

ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd)

Possibly, when he first arrived in London, Frithiof might have scouted such a notion if it had been proposed to him, but now his first question was whether he was really qualified for the situation. Those hard words which had so often confronted him—"Experienced only"—flashed into his mind.

"I have had a good education," he said, "and, of course, understand book-keeping and so forth, but I have had no experience."

"I quite understand that," said Mr. Boniface. "But you would soon get into the way of things. My son would show you exactly what your work would be."

"Of course I would," said Roy. "Think it over, Flack, for at any rate it would keep you going for a time while you look round for a better opening."

"Yes, there is no need to make up your mind to-night. Sleep upon it, and let me know how you decide to-morrow. If you think of accepting the situation, then come and see me in Regent Street between half past one and two o'clock. We close, at two on Saturdays. And in any case, whether you accept or refuse this situation, I hope you will come and spend Saturday to Monday with us here."

"You are very good," said Frithiof, thinking to himself how unlike these people were to any others he had come across in London.

As Frithiof walked home to Vauxhall he felt more at rest than he had done for many days. They had not preached at him; they had merely given one of the best gifts that can be given in this world, the sight of one of those homes where the kingdom of heaven has begun—a home, that is, where "righteousness and peace and joy" are the rule, and whatever contradicts this reign of love the rare exception.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strict economy in gas was practised by the Miss Turnours, and Frithiof had to grope about for matches. "Attendance," too, did not apparently include drawing down the blind, or turning down the bed.

Looking honestly into his own mind he detected there something that urged him to snatch at this first chance of work, lest, with fresh failure and disappointment, the very desire for work should die within him, and he should sink into a state which his better nature abhorred. The clatter of tongues still ascended from below. He took off his boots, dropping first one and then the other with a resounding thud upon the floor, after the manner of men.

The next morning he went to the Swedish Embassy to ask advice once more.

"I am glad to see you," said the consul. "I was hoping you would look in again, for I met old Sivertsen the other day, and he was most anxious to have your address. He said you went off in a hurry, and never gave him time to finish what he was saying."

Frithiof smiled. "He did nothing but inveigh against the rising generation, and I didn't care to waste the whole morning over that."

"You have too little diplomacy about you," said the consul. "You do not make the best of your own case. However, Sivertsen seems to have taken a fancy to you, and I advise you to go to him again; he will most likely offer you work. If I were you, I would make up my mind to take whatever honest work turns up, and throw pride to the winds. Leave your address here with me, and if I hear of anything I'll let you know."

Frithiof, somewhat unwillingly, made his way to Museum Street, and was ushered into the stuffy little den where Herr Sivertsen sat smoking and writing serenely. He bowed stiffly, but was startled to see the sudden change which came over the face of the old Norwegian at sight of him.

"So! You have come back, then!" he exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the hand, just as though they had parted the best of friends. "I am glad of it. Why didn't you tell me the real state of the case? Why didn't you tell me you were one of the victims of the accursed thirst for gold? Why didn't you

tell me of the hardness and rapacity of the English firm? But you are all alike—all! Young men nowadays can't put a decent sentence together; they clip their words as close as if they were worth a mint of money. A worthless generation! Sit down, now, sit down, and tell me what you can do."

Frithiof, perceiving that what had first seemed like boorishness was really eccentricity, took the proffered chair, and tried to shake off the mantle of cold reserve which had of late fallen upon him.

"I could do translating," he replied. "English, German or Norwegian. I am willing to do copying; but there, I suppose, the type-writers would cut me out. Any way, I have four hours to spare in the evening, and I want them filled."

"You have found some sort of work then already?"

"Yes, I have got work which will bring me in twenty-five shillings a week, but it leaves me free from eight o'clock, and I want evening employment."

Herr Sivertsen gave a grunt which expressed encouragement and approval. He began shuffling about masses of foolscap and proofs which were strewn in wild confusion about the writing-table. "These are the revised proofs of Scanbury's new book; take this page and let me see how you can render it into Norwegian. Here are pen and paper. Sit down and try your hand."

Frithiof obeyed. Herr Sivertsen seemed satisfied with the result.

"Put the same page into German," he said.

Frithiof worked away in silence, and the old author paced to and fro with his pipe, giving a furtive glance now and then at the down-bent head with its fair, obstinate hair brushed erect in Norwegian fashion, and the fine Grecian profile upon which the dark look of trouble sat strangely. The consul's account of his young countryman's story had moved him greatly, and he was determined now to do what he could for him. He rang the bell and ordered the Norwegian maid-servant to bring lunch for two, adding an emphatic "Straix!" (immediately), which made Frithiof look up from his writing.

"You have finished?" asked Herr Sivertsen.

"Not quite. I can't get this last bit quite to my mind. I don't believe there is an equivalent in German for that expression."

"You are quite right. There isn't. I couldn't get anything for it myself. What have you put? Good! very good. It is an improvement on what I had thought of. The sentence runs better."

He took the paper from the table and mumbled through it in an approving tone.

"Good! you will do!" he said at the end. "Now while we lunch together we can discuss terms. Ha! what has she brought us? Something that pretends to be German sausage! Good heavens! The depravity of the age! This German sausage indeed! I must apologize to you for having it on the table, but servants are all alike nowadays—all alike! Not one of them can understand how to do the marketing properly. A worthless generation!"

Frithiof began to be faintly

WATCH YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH

If any of your children seem to be pale and anaemic, growing too fast or too slowly, don't start doctoring them. Food is the keynote of a child's growth and health. Some children, owing to constitutional weakness, or as a result of children's diseases, will not thrive on food from which stronger ones benefit. In such cases the addition of Bovril to the diet will produce marked results. Bovril is concentrated beef in its best and most palatable form. Stringent scientific tests have shown that it is a great body-builder. It is in itself a highly condensed food, but it possesses the remarkable power of enabling the system to draw the full store of nutriment from ordinary food. Give your child between meals, once a day, a cup of warm milk, in which you have stirred a spoonful of Bovril, and try a dash of Bovril in your gravies, sauces and soups. It will be not only the delicate ones who will appreciate the added zest, all will benefit from the increased nutrition.



Mr. M. J. Patton, Assistant Secretary of the Commission of Conservation.

amused by the old man, and as he walked away from Museum Street with a week's work under his arm he felt in better spirits than he had done for some time.

With not a little curiosity he sought out the Bonifaces' shop in Regent Street. The inner shop was consecrated to instruments of all kinds, and through this Frithiof was taken to Mr. Boniface's private room.

"Well," said the show-owner, greeting him kindly. "And have you made your decision?"

"Yes, sir, I have decided to accept the situation," said Frithiof.

"I forget whether I told you about the hours," said Mr. Boniface. "Half past eight in the morning till half past seven at night, an hour out of that for dinner, and half an hour for tea. You will have of course the usual bank holidays, and we also arrange that each of our men shall have a fortnight some time during the summer."

"You are very thoughtful for your hands," said Frithiof. "It is few, I should fancy, who would allow so much."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Boniface. "A good many, I fancy, try something of the sort, and I am quite sure that it invariably answers. It is not in human nature to go on forever at one thing—every one needs variety. Business becomes a treadmill if you never get a thorough change, and I like my people to put their heart into the work. If you try to do that you will be of real value, and are bound to rise."

"Look," said Roy, showing him a neatly drawn-out plan of names and dates. "This is the holiday chart which we worked out this summer. It takes my father quite a long time to arrange it all and make each dovetail properly with the others."

They lingered for a few minutes talking over the details of the business, then Roy took Frithiof down into the shop again, and in the uninterrupted quiet of the Saturday afternoon showed him exactly what his future work would be.

"I am afraid all this must be very un congenial to you," said Roy.

"Perhaps," said Frithiof. "But it will do as well as anything else. And indeed," he added, warmly, "one would put up with a great deal for the sake of being under such a man as Mr. Boniface."

"The real secret of the success of the business is that he personally looks after every detail," said Roy. "All the men he employs are fond of him; he expects them to do their best for him, and he does his best for them. I think you may really be happy enough here, though of course it is not at all the sort of life you were brought up to expect."

He began to know intuitively how things would strike Frithiof, and as they went down to Brixton he prepared him for what he shrewdly surmised would be the chief disagreeable in his business life.

"I don't think you heard," he began, "that there is another partner in our firm—a cousin of my father's—James Horner. I dare say you will not come across him very much, but he is fond of interfering now and then, and sometimes if my father is away he gets fussy and annoying. He is not at all popular in the shop, and I thought I would just warn you beforehand, though of course you are not exactly expecting a bed of roses."

When they reached Rowan Tree House they found a carriage waiting at the door.

"Talk of the angel and its wings appear," said Roy. "The Horners are calling here. What a rascal!" Frithiof felt inclined to echo this sentiment when he found himself in the pretty drawing-room once more and became conscious of the

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presence of an overdressed woman and a bumptious little man with mutton-chop whiskers and inquisitive eyes, whose air of patronage would have been comical had it not been galling to his Norwegian independence.

"The Bonifaces have no sense of what is fitting," she said afterward to her husband. "The idea of introducing one of the shopmen to me! I never go into Loveday's drawing-room without longing to leave behind me a book on etiquette."

"She's a well-meaning soul," said James Horner, condescendingly. "But countrified still, and unpolished. It's strange after so many years of London life."

"Not strange at all," retorted Mrs. Horner, snappishly. "She never tries to copy correct models, so how's it likely her manners should improve. I'm not at all partial to Cecil either. They'll never make a stylish girl of her with their ridiculous ideas about stays and all that. I'll be bound her waist's a good five-and-twenty inches."

(To be continued.)

POLICEMAN STOLE SAUSAGE.

Arrested By a Civilian at Hamburg, Germany.

A policeman was passing down one of the by-streets in Hamburg, Germany, when he espied an attractive piece of sausage in a shop window. He was hungry and the sausage was alluring. He was, moreover, an economical man and a person of resource. "Why buy sausage when one can have it for nothing?" he asked himself, and, drawing his sword, he thrust it through an aperture in the glass and neatly impaled the morsel on the point.

He was just about to devour his spoil when a civilian, who had seen the theft, came up and told him sharply to follow him to the police station. The man was so taken back that he forgot he was a policeman and made no attempt to resist. He implored the amateur to forgive him and not to cause his arrest, but the entreaties were useless, and, as if mesmerized, he meekly followed his captor to the station, where he was duly accused of his larceny, and is now awaiting trial.

ENGLISH WOMEN ASSAILED.

Either Masculine or Doll-like, Says Dr. Maeder of Zurich.

Dr. A. Maeder of Zurich, Germany, contributes an article to *Imago*, a scientific review, on the English woman.

He divides the women of England into two classes, which are represented by the extremes of the masculine and the doll-like types.

"The first may be immediately recognized," he writes, "by the build, which shows masculine traits, the face being angular with something rough about the features, while the gait has something disagreeably decided, energetic and heavy."

"The suffragette belong to this type. Her manner of thought and feeling is ego-central."

"The impression of a want of womanliness is received everywhere in London. Compare, for instance, two theatrical performances, the one in Paris and the other in London. In London dancing and ballet are merely gymnastic exercises, completely lacking in womanly character and feminine grace."

"The English idea of beauty is that of a Botticelli 'Madonna.' No full, ripe forms are aimed at, but the attainment of the straight line. The undeveloped girl is the ideal of the English woman, who wears short white skirts at 50. The Rubens type is never seen."

"To this ideal much of the refusal to eat sufficient food on the part of the English girls is no doubt due. I gained the impression that many of these girls did not desire marriage, or at least wished to put it off as long as possible."

"The other type, the doll, which we very seldom see here, is quite infantine and undeveloped. She seemed to me like a pretty plaything."

ALWAYS SOME DRAWBACK.

"He married the prettiest girl in town."

"Well?"

"Now he's kicking because she can't cook."

UNUSUAL.

"How's your insomnia, Slocum?"
"Worse and worse! I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"

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