

# "SALADA"

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## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd).

"No, Lady Constance," he said. "I fear the world gives me too much credit. I have nothing to do with this whim of Adrien's save to pay out the salaries for the company. The management is his—or rather, perhaps, I should say, Miss Lester's; and I am not answerable for its failures or its successes. I believe, too, he is about to give the whole place to Miss Lester."

Lady Constance started almost unconsciously, and Jasper knew that his words had hit home at last.

"I am sure you do your best to help him," she said, after a moment's pause.

"You are most kind," he returned with a bow and an ironic smile.

trust you will let me prove my friendship both to Adrien and yourself."

### CHAPTER XV.

It was the night on which Adrien had returned to town. Jessica, ignorant that he had ever left it, had found her way to his chambers, and waited there patiently and hungrily in the hope of once more seeing him. As the clock struck eight she decided that it was useless to remain any longer, and accordingly retraced her steps through the crowded thoroughfares.

Anything would be better than waiting like this, she thought despairingly. After the silence of the deserted street, the crowd, pushing and jostling her, brought her almost a feeling

of satisfaction. Even if she were alone, at least she could not be solitary while the world rushed past her in its eager search for pleasure.

At one point near Charing Cross a few curious loafers had collected on either side of the brilliantly-lit facade on a theatre, over which, in colored lights, was the name, "The Casket."

As Jessica stood watching listlessly, indeed almost unconsciously, a handsome motor rolled up before the imposing entrance. The little group surged back before the white-gloved commissionaire, who hurried forward, but the door of the car had already been thrown open by the chauffeur, and a gentleman and lady stepped out.

At the sight of one of them, Jessica's indifference became changed to a feverish eagerness. The color left her face; her eyes dilated, her lips parted. She swayed back, half fearful, half desirous that he should see her; for it was he, the man for whom she had waited so long, the man she had enshrined within her heart.

Adrien, all his doubts as to the possibility of winning Constance's love returning to him in full force once he had left her presence, had come down to the theatre with two objects. One to distract his thoughts from his hopes and fears, the other to arrange with Jasper for the entire transfer of the theatre to Ada. He meant this to be the last night as far as the Casket and Ada Lester were concerned.

Absorbed in his own reflections, he hardly saw the group of humble spectators, and did not appear to hear their murmurs of recognition but turned and held out his hand to assist the lady who accompanied him.

Jessica's eyes flashed fiercely as they wandered from his face to that of the woman beside him.

"She is beautiful," she murmured beneath her breath. "She is beautiful, said with him!"

All the love which had been aroused in her passionate heart surged up, and for the minute, almost turned to jealous hate. "Beautiful, and with him!" It was agony to her to see him as he bent down to catch some light words of his companion, whose perfumed satin cloak swept by the crouching girl, as the pair passed into the theatre.

Full well she knew that she herself could never hope to hear his voice, or feel the pressure of his hand; yet it was with the bitterness of death that she saw him pass her by in the company of this beautiful woman. Mingled also with her jealousy was another feeling, that of partial recognition.

For the moment she could not remember where—but at some time in the past, she fancied she had seen that dark highly-colored face, and heard the harsh vulgar voice.

As Leroy turned from the motor, she heard him say to the chauffeur, "Be here at eleven."

"At eleven," she thought, "then I will be here too, and see him once more."

She hung on the outskirts of the group and listened with greedy ears for any chance word that might arise about her idol.

"A regular beauty, I should just think so," said a man, addressing another who had passed a remark on the lady in question. "She's the biggest star on the stage, you bet! Ada Lester knows her value, and ain't likely to forget it neither."

The other man ventured a remark concerning the lady's escort.

"Him? That's Leroy—son of Lord Barmister—the richest of 'em all. She belongs to him, she does; so does the whole theatre. Costs him a pretty penny, you bet. But lor' bless yer, he don't mind! Can't spend his money fast enough. My brother's one of the shifters, and the things he cud tell yer 'bout 'er, and 'er temper, 'ud make yer 'air stand on end."

Jessica moved away, while members of the group aired their knowledge of the rapidly entering, smartly-dressed audience.

"That's Mr. Leroy's friend, Mr. Vermont," commenced the first speaker again. "I've 'eard tell 'e does all the work and pays out all the other one's money; but he ain't no class himself—he's not a real tip-top swell like them others." He pointed to a little group of white-waistcoated, immaculately-dressed men, now standing on the steps of the vestibule.

"Lord! this 'ere 'Casket' 'll be crammed with all the swells to-night—'cos it's the fashion."

"So Ada Lester is the fashion now, eh?" commented his companion, who had probably known her in her poorer days; and therefore was inclined to be interested in her.

"Not 'arf, she ain't," agreed the man, with the Londoners' ride in laying down the law on the subject. "She's got a house like a duchess, and can eat off gold or silver if she chooses; an' all for her face, for she can't act for nuts. I've see 'er, so I know! With which lordly criticism, he closed the subject."

As for Jessica, sick at heart with jealousy, she turned up one of the side streets to commence her long wait for Adrien Leroy; while the group, dispersed, laughing and chattering.

elaborate and senseless burlesque, "Prince Bon-Bon." But with all its deficiencies as regarded culture, the piece appeared to be a success.

Ada Lester could dance, if she could not act; and she could shout a vulgar patter song, if she could not sing; therefore after a tumultuous first act, during which she had been "Hong-kored"—as she expressed it to her heart's content, she was standing in the wings, with a cigarette between her painted lips, radiant with content and gratified vanity.

"Well, Shelton," said Leroy, as his friend approached him, where he leaned against a stack of scenery. "What do you think of the show this time?"

"As beautiful as it is senseless," was that gentleman's sarcastic reply. "Heaven alone knows what it cost you," he added.

"I certainly don't know myself," admitted Adrien, knocking the ash from his cigarette. "Ask Paxhorn—he wrote the lyrics, and had the management; or better still Vermont, whom I'm going to see myself presently. But this will be a success, Mortimer, and I shall make a fortune."

"Yes," said Shelton quietly, "for Paxhorn and Vermont. Well, it's no business of mine, of course."

He turned to Ada, who had been tapping her foot angrily during this little conversation. "Well, Miss Lester," he said, "haven't you a word for me, to-night?"

She stared at him viciously, for Mortimer was not a favorite of hers.

"Yes," she snapped. "I hate the sight of you!"

Both men laughed as though amused.

"That was a fair hit," said Shelton, with mock grief in his voice. "Don't kill me right out, Miss Lester. Let me open a bottle of champagne for you."

"I don't want it," said the popular dancer, her eyes flashing angrily. Then, turning her back on him, she said to Adrien: "Ain't you going to the front to see me dance?"

"I can see you from here," was his answer. "You look charming, my dear Ada; doesn't she, Mortimer?"

"Yes, and as good as she is beautiful," declared that gentleman, making her a low bow.

With a furious glance at him, and a furtive look at Adrien, she passed them; and, accompanied by a burst of music from the orchestra and a storm of clapping from the audience, she commenced her dance.

Shelton watched her with a sneer. "Hark! how they applaud," he said, glancing up at the crowded and delirious house. "They seem to admire her, anyway. Long live Miss Ada, Queen of dancers. Adrien, why do you put up with that painted vixen?"

Leroy smiled at his sudden change of tone.

"Don't let her hear you," he said. "And don't worry yourself about me, old fellow."

"You're afraid of her," continued his friend. "Oh, yes, you may think it an impertinence if you like, but I know you are. You'd face a cannon's mouth sooner than that woman's angry abuse. You dread a scene as a musician does a false note. For me, I'm sick of the whole world."

"Why do you remain in it, then?" asked Adrien, laughing.

"For the same reason as yourself," replied the cynic. "Neither of us know what the next will be like."

Adrien laughed, but before he could explain to his friend his plan with regard to Ada, a crowd of pretty dancers in silver gauze surrounded him, begging for real bon-bons, instead of the painted property sweets given out to them.

"Do you girls think I am made of Bon-bons, like the piece?" he said waving them back. "Why, you'll make yourselves ill."

"Oh, Mr. Leroy," pouted one, "we've danced so hard, too!"

"Go to Mr. Vermont, then," was the indolent reply; "he'll give you what you want," and with a rush they swept back on the stage.

## When The Children Rush In From School,

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



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### Papa of the Past.

Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively.

"I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy anyway?"

"Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point out a moral.

"Papa," came the reply, "when he was little."

### A Delightful Surprise.

"I was a good girl, mamma," announced Lucille on her return from her first party, "and talked nice all the time."

"And did you say something nice to Mrs. Appley before leaving?" asked her mother.

"I sure did," said Lucille proudly. "I said, 'I had a lovely time Mrs. Appley, and had lots more to eat than I expected.'"

## FIVE ROSES FLOUR

FOR BREADS - CAKES  
PUDDINGS - PASTRIES

YOUR neighbour, famous for her baking—maybe she uses Five Roses.



## AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

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Leather is being worn out faster today than ever before in the history of the world, while production is considerably less than a few years ago. While the consequent shortage is keenly felt by the civilian who has to pay half as much again for his own and his family's shoes, it is even more serious for the Government, which must supply hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

Rubber, too, is being used in enormous quantities on account of the war—one British manufacturer, for instance, is working on a rubber boot order for the army which will take 14,000,000 pounds of rubber, fabric and chemicals. But the supply, thanks to the great rubber plantations in Britain's tropical Dominions, is easily keeping up with the demands, and raw rubber, despite a war tax of 7½%, is actually cheaper today than before the war. So, though the fabric and chemicals used cost nearly double, rubber footwear has not gone up very much in price.

These conditions naturally are leading thoughtful, thrifty, patriotic Canadians to save leather just as much as possible by wearing rubbers, bvershoes, high rubber boots and heavy farm rubbers. In addition to the very substantial saving in cost, rubber footwear has decided advantages for wet or cold weather around the farm or in the woods. The men like its warm, dry comfort under all conditions, and the women like the way it sheds the dirt instead of bringing it in to melt and track around the house. For the children, too, particularly if they are walking a long way to school, rubbers and overshoes mean a great deal in warmth, comfort and protection against colds.

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