vermont, spreading out his fat hands with a gesture of amazement. "Well, since you give me credit, I will assume the virtue, though I have it not."

He changed the subject abruptly to one of general interest; and as the wine came and disappeared with greater rapidity, the talk ran on with more wit and laughter. Vermont always handled the ball of conversation deftly and giving it an additional flip when it seemed to slacken. Adrien Leroy spoke little; though when he did make a remark, the rest listened with an evident desire to hear his opinion.

At length Vermont rose, with a lazy look round.

"Well, I must be off," he said smoothly. "Good night, Adrien. I shall be with you to-morrow at twelve."

Having bade the rest of the company a hasty adieu, he turned once more to his host.

"Good-night, Shelton," he said smilingly. "Thanks for the excellent dinner. Rome would not have perished had you lived with the last of the Cæsars."

"And Adrien Leroy would not go to the dogs so quickly, if you did not show him the way," murmured Shelton inaudibly, as Vermont departed, with the bland smile still hovering round his thin lips.

### CHAPTER II.

Outside the club door, Vermont's motor was drawn up at the side waiting for him. He looked at his watch, and was surprised at the lateness of the hour. Stepping hastily into the vehicle, he held up two fingers to the chauffeur, who apparently needed no other instructions; for the car glided off, and Vermont, as he passed the club, looked up at the windows with an ugly smile.

As Lord Standon had said, few knew his origin or his business; but, in reality, his antecedents were of a very ordinary nature. He was the son of a solicitor who had lived with but one object in his sordid life, namely, the desire to make his son a man of position with the power to mix as an equal among that portion of society which only came to Malcolm Vermont when it wanted its scandals glossed over or to obtain money. Ill-natured people were apt to hint that he had amassed his wealth by means of usury and the taking up of shady cases. At any rate, he made sufficient to bring up his son in luxury and send him to Oxford, where Jasper had first come in contact with Adrien Leroy. At the death of his father, Vermont found himself possessed of an income of a thousand a year, which enabled him to become a member of Adrien's set, notwithstanding that the amount was a much smaller one than he had been led to expect, and, in his opinion, savoured almost of aristocratic poverty. The car had rolled silently into a side street off St. James's, where the chauffeur pulled up sharply at the door of one of the old-fashioned, though now newly-painted houses. Vermont sprang out and rang the bell twice.

"Has Miss Lester returned yet?" he asked of the smart maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir," she answered, and promptly led the way up a newly-carpeted staircase, redolent of Parma violet scent and glistening with white enameled woodwork and plaster casts. The walls were adorned with pictures in the most possible taste and the most glaring colors. As Vermont reached the first floor, a strong, savory odor filled the air.

He smiled sarcastically, and sniffed as if the perfume were familiar to him.

"Miss Lester at supper?" he asked the white-capped maid, as she threw open the door on the first floor, and stood aside to let the visitor precede her.

"Yes, sir; supper's been served," was the demure answer.

Vermont passed into the room, which was furnished with the same lack of taste as the staircase. Two women were seated at the table; apparently just finishing their supper. At first glance they might have been mistaken for mother and daughter, as the older woman was clad in a sombre black velvet dress, and had a pale, thin face, crowned with heavy masses of grey hair. On closer inspection,

however, one perceived that Julia Lester was far from old—indeed, not more than about forty-five, and with a peculiarly gentle, almost child-like expression, which at first took one almost by surprise.

On the other hand, her sister, though only about ten years younger, would easily have passed as twenty-five, especially when behind the foot-lights, which was her usual environment.

"Oh, it's you, Jasper, is it?" she remarked carelessly, pausing in the act of lighting a cigarette. "Didn't hear you come in. You're so quiet on your pins."

Like the house she inhabited, Miss Lester combined in her person fragility of colors with a fine disregard of taste. Beautiful she undoubtedly was, of the black-browed, dark-eyed beauty of a Cleopatra, for there was some Italian blood in her veins. It was given out occasionally by the press that she had been a theatre-dresser, an organ-grinder, and fifty other things; but nevertheless, illiberal, common and ill-bred, she had yet achieved fame—or rather, perhaps, notoriety—by her dancing and sheer animal good looks.

As a matter of fact she owed her success primarily to Jesper Vermont, who, as a young man and during a quarrel with his father, had lodged in the same house with the handsome sisters, Julia and Adrien, the latter then being only about fifteen years of age. He had fallen violently in love with Julia, then in the height of her beauty, and had cruelly deceived her. To appease the indignation of the younger sister he had got her an introduction to the manager of the Rockingham Theatre, who was about to put on a new Egyptian ballet, and from that time onwards it had been plain sailing for Adrien. Later on, came a meeting with Leroy, planned by Jasper's connivance; and Adrien, attracted by the woman's ripe beauty, had been blind, so far, to the deficiencies of her mind and character.

To-night she looked a veritable daughter of the South. Her dress was of scarlet, touched with black, and she was wearing diamonds—gifts from her many admirers—of such intrinsic value as to render many a countess jealous.

"Yes, it is I," said Vermont, "Onions and cigarettes?" I thought Leroy objected to both."

Ada laughed.

"It's the smell he don't like," she said lightly. "He's so particular. But he's not coming to-night; least-ways he said he wasn't."

"Ah!" said Vermont smiling, as he seated himself at the table and took up a small bottle, which proved to be empty. "Is there anything left to drink?"

"Have some fizz," said Ada hospitably. "Ring the bell, Ju, and give me another chop. Well, Jasper, what's the news?"

"Just the question I was about to ask," he replied, as the maid-servant brought in a bottle of champagne and glasses on a silver tray. "How did the comedy go?"

"Rotten!" pronounced Ada, shortly. "I told Adrien it wouldn't go, though I did my best—didn't I, Ju? The frocks were really first-class blue satin and silver, with loads of pearls, and my turquoise armlets. All right, eh?"

"Yes," agreed Vermont, adding, with a sneer, "Perhaps the stupid public got tired of looking at the blue satin."

"Then they could have looked at me instead," retorted Ada tartly. "But I've no patience with Adrien. Why can't he get 'em something lively? A musical comedy now—I could make that go, if you like! Plenty of songs and no talky-talky business. Besides, I can dance."

"But can't act," murmured Jasper with his sarcastic smile.

"Can't!" cried Ada furiously. "That's all you know about it. Why didn't you come last night?"

"Business," he answered carelessly, sipping his wine; adding, as he saw her about to question him, "With which I won't trouble you, my fair Ada."

"Oh, won't you!" was that lady's retort. "You're mighty polite, I must say. I suppose you were down at that old castle again, and Adrien, too! What were you doing there?"

"Minding our own business," he replied smilingly, as he lit a cigarette.

"Close as a fox, you are," she declared, with a short, disagreeable laugh. "Where's Adrien? Down there still?"

"No; at the Thessalian. I left him there with Mortimer Shelton."

"I hate that man," said Miss Lester viciously.

"So do I," agreed Vermont, "but I don't say so. Anyhow, Adrien's safe there for another hour, and I came on to give you a word of warning."

He turned to her companion, who had been quietly finishing her supper as if unconscious of anyone's presence.



**The Farm**

Summer Care of Calves.

Of late I have noticed considerable information published about feeding dairy calves, but not so much about their care. Now, in my opinion, care is almost as important as feed. We certainly can't expect the little fellows to do well if they are not made comfortable, no matter how we may feed them. Everyone who has raised calves must have noticed that when they do not do as well as when it is cooler. A little extra care does not cost money as feed does, but it yields a valuable return, writes Mr. J. M. Creighton, in Farm and Dairy.

Thirsty calves are never comfortable. The milk they get is not enough to quench their thirst, and if they have access to water they will begin to take it early in life. In hot weather they will drink considerable water, and whenever possible they should have free access to it whenever they need it. If this is not possible they should be given a drink two or three times a day out of a clean pail or bucket.

Calves should not get either milk or water from filthy wooden troughs. I have seen milk poured over a fence into a trough from which six or eight calves drank. The wood was kept soaked with the milk, and with the sun pouring down on it all day the trough became an ideal breeding place for germs. I prefer to feed my calves in clean buckets, that can be scalded out, and so are never allowed to become filthy. They are best for giving either water or milk.

Did you ever watch a calf on a hot day when the flies are bad? You will find him in the darkest corner he can find. He knows where the least flies are. To protect the calves from being tortured by flies is one of the secrets of successful calf raising. It is best for them to have access to the buildings, for there seems to be no place where they are so cool and comfortable as in the cool shade of the stable. If this is not possible, and there are trees in the pasture, a cheap shade can be constructed of poles covered with brush and straw and with no sides to it. They should be constructed in an open place, so that if there is any breeze blowing the calves get the benefit of it. The calf will repay its owner for the little extra care it takes to provide for its comfort and to keep its feeding place clean and sanitary.

Sheep Notes.

Sheep will thrive on a short bite, but don't let the bite get too short.

A change from one pasture to another is the best idea. Change often enough to keep the bite fresh. Sheep love attention and variety and thrive on them.

It doesn't pay to neglect the flock for a single day. The daily visit may save a lamb or an older member of the flock.

Every sheep pasture should have shade and a shelter.

Smear tar on the noses to prevent the gadding from depositing its eggs.

Put the wethers by themselves and fit them for market. To hurry the

"Julia, you look tired; you'd better get off to bed."

She rose and hesitated for a moment, looking from him to Ada; then quietly left the room. Vermont gazed after her, much as he would have watched a useless piece of furniture in course of removal then he leant back in his chair, and before resuming regarded fixedly Ada's flushed, handsome face.

"Well?" she queried, impatiently striking the table with her fork.

Jesper leant forward and spoke with calm, unpleasant deliberation.

"Ada," said he, "there was once a person who killed the goose that laid him golden eggs; there was another who beat his horse till it pitched him into the ditch; but neither of these attained such a height of folly, as Miss Lester bids fair to reach, if she persists in worrying her prize donkey into kicking her to the ground and leaving her in the mud."

"Oh, don't be an idiot, Jasper!" she exclaimed irritably. "Speak out plain can't you?"

"I certainly can, and will, my dear lady. To put it plainly, then, you are going to quickest way to make Adrien tired of you. After all, if you happen to possess a goose with the propensity to lay golden eggs, surely it is wise to humor him. And if the said goose happens to dislike the smell of onions, why fill the house with that particular perfume, sufficient to suffocate an elephant? Again, is it not the height of folly to stick plaster statues on the statures which he assumes daily, when you know this particular goose detests imitation art? In short, my dear Ada, if you persist in thrusting vulgarity down his throat, you will find yourself very soon out of the graces of our friend, Adrien Leroy."

Ada, who had been beating a loud tattoo with the fork which she still held in her hand, sprang to her feet and struck the table with a force which set the glasses jingling.

(To be continued.)

**ACCIDENTS IN ONTARIO.**

Care and Safety Appliances Would Save Many Lives.

The first annual report of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board contains interesting data concerning the cost of accidents in that province. Under the Act governing the Board's operations it is compulsory for employers to report all accidents by which employees are prevented from earning full wages. This has had the effect of securing very full reports.

For the year 1915, 17,033 notices of accidents were received by the Board. Of these 9,829 came under the Board's jurisdiction, and 7,600 were finally disposed of. The time lost due to these 7,600 accidents amounted to 170,711 days, or equal to the combined labor of a staff of 550 men for a year.

Only temporary disability resulted from 8,544 accidents, but in 1,033 cases permanent disability followed, and 251 of the accidents resulted fatally.

The value of safety appliances is very strongly emphasized by comparisons between the cost of the necessary safeguards and the monetary cost of the accidents resulting from their absence. For instance, automatic locks on two elevators, at a cost of \$3.50, would have saved two lives and \$6,179 in compensation. Countersinking 21 set-screws on pulleys and fly-wheels, at a cost of \$7.35, would have saved three lives and \$5,619 compensation. The removal of protruding nails, pieces of broken glass and metals, would have saved 156 injuries, while the wearing of goggles, costing \$150, might have saved 38 workmen from permanent injuries to the eyes and \$42,846 in compensation.

The foregoing presents in a striking manner the need of care to prevent accidents. Many of our larger industries are organizing safety associations to further impress upon the employers and workmen the advantage of safety appliances and the use of every precaution in their work; much good has already resulted.

Such a record of accidents, causing a constant and ceaseless drain upon the productivity resources of Canada, is unnecessary. Effort must be made to reduce the number of accidents in the labor of Canada, and there is already a severe shortage in some branches of industry.

Yet, in one province alone, in 1915, accidents injured 17,033, permanently disabled 1,033, and killed 251 of our producers.

How we dislike to meet a man who acts as if our time were his.

**Win Against the Hessian Fly**

TO Escape the Main Attack of the Fly—sow your wheat late. The early brood is most destructive to young wheat and provides for future broods. Your own Experiment Station will tell you this.

**THE Best Wheat Yields** come from plants that enter the winter strong and vigorous. Your own experience will tell you this.

TO Win Against the Fly, seed late, feed the crop with available fertilizers which will hasten growth to overcome the late start, and secure vigor with consequent resistance to later broods. Use 200 to 400 pounds per acre containing at least 2 per cent. of ammonia. Acid phosphate alone does not give the necessary quick growth and resistance to the fly.

In Farmers' Bulletin No. 640, U. S. Department of Agriculture, fertilizers are recommended to give vigor to late sown crops and resistance to the Hessian Fly.

Write for our map showing best dates for sowing wheat in your locality; also our Bulletin, "WHEAT PRODUCTION," both mailed free.

**Soil Improvement Committee**  
OF THE  
**National Fertilizer Association**  
CHICAGO Dept. 175 BALTIMORE

**From the Middle West**

**BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are Living.

A new sash and door factory is being built at Grand Prairie.

Dundurn, Sask., is to be the scene of the next provincial "shoot."

Prairie chickens are unusually plentiful in Manitoba this year.

Grain in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, is said to be unusually late this year.

Mrs. N. J. Emmerson, of Creelman, was burned to death in her home.

Post offices have been opened at Darwell and Paul's Corner, in the Edmonton district.

The Mall Carriers of Calgary petitioned for a by-law compelling all dogs to be tied up.

A \$2,000 poultry building at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, was damaged by a hail storm.

More than 200 Saskatchewan farm boys were in Regina during exhibition week as guests of the fair.

Mass meetings were held in Calgary and other mid-west cities on the anniversary of the war's beginning.

Free transportation within 300 miles is given Saskatchewan soldiers who leave to work in the harvest fields.

Following the lead of hotelkeepers in Calgary, one hotel in Edmonton has begun the sale of two per cent. beer.

Peter Nimolovich, of Prince Albert, was hanged last week for the murder of his companion at Battleford, Sask.

A party of Greek farmers from Mason City, Ia., have recently taken up land at Marlboro, 145 miles west of Edmonton.

Internment camp for aliens at Brandon has closed, the men having been sent to various quarters for government work.

Matthew Rebar, an eleven-year-old boy at Lethbridge, dropped dead while playing on the street. Death was caused by the intense heat.

James O. Crook, a well-known Winnipeg business man, and employee of the Winnipeg Piano Co., was drowned in the Red River last Sunday.

After one week's illness, Police Constable H. Goodwin, of Winnipeg, died at the General Hospital. He had been on the Toronto police force.

The workmen on the new Bank of Hamilton building, at Winnipeg were terrified last week when eight tons of steel fell from a derrick. Three were badly injured.

The old homestead of Gabriel Dumont, a lieutenant under Louis Riel at the time of the Riel Rebellion, was sold recently by a Rothen, Sask., real estate company.

A violent wind storm, accompanied by rain and hail, struck a school-house with the teacher and eleven pupils in it at Davidson, Sask. The building was wrecked, but no lives were lost.

Two hundred Winnipeg young women have donned khaki in the ranks of Dr. Ellen Dowling's Volunteer Reserve Corps in that city and will go into camp at Gimli, the first military camp for women in Canada.

**BRITISH-WAR SPIRIT.**

An American Praises Steadfast Purpose to Win.

James M. Beck, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, is in France, where he has been invited to visit the French military headquarters. Prior to his departure from England Mr. Beck made the following statement:

"What I have seen and heard in England during my four weeks' stay has filled me with admiration. Nothing could be finer than the quiet but resolute purpose of the English people to push this vital struggle to the basic principles of civilization to a conclusive victory. Their steadfast purpose is remarkable. They are neither elated with victories nor depressed by defeats. Both are regarded as mere eddies of a swift current which is steadily moving to its appointed end."

"In a year they equipped an army of more than 4,000,000 men, and yet they never boasted of the stupendous achievement nor complain of the equal burden of expense. I heard few, if any, expressions of hatred for the foe."

"Only when the Cavell case or the Lusitania massacre are mentioned does one see a glitter in their eyes, which is more significant than any words. I am persuaded that even if England were left to continue the struggle alone, an almost unthinkable contingency, she would do so in a spirit of 'to the last man and to the last penny.' Having had the privilege of discussing the issues of the war with most of England's public men, I have not heard even an intimation of a desire for an inconclusive peace or of the stupendous horrors of this greatest tragedy in history."

"I have been specially impressed with the women of England. To use Homer's immortal phrase, they are 'smiling through their tears.' High-born and low-born work side by side in democratic comradeship. Gentle natured women take their turn in the shifts of the munition-factories. One will tell you she has three sons in the army, and yet nothing indicates the anxious heart under the smilingly affable manner. I have met society women who are serving as parlor maids, nurses and dish washers in hospitals."

"While bereavements are general there are few signs of mourning. Social life proceeds as usual as the best antidote to the gloom of a colossal tragedy. The world possibly has never seen anything approaching the stoical purpose of the men and women of all the belligerent countries as they continue their life-and-death struggle."

People who do not believe all they hear are fond of repeating it.

It's one thing to be popular; it's another to be popular and right, too.

## USEFUL PRESERVING HINTS

Here's the Way to Succeed in Jam or Jelly Making.

- 1o—Use ripe — but not over-ripe fruit.
  - 2o—Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting and later on cause preserves to ferment.
  - 3o—Cook well.
  - 4o—Clean, and then by boiling at least 10 minutes, sterilize your jars perfectly before pouring in the preserves or jelly.
- Success will surely follow the use of all these hints.

We advise purchasing the Red Diamond Extra Granulated in the 100 lb. bags which as a rule is the most economical way and assures absolutely correct weight.

Dealers can supply the Red Diamond in either fine, medium, or coarse grain, at your choice.

Many other handy refinery sealed packages to choose from.



**St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.**