

# Violet's Lover

"I suppose so," was the careless reply. "Not that I care. Why should I care? Nothing of that kind matters to me. But I know they tell queer stories about me. They say I drink and gamble; they say that I— But I forgot—I must not repeat scandal to you. Now, if you heard these things said of me, would you defend me?"

"How can I answer you? You forget that I have never seen you before."

"Yet you defend this Lonsdale! Do you know him?"

"The Mr. Lonsdale who has suffered so unjustly is the father of the gentleman to whom you saw me speaking," she replied. "I know he is one of the chief friends I have in Lillford."

"I suppose," said the baronet, "that Lonsdale's son imagines himself a very handsome man. That kind of man always thinks a great deal of himself."

"Do you not think him handsome?" asked Violet, who knew well that her lover held the statuette beauty of a Greek god.

"I never have thought of a man's face," he replied.

But Violet's quick instinct told her the awkward answer was jealousy of the young lawyer.

The querrils was over, but he would not leave her. She must go with him to have some refreshment—he was quite tired. If he had only known how to have sent all kinds of choice fruits over to the fete, but how could he foresee that the queen of society herself was to be present?

It was all flattery, but very pleasant flattery when offered by a man worth forty thousand per annum. It was pleasant, too, to know that everyone was looking at her, everyone was thinking and talking about her. She could not help contrasting her present position with that which she had occupied half an hour previously.

Felix Lonsdale had been but coldly received. No one seemed to forget that he was the son of a man whose fair name was darkened by a dark cloud. The elite had not received him very kindly.

Lady Rolfe had passed him with a bow; Mrs. Brown had held out two fingers for him to shake, and had drawn them back very quickly; Mrs. Benders had shaken hands with him, but then looked round very quickly to see if anyone had observed her. He had not been "seen," no one had been pointedly unkind, but he had been coldly received, and Violet had observed it even more keenly than he had himself, when she stood talking to him, she had a strange feeling, as though she were in some manner sharing his disgrace—as though she, too, were under a cloud.

Now it was so different. Sir Owen's glory seemed to be reflected on her; people who had never troubled themselves to speak to her before now were fawningly polite to her. It was but reflected glory, she knew; still, it was pleasant.

Sir Owen insisted on taking her some refreshment; he wanted upon her as though she had been a princess. She could not tell how it was, but she seemed suddenly to have left her behind her the world of sorrow, pain and disgrace in which, through sympathy with Felix, she had been living so long.

"Here is your friend," said Sir Owen, and looking up suddenly, she saw Felix at the entrance of the tent, looking wistfully at her.

At first something like impatience vexed her. It was such a magnificent triumph for her, he might let her enjoy it—he might have waited a few minutes. It was not every day that she was waited upon by a rich baronet and envied by other women. She might never see Sir Owen again, while all her life was to be spent with Felix. Surely he might have waited a few minutes longer; but no, he was coming to her, and her triumph was ended, she had no idea of resisting his will, and rose from her seat. Sir Owen looked at her in amazement.

"Are you going?" he asked. "I was just about to presume to ask you if you would go with me to see the flowers. They have some very fine ones here, I am told."

She looked helplessly from one to the other. She did not know how to refuse such a tempting offer from Sir Owen; it would be an unequalled triumph for all the guests to see her—to see how proud and pleased he was to escort her through the grounds; but it seemed equally impossible to leave Felix, who had looked forward with such delight to this holiday with her. So the beautiful eyes glanced first at one and then at the other, while the white fingers toyed with the pretty flowers she held up till their scented leaves fell on the ground. Felix cut the Gordian knot for her.

"Parsons me for the interruption," he said. "Miss Hays was kind enough to promise me that hours ago she would be here. I have placed it on his arm, and led her from the tent."

away from me even for an hour. Come away from all these people—I want to talk to you. Come down this avenue of chestnuts."

He mastered her by his stroger will; she went without one word. They walked slowly down the avenue of chestnuts, the sun glancing on her golden hair and white dress.

"Let me look at you, Violet," he cried, with the passionate impatience of a young lover. "It seems to me that that man's presence near you must have dimmed your beauty as poisonous air kills a delicate flower. Let me look at you, my darling."

He held her hand and stood looking at her, watching the radiant face with such love in his eyes that a woman must have had a marble heart to resist him.

"No," he said, "you are just the same. You must humor my fancies, Violet. Does not some one say that 'great love is semi-madness'?"

"It is true. You must humor my fancies, sweet. Stand here; let this breeze blow over you—it will pacify you from even the breath and echo of his words."

She laughed a low, tremulous laugh, but the words touched her. She stood quite still, and the western wind kissed her face, played with her golden hair, showered the chestnut blossoms over her.

"You shall not even have the echo of another man's words hanging over you, sweet," he said. "Now the breeze has taken it all away."

"Oh, Felix, how much you love me! It makes me tremble to think of it. You do not understand it even yet," he replied.

As he walked by her lover's side she could not help feeling the contrast. Who would ever—who could ever love her as this man did? Who is the whole world to her? Who had ever been so loved except herself? The memory of his words thrilled her; they stirred the inmost depths of her soul. How he loved her, this handsome, noble-hearted man! His very heart, his soul and life, seemed wrapped up in her.

Even as she felt these things she could not help noticing the difference. When she had crossed the lawn with Sir Owen she had nothing but bows, smiles, glances of admiration, ill-concealed envy and worship. Now that she was once again with Felix, no one noticed her, no one spoke to her. It was like being in a different world.

Sir Owen had been asked to play croquet and had refused. He had taken a bird's-eye view of the party—four old men and a kopeless school girl. It was not in his line, he assured Mrs. Hunter. He would not engage himself in any particular way, he would only linger and wait, watching for the next glimpse of the beautiful girl that had set his heart and brain on fire.

He saw her at last, standing with Felix watching the players at lawn tennis, and the next moment he was by her side. Lady Rolfe, eyeing him, whispered to Mrs. Hunter:

"The young man seems to be infatuated with Violet Hays. Some one should tell him she is engaged. Dear Mrs. Hunter, would you mind saying that I should like to speak to him? And she smiled a well satisfied smile when she saw the vicar's wife deliver her message."

"You wish to speak to me?" said Sir Owen, approaching Lady Rolfe with an air of ill-concealed impatience.

She saw that he looked annoyed, and had recourse to her favorite weapon—flattery.

"It is permitted to an elderly lady like myself to feel jealous, certainly am jealous. We are old friends of nearly two months' standing, yet you have not spent five minutes with me. Sit down here and give me your views about the fete."

Ungraciously enough he took a seat by her side. She saw him look with angry eyes at Felix and Violet; but Lady Rolfe was a woman with a purpose. It took much to daunt her.

"I have no views," he declared angrily. "I am quite tired of people with views."

to be married to that handsome young Mr. Lonsdale.

"Engaged to him?" cried Sir Owen, with an angry scowl. "A girl like that engaged to marry the son of a man who has been tried for perjury, or forgery, or something of the kind?"

Lady Rolfe laughed lightly, and touched him on the arm with her fan.

"Nay, nay; it was not so bad as that. Poor Mr. Lonsdale was innocent enough; but she is to marry his son—the wedding day is fixed, and they will be a very handsome pair. She will marry him, I hear, in the spring."

"That accounts for it," he said, and the heavy black moustache drooped over as cruel lips as were ever seen on a man's face.

"Accounts for what?" asked Lady Rolfe, with a great assumption of innocence.

"Oh, nothing, in particular! But I thought he seemed to consider that he had some kind of a right to her."

And then, looking at him, Lady Rolfe saw a stern, cruel, set expression on his face.

"So they are to be married in the spring, are they?" he asked, slowly. "I suppose this young Lonsdale is very proud of her?"

"What a question to ask me, Sir Owen. He is a man and has eyes. I should not think it would be possible to tell her how much he loves her."

"Does she care for him?" he asked, quickly.

"Dear me, yes. Does she care for him! Why, it is a love match pure and simple. She cares very much for him and for no one else but him."

He asked no more questions, but Lady Rolfe, still watching him intently, saw that the set, firm look deepened every moment on his face. She could not tell whether she had done right or wrong. She had told him that the girl was engaged, and she thought quite useless for him to ask her, but she had not thought of her; like every one else who had any part in naming Violet Hays to Sir Owen that day, she had an uneasy feeling about it.

Sir Owen seemed to think he had done all that was required of him. He rose from his seat and left her ladyship with a bow.

"He will go to Lavinia now," thought Lady Rolfe. "It will waste no more time over Violet Hays."

But Lavinia beamed upon him in her costume of mauve silk all in vain he passed her with a careless bow. The moments seemed to him hours before he should be near Violet Hays again.

It was well for his popularity that no one saw the lowering, angry expression of his face as he crossed the croquet lawn.

"I would have her if I wanted her," he said to himself, "every other man on earth laid claim to her, and if I had to fight them all."

Lady Rolfe had unconsciously done the very thing to defeat her own purpose. The fact which would have made Violet Hays to another man simply urged him on. It would be a triumph to win her, because so many others admired her; but it would be a double triumph if she was engaged to another man. Sir Owen often congratulated himself on another man's freedom from what he was pleased to call "affected nonsense"; and he was never more free from it than in this case. If, besides winning Miss Hays for himself, he could add to that the gratification of making her break an engagement to another, it would be the greatest success of his life.

"She is beautiful enough to be a queen," he said, "and it would take a hundred lawyers to frighten me. A man with forty thousand a year ought to be able to do as he likes. If he cannot, what is the use of his money?"

He went at once to Violet, and Felix, standing by her side, longed to break in upon her, but he had to throw him over the bridge.

pledged to my lover—I am pledged to Felix Lonsdale. Will you say that, Violet?"

"Yes, I will," she replied.

"Would that I could take you away from them all, and keep you safely under the shelter of my own great love, Violet! You will not be in to-morrow when he comes? Promise me, my darling—do you not see that I am half mad with jealousy—promise me you will go out! If I knew that to-morrow he would sit by your side, touch your hand, look into your beautiful face, I think then I should shoot him to-night!"

"Oh, Felix, what a dreadful thing to say! Jealousy is like fire—it destroys all things," he said; "but I am foolish to be jealous. I have all faith in you, sweet—all faith. Say once again, I belong to you, Felix."

The sun shone on her fair face as she raised it to his, the wind stirred the leaves as she said:

"I belong to you, Felix."

CHAPTER XII.

The fete was over, but people still talked of it—the unexpected appearance of Sir Owen Chevenix and his admiration for beautiful Violet Hays. Violet had said but little at home; she had told her father that the baronet intended to come to see him, and Francis Hays had looked up in bewilderment.

"Coming to see me!" he cried, "What is that for?"

He did not see the hot flush on his daughter's face. She knew well enough why he was coming.

"If it is about that right of yours," he said, "I may save myself the trouble, for I shall never give it in—never!"

"You will see what he is coming for when he comes," said Mrs. Hays; "there is nothing so absurd as guessing. I shall not believe it until I do see him."

(To be Continued.)

ACHES AND PAINS.

Are Merely Symptoms of Disease and Must be Treated Through the Blood.

If you suffer with pain—any kind of pain—keep in mind that pain is but a symptom, not a disease; that what you must fight is not the pain but its cause; that liniments and oils for external application are absolutely useless. To overcome the cause of pain internal treatment is necessary. Pains, no matter where located, will disappear when you purify and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Aches and pains disappear as if by magic when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, which drives disease from the system and brings pain, rheumatism and thousands of other ailments and troubles have given their testimony to prove this. Mr. George Cary, Tilbury, Ont., says: "For a whole summer I suffered terribly from rheumatism. It was something awful, and I could scarcely bear to have anything touch my leg. I took medicine from the doctors, and tried a number of recommended remedies, but derived no benefits. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this medicine helped me almost from the start, and soon released me from the trouble, and I have not since had a twinge of it. I therefore have great reason to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other aches and pains are completely driven from the system through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take any pink colored salubrities, see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is printed on the wrapper around the box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Why Thinkers Live Long.

Thinkers as a rule live long, or, to put the proposition into more general terms, exercise of the mind tends to longevity. Herbert Spencer has died in his eighty-fourth year, Darwin reached his seventy-third, Sir George Stokes his eighty-third, Carlyle his eighty-sixth; Tyndall was accidentally poisoned at seventy-three, but might have lived several years longer; Huxley was seventy when he died, Gladstone in his eighty-ninth year, Darwin in his seventy-seventh, Newton lived to be eighty-five, and Lord Kelvin is still vigorous in research in his eightieth. To a great extent the brain is the centre and seat of life, what Sir William Gull called the central battery, and its stimulation definitely strengthens the forces that make for vitality. Healthy exercise of either mind or body of course favors length of days, but the strivings of the thinker and writer are seldom quite of the healthy order. Darwin, Carlyle and Spencer were victims of nearly lifelong dyspepsia, and yet exceeded three score and ten. Pleasant exertion without pleasure; a priori, one would not expect the abstract thinker to live so happily as the man of experimental research, and experience seems to confirm the expectation. No one will question Sir James Paget's dictum that undue fatigue is a common cause of disease, but so is indolence. What part of the human economy, mental or physical, is not made for activity?—London Telegraph.

Modern Method of Tool Repairing.

Every engineer is now familiar with the fact that in all modern works of any size the making and repairing of tools is managed by a special department of the works. The "good old days," when a gang of men would stand in line waiting for their turn at the grindstone have gone by. In a modern shop, when a tool needs grinding it is sent to the tool department, and another one, all ready for use, is obtained at once, and experience seems to confirm the expectation. No one will question Sir James Paget's dictum that undue fatigue is a common cause of disease, but so is indolence. What part of the human economy, mental or physical, is not made for activity?—London Telegraph.

## VALUE OF PEDIGREE.

### Mr. Hodson Tells What a Good Pedigree is.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Breeders of live stock talk freely of the good pedigrees possessed by their animals; but a great many of them do not realize what the term really means. What is a good pedigree? This question was answered very fully by Mr. F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner, in his evidence before the Committee on Agriculture and Colonization during the recent session of the Parliament. For a pedigree to be really good, and a sire impressive, the ancestors should be alike in type, quality and breeding for several generations—the more the better. There is a great necessity for breeders to observe uniformity in the type of animals they select as sires. The more uniformity there is in all his ancestors, both in breeding and quality, the more impressive a sire will be. The successful breeder of live stock pays a great deal of attention to recent years; he cannot be successful unless he does. We frequently see an animal of excellent appearance that has been got by a good sire, but out of a very indifferent dam. Many of this sort are kept for sires in this country, to the great detriment of the live stock industry. What we greatly need is line breeding. The animals included in a pedigree should be of the same breeding, quality and style. If an animal has had a bad sire, or a bad grand-sire, or dam or grand-dam, the peculiarities of these will pass on to the offspring, because the sire is only one of many in a pedigree, and has only the influence of one, while against him is the influence of each of the animals in his ancestry, all tending towards variation. It is often better to choose a somewhat inferior animal of good breeding than a good animal of bad breeding, because in each case there is the influence of one animal against the whole ancestry and each individual animal in that ancestry.

It will not do to confound a long pedigree with a good pedigree. Many animals with long pedigrees are useless for improving the quality of our stock. Why? Because their ancestors have not been of uniformly good quality, nor have they been of the same type. Many of the pure-bred animals imported into Canada are of poor quality and not bred to type; others have a good appearance, but their offspring is inferior because their ancestors have been irregular in type, quality and breeding. If a man wishes to show a herd of good cattle or a stable of good horses he must have them of uniform type and in order to get them so he must study and practice line breeding as far as type and quality go. So it is in breeding all classes of animals.

The advantages of adhering closely to type, and culling out all animals that do not come up to the standard are well illustrated in the case of the British sheep breeders. Their flocks are large and good, and exceedingly well managed. The greatest care is exercised in regard to the quality of the breeding males. The ewe flocks are of uniformly good quality, but even the British farmer could improve his methods by paying more attention to the sires of the rams he buys. The quality of those he now uses is good, but he does not always take the trouble to make sure that their dams or grand dams were equally good.

This is a very important part of the usual custom with the sheep farmer, is to go carefully over his flocks each year, and reject and send to the butcher all the aged ewes, yearling ewes, ewe lambs and rams that are not of the desired quality, or have not proven valuable as breeders. This culling process is very carefully carried out.

Buyers are not usually allowed to select sheep from the breeding flock of any of the well established breeders. The best of the flock is reserved for their own use, the next best for breeding purposes and the third grade goes to the butcher. This careful selection and grading are what have established and maintained the supremacy of the English flocks. British farmers are not breeding any better sheep than Canadian breeders produce, if we were to devote the same attention to the industry. In Britain selection of breeding stock has been so thoroughly carried on for generations that their sheep are greatly appreciated in all parts of the world. They are bought by all countries for use in improving the native stock. In Canada we cull on a very different principle. Many of our pure-bred flocks are annually paying more to the Americans who buy the best to improve their flocks, and leave to our breeders the second and third-class animals. This is a very great mistake. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

## The Snow Shovel.

Toronto Globe.

This lovely implement is the one link connecting the city cave-dweller with the actual and visible outside world. . . . The hush of the snow is an invitation, but the steady ring of the shovel blends an inspiring sense of duty and opportunity. The long steps of the early pedestrians who passed silently in the morning are so seldom that one can be really useful in this world! The careful plans, the arduous labor, the self-sacrificing effort, are so often futile and come to naught. But with the snow shovel a call and an accusation, the reward unfolds. It forces a contemplation of the city's quiet aspect, when even the walled streets are touched and smothered by the motherly hand of nature. There is gratitude in the stamp, stamp, of the early pedestrian as he shakes the snow of your more dainty neighbor from his feet. And sometimes there is even more than gratitude when a disfranchised pedestrian comes along striving, in spite of dispirited, to lift the overgrown and sparse footsteps of the earlier procession. The stamping of dainty feet, the shaking of snow-encumbered skirts, the momentary homelike atmosphere of the little oasis of pavement, the relief to an ungrateful eye in the unbenighted path, all show that

## Kilts and Pipes at Dinner.

A Highland dinner is a very smart affair, and one that is never seen south of the Tweed. The Laird wears his full dress kilt every night, and everyone with any claim to a clan does the same, so that often there are more kilts men around the table than black coats. Alas! some of the nouveau riche seem to think that they rent 20,000 or 30,000 acres of shooting, they are qualified to don a kilt, too, but nothing is more ridiculous. It is a dress that only belongs to the descendants of the Highlands. The Duke of Sutherland wears a tweed kilt when he wanders about Dunrobin, while the Dukes of Atholl, Buccleugh and Montrose all wear their tweed kilts by day and their tartans by night. One has only to look into their lives to see that they are not a clan, but that they have a hunting tartan as well as an ordinary one, the collection of plaids and brooches is a thing to make a Southerner's head ache. It is splendid, and a man to the manner born looks far better in it than in any other clothes. It gives width, height and dignity to the wearer.

In Ireland there is a belief that President Louche, of France, is descended from Irish ancestors. Certainly the name of Louche does not differ very much from the name of Lough, which is quite common in the south of Ireland.

the snow shoveller is a benefactor of his race. But, like all real public services, shovelling snow has its own reward. Like all true charity, it blesses the giver most. Every strip lifted from the packed snow on the pavement gives a mental satisfaction peculiarly its own. A greater cleared space enlarges, the heart of the shoveller expands in sympathy. When the dividing line that marks a neighbor's responsibilities draws near there is a feeling of coming triumph as if the victory were over the forces of nature.

## WAKEFUL BABIES.

No baby cries for the mere fun of the thing. It cries because it is not well—generally its little stomach is sour, its bowels, congested, its skin hot and feverish. This is often why babies are wakeful and make nights miserable for the parents. Believe the little one and it will sleep at night, and let the mother get her needed rest as well. Just what mothers need for this purpose is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine that speedily restores a wakeful and restless child to a peaceful slumber. The experience of thousands of mothers has proved the truth of this, and among these mothers is Mrs. James Farrell, Banberry, Ont., who says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was cross and gave me a good deal of trouble, but since using the tablets I could not wish for a healthier or better natured child."

Stronger praise could not be given. The mother has no need to be afraid that the tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## War Record of a Dog.

Unusual interest centred in a case heard in the Dublin police court recently, in which the issuing of a warrant was a bulldog that formerly belonged to Gen. Philip Botha, and went through a good portion of the South African war. Ernest Warrington, canton manager for the contractors, was summoned for cruelty to the animal, which has been stationed for some time past with the Royal Irish Rifles at Richmond Barracks.

The bulldog, now now belongs to Corporal Sergeant Edwards, Royal Irish Rifles, who was accompanied with a seat in the witness box, from which point he seemed to take a languid interest in the proceedings. He was dressed in a coat with green facings, and wore several South African medals, with clasps. The animal's record is an eventful one. During the Boer war he was captured by the Second Royal Irish Rifles, Mounted Infantry, from Commandant Philip Botha's farm in the Doornburg, in September, 1900. From that time until the end of the war he travelled with the Rifles' mounted force from Griguland in the west of Basutoland in the east, and he still bears the scar of a wound received in action. Later he was with Gen. French's column in Cape Colony. For his services the bulldog has received the Queen's South African medal with three clasps, and the King's South African medal with two clasps. Mr. Drury remarked, when the case was called, that this was the most distinguished dog in the country, as he had medals—London Daily Telegraph.

## Cause of Colds.

The invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold. It may come from insufficient exercise, breathing foul air, want of wholesome food, excess of food, lack of bathing, etc., but all ways from some violation of the plain laws of health.

There can be no more prolific cause of colds than highly seasoned foods, as well as frequent eating. These give no time for the digestive organs to rest, and there is an increased flow of the digestive secretions. Thus larger quantities of nourishment are absorbed than can be properly utilized, and the result is an obstruction, commonly known as "colds," which is simply an effort of the system to get rid of useless material. Properly speaking, it is self-poisoning, due to an incapability of the organism to regulate and compensate for the disturbance.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver conditions. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without these there can be no vigorous health. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates the appetite as well as the nutriment that is built up in the system—Science of Health.

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