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THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XII.

But that night Adrien Leroy could not sleep. Dismissing his valet, he threw himself into a chair, and began to review the events of the day which had affected him more deeply than he would confess to. Then the mere sight of Lady Constance with Lord Standon had convinced him that any hope of ever winning her for his wife was at an end. For so many years had he himself been wooed and sought after, without response, that he was as ignorant of the rules of the game of love as any child. Love! he had sneered at it, jested at its power, all his life; but now he was beginning to suffer from its pangs himself. He rose hastily, and throwing open the window of his dressing-room, stepped out on the balcony.

It was an exquisite night, and the stars shone like diamonds. Yet their very distance and detachment from all things earthly only served to deepen Adrien's melancholy. Before him stretched, in seemingly endless vista, the woods and lands of his heritage.

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spirit to confront the old man's satire with his usual calm; so he shrank back into the shadow of the buttress against which he leaned. But Lord Barmister's eyes were quick to perceive him; and, striding forward, he laid his hand on his son's shoulder.

"Well, Adrien," he commenced, "what is wrong? Can't you sleep, or are you given to spending the small hours in star-gazing?"

"I might retort in kind, sir," returned Adrien, pulling his scattered thoughts together, and smiling faintly.

"Ah! I am old," said his father. "Age has its penalties as well as its privileges; and the freedom to speak plainly is one of the latter. Come, my boy, what is wrong? At your age I was happy enough; but you seem to have taken the troubles of the world on your shoulders. Are you ill?"

"No, sir, I am well enough," returned Adrien quietly.

"Then are you worrying over your debts through that unlucky horse? Because, although, as you know, I do not interfere with your money matters as a rule, you are quite at liberty to draw on my bank if you care to do so."

His son turned to him affectionately: "No, no, sir," he said gratefully.

"I don't suppose they are as bad as all that. Jasper will see to them. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he regretted them. His father's face darkened; his eyes grew fierce.

"Jasper! always Jasper," he snarled, even as Mortimer Shelton had done. "It's a pity he didn't break his neck this morning, instead of his miserable tool."

Adrien uttered a protesting exclamation; he would have sacrificed anything sooner than have given his father this opportunity to revile his friend.

"You must be blind, sir," continued Lord Barmister, now working himself up into a rage. "Did not you see and hear enough from that jockey this morning to make you realise what that precious friend of yours had done? I tell you, Adrien, that Jasper Vermont bribed that miserable man to rope your horse. For him, you have allowed your friends, my guests, to be swindled out of their money."

It was the first time in Adrien's recollection that the proud old man had ever even hinted that Barmister Castle was not entirely his son's; yet that the guests were those of his father's choice as well as of his own.

Adrien's eyes blazed.

"Father," he said in a voice low, but as hard as steel. "I know you have always hated Mr. Vermont, but this goes farther than hate. Forgive me if I ask you, but surely you have some proofs? Otherwise you would not have accused him of such villainy. Give them to me, and I promise you to punish him as severely as you yourself could wish."

"Proofs!" his father repeated sternly with knitted brows. "What proofs would such a clever scoundrel leave about? This morning's work should be sufficiently proof even to satisfy you."

Adrien drew himself up to his full height, and confronted his father with a resolute air.

"It is no use, sir," he said. "I cannot take a drunken jockey's ramblings as proof of such an awful thing as that. Jasper is my friend, and besides, it is more to his interest to help me than to hate me."

Lord Barmister sighed deeply. The experience of age had taught him the impossibility of convincing youth against its will.

"Well, my boy," he said, "have your own way, but mark my words, you will live to repent your folly! I have no more proof, and to me, no more is needed. Men on their death-beds do not lie, and I am as firmly convinced that Jasper Vermont forced that man to sell the race, as though I had the confession on paper. Still, I will say no more; you are young, and 'Youth knows All.' Find out for yourself the man's character, I shall not warn you again. You are placing your faith in a thankless cur; don't grumble when he turns round and bites the hand that has helped him. As for me, I will wait. Believe me, I would far rather know myself to be wrong than deal you any further unhappiness, so let us drop the subject for a time. I did not mean to bring up the man's name. I want to speak to you of far more important things."

His voice grew more grave, indeed almost solemn.

"Adrien, I am an old man, nearing the grave, and, as is only natural, my thoughts turn to the future of our race. You are the last of our line; it is to you I look to carry it on. You are no longer a boy, with a youth's follies and tastes; it is time you took up your responsibilities."

Adrien made as if to speak, but his father checked him, with a gesture of his hand.

"Slay, hear me out," he said. "When I was your age, your mother was at my side, I had given the House of Leroy its son and heir. I was married, and had left the lighter loves of the world for a more lasting and responsible one. You know I have never interested much with your life; but though I am no longer of the gay world, I yet hear something of its doings. You 'live the pace,' they tell me, and are the idol of the smart set. Barmister Castle, Adrien, looks for something higher than that in its lord and master. I repeat, sir, at your age I was married."

"And loved," said Adrien softly.

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Lord Barmister, his face lighting up at

thought of the woman whom he had lost, and mourned so long. "Your mother was that which ranks above rubies, a good and virtuous woman, worthy of any man's love."

Adrien turned his pale face away, as if to avoid scrutiny, then he said gently:

"I admit your right to speak like this, sir, and if it rested with me I would obey you at once."

"It does rest with you, Adrien," returned his father quickly. "Surely you are blind, not to see that Constance Tremaine loves you with her whole heart."

Adrien started up, his face alight and quivering with excitement.

"Impossible, sir!" he exclaimed. "Would to heaven it were true; for I know no other woman to whom I would so gladly devote my life."

The grim old face softened and relaxed. He had not expected such an overwhelming victory.

"Why do you say it is impossible?" he asked.

Adrien did not answer for a moment, then he said hoarsely:

"She is already engaged to Lord Standon."

An exclamation of astonishment burst from the old man's lips. He put out his hand in involuntary sympathy, and the two so strangely alike, yet so wide apart in years, clasped hands. Then, as if ashamed of the momentary emotion, the old man turned away, saying quietly:

"This is, of course, a surprise to me. It's truth yet remains to be proved, but I should feel inclined to doubt it myself." With which he went back to his own apartments.

Left alone once more, Adrien walked restlessly to and fro.

"If Constance really cared for me," he said to himself, "nothing else in the world would matter. Lucky Standon! I dare not think of the future, if what Jasper said was true."

At last he, too, returned to his room; but it was almost morning before he fell into a troubled slumber.

(To be continued.)

The Farm

From Grass to Grain and Hay.

I find from experience that it is most profitable and will cause as little shrinkage as possible in the milk flow or loss in weight of the animals, in changing from grass to grain and hay, to make such changes gradually. I think at least two or three weeks should be taken to shift the animals from their summer quarters of grass to the winter quarters of grain and hay. I too often see animals out in the pasture until very late in the fall, which receive very little attention, if any, till some stormy time comes, and then they are hustled into the barn and feed lots, and the feed just pitched to them any way. Usually the consequences are some sick, and perhaps some dead stock. This is not profitable.

Very often during the season when the animals are to be changed the pasture is rather short and sometimes tough, while if the fall rains have been plentiful, the grass may be in a fairly good condition. But if the animals are allowed access to a rack full of good sweet clover hay, they will begin eating the hay, even while the pasture is quite good. In this way the animals will become accustomed to the change gradually and there will be no material danger when put on full feed.

I think one of the best feeds to be given immediately after removing from the pasture is some kind of roots. Turnips, beets, etc., may be fed at this season of the year to the very best advantage, and will assist the animals in getting to corn and hay.

In feeding forage hay at this season, it should be of the very best quality, as the animal must be tempted with rations of the most palatable kind. When there is some spoiled hay in the barn, do not feed it at this time. It will come in better during the cold weather, when the animals have naturally a good appetite and are well accustomed to dry feed.

Animals should be kept out of doors as much as possible. I mean by this, that they should be stabled only when the weather is bad. In fair weather I never stable any stock unless it is very cold, as they seem to like to be out in the open air, and I think it better for them than being shut up in the stables. But when they are in the stables and the weather is not too severe, see to it that the windows are open so as to have plenty of ventilation. I think that in early fall and winter the animals will suffer from close confinement more than from too much ventilation.

I always make it a practice, when changing from grass to grain and hay, of allowing the animals as much liberty as possible in yards about the barn, only putting them in the barn at milking and feed time and during bad weather, until they become thoroughly accustomed to the new conditions. Animals on pasture naturally take exercise. In grazing they will walk many miles. The change from this condition to a narrow stall is rather severe, and due consideration should be given in allowing the cow at this time as much freedom and open air while changing the feed, as possible. Young colts should not be left out in the pasture until they begin to get low in flesh. I find it much more profitable to begin feeding them some

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long before the pastures begin to dry up, so as to have them ready to put on dry feed when the time of year comes, without any serious trouble. I think this is too often neglected, and the young colts are brought in thin in flesh, and they cannot be got through the winter in the condition that they would have been, had they been well cared for at the proper time.

In weaning the colt from the mare, it should have the very best of care, as the change of conditions is liable to cause some trouble. While on the good summer pasture, the mare gave milk for the young colt that was easily digested, and in taking him from milk to dry feed it is necessary that he should receive the very best of care and attention. He should be properly fed in order to prevent any bowel troubles.

This same rule will hold good in taking young calves through this period. In fact, it will apply to all kinds of live stock, but more especially to the young of the farm, which are expected to turn in a profit for the farmer the next year.—R. B. Rushing in Canadian Countryman.

Might Be Worth Trying.

According to an eminent French scientist, flies show a marked aversion to things that are blue. This fact was first discovered by a French farmer, who kept a number of cows distributed in several sheds. The interior of one of these sheds had, purely by accident, been colored blue. The other stables had white interiors. The farmer soon noticed that, while the cows in the sheds with white walls were driven to the point of frenzy by flies, the cattle housed in the shed with blue interior were not bothered. The little pests hovered outside this shed; only a stray one, whose sense of color was perhaps not strongly developed, every now and again would be tempted to enter.

The farmer told of his observation, and soon other farmers took to painting their sheds blue, with gratifying results. Now it is a general custom among the cattle-owners in France to tint the interiors of their sheds with a solution made by mixing ten pounds of slacked lime with twenty gallons of water, and then adding one pound of ultramarine. The sheds are tinted with this solution twice during the

summer months, with the result that the cattle are pretty generally free from annoyance.

It might be a good plan for owners of horses and cattle in this country to experiment with the use of blue about their stables and out-buildings. Nothing should be neglected which might add to the comfort of the beasts during the hot summer months.—Our Dumb Animals.

Farm Notes.

Sheds are cheaper than feed. I mention some now. Have a place for every living thing, from the old dog to the most valuable horse.

It is not too late to dig up the weeded burdocks as long as you can stich pick into the ground. After you've done them, burn them, root and branch.

One rat of the right denomination will soon populate a whole farm, if not give him a chance. Let's drop all once er business and get right after the very first one.

Cattle will do much more in the tramping around the corn-field when it is wet in the fall of the year, eating the stalks that are left there, than all the good they will get from stalks. Better take the stalks all up and feed them where this injury will not be done to the soft earth.

After sweeping the barn floor, even if you do keep your lips closed, sweep out the mouth and nose. Sniff plenty of water-up the nostrils and blow it out gently. You will be surprised how much dust you have breathed in through your nose. The same way after sifting ashes. Never fail to do this.

When you see a hired-man or a farm tenant, on your farm or anywhere else, thoughtful about putting tools in out of the reach of the weather, make up your mind that he is a pretty good fellow to have around; and if you need such help, and the right time comes, try to engage him, if he is all right in other respects.

It is surprising how many folks have not gotten around to slicking up the strip of land by the side of the road that belongs to them. That's a part of their domain—clear to the center of the highway and it is their right, as well as their duty, to put it in the finest shape possible. It makes the farm look so much better to clear out the old hedge-row and seed it down to grass.

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