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"SALADA" means freshness, purity, exquisite aroma, delightful flavor.

"SALADA" means purity, healthfulness, satisfaction.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED 058

ONLY A MONTH;

OR, A CURIOUS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd)

When the will was read it affirmed that Herr Sivertsen, who had no relations living, had indeed left his property to Frithiof. The will was terse and eccentric in the extreme, and seemed like one of the old man's own speeches, ending with the familiar words, "for he is one of the few honest and hard-working men in a despicable generation."

Naturally there was only one way to which Frithiof could think of putting his legacy. Every penny of it went straight to his debt-fund. Mr. Horner heard of it and groaned. "What!" he exclaimed, "pay away the principal; hand over thousands of pounds in payment of debts that are not even his own—debts that don't affect his name! He ought to put the money into this business, Boniface; it would only be a fitting way of showing you his gratitude."

"He put into the business what I value far more," said Mr. Boniface. "He put into it his honest Norwegian heart, and this legacy will save him many years of hard, weary work and anxiety."

When summer came it was arranged that they should go to Norway, and Frithiof went about his work with such an air of relief and contentment, that had it not been for one hidden anxiety Sigrid's happiness would have been complete.

Her marriage had been so extremely happy that she was less than ever satisfied with the prospect that seemed to lie before Cecil. The secret which she had found out at the time of Frithiof's disgrace weighed upon her now a good deal; she almost wished that Roy would guess it; but no one else seemed to have any suspicion of it at all, and Sigrid of course could not speak, partly because she was Frithiof's sister, partly because she had a strong feeling that to allude to that matter would be to betray Cecil unfairly. One evening it chanced that the brother and sister were alone for a few minutes during the intervals of an amateur concert, which Cecil had been asked to get up at Whitechapel.

"How do you think it has gone off?" said Sigrid, as he sat down beside her in the little inner room.

"Capitally; Cecil ought to be congratulated," he replied. "I am glad she has had it on hand, for it must have taken her thoughts off the children."

"Yes," said Sigrid; "anything that does that is worth something."

"Yet she seems to me to have plenty of interests," said Frithiof. "She is never idle; she is a great reader."

"Do you think books would ever satisfy a woman like Cecil?" exclaimed Sigrid.

He looked at her quickly, struck by something unusual in her tone.

"Oh," he said, teasingly, "you think every one has your ideal of happiness, and can not manage to exist without the equivalent of Roy and baby, to say nothing of the house and garden."

"I don't think anything of the sort," she protested.

"Norway will be the best thing in the world for her," he said. "It is the true panacea for all evils. Can you believe that in less than a week we shall actually be at Bergen once more!"

And Sigrid, looking at his eager, blue eyes, and remembering his brave struggles and long exile, could not find it in her heart to be angry with him any more.

Certainly, for many years he had known nothing like the happiness of that voyage, with its bright expectation, its sense of relief. On the Wednesday night he slept little, and very early in the morning was up on the wet and shining deck eagerly looking at the first glimpse of his own country. His heart bounded within him when the red roofs and gables of Stavanger came into sight, and he was the very first to leap off the steamer, far too impatient to touch Norwegian soil once more to dream of waiting for the more leisurely members of the party. In a rapture of happiness he walked on drinking down deep breaths of the fresh morning air, until coming at length to the cathedral he caught sight of an old woman standing at the door, key in hand.

He stopped and had a long conversation with her for the mere pleasure of hearing his native tongue once more; he made her happy with a korner and enjoyed her grateful shake of the hand, then, partly to please her, entered the cathedral.

Later in the day, when they slowly steamed into Bergen harbor and saw once more the place that he had so often longed for, with its dear familiar houses and spires, its lovely surrounding mountains, his happiness was not without a strong touch of pain. For after all, though the place remained, his home had gone forever, and though Herr Gronvold stood waiting for them on the landing quay with the heartiest of welcomes, yet he could not but feel a terrible blank.

Cecil read his face in a moment, and understood just what he was feeling.

"Come and let us look for the luggage," she said to Roy.

"Rather different to our last arrival here," said Roy, brightly.

They were all to stay for a few days with the Gronvolds, and there was now plenty of room for them, since Karen and the eldest son were married and settled in homes of their own. Fru Gronvold and Sigrid met with the utmost affection, and all the petty quarrels and vexations of the past were forgotten; indeed, the very first evening they had a hearty laugh over the recollection of their difference of opinion about Torvald Lundgren.

"And, my dear," said Fru Gronvold, "you need not feel at all anxious about him, he is very happily married, and I think—yes, certainly I can not help owning, that he manages his household with a firmer hand than would perhaps have suited you. He has a very pretty little wife who worships the ground he treads on."

"Which, you see, I could never have done," said Sigrid, merrily. "Poor Torvald! I am very glad he is happily settled. Frithiof must go and see him. How do you think Swanhild is looking, auntie?"

"Very well and very pretty," said Fru Gronvold. "One would naturally suppose that, at her rather awkward age, she would have her good looks, but she is as graceful as ever."

"She is a very brave, hard-working little woman," said Sigrid. "I told you that she had begged so hard to stay on with Madame Lechertier that we had consented."

"By and by, when she is grown up, she is going to keep my house," said Frithiof.

"No, no," said Sigrid; "I shall never spare her, unless it is to get married; you two would never get on all by yourselves. By the bye, I am sure Cecil is keeping away from us on purpose; she went off on the plea of reading for her half-hour society, but she has been gone quite a long time. Go and find her, Frithiof, and tell her we very much want her."

He went out and found Cecil comfortably installed in the dining-room with her book.

"Have you not read enough?" he said. "We are very dull without you in there."

"I thought you would have so much to talk over together," she said, putting down her book and lifting her soft gray eyes to his.

"Not a bit," he replied, "we are pining for music and want you to sing, if you are not too tired. Come and sing me 'Princessen,' if you are really not too tired. I am very much in the mood of that restless lady in the poem."

It was quite late one evening that they steamed down the darkening Romsdalsfjord. The great Romsdalshorn reared its dark head solemnly into the calm sky, and everywhere peace seemed to reign. The steamer was almost empty; Frithiof and Cecil stood alone at the forecastle end, silently reveling in the exquisite view before them.

Frithiof turned and looked at Cecil.

She had taken off her hat that she might better enjoy the soft evening breeze which was ruffling up her fair hair; her blue dress was one of those shades which are called "new," but which are not unlike the old blue in which artists have always loved to paint the Madonna; her face was very quiet and happy; the soft evening light seemed to etherealize her.

"You will never know how much I owe to you," he said, impetuously. "Had it not been for all that you did for me in the past I could not possibly have been here to-night."

She had been looking toward Veblungsnaes, but now she turned to him with a glance so beautiful, so rapturously happy, that it seemed to waken new life within him.

He was glad she was silent, for he dreaded lest anything should rouse him and take him back to the dull, cold past—the past in which for so long he had lived with his heart half dead, upheld only by the intention of redeeming his father's honor.

And the steamer glided on over the calm moonlit waters, and drew nearer to Veblungsnaes, where an eager-faced crowd waited for the great event of the day. A sudden terror seized Frithiof that some one would come to their end of the steamer and break the spell that bound him, and then the very fear itself made him realize that this was no dream, but a great reality. Cecil was beside him, and he loved her—a new era had begun in his life.

But no one came near them. Still they stood there—side by side, and the steamer moved on peacefully once more, the silvery track still marking the calm fjord till they reached the little boat that was to land them at Naes. When it was no longer possible to prolong that strange, weird calm, he went, like a man half awake, to see after the luggage, and presently, with an odd, dazzled feeling found himself on the shore, where Herr Lossius, the landlord, stood to welcome them.

"Which is the hotel?" asked Roy.

And Herr Lossius replied, in his quaint, careful English: "It is yonder, sir—that house just under the moon."

But the "house under the moon," though comfortable enough, did not prove a good sleeping-place. All the night long Frithiof lay broad awake in his quaint room, and at length, weary of staring at the picture of the stag painted on the window-blind, he drew it up and lay looking out at the dark Romsdalshorn, for the bed was placed across the window and commanded a beautiful view.

He could think of nothing but Cecil, of the strange, new insight that had come to him so suddenly, of the marvel that, having known her so long and so intimately, he had only just realized the beauty of her character, with its tender, womanly grace, its quiet strength, its steadfastness, and repose.

He fell into great despondency; but the recollection of that sweet, bright glance which she had given him in reply to his impetuous burst of gratitude, reassured him; and when, later on, he met her at breakfast his doubts were held at bay, and his hopes raised, not by anything that she did or said, but by her mere presence.

(To be continued.)

Sam—"Will you keep our engagement secret for the present?" Lulu—"All right; but where's the present?"

Bill—"Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?" Jack—"If I failed to show up at her house every evening she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

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CHINESE SEALS OF WOOD.

Stone, Too, There Forms Part of Articles Usually Made of Metal.

In China seals are made of wood and stone, as well as of metal. They are used, in addition to a signature, to represent an individual, a legal person or a corporation. The seals used by the former emperor were distinguished as privy and state seals, and were three inches square.

China's state seal is used chiefly upon documents relating to foreign countries, explains the Oriental Review, and has Chinese characters stamped on it. The privy seals are stamped on imperial rescripts, issued for proclamations at home.

Japanese law requires that each individual should send in an impression of his seal as a specimen (called jitsuin), to have it registered and kept in a government office (district office of a city, town or village), that it may represent himself in a deed.

The material employed to make these seals consists of various kinds of precious stones, gold, silver, etc. Those mostly in use at the present day are of agate, rock crystal, ivory, rhinoceros or wood or boxwood, and recently India rubber has come into use.

There are two ways of engraving characters on a seal—relief and intaglio. In the one the characters in the impression are shown in color, while in the other they are represented in white on colored ground. The ink used for stamping is called niku. It is generally of vermilion red.

The cheapest kind of seals are made of boxwood and sold at 5 cents apiece. Most seals are oval in shape, but some are round and others square. They rarely exceed one-half inch in diameter.

Shiloh 25¢

"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

In Private.

As he started out with the bushel of ashes he walked into a clothes line that he didn't see.

When he had picked himself out of the ash pile and recovered his hat he stood in the back yard and relieved his feelings.

"Henry," called his wife.

"Well?" he snapped.

"Don't stand out there to do it. Come straight into the house and tell me that it's all my fault."

Because they act so gently (no purging or griping) yet so thoroughly

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are best for the children as well as the grown-ups. 25c. a box at your druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited 162

A Safe Investment Yielding Good Returns

In Montreal bricks are sold for cash, and all the brick manufacturers together are unable to supply the demand.

The demand is steadily increasing.

Contractors find the shortage a serious handicap, and would gladly buy 2,000,000 more bricks a week at present prices, which yield $4.00 net profit per thousand to the brickmakers. We already have one contract booked for 21,000,000 yearly for three years at $10 per 1,000. The Domestic Brick Plant supplying 600,000 a week will sell 32,000,000 bricks this year, with provision to increase to 75,000,000, and make $128,000 net profit, which is over eight times the Preference stock dividend. With this the company will pay 7% per annum on the $200,000 Preference Stock and could pay 30% per annum on the Common Stock and carry over $70,000 to reserve, which we guarantee will be done after the third year. You can readily see that it would pay you to invest in the

DOMESTIC BRICK & TILE CO., LIMITED

which is managed by a strong Board of reputable Montreal business men.

A small block of Domestic Preference Shares at Par carrying a bonus of 40% of Common Shares is now offered for sale. The Company is capitalized at $500,000, $200,000 Preference and $300,000 Common, of which $152,000 is issued, and owns 198 arpents of land at Laprairie, Province of Quebec. $500 will give you five preference shares and two common shares. The Preference Shares guarantee you 7% on your money, and the dividend on the Common Shares will greatly increase your income.

You can have a plan and prospectus on request.

Your Subscription may be telegraphed at our expense, or a letter simply stating that so many shares are subscribed for and enclosing cheque will be sufficient. Subject to prior sale, your certificates will be forwarded the day we receive the letter enclosing your money.

There is no watered stock in this enterprise.

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Will Tattooed on Man's Arm.

The will found in a scrap-book which came prominently before a Dumfries (Scotland) Court, is one of many that have been discovered in unlooked-for places. Even Mr. Rider Haggard's story of the will tattooed on a woman's back is nearly equalled by the case in which a dead man's arm, carefully preserved, was produced in the probate court. On the flesh appeared the last wishes of the testator concerning his estate. A lawyer, who is chiefly concerned with will cases, gave a representative various instances of strange places where wills were found.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

INFLUENZA Catarrhal Fever, Pinkeye, Shipping Fever, Epizootic

And all diseases of the horse affecting his throat, speedily cured; colts and horses in same stable kept from having them by using SPOHN'S DISTEMPER AND COUGH CURE. 3 to 6 doses often cure. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Safe for brood mares, baby colts, stallions—all ages and conditions. Most skillful scientific compound. Any druggist.

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

The leading features of the Directors' Report for 1912, as presented to the Annual Meeting of the Company, held in Montreal, March 4th, 1913, are as follows:

ASSETS as at 31st December, 1912	$49,605,616.49
Increase over 1911	5,704,730.51
CASH INCOME from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1912	12,333,081.60
Increase over 1911	1,775,746.08
PROFITS PAID to Policyholders entitled to participate in 1912	691,975.84
ADDED TO SURPLUS during 1912	614,008.09
TOTAL SURPLUS 31st December, 1912, over all liabilities and capital, (according to the Company's Standard, viz., for assurances, the Om. (5) Table, with 3½ and 3 per cent. interest, and, for annuities, the B. O. Select Annuity Tables, with 3½ per cent. interest)	5,331,081.82
DEATH CLAIMS, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1912	4,732,463.29
PAYMENTS to Policyholders since organization	34,402,734.66
NEW BUSINESS (paid for in cash) during 1912	30,814,409.64
Increase over 1911	4,377,628.45
ASSURANCES IN FORCE 31st December, 1912	182,732,420.00
Increase over 1911	18,160,347.00

The SUN LIFE OF CANADA now occupies the premier position among Canadian Life Assurance Companies.

Outside of Companies issuing industrial policies, the SUN LIFE OF CANADA now does a larger new life assurance business than any other company incorporated in the British Empire.

The Company's Growth:

Year.	Income	Assets	Life Assurances in Force
1873.....	$ 43,210.93	$ 96,461.95	$ 1,064,350.00
1893.....	1,108,680.43	3,403,700.88	23,901,047.00
1902.....	3,561,509.34	13,480,372.83	67,181,602.00
1912....	12,333,081.60	49,605,616.49	182,732,420.00

ROBERTSON MACAULAY, President.

Head Office: MONTREAL.

T. B. MACAULAY, Managing Director and Secretary.