



## Early Morning Sunlight

**Y**OU will find your washing finished earlier—and better—and your work will become far easier by using Sunlight Soap, for it cleanses and purifies clothes more quickly and thoroughly than ordinary soap.

Sunlight is the most efficient Laundry Soap sold on the Canadian market today—It is pure beyond compare.

You try Sunlight Soap according to directions, and you'll see the early morning sunlight shining on a line of the whitest clothes that ever spoke of housewife's pride.

# Sunlight Soap

5c.

It's kind to the hands.  
Follow directions.  
Sold at all grocers.

1313

A \$5,000 guarantee says there  
is not a particle of adulterant  
or impurity in Sunlight Soap.

5c.

### Apples : Apples : Apples

\$10,000, \$4,000 cash, balance arranged, for this fine hundred-acre farm, upon which is twenty-four acres of apple orchard, fourteen acres out about twenty years, two acres out six years, balance three years. There is a handsome frame house, with hot water heating, bath, etc.; large bank barn, silo, piggery, henry and drive shed. The soil is mixed clay and sandy loam. The situation is good, on a main road, one mile from village, where is church, school, etc.; five miles from rice town; about forty miles from Toronto. Forty acres oats in, forty acres grass and hay. Write for full description and views of this handsome home. Immediate possession of this. We have a hundred other good farms; tell us what you want.

PHILP & BEATON, Whitevale, Ont.

### CHURCH BELLS

CHIMES, AND PEALS

MEMORIAL BELLS A SPECIALTY

FULLY WARRANTED

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO.,

BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. A.

Established 1866

### FOR SALE -- SEED CORN

Many varieties; also Feed Corn. Apply to

Edward Tellier, St. Joachim, Ontario

Mention this Paper.

HUNDREDS of farmers are proving to their own satisfaction that

## Caldwell's Cream Substitute Calf-Meal



is a good business proposition any way they like to figure it out. The Meal is precisely what the name implies—a substitute for Cream or Whole Milk. You can veal up or raise just as good calves on Cream Substitute as you can raise on whole milk and at a cost which is trifling in comparison. You owe it to your bank account to find out all there is to know about Caldwell's Cream Substitute Calf Meal.

Ask your Feedman about it or write to us for full particulars. 40  
THE CALDWELL FEED CO., LTD., DUNDAS, ONT.

He spent a long time in useless speculation upon the meaning of the remarkable situation in which he now found himself. He felt no pain, no discomfort, except that which the brilliance of the light above him caused. He determined at length to once more open his eyes, in order to discover if possible, its source.

Even when his eyes were closed he could see that the strange light burned upon them. In a way it rendered his eyelids translucent—he was conscious of a dull, pulsing redness, through which shot a network of lines of fire.

He opened his eyes slowly, cautiously, and looked upward.

From some point above him, in what he judged must be the ceiling of the room, extended a beam of violet-white light, cutting sharply through the darkness like the rays of a search-light.

At the opening in the ceiling through which it came, this beam was in diameter not more than two inches, but as it extended downward it widened, taking the form of a long, thin truncated cone, so that its width, where it impinged upon his face, was perhaps equal to twice that of a man's hand.

The darkness of the room about him made the beam of light seem a tangible, material thing. Its brilliance was unwavering; it extended from the ceiling to the surface of his face with the solidity, almost, of some huge, glittering icicle. He felt as though, were his hands but free, he could brush it aside, fling it off bodily into the darkness.

The effort of looking directly at the source of the light made his eyes smart with pain, but he found that by half closing them, he could look off into the darkness through the brilliant cone.

In the pathway of its rays danced and tumbled innumerable dust specks. He knew then but for their presence, to afford the light a reflecting surface, its rays would be invisible to him.

In color the light was not yellow, like sunlight, but had a cold, violet-blue quality, more nearly resembling moonlight. Its intensity, as well as the shape of the light cone, made him conclude that it was being focused through a powerful lens, or projected by means of a brilliant reflector.

He could imagine no possible reason for the situation in which he found himself. What the purpose of the beam of light was; why it thus focused upon his upturned face, he could not guess.

He thought about it for many minutes, his eyes closed, his head straining restlessly toward the soft outer darkness. Presently there flashed into his mind Dr. Hartmann's words at their last meeting.

"While I know how to cure mental disorders, I also know how to create them."

The thought made him shudder. Was this, then, the explanation of his predicament? Somewhere he had read, not long before, a newspaper account of the investigations of certain Italian scientists, concerning the effect of the violet and ultra-violet light rays upon the cells of the brain. He could not recollect just what the conclusions had been, but he did remember that the newspaper article spoke of the popular superstition that moonlight could cause insanity.

He knew Hartmann to be a scientist of vast ability and resource, and realized that back of the elaborate preparations he had evidently made must lie some sinister purpose.

For what seemed an eternity he lay thinking, unable to come to any rational conclusion. The distressing effect of the light rays increased rather than diminished as his nerves became more and more unstrung.

It seemed, even with his eyes closed, that he could feel the weight of the cone of light upon his face. The desire to escape from its searching glare became well-nigh irresistible. How long would this torture continue?

He began to feel intensely tired and worn out, and realized that could he but shut out the blinding brilliancy which enveloped him, he would sink exhausted to sleep.

Sleep! He could no more sleep, under the present conditions, than he could fly to the moon. Then there came to his mind a recollection of a form of torture practised among the Chinese, the prevention of sleep. Prisoners, he had