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## THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

### CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"All here," asked Leroy in his clear voice, as they descended the steps to where the motors stood waiting. "Come along"—turning to the rest of the party—"we are all going to supper to celebrate Ada's triumph." Paxhorn, dismiss your car, old man, and come with us; we want to hear the rustle of your laurels."

Laughingly, they entered the vehicles, while, above all the others, rang the harsh voice of the woman, and Jessica, hearing it, shuddered involuntarily. Then they were gone. Suddenly, while the girls' eyes were straining after them, the last motor stopped, and Jasper Vermont jumped out and hastened back into the theatre. More out of idle curiosity than anything else, or perhaps again prompted by the guardian angel of Leroy's honor, she waited to see him come out again. In a few minutes he re-emerged, bearing in his hand a small roll of papers, one of which he was reading, with a malicious smile on his face. Jessica, unwittingly stood in his path, and he crashed into her with such force as to knock his hat to the ground. With an oath he struggled to regain it, pushing her roughly aside.

"Out of my way, girl," he exclaimed, thinking she was about to beg from him. "I have nothing for you."

At the sound of his voice Jessica's face whitened, and she turned away, frightened and trembling; as she did so, her foot struck against something light lying on the kerb. She stooped and found it was a small roll of papers, part of those which had been in the gentleman's hand, and which he had been studying so attentively. She did not trouble to open it, but slipped it into the bosom of her dress and walked dreamily away.

### CHAPTER XVI

"Is it a Rubens, or is it not? That is the question," drawled Frank Parselle, as he dropped his eyeglasses.

On an easel in Lady Merivale's drawing-room, stood a picture, before which were grouped a small assembly

of her friends, including one or two artists and connoisseurs. Lord Merivale was also present, having been dragged away from his beloved farm, and worried into the purchase of this picture—the usual portrait of a gentleman—by his beautiful wife. He himself knew nothing whatsoever about it, either as to its value or its genuineness; it was worn and dirty looking, and, in his opinion, would have been dear at a five-pound note.

"Yes, that is the question," echoed Lord Standon. "It's not a bad face though. I should vote it genuine, right enough."

"It's extremely dirty," yawned Lord Merivale, casting a longing look at the green grass of the park opposite and thinking of his new short-horns in Somersetshire.

"Philistine!" exclaimed his wife, tapping him playfully on the arm. "You are incorrigible. Dirty! why, that is tone."

"Ah," returned her husband, turning away and gazing admiringly at a bull by Potter. He was as wise as he had been before; for the jargon of Art and fashionable society was not one of his accomplishments.

"I tell you who would be a good judge," put in Mr. Paxhorn. The rest turned inquiring eyes on him.

"Who?" asked Lord Standon. "Adrien Leroy. He is an artist, though he keeps his talents as secret as if they were crimes. It was he who did the designs for my last book."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the room. Nearly everyone knew that it was to the illustrations the book owed the greater portion of its success.

"A modesty quite unfashionable," exclaimed Lady Merivale, whose beautiful face had flushed ever so slightly at the mention of Adrien's name.

"Yes," admitted Paxhorn. "Man have to proclaim their gifts—very loudly in the market-place, before they sell their wares nowadays."

"Oh, Adrien is a veritable Crichton," put in Lord Standon.

"There is very little he does not know, and even that is made up by the estimable Jasper."

"Yes, I saw them together not half an hour ago," said Paxhorn. "If I had known of this picture, I would have got them to come with me; for Vermont is a genius at settling any question under the sun."

"He's not always right, though," put in Lord Merivale, quietly. "What about that horse of Leroy's? Wasn't it Vermont who was so sure of his winning the race? Yet his Majesty did not win, did he?"

"No, I know that," said Standon, with a rueful smile, as he thought of his added debts. "That was not Vermont's lack of judgment," put in Paxhorn, who, for private reasons of his own, always stood up for that gentleman. "I am sure the horse would have won had it not been for Adrien's ill-timed generosity."

"What was that?" inquired Lady Merivale, looking keenly over at him. "He gave the jockey a ten-pound note the night before the race; and of course, the fellow got drunk, and pulled the 'King' up at the last fence."

"And lost his life, did he not?" asked one of the artists.

Lord Standon nodded thoughtfully. He was attached to his friend Leroy, and did not see why he should be blamed unnecessarily.

"Yes," he replied; "the strangest part of it was the way the poor fellow raved at Vermont."

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Merivale, sharply.

"We were all standing round him," explained Lord Standon, "and when Vermont came up the man seemed to go off his head, and practically said he had sold the race. Of course, it was all nonsense, though I believe Lord Barminster is having some inquiries made."

"But why should Vermont have sold the race? Really, it's too absurd," put in Paxhorn scornfully. "Especially as he'd backed him for five hundred pounds himself. It's hardly likely he'd do such a thing for his own sake, apart from his sense of honor, and his friendship for Leroy."

Lady Merivale glanced sceptically at the speaker. Her faith in Jasper's sense of honor was not very strong. Then she gave a deep sigh. "Why, Eveline," said her husband, looking up, "you seem quite grieved. Not on your own account, I hope?"

The idea of his wife betting was very repugnant to him, and Lady Merivale always endeavored to keep her little flutters, whether on 'Change or on the turf, entirely to herself. She laughed lightly, therefore, as she answered.

"Oh, no, indeed! I lost a dozen of gloves, that was all. A vision of the cheque for five hundred pounds, which she had drawn, arose before her as she spoke.

"I'm afraid it will take a little more than that to settle Leroy's book," said Lord Merivale carelessly.

At this moment the door opened and Adrien Leroy himself was announced. There was the usual buzz of welcome, and her ladyship's eyes flashed just one second, as he bent over her hand.

"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Leroy," she said. "You can settle a knotty question for us. This is my latest acquisition. Now have I been deceived, or have I not? Is it a Rubens?"

Adrien smiled at the two artists, who were slight acquaintances of his. "You ask me while such judges are near? Cannot you decide, Alford—nor you, Colman?"

"Well, I say it is," said the first. "While I think it is forgery," laughed the second; and thereupon ensued a lengthy and detailed criticism.

Adrien bent nearer to the picture under examination, then he said quietly:

"Where two such lights cannot discover the truth, who may? I agree with you, Alford, and so I do with you, Colman. Both your arguments are so convincing that if Rubens had painted it, and were present, to hear you, Colman, he'd be persuaded he hadn't; and if he had not painted it, you, Alford, could almost convince him that he had."

There was a general smile at the artists' expense, and Adrien continued:

"Rubens' touch"—examining the face—"but what is this?" He pointed to a small weapon thrust into the girdle of the figure.

"That is a dagger," said Alford. "Here, where are the glasses?"

"Thanks," said Adrien, "but I don't require them. It is a dagger, and a Florentine one at that. Ah! Lady Merivale, I'm afraid your picture is more a specimen of what a modern impostor can rise to than that of an old master. That dagger is of comparatively modern fashion, certainly, while Rubens died in 1640."

The two artists stared, as well they might, but were neither sufficiently acquainted with Leroy to express their surprise at his knowledge, nor had knowledge enough themselves to challenge his dates.

(To be continued.)

### Got The Wrong Person

In no other household except that of a doctor could this mistake, so plausibly have occurred.

"Get my bag for me at once!" boomed the doctor. "Some fellow telephoned in a dying voice that he can't live without me."

"Just a moment!" interposed his wife. "I think that call is for daughter, dear."

## The Farm

Have The Cream Separator on a Solid Base.

The old method of creaming milk by the use of shallow or deep pans has given place to the use of centrifuge machines. This new method has many advantages, chief of which are an almost complete separation of fat from the milk, a good quality of cream, less labor, and a supply of warm skim-milk for feeding hogs and calves. However, the machines require attention: in order that they may give the best satisfaction. It is essential that the separator be level and set on a solid base. It cannot be expected to give satisfaction if the floor is springy. A concrete base is preferable, and if wooden blocks are imbedded in the cement when building it, the machine can easily be securely fastened down and there will be little danger of its getting out of plumb or loose. One of the first indications that the machine is not level is a quivering when turning. This trouble may also be caused by the bearings being too tight, or the spindle of the bowl being slightly bent. However, having the machine set on a poor foundation is a forerunner of considerable trouble.

There are several things which might happen to cause a variation from day to day in the amount and percentage fat of the cream from the same weight of milk: Separating the milk with the same machine, at the same speed, day after day, does not guarantee a uniform test, as many things may transpire to cause a variation.

Increasing the speed above normal tends to increase the percentage of fat in the cream and decrease the weight; while decreased speed lessens the percentage of fat and increases the number of pounds. Feeding the milk into the machine too slowly, having the milk below normal temperature, or the cream outlet too small, will have a tendency to cause a thick cream. Feeding the milk too fast, or clogged skim-milk tubes, causes thin cream. A fairly uniform product can be secured day after day by properly adjusting the cream screw and endeavoring to do the separating when the milk is at a certain temperature and with the machine turned at a uniform speed.

Cream appearing on the skim-milk, after standing a few hours, may be due to cold milk, insufficient speed, and the machine not being on a firm foundation. However, with the best separator made and the taking of every precaution, the percentage fat in the cream will vary more or less from day to day, as it is almost impossible to perfectly control all the factors which cause the variation.

For convenience, the separator should be in or near the stable. If there is no special milk-house a room can be partitioned off in some part of the stable, and if properly constructed it can be made sanitary. It should be kept clean and well ventilated, otherwise there is danger of particles of dust or dirt falling into the milk while it is being separated, and any foul odor will be absorbed by warm milk. Care should be taken to keep the separator and its surroundings clean at all times. Unless this is done the highest grade cream cannot be produced.—Farmer's Advocate.

### Don't Let Grain Prices Drive You Out of Hogs

The high prices paid for pork during the past season have induced many farmers to part with more of their stock of swine than they can rightly afford. This is a mistake in every respect. Even though the price of feed has been high and promises to be higher, the price of the fattened animal has, and will rise in proportion, and even without an increase in price, the demand is so sure to hold out, that at a reasonable profit every farmer should be satisfied to maintain a sufficient herd of these animals, which, beside bringing in direct cash returns, do so much toward keeping up the fertility of the soil. No doubt one reason for the average farmer's willingness to part with his pigs before the coming of the Winter season, is the partial failure of the root crop, while another reason is the falling off in the supply of milk; but it must be acknowledged that a lot of pig feeding has been accomplished satisfactorily without the aid of either of these foodstuffs. As evidence, take the case of the farmers of the North-West. Of course, these western farmers have, as a rule, an unlimited supply of feed grain at their backs, but the secret of their success is something more than this; and as regards the grain that can be fed profitably to hogs than disposed of in any other way this Winter.

Pigs need something beside grain or meal to keep him in good condition and where roots and milk are lacking, alfalfa, hay or red clover may be fed; either dry or cut, and soaked with the meal. To ensure the health of the pigs in Winter, access to unfrozen earth should be allowed as the animals need a taste of the soil to keep them from becoming constipated. Another important point in pig-keeping is to have them dry at all times that there is any danger of cold. To keep his pigs through to better times, a farmer can afford to have them a little on the thin side, but they must be kept dry to be safe, and it is surpris-

ing what odds and ends the pig will clean up, if driven to it.

### Uses for Lime on Farms.

All of the higher order of plants contain lime, it may be said, and lime is an important factor in the structure of all vertebrates and shell bearing animals. Our daily food should, therefore, contain somewhat of lime, to provide against natural bone waste. All farm stock, especially young animals, require a daily supply of lime in their food to maintain properly or to build up a normal bony framework. No material lends itself so cheaply to purify the air of a building as lime, applied to the walls and ceilings as whitewash, and to floors as ground limestone. On the walls it gradually dries into a carbonate of lime, which offers a hard germ-resisting surface. The pulverized lime floor covering is an excellent absorbent, which is easily removed and as easily preserved for future application to farm lands. This it may be said applies to ground limestone and not to quick or burned lime.

Where formerly bare fallowing was generally practised, to obtain good tilth and aeration of the soil and an increase in available plant food with the consequent idleness of the land and waste of nitrates, we now accomplish the same result with equal effect and less waste of fertility, while continuously cropping the ground, by an intelligent use of lime and a generous supply of organic matter applied to the soil.

As has often been pointed out in these columns before, lime improves heavy soils by making them more porous, while light soils which are already too porous, are made more retentive through the same agency. The presence of caustic lime reduces the number of slugs which infest many garden plants, checks many fungus growths, such as smut and rust, and permits a longer succession of one crop without the injurious effects of disease. Many crops require an ex-



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cess of lime in the soil where grown, beyond that required for physical benefits, principally the legume family. Where lucerne and clovers are grown continuously the best results are obtained, only by frequent top dressings of lime.—Cape Times, S. A.

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The spectacular rise in leather prices has a significance far beyond its painful effect on our personal expenses—it is becoming a serious matter for the Government and our soldiers at the Front.

The war is using up leather much faster than it is being produced. The reserve, particularly of high-grade leather, is steadily diminishing. If the soldiers are to have plenty for shoes and equipment, and if the Government is to be able to procure it at prices within reason, civilians must economize on it to the limit.

This is the reason well-worn shoes are no longer a discredit, but an honor—an evidence that the wearer puts patriotism before pride, thrift before vanity.

Fortunately the prevailing moderate prices of rubbers and overshoes make this practicable. In most cases they cost little more than before the war, and a very small expenditure for either will protect the old shoes perfectly through the winter, keep the feet dry and comfortable, and guard the wearer's health. Many are also following the sensible course of wearing rubber boots or "rubbers and socks" for working around the stables, in the woods, or in the fields during the cold, wet weather. Not the least of their advantages is their cleanliness around the house.

Wearing rubbers or overshoes is one of the rare cases where virtue brings its own reward, for in addition to the very considerable money saving, which is there that affords such solid comfort as a well-worn pair of shoes?

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