

# IMITATIONS ABOUND

Every one shows the dealer a larger profit, but none possess the flavour of

# "SALADA"

or give the same satisfaction to the tea drinker. Black, Mixed and Green. Sealed lead packets only.

## ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd)

"But," exclaimed Roy, "when you were once more out of debt how was it that you did not confess, and do what you could to make up for your shameful conduct?"

"Well, sir, I hadn't the courage. Sometimes I thought I would; and then again I couldn't make up my mind to; and I got to hate Mr. Falck, and I hated him more because he behaved well about it; and I got into the way of spiting him and making the place disagreeable to him; and I hoped that he would leave. But he stuck to his post through it all; and I began to think it would be safer that I should leave, for I felt afraid of him somehow. So at Michaelmas I took this situation. And oh, sir, for my wife's sake don't ruin me; don't expose all this to my employer!"

"I promised you just now that you should not be exposed; but you must write a few words of confession to my father; and be quick about it, for I want to catch the express to London."

Darnell, who was still pale and agitated, seized pen and paper, and wrote a few words of apology and a clear confession.

Roy watched him with some curiosity, wondering now that he had not suspected the man sooner. But, as a matter of fact, Darnell had been perfectly self-possessed until his guilt was discovered.

"I don't know how to thank you enough, sir, for your leniency," he said, when he had written, in a few words as possible, the statement of the facts.

"Well, just let the affair be a lesson to you," said Roy. "There is a great deal said about drunkenness being the national sin, but I believe it is betting that is at the root of half of the evils of the day. Fortunately, things are now set straight as far as may be, yet remember that you have wronged and perhaps irrevocably injured a perfectly innocent man."

"I bitterly regret it, sir; I do, indeed!" said Darnell.

"I hope you do," said Roy; "I am sure you ought to."

And while Darnell still reiterated thanks and apologies, and abject regrets, Roy stalked out of the shop and made his way back to the station.

"To think that I believed in that cur, and doubted Falck!" he said to himself, with disgust. "And yet, could any one have seemed more respectable than Darnell, more thoroughly trustworthy. And how could I disbelieve the evidence that was so dead against Frithiof! Sigrid and Cecil trusted him, and I ought to have done so too, I suppose; but women seem to me to have a faculty for that sort of thing which we are quite without."

Then, after a time, he remember-

ed that the last barrier that parted him from Sigrid was broken down; and it was just as well that he had the railway carriage to himself, for he began to sing so jubilantly that the people in the next compartment took him for a school-boy returning for his Christmas holidays.

It had been arranged that if he could catch the express from Plymouth he should meet his father at the shop, and arriving at Paddington at half past six, he sprang into a hansom and drove as quickly as possible to Regent Street.

Frithiof just glanced at him inquiringly as he passed through the shop. He wondered much what had passed at Plymouth, and when at last he had got rid of his customer, Roy returned to the shop with such evident excitement and triumph in his manner that old Foster thought he must be taking leave of his senses.

"My father wants to speak to you, Frithiof," he said.

And Frithiof followed him into the little inner room which had been the scene of such disagreeable interviews in the past. A strange dream-like feeling came over him as he recalled the wretched summer day when the detective had searched him, and in horrible, bewildered misery he had seen the five-pound note lying on that same leather-covered table, an inexplicable mystery and a damning evidence against him.

But visions of the past faded as Mr. Boniface grasped his hand.

"How can I ever apologize to you, Frithiof?" he said. "Roy has brought back a full confession from Darnell, and the mystery is entirely cleared up. You must forgive me for the explanation of the affair that I was content with last summer—I can't tell you how I regret all that you have had to suffer."

"Here is Darnell's letter," said Roy, handing it to him.

And Frithiof read it eagerly, and asked the details of his friend's visit to Plymouth.

"Will this satisfy Mr. Horner do you think?" he said, when Roy had told him all about his interview with Darnell.

"It can not fail to convince every one," said Mr. Boniface. "It is proof positive that you are free from all blame, and that we owe you every possible apology and reparation."

"You think that Mr. Horner will be content, and will really sign the fresh deed of partnership?" said Frithiof.

"He will be forced to see that your honor is entirely vindicated," said Mr. Boniface. "But I shall not renew the offer of partnership to him. He has behaved very ill to you, he has been insolent to me, and I am glad that, as far as business goes, our connection is at an end. All that is quite settled. And now we have a proposal to make to you. We want you, if nothing better has turned up, to accept a junior partnership in our firm."

Frithiof was so staggered by the unexpectedness of this offer that for a moment or two he could not say a word.

"You are very good," he said, at length. "Far, far too good and kind to me. But how can I let you do so much for me—how can I let you take as partner a man who has no capital to bring into the business?"

"My dear boy, money is not the only thing wanted in business," said Mr. Boniface, laying his hand on Frithiof's shoulder. "If you bring no capital with you you bring good abilities, a great capacity for hard work, and a high sense of honor; you will bring, too, what I

value very much—a keen sympathy with those employed by you, and a real knowledge of their position and its difficulties."

"I dare not refuse your offer," said Frithiof. "I can't do anything but gratefully accept it, but have done nothing to deserve such kindness from you."

"It will be a comfort to me," said Mr. Boniface, "to feel that Roy has some one with whom he can work comfortably. I am growing old, and shall not be sorry to do a little less, and to put some of my burden on to younger shoulders."

An dthen, after entering a little more into detail as to the proposed plan, the three parted, and Frithiof hurried home, eager to tell Sigrid and Swanchild of the great change that had come over their affairs.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

Cheerfulness reigned once more at the model lodgings. As Frithiof opened the door of the parlor he heard such talking and laughter as there had not been for some time past, despite Sigrid's laudable endeavors. Swanchild came dancing to meet him.

"Look! look!" she cried, "we have got the very dearest little Christmas-tree that ever was seen. And Madame Lechertier has promised to come to tea to-morrow afternoon, and we are going out presently to buy the candles for it."

"Unheard-of extravagance," he said, looking at the little fir-tree upon which Sigrid was fastening the candle-holders.

"Only a shilling," she said, apologetically. "And this year we really couldn't do without one. But you have brought some good news—I can see it in your face. Oh, tell me, Frithiof—tell me quickly just what happened."

"Well, Darnell has made a full confession for one thing," he replied. "So the last vestige of the cloud has disappeared. You can't think how nice the other men were when they heard about it! Old Foster gave me such a hand-shake that my arm aches still."

"And Mr. Boniface?"

"You can fancy just what he would be as far as kindness and all that goes. But you will never guess what he has done. How would you like to count our savings toward the debt-fund by hundreds instead of by units?"

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"I mean that he has offered me the junior partnership," said Frithiof, watching her face with keen delight, and rewarded for all he had been through by her rapture of happiness and her glad surprise.

As for Swanchild, in the reaction after the long strain of secret anxiety which had tried her so much all the autumn, she was like a wild thing; she laughed and sung, danced and chattered, and would certainly never have eaten any supper had she not set her heart on going out to buy Christmas presents at a certain shop in Buckingham Palace Road, which she was sure would still be open.

"For it is just the sort of shop for people like us," she explained, "people who are busy all day and can only do their shopping in the evening."

So precisely they locked up the rooms and all three went out together on the merriest shopping expedition that ever was known. There was a feeling of Yuletide in the very air, and the contentment and relief in their own hearts seemed to be reflected on every one with whom they came in contact. The shops seemed more enticing than usual, the servers more obliging and ready to enter into the spirit of the thing. Swanchild, with five shillings of her own earning to lay out on Christmas gifts, was in the seventh heaven of happiness; Sigrid, with her own secret now once more a joy and not a care, moved like one in a happy dream; while Frithiof, free from the miserable cloud of suspicion, freed, moreover, by all that he had lived through from the hopelessness of the struggle, was the most perfectly happy of all. Sometimes he forced himself to remember that it was through these very streets that he had wandered in utter misery when he first came to London; and recollecting from what depths Sigrid had saved him, he thought of her with a new and strange reverence—there was nothing he would not have done for her.

His reflections were interrupted by Swanchild's voice.

"We will have every one from Rowan Tree House, won't we?" she said.

"And Herr Sivertsen," added Sigrid. "He must certainly come, because he is all alone."

"And whatever happens, we must

Canada's finest sugar at its best



Your love of cleanliness and purity will be gratified by this 5-Pound Sealed Package of

**Redpath**  
Extra Granulated Sugar

It's Canada's finest sugar, fresh from the Refinery, untouched by human hands. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar Your Grocer can supply you.

**Canada Sugar Refining Company, Limited, Montreal.**

### HOW WHEAT FIELDS SWEAT.

Professor Discourses on Solar Heat and Plant Moisture.

When you are perspiring furiously in the dog days of this year, it may or may not console you to think that an ordinary field of wheat is giving off moisture quite as furiously.

Between the months of April and July, according to Professor Sir James Dewar, a field of wheat perspires sufficient moisture to cover the surface of its ground to the depth of nine inches. Another interesting fact is that it requires 3½ lbs. of water to produce 18 grains of corn.

These and other wonders of heat and moisture were discussed recently by Sir James in another lecture to young folk at the Royal Institution, London. He mentioned that the famous vine at Hampton Court, which has a leaf surface of 1,820 square inches, gave off in twelve hours two-fifths of a pound of water.

Speaking of the solar radiation in tropical places, Sir James said that in six hours about four-tenths of a square mile received heat equivalent to the combustion of 1,000 tons of coal, while an area of 1,300 square miles got in one year heat equivalent to one billion tons of coal—the whole estimated coal output of Europe and America.

### Paying in Kind.

He came in and laid down some suspicious-looking bills, with a genuine dollar bill on top.

"I want to pay for that barrel of potatoes I got."

"Can't take this money," said the dealer.

"Why not?"

"Most of it isn't good."

"The top layer is good, is it not?"

"Yes."

"That's the way it was with the potatoes."

### NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are entirely different from others both in their composition and their effect—complete evacuation without purging or discomfort.

25c. a box at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 165

WE HAVE STARTED A

## PRIZE COMPETITION



In the interest of purity of goods involving an outlay of \$500, divided into 44 prizes varying from \$100 (first prize) down to \$5.00.

Competition is limited to users of the GRIMM CHAMPION EVAPORATOR.

Should you own a grove and want to get the best value out of it, and are not using one of our EVAPORATORS, write to us, stating how many trees you tap and we will quote you necessary cost suited to your needs. You can then enter contest and may win a cash prize, thus reducing cost of outfit. Prizes will be given for the best samples of syrup and sugar sent in by April 15th, closing date of competition. Samples from every competitor will be exhibited in the magnificent show windows of "The Montreal Star," Montreal, during the last two weeks of April.

Don't fail to write at once for copy of our "Prize Contest Circular," giving the fullest information.

**THE GRIMM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD.**  
58 Wellington St., Montreal, Que.

*Home Dyeing*  
has no terrors for me - It's simply my delight  
Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results  
That's because I use

**DYOLA**  
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy—Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.—So Mistakes are Impossible.  
Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors.  
The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.