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ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd).

"I should like to go," said Cecil, quickly. "But it is no use being there before seven, for Madame Lechertier has her classes so much later in this hot weather."

"Well, go up at seven, then, and have a good talk with her; make her understand that we none of us think a bit the worse of him for it and that we are vexed with Cousin James for having been so disagreeable and harsh. You might, if you like, go to meet Roy; he comes back at half-past eight, and he will bring you home again."

Cecil cheered up a good deal at this idea; she took Lance round the garden with her, that he might help her to gather flowers for Sigrid, and even smiled a little when of his own accord the little fellow brought her a beautiful passion-flower which he had gathered from the house-wall.

"This one's for my dear Herr Frithiof!" he exclaimed, panting a little with the exertions he had made to reach it. "It's all for his own self, and I picked it for him, 'cause it's his very favorite."

"You know, Cecil," said her mother, as she returned to the seat under the veranda and began to arrange the flowers in a basket, "I have another theory as to this affair. It happened exactly a week after that day at the sea-side when we all had such a terrible fright about Roy and Sigrid. Frithiof had a long run in the sun, which you remember was very hot that day; then he had all the excitement of rowing and rescuing them, and though at the time it seemed no strain on him at all, yet I think it is quite possible that the shock may have brought back a slight touch of the old trouble."

"And yet it seemed to do him good at the time," said Cecil. "He looked so bright and fresh when he came back. Besides, to a man accustomed as he once was to a very active life, the rescue was, after all, no such great exertion."

Mrs. Boniface sighed.

"It would grieve me to think that it was really caused by that, but if it is so, there is all the more reason that they should clearly understand that the affair makes no difference at all in our opinion of him. It is just possible that it may be his meeting with Lady Romiaux which is the cause. Sigrid told me they had accidentally come across her again, and that it had tried him very much."

Cecil turned away to gather some ferns from the rockery; she could not bear to discuss that last suggestion. Later on in the afternoon it was with a very heavy heart that she reached the model lodgings and knocked at the door that had now become so familiar to her.

Swanhild flew to greet her with her usual warmth. It was easy to see that the child knew nothing of the trouble hanging over the house. "What lovely flowers! How good of you!" she cried.

But Sigrid could not speak; she only kissed her, then turned to Swanhild and the flowers once more.

"They are beautiful," she said. "Don't you think we might spare some for Mrs. Hallifield? Run and take her some, dear."

When the child ran off, she drew Cecil into their bedroom. The two girls sat down together on the bed, but Sigrid, usually the one to do most of the talking, was silent and dejected. Cecil saw at once that she must take the iniative.

"I have been longing to come and see you," she said. "But yesterday was so filled up. Father and mother are so sorry for all this trouble, and are very much vexed that Mr. Horner has behaved badly about it."

"They are very kind," said Sigrid, wearily. "Of course most employers would have prosecuted Frithiof, or, at any rate, discharged him."

"But, Sigrid, what can be the explanation of it? Oh, surely we can manage to find out somehow. Who can have put the note in his pocket?"

"What!" cried Sigrid. "Do not you, too, hold Mr. Boniface's opinion, and think that he himself did it unintentionally?"

"I!" cried Cecil, passionately. "Never! never! I am quite sure he had nothing whatever to do with it."

Sigrid flung her arms round her.

"Oh, how I love you for saying that!" she exclaimed.

She was recalled from her thoughts by Cecil's voice; it was sweet and gentle again now, and no longer vehement.

They went back to the sitting-room and began to prepare the evening meal; and when, presently, Frithiof returned from his work, the first thing he caught sight of on entering the room was Cecil's sweet open-looking face. She was standing by the table arranging flowers, but came forward quickly to greet him. Her color was a little deeper than usual, her hand-clasp a little closer, but otherwise she behaved exactly as if nothing unusual had happened.

"I have most unceremoniously asked myself to supper," she said, "for I have to meet Roy at half-past eight."

"It is very good of you to come," said Frithiof, gratefully.

His interview with Carlo Donati had done much for him, and had helped him through a very trying day at the shop, but though he had made a good start and had begun his new life bravely, and borne many disagreeables patiently, yet he was now miserably tired and depressed, just in the mood which craves most for human sympathy.

"Lance sent you this," she said, handing him the passion-flower and making him smile by repeating the child's words.

He seemed touched and pleased. Then, while Sigrid and Swanhild were busy in the kitchen, she told him what she knew of Donati's previous life, and how it was that he had gained this extraordinary power of sympathy and insight.

"I never met anyone like him," said Frithiof. "He is a hero and a saint, if ever there was one, yet without one touch of the asceticism which annoys one in most good people. That the idol of the operatic stage should be such a man as that seems to me wonderful.

"You mean because the life is a trying one?"

"Yes; because such very great popularity might be supposed to make a man conceited, and such an out-of-the-way voice might make him selfish and heedless of others, and to be so much run after might make him consider himself above ordinary mortals, instead of being ready, as he evidently is, to be the friend of any one who is in need."

"I am so glad you like him, and that you saw so much of him," said Cecil. "I wonder if you would just see me into a cab now, for I ought to be going."

He was pleased that she had asked him to do this; and when she had said good-bye to Sigrid and Swanhild, and was once more alone with him, walking through the big courtyard, he could not resist alluding to it.

"It is good of you," he said, 'to treat me as though I were under no cloud. You have cheered me wonderfully."

"Oh," she said, "it is not good of me—you must not think that I believe you under a cloud at all. Nothing would ever make me believe that you had anything whatever to do with that five-pound note. It is a mystery that will some day be cleared up."

"That is what Signor Donati said. He, too, believed in me in spite of appearances being against me. And Sigrid says the same. With three people on my side I can wait more patiently."

Cecil had spoken very quietly, and quite without the passionate vehemence which had betrayed her secret to Sigrid, for now she was on her guard; but her tone conveyed to Frithiof just the trust and friendliness which she wished it to convey; and he went home again with a fresh stock of hope and courage in his heart.

Meanwhile Cecil paced gravely up and down the arrival platform at Charing Cross. Perhaps the anxiety had already left its traces on her face, for Roy at once noticed a change in her.

"Why, Cecil, what has come over you? You are not looking well," he said, as they got into a hansom and set off on their long drive.

"Father has not been well," she said, in explanation. "And I think we have all been rather upset by something that happened on Monday afternoon in the shop."

Then she told him exactly what had passed, and waited hopefully for his comments on the story. He knitted his brows in perplexity.

"I wish I had been at home," he said. "If only James Horner had not gone ferreting into it all this would never have happened. Frithiof would have discovered his mistake, and all would have been well."

"But you don't imagine that Frithiof put the note in his pocket?" said Cecil.

"Why, who else could have put it there? Of course he must have done it in absence of mind. Probably the excitement and strain of that unlucky afternoon at Britling Gap affected his brain in some way."

"I can not think that," she said. "And even if it were so, that is the last sort of thing he would do."

"But that is just the way when people's brains are affected, they do the most unnatural things; it is a known fact that young innocent girls will often in delirium use the most horrible language such as in real life they can not possibly have heard. Your honest man is quite likely under the circumstances to become a thief. Is not this the view that my father takes?"

"Yes," said Cecil. "But somehow—I thought—I hoped—that you would have trusted him."

"It doesn't in the least affect my opinion of his character. He was simply not himself when he did it. But one can't doubt such evidence as that. The thing was missed from the till and found pinned into his pocket, how can any reasonable being doubt that he himself put it there?"

"It may be unreasonable to refuse to believe it—I can not help that," said Cecil.

"But how can it possibly be explained on any other supposition?" he urged.

"I don't know," said Cecil; "at present it is a mystery. But I am as sure that he did not put it there as that I did not put it there."

"Women believe what they wish to believe, and utterly disregard logic," said Roy.

"It is not only women who believe in him. Carlo Donati has gone most carefully into every detail, and he believes in him."

"Then I wish he would give me his recipe," said Roy, with a sigh. "I am but a matter-of-fact, prosaic man of business, and can not make myself believe that black is white, however much I wish it. Have you seen Miss Falck? Is she very much troubled about it?"

"Yes, she is so afraid that he will worry himself ill; but, of course, she, too, believes in him. I think she suspects the other man in the shop—Darnell; but I don't see how he can have anything to do with it, I must own."

There was a silence. Cecil looked sadly at the passers-by, lovers strolling along happily in the cool of the evening, workers just set free from the long day's toil, children reveling in the fresh sweet air. How very brief was the happiness and rest compared to the hard, wearying drudgery of most of those lives!

(To be continued).

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

TO THE

PEOPLE OF ONTARIO

FOR

The Hospital for Sick Children

Dear Mr. Editor:—

It would take more space than you can spare to tell of the good work done by the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, for the sick and deformed children of this Province. Let me, in a few words, tell you of the steady growth of this Hospital.

In the year 1875 there were only six cots and beds, one nurse, 44 in-patients and 67 out-patients. In 1912 there were 250 cots and beds, 64 nurses, 1,294 in-patients and 17,862 out-patients.

During the 37 years of the Hospital's existence, 19,370 in-patients have been admitted, and 133,724 out-patients have been treated, a total of 153,094, or an average of 4,138 per year. Of the 19,370 in-patients, 5,495 were from places outside of Toronto. 9,644 of the total in-patients were cured, and 5,711 were improved. This is a great record.

Of the 1,294 in-patients last year, 341 came from 218 places outside of Toronto, so that the Hospital is not a local, but a Provincial Institution.

In the Orthopedic Department in 37 years, nearly 700 boys and girls have been treated for clubfeet, and about 600 were corrected. Half of these came from places outside of Toronto, so surely we have a fair claim for help from the people of this Province.

The Corporation of Toronto grants $25,000, not only for the city children, but towards the maintenance of all patients in the Hospital, and the citizens of Toronto donate an average of $15,000 annually to the funds of the Hospital.

Will you, kind reader, think of what your money will do? It helps to restore health and strength, and gives sound limbs and straight feet to crippled boys and girls.

Remember that your pocket-book must be the Hospital's friend, if the Hospital is to be the children's friend.

Remember that Christmas calls you to open the purse of your kindness to the Hospital, so that the Hospital may open the heart of its help to the children.

Remember that your money can help the Hospital build a bridge over which the feet of little children may travel on the journey from sorrow to joy, from sickness to health—aye, from death to life.

Please send a dollar, or more if you can spare it, to Douglas Davidson, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Hospital, or J. Ross Robertson, Chairman of the Trustees, Toronto.

On the Farm

Raising Calves.

Several systems of raising calves are in vogue among different stockmen. The calves may be allowed to run with the cows and suck at will. They may be confined and allowed to suck two or three times per day. In this system one calf may be allowed to suck one or two cows, or two calves may be allowed to suck the same cow, according to the flow of milk and size of the calves. Calves may be confined and fed fresh whole milk from the pail. Again, they may be fed on fresh, sweet skim milk or separator milk or on sour skim milk, or even buttermilk or whey.

On the western ranges and in other localities where beef is the chief object and where the milk is not desired for other purposes, the calf is allowed to run with its mother. Under range conditions this is the only possible economic way of raising calves. The sucking calf develops into a more promising yearling than the skim milk calf, especially if the latter is fed in a careless or irregular manner. Without proper care skim milk calves make small pot-bellied yearlings.

Whatever cattle are raised on a small scale and there is a good market for milk, it does not pay to let calves suck the cows. Only calves which will bring fancy prices for breeding purposes can profitably be allowed to run with the mother. Milk will bring a larger price as butter than ordinary calves can make from it.

The results of numerous experiments in the United States and Canada are in substantial agreement with regard to the most economic method of raising calves. They should be allowed to suck the cows for three or four days. They will thus get the colostrum or first milk and exercise a favorable influence in preventing inflammation of the udder.

About the fourth day the calves should be separated from the cows and fed on whole milk by means of an artificial feeder, or taught to drink whole milk from a pail. As soon as they have learned to drink the whole milk should be gradually replaced with warm sweet skim milk so that the calves are receiving nothing but skim milk at the end of four weeks. The skim milk should be fed sweet and warm (95 to 100 degrees F.). The change from whole milk to skimmilk should cover a period of about two weeks. The skimmilk ration may begin at ten pounds per day and increase to fifteen pounds at four weeks of age, after which it may range from eighteen to twenty-four pounds.

It is best to teach calves to drink by using the fingers as artificial feeders are not very satisfactory. Scouring in calves is usually due to feeding too much milk, or sour, cold or unclean milk. Careful attention should be given to these details. If scouring persists the calves may be fed small quantities of wheat bran or rye bran or a little lime may be added.

For their best development calves require milk for four or five months. After that time milk may be omitted from the ration. Small quantities of grain should be fed from the time the calves are two or three weeks old. Corn meal, kaffir corn meal, oatmeal and ground flaxseed or linseed meal are best for this purpose. Calves may be taught to eat by placing a handful of dry meal in the mouth.

Calves which come in the fall are less subject to scouring than spring and summer calves, and there are many other excellent reasons why fall calving should be practiced.

Concerning Your Tongue.

As a matter of fact there are only four distinct tastes—sweet, bitter, salty and acid. All the others are a mixture of the sensations of smell and touch. Nor are all parts of the tongue equally sensitive to all the tastes. For example, the tip of the tongue tastes sweet things best, while the base of the tongue can best detect the presence of bitter substances. Salty material is most easily tasted at the side of the tongue. Sour or acid tastes, however, are felt on all sides. So closely linked is the sense of taste with those of odor and vision that with eyes shut and nostrils closed it is hard to distinguish between an apple and an onion. Try it and see!

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WAY ROYALTY IS GUARDED.

Special Soldiers or Attendants Watch Over Sleeping King.

Every night the palace at which King George is sleeping is patroled by night-watchmen, who pass along the corridors throughout the night inspecting doors and windows. These watchmen wear carpet slippers to deaden the sounds of their footfalls, and are specially trained to know exactly what to do in case of fire. In addition to the night patrol, there is always a sentry on duty outside the chamber in which the King sleeps.

King Alfonso of Spain is guarded at night by specially selected soldiers, who take charge of the keys of all the palace doors each night. These men pledge themselves that the doors shall not be unlocked until daybreak, and no one is allowed to enter or leave the palace until the night is over. The guards sleep outside the royal bedchamber, so that no one may enter during the night.

King Albert of Belgium is another carefully guarded monarch whom no one may disturb once night has set in. Soldiers patrol the corridors of the king's palace, and his special valet locks himself in the king's ante-chamber, which no other person is allowed to enter. The valet is forbidden to open either door until morning under penalty of death.

The Czar of Russia, the closest guarded of any monarch, is protected at night by several companies of soldiers, including Englishmen, members of the secret police, and a body of Cossacks. The various companies work independently of one another.

The Sultan of Turkey is nightly watched over by a very large number of soldiers and councillors, who remain within the neighborhood of his bedroom until morning. The Sultan changes his sleeping apartment oftener than any other monarch. He has the choice of two score bedchambers, and he visits many of these in turn throughout the year.

His Holiness the Pope is guarded by an attendant who is able to watch the welfare of his master through a spyhole in the wall of his bedchamber, so that the Pope is always under observation.

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The outside closet is really a relic of barbarism—no progressive farmer should tolerate it. Just think how your wife and daughters must hate its shocking publicity, inconvenience and discomfort.

Man—make up your mind now to blot the outside closet from your farm. Let us show you how you can install a Good Health Sanitary Closet—right in your own home—at a very small cost. Imagine the comfort, convenience and protection to health it means to you and your family.

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