ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd)

By and by, when he had done all that he could to help, he went back to his own room, leaving Sigrid still with the poor widow.

The scene had made a deep impression on him, he had never before seen any one die, and the thought of poor Hallifield's pathetic confession that he had had no time for anything but the toil of living came to him again and again.

Three days later, poor Hallifield's "handsome funeral" set out from the door of the model lodgings, and Frithiof, who had given up his half holiday to go down to the cemetery, listened to the words of the beautiful service, thinking to himself how improbable it was that the tram-conductor had ever had the chance of hearing St. Paul's teaching on the resurrection.

CHAPTER XXXII.

One December day another conclave was held in Mr. Boniface's private room. Mr. Boniface himself sat with his arm-chair turned toward the fire, and on his pleasant, genial face there was a slight cloud, for he much disliked the prospect of the discussion before him. Mr. Horner stood with his back to the mantel-piece, looking even more pompous and conceited than usual, and Roy sat at the writing-table, listening attentively to what passed, and relieving his feelings by savagely digging his pen into the blotting-pad to the great detriment of its point.

"It is high time we came to an understanding on this matter," Mr. Horner was saying. "Do you fully understand that when I have once said a thing I keep to it? Either that Norwegian must go, or when the day comes for renewing our partnership I leave this place never to re-enter it."

"I do not wish to have any quarrel with you about the matter," said Mr. Boniface. "But I shall certainly not part with Falck. To send him away now would be most cruel and unjustifiable."

"It would be nothing of the sort," retorted Mr. Horner, hotly. "It would be merely following the dictates of common sense and fairness."

"This is precisely the point on which you and I do not agree," said Mr. Boniface, with dignity.

"It is not only his dishonesty that has set me against him," continued Mr. Horner. "It is his impertinent indifference, his insufferable manner when I order him to do anything."

"I have never myself found him anything but a perfect gentleman," said Mr. Boniface.

"Gentleman! Oh! I've no patience with all that tom-foolery! I want none of your gentlemen; I want a shopman who knows his place and can answer with proper deference."

"You do not understand the Norse nature," said Roy. "Now here in the newspaper this very day is a good sample of it."

He unfolded the morning paper eagerly and read them the following lines, taking a wicked delight in the thought of how it would strike home:

"'Their noble simplicity and freedom of manners bear witness that they have never submitted to the yoke of a conqueror, or to the rod of a petty feudal lord; a peasantry at once so kind-hearted, so truly humble and religious, and yet so nobly proud, where pride is a virtue, who resent any wanton affront to their honor or dignity. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that a naturalist, on finding that his hired peasant companions had not done their work of dredging to his satisfaction, scolded them in violent and abusive language. The men did not seem to take the slightest notice of his scolding. "How can you stand there so stupidly and apathetically, as though the matter did not concern you?" said he, still more irritated. "It is because we think, sir, that such language is only a sign of bad breeding," replied an unawed son of the mountains, whom even poverty could not strip of the consciousness of his dignity.'"

"You insult me by reading such trash," said Mr. Horner. "But if you like to keep this thief in your employ—"

"Excuse me, but I can not let that expression pass," said Mr. Boniface. "No one having the slightest knowledge of Frithiof Falck could believe him guilty of dishonesty."

"Well, then, this lunatic with a mania for taking money that belongs to other people—this son of a bankrupt, this designing foreigner—if you insist on keeping him, I withdraw my capital and retire. I am aware that it is a particularly inconvenient time to withdraw money from the business, but that is your affair. 'As you have brewed, so you must drink.'"

"It may put me to some slight inconvenience," said Mr. Boniface. "But, as far as I am concerned, I shall gladly submit to that rather than go against my conscience with regard to Falck. What do you say, Roy?"

"I am quite at one with you, father," replied Roy, with a keen sense of enjoyment in the thought of so quietly baffling James Horner's malicious schemes.

"This designing fellow has made you both his dupes," said Mr. Horner, furiously. "Some day you'll repent of this and see that I was right."

No one replied, and with an exclamation of impatient disgust, James Horner took up his hat and left the room effectually checkmated. Frithiof, happening to glance up from his desk as the angry man strode through the shop, received so furious a glance that he at once realized what must have passed in the private room. It was not, however, until closing time that he could speak alone with Roy, but the moment they were out on the street he turned to him with an eager question.

"What happened to Mr. Horner to-day?"

"He heard a discourse on the Norwegian character which happened to be in the 'Daily News' by good luck," said Roy, smiling. "By the bye, it will amuse you; take it home."

And drawing the folded paper from his coat-pocket, he handed it to Frithiof.

"He gave me such a furious glance as he passed by, that I was sure something had annoyed him," said Frithiof.

"Never mind, it is the last you will have from him," said Roy, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "He has vowed that he will never darken our doors again. Think what a reign of peace will set in."

"He has really retired then?" said Frithiof. "I was afraid it must be so. I can't stand it, Roy; I can't let you make such a sacrifice for me."

"Sacrifice! stuff and nonsense!" said Roy, cheerfully. "I have not felt so free and comfortable for an age. We shall be well rid of the old bore."

"But his capital?"

"Goes away with him," said Roy; "it will only be a slight inconvenience; probably he will hurt himself far more than he hurts us, and serve him right too. If there's a man on earth I detest it is my worthy cousin James Horner."

Later in the evening, when supper was over, Frithiof went round to see Herr Sivertsen about some fresh work, and on returning to the model lodgings found Swanhild alone.

"Where is Sigrid?" he asked.

"She has gone in to see the Hallifields," replied the little girl, glancing up from the newspaper which she was reading.

"You look like the picture of Mother Hubbard's dog that Lance is so fond of," he said, smiling. "Your English must be getting on or you wouldn't care for the 'Daily News.' Are you reading the praises of the Norse character?"

As he spoke he leaned over her shoulder to look at the letter which Roy had mentioned; but Swanhild had turned to the inner sheet and was deep in what seemed to her strangely interesting questions and answers continued down three columns. A hurried glance at the beginning showed Frithiof in large type the words:

"THE ROMIAUX DIVORCE CASE."

He tore the paper away from her, crushed it in his hands, and threw it straight into the fire. Swanhild looked up in sudden panic, terrified beyond measure by his white face and flashing eyes, terrified still more by the unnatural tone in his voice when he spoke.

"You are never to read such things," he said, vehemently. "Do you understand? I am your guardian, and I forbid you."

"It was only that I wanted to know about Blanche," said Swanhild.

But unluckily the mention of Blanche's name was just the one thing that Frithiof could not bear; he lost his self-control. "Don't begin to argue," he said, fiercely. "You ought to have known better than to read that poisonous stuff! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

This was more than Swanhild could endure: with a sense of intolerable injury she left the parlor, locked herself into her bedroom, and cried as if her heart would break, taking good care, however, to stifle her sobs in the pillow, since she too had her full share of the national pride.

When Sigrid returned in a few minutes, she found him pacing the room as restlessly as any wild beast at the Zoo.

"Frithiof," she said, "what is the matter with you? Have you and Herr Sivertsen had a quarrel?"

"The matter is this," he said, hoarsely, checking his restlessness with an effort and leaning against the mantel-piece as he talked to her. "I came back just now and found Swanhild reading the newspaper—reading the Romiaux Divorce Case—thoroughly fascinated by it too."

"I had no idea it had begun," said Sigrid. "We so seldom see an English paper. How did this one happen to be lying about?"

"Roy gave it to me to look at an account of Norway; I didn't know this was in it too. However, I gave Swanhild a scolding that she'll not soon forget."

Sigrid looked up anxiously, asking what he had said, and listening with great dissatisfaction to his reply.

"You did very wrong indeed," she said, warmly. "You forget that Swanhild is perfectly innocent and ignorant; you have wronged her very cruelly, and she will feel that, though she won't understand it."

Now Frithiof, although he was proud and hasty, was neither ungenerous nor conceited; as soon as he had cooled down and looked at the question from this point of view, he saw at once that he had been wrong.

"I will go to her and beg her pardon," he said at length.

"No, no, not just yet," said Sigrid. "Leave her to me."

She rapped softly at the bedroom door, and after a minute's pause heard the key turned in the lock.

"Swanhild," she said, "you are crying?"

"No," said the child, driving back the tears that started again to her eyes at this direct assertion.

But Sigrid put her arm round her waist and drew her close.

"Frithiof told me all about it; and I think he made a great mistake in scolding you. Don't think any more about it."

But she clung to Sigrid, sobbing piteously.

"He said I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I didn't know — I really didn't know."

"That was his great mistake," said Sigrid, quietly. "Now, if he had found me reading that report he might justly have reproached me, for I am old enough to know better. You see, poor Blanche has done what is very wrong; she has broken her promise to her husband and brought misery and disgrace on all who belong to her. But to pry into all the details of such sad stories does outsiders a great deal of harm; and now you have been told that, I am sure you will never want to read them again."

(To be continued.)

Taking Eskimo Census.

The "work" ahead was to find out how many Eskimos and other human beings lived along the barren coast of Hudson Bay, between Fort Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet. It was only one small end of the gigantic task of making an official Government census of all human life in the 800,000 square miles of wilderness and Polar barren between Hudson Bay and the Great Bear, on the east and west, and the fifty-eighth degree and the Arctic Ocean on the north and south. The work was begun more than two years ago, but it isn't completed yet, except in the 100,000 square miles along the west shore of the great bay.

For the Sheep-raiser.

Feed some dry roughage during the fall and get the ewes gradually accustomed to the change before they are put on their winter diet.

Take every precaution to gain the confidence of the ewes after they are put in the barn for the winter.

A change of blood is all right sometimes, but too frequent changes will ruin the best flock of sheep out in the country in a few years.

WHY KEEP ON COUGHING?

Here Is A Remedy That Will Stop It

Do you realize the danger in a neglected cough?

Then why don't you get rid of it?

Yes, you can shake it off, even though it has stuck to you for a long time, if you go about it right.

Keep out in the fresh air as much as you can, build up your strength with plenty of wholesome food, and take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne

This reliable household remedy has broken up thousands of hacking, persistent coughs, which were just as troublesome as yours, and what it has done for so many others it will do for you.

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne contains absolutely no harmful drugs, and so can be given safely to children, as well as adults. Your physician or druggist can confirm this statement, for we are ready to send them on request a complete list of all the ingredients.

Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 317

THE HOPE OF RUSSIA.

The distressing illness of the little Tsarevitch gave rise to the greatest anxiety in Russia. This charming boy is the hope of his country, and were he to die grave complications would undoubtedly arise in Russia.

The Tsarevitch is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. The greatest rejoicing prevailed in Russia at his birth, for the Royal couple were beginning to despair of a son. It is related that when the first baby proved to be a girl the Tsarina exclaimed: "Oh, I am glad it is a girl. Now it belongs to us. Had it been a boy it would have belonged to Russia." But the next three children proved to be girls, also, so that when a boy was born the joy

The Tsarevitch.

of the nation knew no bounds. The Tsarevitch is guarded with the greatest care, and the future of this handsome, merry little boy is far from being an enviable one.

On the Farm

Feet of Draft Horses.

A draft horse does most of his hard work at the walking gait. It is, therefore, important that he should be able to walk four miles an hour with a load. If his feet are deformed in any way, whether it be by disease or hereditary, he cannot do his best work.

The soles of the feet should turn up and show the shoes plainly as the horse moves away from the observer. The feet should be lifted quickly and evenly, and be set down squarely and firmly.

The hoof should be ample in size, sound, smooth and symmetrical in shape. The hoof is a continuation of the skin of the parts above. The color of the skin decides the color of the hoof. Color counts for little, however, if the hoofs are of poor shape and texture. The horn should be smooth, waxy looking and free from cracks or ridges, and the coronets should be open, prominent and wide at the heels. The sole should be slightly cupped, not flat or bulging; the frog large, elastic, healthy and without a deep cleft; the bars prominent. Poor fore feet are one of the commonest and most serious faults in draft horses.

Suggestions That May Help.

How is it, are your cows better than they were last year? If not, you haven't realized what you should from the season's dairying. Get ahead every year.

Some men have educated their tastes until they say that they can tell whether a hen has had good food, just by the flavor of the egg she lays. That is getting it down pretty fine; and there may be some imagination about it; and yet, there can be no doubt that good feed makes far better eggs than that which is half rotten and stale.

The hardest part of the hen business is marketing the eggs. A good place to build for success is at the market-place.

Lay in a good stock of dust while you can get it. The hens have got to have a good place to squddle or the live critters will eat them up.

One louse on a man's head will turn him into a raving maniac. What must it be to have seven million of the pests round on one's body! Rid the chickens of these insects.

Notes of the Poultry Yard.

Green bone is very rich, so is phosphate of lime.

Rub the window panes with old newspapers—it will let in the sunshine.

Overgrown fowls are no better in any particular than those of normal size. The breeding, care and selection designed for increasing size had better be devoted to the development of laying qualities and table quality instead of quantity.

Careful breeding, proper feeding and the right kind of care will produce heavy laying in any breed.

Sudden freight and excitement at once tells on the egg crop. Never allow strange dogs about where the hens are.

? Why use Teas of uncertain quality and value, when delicious

"SALADA"

Tea can be had on demand.

Black, Green or Mixed. Sealed Packets Only.

FREE Sample Packet on Enquiry. Address: "SALADA," Toronto

SOME GIFTED SLEEPERS.

Many Records of People Who Slept Almost Continually.

Mr. Warde's fat boy, who may paradoxically be said to enliven several pages of "Pickwick Papers," has a modern counterpart, says the London Daily News. This boy was charged with vagrancy in the Willesden police court, and was said by the officers to be in the habit of sleeping night and day about the streets and vacant lots of the neighborhood.

Before the magistrate, he appeared to be dozing, and only replied to the questions put to him by a nod. He was remanded in order than a place on board ship might be found for him, presumably in the hope that a life on the ocean wave might succeed in waking him up. It may be that the boy will develop into one of the remarkable sleepers of whom many records remain.

Margaret Lyall of Denniland, in the parish of Maryton, three miles from Montrose, went to sleep on Wednesday, June 10, 1812, and did not wake up for two days. She went to sleep again on July 1st, and slept until August 8th. When fdlly awake she complained of giddiness, but had no recollection of having been blistered, bled, and immersed in cold water. She merely thought she had had a long night.

There is also the case of Elizabeth Arten, of St. Guillain, near Mons, in France, who in 1738, when thirty-six years of age, fell asleep for four days, and shortly after waking went off to sleep again for eighteen days. For the succeeding five years she slept regularly every day from five o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. In 1748 she was prevented by the ague from sleeping for three weeks. In one of her periodical fits of sleeping, needles were thrust into her flesh, pieces of burning rag applied to her nose, and pins placed under her finger-nails; she was even whipped, but nothing could waken her.

Samuel Chilton of Tinsbury, near Bath, a robust, stout laboring man, twenty-five years of age, on May 13, 1694, fell into a profound sleep from which he could not be awakened for a month, when he suddenly rose and went on with his work. He did not, however, regain the power of speech until another month had passed. On April 19, 1696, he had another sleeping fit. An apothecary bled, blistered, and applied a number of external irritants, but to no purpose.

He was artificially fed for ten weeks, when his jaws became set, and could not be opened even with instruments. He slept for seventeen weeks, then he suddenly awoke, dressed and walked about the room under the impression that he had slept for only one night. His next attack lasted from August 17 to November 19, 1697. He went to sleep again almost immediately after waking, and did not wake up again until the beginning of the following February.

Doctor—"Do you talk in your sleep?" Patient—"No; I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman."

Boys and Girls — Send Post Card today for, how to make **"Easy Pocket Money"** Send at once before they are all gone. Address P.O. Box 1286, Montreal, Can.

Syrup and Sugar Makers have Chance to Win Gold Cash Prizes of $5.00 to $100.00 in Our $500.00 Contest

In order to stimulate interest in your syrup and sugar making we have decided to hold a prize contest for the best samples of syrup and sugar sent in by users of our CHAMPION EVAPORATOR. Full particulars of contest involving the sum of $500.00 will be mailed to you on request.
Every user of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR has an equal chance of winning a prize.
We aim at quality, and if you pride yourself on the excellence of your syrup and sugar, now is your chance to benefit financially.
Non users of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR had better get in line to enter the contest by purchasing one.
Write stating number of trees you tap and we will quote you price on required outfit.
Contest closes on April 15th, 1913.
Exhibit of samples from every competitive user of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR will be displayed (by courtesy of the Star management) in their magnificent show windows, Montreal, during the last two weeks in April.
Closing Word.—Send at once for "Prize Contest Circular," giving full information concerning this competition.

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THE CURSE OF FARM LIFE

The outside closet—that abominable accumulation of disease-laden filth—is the curse of farm life—directly responsible for nine-tenths of the diseases existing in the rural districts.

There Can Be No Doubt About This

Just consider. Here within a few steps of your home—poisoning every breath of air you breathe—you have built a pest house—a foul-smelling sink—which must be used by you and your family.

And you willingly subject your wife, daughters and sons to this risk of disease, publicity and discomfort—in all weathers—winter and summer. Probably you never thought of the outside closet in this light before. Now you know. Make up your mind to blot it off your farm at once. Install a Good Health Sanitary Closet—it doesn't cost much—and you can have it right in your home. Think of the convenience, comfort and protection from ill health. Make up your mind to have one without another day's delay. Let us tell you more about the Good Health Closet.

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