# ONLY A MONTH;

## OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Cont'd)

Swanhild, already dressed in her white cashmere and pretty white beaver hat, danced in and out of the room fetching and carrying, and before long the bride, too, was dressed, and with her long tulle veil over the dainty little wreath of real orange blossom from Mme. Lechertier's green-house, and the home-made dress which fitted admirably, she walked into the little sitting-room to show herself to Frithiof.

"I shall hold up your train, Sigrid, in case the floor is at all dusty," said Swanhild, much enjoying the excitement of the first wedding in the family, and determined not to think of the parting till it actually came.

"Gwen is to meet us at the church," explained Cecil. "Do you know, I think the carriage must be waiting, for I see the eldest little Hallifield tearing across the courtyard."

"Then I must say good-bye to every one," said Sigrid; and with one last look round the little home which had grown so dear to them, she took Frithiof's arm and went out into the long stone passage, where a group of the neighbors stood waiting to see the last of her, and to give her their hearty good wishes.

That chapter of her life was ended, and the busy hive of workers would no longer count her as queen-bee of the establishment.

She was quite silent as they drove through the busy streets, her eyes had again that sweet, dreamy look in them that Cecil had noticed earlier in the morning; she did not seem to see outward things, until after awhile her eyes met Frithiof's and then her face, which had been rather grave, broke into sudden brightness, and she said a few words to him in Norse, which he replied to with a look so full of loving pride and contentment that it carried the sunshine straight into Cecil's heart.

"This marriage is a capital thing for him," she thought to herself. "He will be happy in her happiness."

By this time they had reached the church; Lance, in the dress he had worn at Mrs. Horner's fancy-ball, stood ready to hold the bride's train, and Gwen came running up, eager to take her place in the little procession.

A few spectators had dropped in, but the church was very quiet, and up in the chancel there were only Roy and his best man, Mme. Lechertier, old Herr Sivertsen, and the father and mother of the bridegroom. Charles Osmond read the service, and his pretty daughter-in-law had begged leave to play the organ, for she had taken a fancy not only to little Swanhild, but to the whole family, when at her father-in-law's request she had called upon them. After the wedding was over and the procession had once more passed down the aisle, she still went on playing, having a love of finishing in her nature. Charles Osmond came out of the vestry and stood beside her.

"I am glad you played for them," he said, when the last chord had been struck. "It was not at all the sort of wedding to be without music."

"It was one of the nicest weddings I was ever at," she said; "and as to your Norseman—he is all you said, and more. Do you know, there is a strong look about him which somehow made me think of my father? Oh! I do hope he will be able to pay off the debts."

"There is only one thing which could hinder him," said Charles Osmond!

"What is that?" asked Erica, looking up quickly.

"Death," he replied, quietly.

She made no answer, but the word did not jar upon her, for she was one of those who have learned that death is indeed the Gate of Life.

Silently she pushed in the stops and locked the organ.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

One spring evening, rather more than two years after the wedding, Sigrid was working away in the little back garden, to which, now that her household duties were light, she devoted a good deal of her time. It joined the garden of Rowan Tree House, and, for greater convenience, an opening had been made in the hedge, and a little green gate put up. Upon this gate leaned Cecil, chatting comfortably, her tennis racket under her arm, and with a pleasant consciousness that the work of the day was over, and that Roy and Frithiof might soon be expected for the nightly game which, during the season, they seldom cared to miss.

"They are late this evening," said Sigrid. "I wonder whether Herr Sivertsen has caught Frithiof. I hope not, for the tennis does him so much good."

"Is he working very hard?" asked Cecil.

"He always works furiously; and just now I think he has got what some one called 'the lust of finishing' upon him; we see very little of him, for when he is not at business he is hard at work over Herr Sivertsen's manuscript. But it really seems to agree with him; they say, you know, that work without worry harms no one."

"A very moral precept," said a voice behind her, and glancing up she saw Frithiof himself crossing the little lawn.

The two years had not greatly altered him, but he seemed more full of life and vigor than before, and success and hope had entirely banished the look of conflict which for so long had been plainly visible in his face. Sigrid felt proud of him as she glanced round; there was something in his mere physical strength which always appealed to her.

"We were just talking about you," she said, "and wondering when you would be ready to play."

"After that remark of yours which I overheard, I almost think I shall have to eschew tennis." he said, laughingly. "Why should I give a whole hour to it when Herr Sivertsen is impatiently waiting for the next installment?"

"Herr Sivertsen is insatiable," said Sigrid, taking off her gardening-gloves. "And I am not going to allow you to return to your old bad ways; as long as you live with me you will have to be something more than a working drudge."

"Since Sigrid has begun baby's education," said Frithiof, turning laughingly to Cecil, "we notice that she has become very dictatorial to the rest of us."

"You shouldn't make stage asides in such a loud voice," said Sigrid, pretending to box his ears. "I am going to meet Roy and to fetch the rackets, and you take him into the garden, Cecil, and make him behave properly."

"Are you really so specially busy just now?" asked Cecil, as he opened the little gate and joined her; "or was it only your fun?"

"No, it was grim earnest," he replied. "For since Herr Sivertsen has been so infirm I have had most of his work to do. But it is well-paid work, and a very great help toward the debt-fund. In ten years' time I may be free."

"See!" exclaimed Cecil, "there is the first narcissus. How early it is! I must take it to mother, for she so fond of them."

He stooped to gather the flower for her, and as she took it from him, he just glanced at her for a moment; she was looking very pretty that evening, her gray eyes were unusually bright, there was a soft glow of color in her fair face, an air of glad contentment seemed to hover about her. He little guessed that it was happiness in his success which was the cause of all this.

Even as he watched her, however, her color faded, her lips began to quiver, she seemed to be on the point of fainting.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, alarmed by the sudden change in her face. "Are you ill, Cecil?"

She did not reply, but let him help her to the nearest garden-seat.

"It is the scent of the narcissus; it is too strong for you," he suggested.

"No," she gasped. "But a most awful feeling came over me. Something is going to happen, I am sure of it."

He looked perplexed. She dropped the narcissus from her hand, and he picked it up and put it on the further side of the bench, still clinging to his own theory that it was the cause of her faintness. Her face, which a moment before had been so bright, was now white as the flower itself, and the look of suffering in it touched him.

His heart began to beat a little uneasily when he saw a servant approaching them from the house.

"She is right," he thought to himself. "What on earth can it be?"

"Master asked me to give you this, Miss Cecil," said the maid, handing her a little penciled note.

She sat up hastily, making a desperate effort to look as if nothing were wrong with her. The servant went back to the house, and Frithiof waited anxiously to hear what the note was about. She read it through and then handed it to him. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Grantley has come, and wishes to see the children. He will not take them away for a few days, but you had better bring them down to see him."

"He is out of prison!" exclaimed Frithiof. "But surely his time is not up yet. I thought he had five years?"

"The five years would be over next October. I knew it would come some day, but I never thought of it so soon, and to take them away in a few days!"

"I remember now," said Frithiof; "there is a rule that by good behavior in prison they can slightly shorten their time. I am so sorry for you; it will be a fearful wrench to you to part with Lance and Gwen."

She locked her hands together, making no attempt at an answer.

"How exactly like the world," thought Frithiof to himself. "Here is a girl passionately devoted to these children, while the mother, who never deserved them at all, has utterly deserted them. To have had them for five years and then suddenly to lose them altogether, that is a fearful blow to her; they ought to have thought of it before adopting the children."

"Is there nothing I can do to help you?" he said, turning toward her. "Shall I go and fetch Lance and Gwen?"

With an effort she stood up.

"No, no," she said, trying hard to speak cheerfully. "Don't let this spoil your game. I am better, I will go and find them."

But by a sudden impulse he sprung up, made her take his arm and walked to the house with her.

"You are still rather shaky, I think," he said. "Let me come with you, I can at any rate save you the stairs. How strange it was that you should have known beforehand that this was coming? Did you ever have a presentiment of that kind over anything else?"

"Never," she said. "It was such an awful feeling. I wonder what it is that brings it."

He left her in the hall and ran upstairs to the nursery, where he was always a welcome visitor. Both children rushed to meet him with cries of delight.

"Cecil has sent me up with a message to you," he said.

"To say we may come down," shouted Lance. "Is it that, Herr Frithiof?"

"No," cried Gwen, dancing round him, "it's to say a holiday for to-morrow, I guess."

"No, not that exactly," he said; "but your father has come, and Cecil wants you to come down and see him."

(To be continued.)

**DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.**

Sweep—"Hi, Matey, just give us a lift onter me shoulder with this 'ere bag—I don't want to drop it!"

Irate Corporal—"When you're serving your country you ought to know better'n grumble just because some dust has blown in your dinner?" Recruit—"I don't mind serving my country, but I ain't going to eat it!"


**NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES**

Women's commonest ailment—the root of so much of their ill-health—promptly yields to the gentle but certain action of Na-Dru-Co Laxatives.

25c. a box at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 161



*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.


# On the Farm

**Care of the Farrowing Sow.**

Special farrowing pens are provided only when many breeding sows are kept, but where there is to be a removal from the ordinary quarters to a special place it should be done in good time, so that the sow may become thoroughly accustomed to her new surroundings, writes Mr. W. R. Gilbert.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to why sows kill and eat their young, and no doubt the causes are as diverse as the theories advanced to account for it. One of them, however, and not the least common, is insufficient space.

A sow, when she lies down in close quarters, is apt to catch an unfortunate youngster between her carcass and the wall against which she generally places her back when suckling her pigs.

The farrowing-pen should, of course, be regulated to some extent by the size of the breed kept, but generally the space allowed is too limited, and we frequently see big heavy sows with hardly room to turn around in the diminutive apartments that, previous to farrowing, served them as sleeping quarters.

Small breeds should be allowed a space of not less than eight feet by eight feet, increasing in the case of the larger breeds up to twelve feet by eight feet, or twelve feet by ten feet; and to prevent the young pigs from being crushed against the wall, it is a good plan to fix a strong rail around each side of the farrowing-place, at a height of from seven to nine inches from the floor, and a similar distance from the wall.

This will prevent the sow floundering down with her back against the side of the pen and provides a refuge for the youngsters who can get under the projection.

It is a great mistake to provide the farrowing sow with a large quantity of bedding. Under ordinary circumstances there is no better bedding material for pigs than good wheat straw, but for the farrowing sow a moderate quantity of short stuff is preferable to the long materials in which pigs are apt to get tangled and unable to escape quickly out of the way of a clumsy mother.

The question whether at farrowing time the sow should be left to her own devices, or assisted in any way in taking charge of the pigs until the birth is complete is much debated by pig-breeders. She should certainly be watched.

In many cases the sow farrows during the night and is found with her pigs all right and comfortable in the morning, but it is not always so, and not a few sacrificed sows are the result of a want of a capable attendant.

If the sow has farrowed all right, she should be fed in much the same way as during the closing days of gestation. It is a great mistake to feed for milk before farrowing, and equally an error to begin to stuff the sow with heating or milk-producing food immediately afterward.

The inexperienced breeder thinks he must brace up his sow with plenty of good food to meet the demand on her system and produce plenty of milk on which the pigs can grow and thrive.

In theory this sounds well, but experience goes to show that it is a poor sort of sow, and one that should not have been bred from, that does not, at the start, produce enough milk for her pigs without an extra or special feeding.

The time for this is later on when the pigs are growing and require a large quantity of rich milk to satisfy their requirements, and in providing which, if not assisted by better food, the sow is dragged down in condition.

To commence this high feeding directly the pigs are born is not only unnecessary, and therefore wasteful, but it is injurious. It really defeats the object of view, or it overstimulates the milk-glands and inflames the udder; while the effect on the little pigs is to sicken them and cause scouring and liver derangement, to which young pigs are prone.

The majority of cases of so-called milk fever in sows in which the secretion disappears altogether and leaves the youngsters practically motherless, are due to high or overfeeding prior to and immediately after farrowing.

The diet of the sucking sow should be gradually increased in quantity and richness, and as the pigs grow, a little meal composed of wheat, barley or oats may be added to the shorts and bran, which is about the best diet at this period, and the number of times of feeding increased.

An important feature in the successful management of the sow and litter is to get the youngsters to feed as early as possible. This pays in two ways—it saves some of the drag on the sow, and it gets the pigs fit to wean earlier, releasing the sow from her maternal duties.

Moreover, when the pigs are removed from the sow, which is generally a fortnight too soon, they are much better fit to do without her milk, and also much less liable to the convulsive attacks so common in newly weaned pigs, whose stomachs are unaccustomed to deal with the coarse food often too plentifully supplied to them.

Indigestion, constipation and fits are very intimately connected, and all are due to improper feeding.

The best way to teach young pigs to eat is to provide a run or creep into an adjoining pen to which the sow cannot obtain access, or to feed them while she is turned out to get some exercise.

**Cold Storage Land.**

Somebody has discovered more land at the South Pole that will have to be taken indoor and thawed out before being used.


**Your Guarantee of Goodness**

**The name "SALADA" on the sealed lead packages is your strongest guarantee of all that is best and most fragrant in tea**

**"SALADA"**

IS THE CHOICEST TEA GROWN ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON

**—clean, whole leaves—with the delightful flavor of the fresh leaves brought to your table by the sealed lead packages.**

BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED 053


**He Filled the Bill.**

A stranger when dining at a foreign hotel was accosted by a detective, who said to him, "Beg your pardon; we are in search of an escaped convict and as a matter of form will you oblige us by showing your passport?"

"Do I look like a convict."

"Possibly not. In any case I shall require to see your passport."

The stranger, feeling annoyed, presented the officer with the bill of fare and the latter commenced to read: "Sheep's head, neck of mutton, pig's feet."

"Very good," he observed, "the description tallies. You will please come along with us."

A gossip is never a welcome visitor—after telling all she knows.


**Shipping Fever**

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "exposed," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares. Acts on the blood. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors — ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Indiana, U.S.A.



SEEDS SEEDS

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. LIMITED

HAMILTON CANADA

BRUCE'S SEEDS SATISFY

**FREE**

Write at once for our 112-page handsomely illustrated Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Implements, and Poultry Supplies, etc.

ESTABLISHED 1850

SEEDS SEEDS 65

**KEEP YOUR STOCK WELL AND THRIVING ALL WINTER**

**With "INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD"—**
The best known and most reliable Stock Food on the market.

Farmers, Stockmen and Breeders all use it and praise it because it gives animals new strength and endurance—purifies the blood—improves their appearance—and at the same time, saves corn and oats, and only costs you

**3 FEEDS For ONE CENT**

For sale by Dealers everywhere, and the price will be refunded if it don't save you money.

Write for copy of our "$3,000 Stock Book"—the most helpful Book ever published for the Farmer and Stockman. Sent free.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., LIMITED. • TORONTO.

**Here Is What One Stock Raiser Says**

DALESVILLE, QUE.

The International Stock Food Co., Toronto, Ont.

*Gentlemen,*—Please find enclosed postal notes for $15.00, the amount of my account. I have found International Stock Food excellent for my horses and cattle, and pigs. It has given me every satisfaction, and I would not be without it. As soon as my present supply is finished I shall send a further order.

*(Signed)* J. V. SMITH.

59



Refined to absolute purity—sealed tight and protected from any possible contamination—

*Redpath*

**Extra Granulated Sugar**

in this new 5-Pound Package is the cleanest, purest sugar you can buy. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Canada Sugar Refining Co. Limited.

10