

Citizen Was a Man Who Had Done Big Things.

George Francis Train, who died at the Mills Hotel, No. 1, in New York...

Violet's Lover

Sir Owen did nothing to alarm her. He merely looked at Violet. He was wonderfully solicitous that she should be comfortable...

CHAPTER XIV. It was a bright day in June, the lilacs and roses were all in flower, the lilacs were in the full perfection of their golden glory...

After the first greetings were over he turned to Violet. "Miss Haye," he said, "I have come on purpose to see you. Do you remember our conversation about a fete in the park? You said that you thought it would be very pleasant."

"Yes, I remember," she replied. "I had forgotten it." "I have come to say that if it pleases you I will give orders for everything to be prepared for it. What do you say to that?"

"I have nothing to say, Sir Owen, but that I have no doubt it will be very pleasant." "Sir Owen looked disconcerted. After a pause he asked: "But you do not understand. If I give the fete at all it will be in your honor and to please you. Everything in it shall be as you wish—your own amusements, indeed, shall be the queen of it. Now, what do you say?"

"I wish you would," she said. "She knows far more about such matters than I do." "But you see, it is your opinion I want, not mine," said Sir Owen. "I thought of this—fete in the park, and to wind up with a grand ball in the house. We could have Pearson's Quadrille Band from London; and I thought of sending to Gunter for the supper. What do you think of it?"

"I think it would be most delightful," she replied. "But you must grant me one favor, though. Mr. Haye is—yes, everything going on," continued Sir Owen. "Perhaps he, Mrs. Haye, and yourself would come to the ball on the day before the fete and stay until the day after."

"Yes, I am willing," she replied, inwardly trembling all that Felix would say about it, yet half delighted with the idea. "And I have your sanction for all that I do. Is there anything you wish to suggest in the way of improvements?"

"No, I think not," she replied, more than half frightened. "What do you say to Tuesday week?" he asked. "Then I can drive over here, and take you all to Garswood on the Monday. Lady Rolfe will stay two days; you will be quite a pleasant little party. I may rely upon you?"

It must have cost; then an evening dress of white silk, with a train of blue velvet and blue and white trimmings, a full and most exquisite costume for the ball, of white silk, trimmed with silver fringe and silver leaves.

"Who can have sent these, mamma?" she asked. "I do not like to think of the donor was Sir Owen, but she would not say so. Violet had no suspicion—not even the faintest. She never thought of Sir Owen."

CHAPTER XV. Mrs. Haye declared that it was fortunate rain fell two days before the fete; it cleared the air, it freshened the grass, it washed the dust from the trees and hedges, and it made the flowers and foliage so sweet, so fresh, and fair that it was a pleasure to breathe. The air was odorous with the scent of flowers and of green leaves.

"My Darling Violet—I send a few words to get you as early as possible. I wish you will please to visit me. You will not forget me, will you? I am content, I love you, and I am content, I love your sweet hands, and leave my heart in them."

"How he loved her! She repeated it again and again. How he loved her! The little hand, the little hand, she drove away, with Sir Owen's lips, kissing all kinds of compliments to her; but her lover's face was before her eyes, and his words were in her heart. They drove through the moonlit park, with its lawns of antlered deer, through the pine grounds, to the grand entrance, and then Violet looked up in wonder.

The afternoon sun fell full upon the grand old building, showing the towers and turrets, the deep oriel windows, the high chimneys, bringing out the picturesque outlines of the noble edifice. There was a flight of broad marble steps, and then the great door opened into an entrance hall, the first glimpse of which delighted Violet. She hardly knew that such treasures existed—that such splendor could be; unconsciously she crushed her lover's little note in her hands as she breathed the air that came from the balcony.

"I do not want to go," she said. "I do not like Lady Rolfe; besides, I do not see the use of making friends with all these great people—it cannot last." "You really do not care to go there, Violet?" he asked. "No, not to the ball. I shall enjoy the fete, but I shall not enjoy the visit."

"I should like it very much," declared Mr. Haye. "I have not had such a treat for years." "Nor have I," said his wife. "I can not imagine anything that I should like better." "After that Violet could raise no objections.

"But you must grant me one favor, though. Mr. Haye is—yes, everything going on," continued Sir Owen. "Perhaps he, Mrs. Haye, and yourself would come to the ball on the day before the fete and stay until the day after."

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FARM BUILDINGS

Some Valuable Information on Ventilation.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

At the recent Ontario and Maritime Winter Fairs, Mr. A. P. Aetken, of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, gave some valuable information on the subject of ventilation, and his remarks are worthy of careful study by every farmer.

There is no one attempt to deny the importance of ventilation. The removal of foul gases and a constant supply of fresh air is just as necessary to the thrift of cattle as food and yet, the best means of carrying this out, remains to be solved to a great extent, an unsolved problem.

A Ventilation System. To provide for the fresh air inlet, the floor of the feeding alley is elevated twelve inches above the level of the stall. This is done by means of a ten inch tile, or a wooden box, about ten inches square, running under the floor the whole length of the feeding alley.

These four air outlets should be of good size, and should extend well up beyond the ridge of the barn. If they are not carried far enough above the roof, the heat from the stove, or the heat of the animal, will be drawn into the barn, and instead of acting as outlets, the wind will sometimes force a strong draft of cold air down into the backs of the stalls.

It will be seen by this method that the fresh air is admitted, as in the case of a house, at a point where it is distributed evenly and without drafts; it is liberated at the heads of the cattle, giving them a chance to use it before it has been drawn down by the warm gases of the stable; as it is heated by inhalation, and by the heat radiating from the bodies of the animals, convection currents are set up to carry it away from the heads of the cattle.

Practical Arithmetic. A teacher in an uptown school receives the following from complaining parent a few days ago: "Sir, Will you please for the future give my boy easier some at night. This is what he brought home—two or three after ago: five gallons of beer will fill the pail bottles, how many pint and half bottles will 9 gallons fill? Well, we tried and could make nothing of it at all; and my boy cried and said he wouldn't go back without doing so. So I had to go and buy a 9 gallon keg of beer, which I could ill afford to do, and there we went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles, besides a few we had by us. Well, we emptied the 9 into the bottles and there were 19, and my boy put that down for an answer."

Why He "Got All." He wanted it all. He was bound to get it—some way. He had his eye on the dollar all the time. He was just as willing to gouge his relatives as if they had been strangers.

Prof. Brown. How would you punctuate this sentence: "Miss Wood, a pretty girl of sixteen, walked down the street." Young Student—I would make a dash after Miss Wood.

embroid these innocent regions and people by the common ruin, which, without adequate cause, you are bringing upon your own countrymen and upon the only nation that now upholds the freedom of mankind against that oppressor of our race, the incarnation of all despoticisms—Napoleon." So, not without some alloy of self-interest, the question presented itself to New England, and so New England presented it to the Government and the southern part of the Union; partly as a matter of the factiousness, partly as an incident of the factiousness, which makes a point whenever it can and then magnifies the point to the utmost possible, often until the point itself disappears under its incrustations.

Logically, there may be at first appear some reason in these arguments. We are bound to believe so, for we cannot entirely impeach the candor of our ancestor, who doubtless advanced them with some degree of conviction. The answer, of course, is that when two nations go to war, all the citizens of one become internationally the enemies of the other. This is the accepted principle of international law; the residue of the concentrated wisdom of many generations of international legists. When war takes the place of peace, it annihilates all natural and conventional rights, all treaties and compacts, except those that pertain to the state of war itself.

WAR COMES HIGH. It Means a Heavy Outlay to the Daily Newspaper. New York Herald: War may supply the public with plenty of exciting news, but the collecting and transmitting of it "comes high" for a newspaper. Consider for a moment the probable outlay on telegraphic tolls alone should the Russo-Japanese negotiations end in an appeal to arms.

The Far Eastern crisis is in its initial phase and Seoul only became an active storm centre some five or six days ago. Yet, as the Herald's European edition points out, its despatches from Seoul to Paris have already cost more than \$600,000, 667, to be exact. This is solely the item for telegraphing—the cost being something more than a dollar and a half per word—and is exclusive of salaries, messenger services, etc. To this must be added the expense of cabled transatlantic transmission to New York. Something like a similar sum has been expended on daily bulletins to our special correspondents in Seoul to keep him informed of our London contemporaries, who thus are an indirect cause of much useless expenditure in the Herald.

This single detail is sufficient to stimulate reflection as to the cost of a war to a newspaper. Competition nowadays in journalism is so fierce that no expense is too great if it will secure news earlier than rival papers can obtain it. The journal that hesitates as to whether it do not or cannot afford money lavishly on the reporting of a big war must go to the wall. To say nothing of the ordinary running expenses of newspapers, such a war would mean an additional outlay for telegraphic tolls of \$1,000,000 for correspondents, messengers, transmitting agents, dispatch bearing steamers, telegraphic tolls, etc., of between ninety-eight thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Americans will appreciate the value of these figures, and let us bring their significance home to our British and Continental readers.

The extra war expenditure then for a newspaper will be from 20,000 to 200,000 pounds English, 100,000 to 2,000,000 rubles Russian, 400,000 to 2,815,000 marks German, 480,000 to 720,000 kronen Austrian, 500,000 to 750,000 francs French, 500,000 to 750,000 lire Italian, 700,000 to 1,042,000 pesetas Spanish, or—to please our American readers—from 90,000,000 to 135,000,000 francs. So far as the Herald is concerned, a huge sum would have to be added to the preceding amount for the additional cost of cabling all news from the Herald's edition to the New York edition.

In view of these figures peace would seem to be more profitable than war to the newspapers. The energy, therefore, which certain London journals are putting into their efforts to make a Russo-Japanese war unavoidable bears the highest possible testimony to their disinterestedness.

He never hesitated to do anything to win. He always adopted fair means—when they happened to be the easiest and surest. He put his business before his wife, his children, his parents, his country, everything.

He didn't care as long as he could escape on technicalities. He considered it his duty to crush every man who stood in his way. He was never satisfied with the amount of work his employees did. He wanted to do only to use them for his own profit.

He regarded it as a fatal weakness to show mercy to a helpless adversary. He looked upon the golden rule as a bit of poetical rubbish. He limited the meaning of the word "success" to getting rich. He didn't care what people thought of him as long as he got the dividends. He was a heartless, unscrupulous, law-breaking man crusher, who knew his business and got what he was after.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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