

Trophy Team Broke the Regulations.

June 6.—At the spring National Rifle Association in London of today, Lord the President, referred to evidence between the National Association and the American Association relative to the Las the American team, the Palma trophy in 1903, the national arm of the us, and therefore did not the regulations. The object of the association in matter was not to seek to points of the match, or fairness, but to clear up questions which had been a communication from the Association, General admits the general allegation, but he denies the factually correctness of the patterns issued to the service, and thus one was infringed. "It would to the competing team," "to assume that to commit a breach of the regulations," he formally acknowledged, promising to lay the executive committee, approved the action of

MEETING A GIRL.

lished on a Charge of Felony Conduct. The 6.—Harry Ye, a r, was fined \$25 and a charge of disorderly conduct. He was arrested while at of Hand Martin, 14 Eves at 2047 south To, the girl informed the telephone that she met him and Friday at a down town There were arrested in he when arrested. Ye vely that he had of other American girls capacity of a waiter d to prosecute Ye. He was fined him, ye-rt your own women d it cheaper."

WITE PLAGUE.

mission Present: Its Report. The Royal Com- in August, 1901, to the relation between tuberculosis has a conclusion justifying an interim report, which the commission on the bovine tuber- ically fatal. It states that extensive proved that the in animals by tub- ular, whether of hu- origin, was iden- tical with the one of the finer historical records of post-mortem Professor Keogh's d by the English and the possibility of in- m.

GOVERNMENT.

nd for in the Sydney rike. The only impor- is the passing of a Federal government Trade asking that of Labor at once a matter of effect- of the dispute, as submitted to a ard by a commit- of Sydney, who nce in the morn- only one eventful ay. This was rrowing of Hungar- eling a car of y of young strik- other acts of vio-

IN NEW YORK.

London, Ont., Banker East River. 6.—The body of found in the East Ninth street, on he taken to the nk he took to the London, Un- ible, of 1907 Ex- iled to the Chief on, England, and of Police of Lon- he got a des- atter, saying that r, had been mis- ed last, and was y. His brother is

ON THE RIVER.

He Prayed for ath. June 6.—While outh bridge pray- who was drowned George Shepa, the the river and was ter, but knowing of services for Memorial Day, he de- bridge and pray- riate to do so, be- his relative was and the river was knew.

Violet's Lover

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured, "For my heart beats loud and fast; But surely, in the far, far distance, I can hear a sound at last?" "It is only the reapers singing, As they carry home their sheaves, And the evening breeze has risen, And rustles the dying leaves." "Listen! There are voices talking!" "Calmly still she strove to speak, Yet her voice grew faint and trem- bling, And the red flushed in her cheek. "It is only the children play- ing, Below, now their work is done, And they laugh that their eyes are dim, By the rays of the setting sun."

"Fainter grew her voice, and weaker, As with anxious eyes she cried: "Down the avenue of chestnuts I can hear a horseman ride!" "It was only the deer that were In the herd on the clover grass; They were startled and fled to the thicket, As the reapers pass."

"Now the night arose in silence, Birds lay in their leafy nest, And the deer couched in the forest, And the children were at rest. There was only a sound of weeping, From watchers around a bed, But rest to the weary spirit, Peace to the quiet dead!" There was silence as the last words fell, and Lady Chevenix bowed her head, so as to hide her tears. The gray shadows fell darker, A loud voice roused them, "Where are you? Where have you hidden yourselves? Surely a rambler among the flowers does not mean an encampment by the lake."

Through the clear, fragrant air came the odor of a cigar, and Sir Owen, looking very cross, suddenly appeared before them. "I could not find you anywhere," he said, in a sultry tone. "You must have hidden yourselves on purpose." Lady Chevenix did not answer him, because she knew that it was need- less to do so. Sir Owen, do not equal to the occasion. "If we had wanted to hide," she said, "we should have hidden, as you did not, we remained here. If you are going to be so strict, Sir Owen, do not spoil an agreeable party by joining it."

He laughed then, and sat down with them; but the beauty, the poetry and reason, would all go. He began to talk, and the light he had seen between a King Charles spaniel and a toy terrier, laughing heartily at it, and wondering they did not laugh also. It was an exquisite joke to him to tell how the King Charles lay dying—and even in dying tried to lick his hand. "Do you enjoy seeing anything suffer, Sir Owen?" asked Miss Hethcote. "I think a dog fight or anything of that kind capital sport," he answered. "But the unfortunate creatures must feel it."

"Felix sneered. "What nonsense, foxes were made to be hunted, rats to be worried, dogs to fight. Why should they feel it?" "With a shrug of his shoulders she turned away from him. Sir Owen laughed again; he rather enjoyed a dispute with a pretty girl. "I am not one of your sentimentalists," he said. "Now, Mr. Lonsdale could give you poems by the yard, I am sure."

you be happy about my being here? "I may speak freely to you," said Miss Hethcote; "you know, then, as you belong to some measure to them I may tell you that Lady Chevenix lives in a great deal of her husband. "Why?" asked Felix. "He has been very violent to her many times. It is not long since she had to send for Mrs. Hays, being afraid of losing her life. She has refused to be sent alone since then. That is why I have been with a so long, and why I am glad you are here."

"But," said Felix, "he loves her. I must love her, or he would not have loved her, or he may not; but when it is half mad with drink she has reason to be alarmed." "I can not think that even the best of us would have such cheerful views of things I should be glad if I could share your faith, but unfortunately I have seen bruises on her arms and marks on her face, such as if I had been a man, would have made me feel inclined to call Sir Owen out."

"She saw the handsome face of the man before her glow with emotion. She saw his strong hands tremble and his fingers clench tightly. She talked until the storm of passion had passed over him. "I can not bear to think of any woman being ill-used," he said; "it is one of the things that irritates me and makes me angry with an anger that frightens me. But Lady Chevenix is so gentle, so amiable, I cannot understand any man being unkind to her."

"I can understand anything Sir Owen does," rejoined Miss Hethcote. "Mr. Lonsdale, you will be kind to her, won't you?" she pleaded. "I believe me a pleasant woman working in the fields, or a factory girl in a mill, is happier than Lady Chevenix of Garwood!" "I am grieved to hear it," he said, and the Miss Hethcote left him. She went away early the next morning, never dreaming of what would happen before she saw Garwood and his mistress again.

CHAPTER XXXIX. On the morning after Miss Hethcote's departure, Sir Owen did not come down to breakfast; but Felix, not his valet with some soda-water and brandy. The young lawyer descended to the breakfast-room, where Lady Chevenix awaited him. She looked very fair and young in her pretty morning dress. She was so pleased to see him; her face brightened, her eyes met his with such a glad light; she could not be cold and unkind to him. "How true you are to your colors, Lady Chevenix," he said. "I have seen you in white—I hardly remember to have seen you wearing anything else."

"You will own that they are pretty colors, will you?" she asked, with a smile—one of those charming smiles that stir a man's heart, and pulse. "I sat down at the breakfast-table with her, and she asked me to place another man in such a predicament before. "See," she said, "I remember your tastes. You like tea better than coffee, and you like fruit. I have brought you some of each, and they have the dew on them."

a dream of beauty in that dull, gloomy room. "She sent him some tea, and asked him to come to the drawing-room when he had finished, and he promised to do so. When she returned, Sir Owen lay on one of the couches fast asleep. She was thankful to see him asleep, and hoped that he might wake up quite himself. She drew down the blinds and darkened the room. Who could tell what she suffered in her heart, this fair, stately woman, who struck so keenly from all signs of distress, her daily, hourly, and best her husband should do something that would entail everlasting shame upon them, lest any one should see him in those moments when he was quite unwell to be seen? What a double life she led, this brilliant and beautiful woman—before the world all gayety, smiles and animation, in her own heart always a terrible weight of anxiety.

For this evening at least she was safe. She thought he would wake up himself, and then they would spend a happy hour with Felix; so she watched lest sound or light should disturb him until Mr. Lonsdale joined them. He awoke at last, but the sun had already placed the early light of night lay over the earth. She had cooling fruit that was pleasant to eye and taste ready for him, she had everything refreshing, but no stimulant. He pushed aside the purple grapes and the crimson straw- berries. "Where is the brandy?" he asked her. "The idea of offering a man such things as those!" he exclaimed. "Run for the brandy!"

She dared not refuse—moreover, refusal would have been of no use. She rang the bell and gave the message, but before the brandy came, with sweet womanly tact she had lured him from the room, hoping that he would not be so unkind as to drink the long corridors for some minutes talking to him; then he suddenly remembered Felix, and said that nothing would satisfy him unless he left his room at once. He had no need to persuade him, for he had already ordered the lamps in the drawing-room to be lighted. The two gentlemen returned together. They played for some time at whist, and then Sir Owen had a great liking. Suddenly he remembered the brandy, and asked for it. Lady Chevenix dreaded its war, and dared not offer it. She took some lead cup instead. He laughed at her. "Listen to her ladyship!" he cried. "Good cup! The very name of it makes me shudder. I want brandy—nothing else."

She remonstrated again, but very mildly. She felt that she could bear anything better than this, that the man she had forsaken should see in true colors the man she had married. "Those last words proved too much for Sir Owen. He swore roundly at her. What business of hers was it, he asked, if he wanted a sea of brandy? He would give her as much as she would take, and he would remember from what position he had taken her, and not attempt to dictate to him; he would not endure it. She tried to soothe and conciliate him, and to give him as well as tried to see the pathos of his words. "The brandy was brought, but even then he did not recover his good humor. Felix was miserable. He longed to put down his cards and say good-night, but he saw the face of Lady Chevenix, growing more and more afraid to leave her. Miss Hethcote had told him of Sir Owen's violence. He would not leave her to the mercy of that violent man; yet every moment he remained with her, he was sure to see Sir Owen had no moderation. In vain his wife and Felix engaged him with cards and in conversation. Despite everything, he filled and replenished his tumbler. At length he was obliged to take a glass of water, and then that Lady Chevenix deemed it prudent to rise.

"It is growing late," she said; "we had better put aside the cards." "Yes," agreed Felix; "I am tired." He had no time to finish his speech. Sir Owen did not wait to hear him, but merely turned with a scowl to his wife, and cried in a voice of thunder: "Sit down and go on with the game!" Felix saw that she trembled in every limb, yet she kept all sign of emotion from her face; nothing but his pallor betrayed her fear. She sat down, but the young lawyer's spirit was roused. He threw the cards upon the table. "Lady Chevenix, I am unable to go on playing," he said; "I shall be late, and quite time to leave off."

Without a word, and so suddenly that there was no time to prevent it, Sir Owen turned and struck his wife on the face. "Take that," he said, "and mind you do not interfere with me again!" The next moment a pair of strong arms had seized him and had literally thrown him across the room. His face white, his whole body trembling with passion, Felix stood over him. "If you touch her ladyship again, if you lay your cowardly hands upon her, I will kill you!" Then he turned to Violet. She stood trembling with a great red mark across her lovely pale face—a mark that burned like a hot iron. "Oh, Lady Chevenix," he said, "I am so sorry! I ought to have been quicker, more on my guard. Are you much hurt?"

She raised her face with that terrible, agonizing look, and he turned away from her. For a moment the old ideal of love was strong upon him, and he longed to shelter the golden head, every hair of which was dear to him, and to kiss her. He recollected himself and said gently: "I shall never forgive myself that this has happened. If I had been quicker, I should have been able to prevent it. He broke off abruptly, for his wrath was rising again. "I shall kill him," he cried, "if he touches you!" She looked up at him; the bruise on her forehead, and the terrible face toward her, and he turned away. Sir Owen was lying just over to him to persuade him to let her send some tea there, and he consented. He looked at her, as she stood in that darkened room, in the evening-dress of white silk and trailing lace. She wore a superb suit of opals, which shone with the fire that lives in gems. She looked like

Chevenix; and he never forgot her answer. "If you would not mind it," she said, "I should be so thankful if you would place him in a chair; I do not like the servants to see all that happens."

He raised Sir Owen, who made some violent plunges the while, and placed him in a chair. The baronet fell placidly asleep again, and Felix went back to Lady Chevenix. "You must apply something to your face," he said, "or it will be black to-morrow."

She smiled and raised the white lace that fell over her arm. He saw a long dark bruise, the mark of a cruel grasp that held the delicate arm as in an iron vise. "I am seldom without a mark," she told him; "but I do not often find them on my arm."

He looked sorrowfully at the graceful woman who had preferred money to love, and had suffered so terribly for her choice; he longed to say something, but he was so full of indignation that he could not find words. He held out her hand to him, and he saw how it trembled. She smiled, and he never forgot the smile. "Some day," she said, "the will most probably kill me. If he does, you will always remember that I was sorry I had grieved you, Felix."

"I will remember," he returned, gravely. He held her hand for one moment, while he bade her good-night, and then she went away. CHAPTER XL. Felix thought long Garwood. He was glad that he had treated Sir Owen as he did; he said to himself that he should have been less than a man had he not acted after what had passed he could remain under Sir Owen's roof; neither did he desire to do so. It was torture to him to see Violet ill-treated, and he would not let her be interfered to prevent it.

HEALTH FOR GIRLS. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Strong Healthy Rosy-Checked Lasses. "I was attacked with appendicitis," says Miss Fawcett, a Gram-mot, daughter of Mr. Charles Gram-mot, a prosperous farmer of Cham-plain, Que., "and while the doctor who attended me cured me of this ailment, it left behind it a weakness from which it seemed almost impos- sible to recover. I grew weak and very pale; my appetite was poor; I suffered at times from severe head- aches, and the least exertion left me completely worn out. I tried several remedies, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing worse. Any work about the house left me weak and dispirited, and I felt almost like giving up. At this time a friend who had used Dr. Wil- liams' Pink Pills with much benefit strongly urged me to give them a trial. I got a box, and as I did not feel any better when I had used them, I would have given them up but for the fact that my friend urged that one box was not a fair trial. I then decided to continue the use of the pills, and by the time I had taken three boxes I found my condi- tion was improving. I used eight boxes in all, and by the time I had taken them all my old-time health had returned, my appetite had im- proved, I had gained in weight and the glow of health had returned to my face. I cannot too strongly recom- mend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and weak girls."

Good blood is an absolute neces- sity, and the only way to health is a constant supply of red, health-giv- ing blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and to drive from the sys- tem such troubles as anemia, languid- ness, neuralgia, dyspepsia, rheu- matism, etc. You can get these pills by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOLSTEINS ARE LARGE, HEALTHY AND THRIFTY.

In the course of an address before the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Prof. H. H. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, spoke as follows: "First, we have found them (the Holstein-Friesians) in our experience at the College, where we keep six or seven breeds for instructional purposes for our students, a healthy and a thrifty breed of cattle. We are required, owing to our peculiar circumstances, to keep representatives of the different breeds, and we find the Holsteins a healthy, thrifty breed, and I consider that a very strong point. Now, we find that some breeds do not seem to have that strong constitution, that thrift, that inherent quality which always makes them ready for their meals, and ready for almost anything which may come up; and I consider that a very strong point. I believe that the breeders of Holstein cattle would be making a most serious mistake if they lost sight of that vigor and thrift and health and constitution which is now so important a point about eight pounds of extra fat."

"Then we find in our experience that the calves are strong and good doers. I have never known in my experience with them a calf to come weak, and a calf that required nursing, and required feeding, and required any extra atten- tion without exception. They have come strong and are good doers, and in two or three weeks we can put them on skim milk, and soon begin to feed them bran and oats, and they begin to thrive right from the start. Now, other calves do

not seem to thrive in the same way, and that is why I like the Holstein cattle, because their calves are thrifty right from the start."

"Then another strong point of the Holsteins is their size. They are of good size. Now, some people say that size is a detriment in the dairy business; that you can get a smaller cow to do given amount of work, she does not require so much feed, and that she will produce milk or butter or cheese more economi- cally, because she is of smaller size. Now, I will tell you: We have looked into this matter pretty carefully, and we find that the difference in the feed which is consumed by a large cow and a small one, for the production of a given quantity of milk or butter, is largely in the rough food, the cheap food, and whether a cow be a large one or a small one, she will require just about a certain amount of concentrated feed, and that the differ- ence in the food which is eaten by the large and small cows is in the cheap, rough, bulky food, and not in the con- centrates. We find that a cow requires about eight pounds of meal for a pound of fat she produces in the milk."

"The next strong point of the Holsteins is that they are regular breeders. We have found in our experience very much less trouble in getting cows to breed regularly, cows of this breed, than cows belonging to other breeds, and very seldom have any difficulty in that respect (with Holsteins), a trouble which sometimes gives the dairymen a great deal of annoyance." Yours truly, G. W. Clemons, Secretary.

have used a light veneer, such as is used for making baskets, cut in pieces about 6 by 18 inches, and held in place by a stout cord. These cost about four dollars per thousand, and will last many years. The Experimental Farm at Ottawa find these a good preventive of sun scald as well as mice, and in the end the cheapest protection for trees. Comparatively few have attempted to save their injured trees. This may be done by erecting a mound of fresh earth to cover the wound by binding the wound with a mix- ture of clay and cow manure, half and half, covering the whole with burlap, or by simply covering the wound with grafting wax. Bridging is practised by many quite successfully. Mr. W. W. Cox, of Collingwood, has some old trees that have never failed to bear good crops that were girdled when they were five inches in diameter for a distance of one half foot or more. The damage by frost, though ex- ceedingly serious in Ontario and Quebec, will not affect to any great extent the amount of fruit put on the market this year, except in the case of plums and peaches. The Niagara district is not so severely injured. The Crawford type proved good in 1899, and the Niagara cherries are also injured severely in bud. Small fruits escaped with less injury. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

A RAILROAD REVOLUTION.

May be Brought About Through the Automobile. The bicycle paved the way for the automobile and the automobile threatens to effect a revolution in the transportation methods on land and sea. The motor is the fad of the moment, and these tiny craft will be seen by the thousands darting over the smoother waters of the inland lakes and rivers and the more protected bodies along the coast. Now it is announced that a well-known engine- er of Europe has for several years been experimenting with a vehicle de- signed for railroad purposes. It is announced that they have succeeded to the point of putting out several vehicles for actual use on the tracks, and in the course of a few weeks it is expected to demonstrate that these vehicles may be made use of by railroad companies, with a great economy over that of engines. This announcement is made in a recent report of United States Consul Govdy at Paris. He says the experiments of the firm referred to have taken practical form, and the system is now in use on two tram- way lines in Paris and has been used on a short line in Wurttemberg, Germany, for some time past. It will be tried in a few weeks on a more extensive scale on the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railway, and if successful, may revolutionize railway travel. The advantages of such a system are obvious. The fastest express train does not have to stop in the course of a long run to take in water or fuel. The longest run made by any English train without stoppage is rather less than 200 miles, but an "automobile" could easily go four or five times that distance, and in a few weeks' time cars of this kind will be running on some of the branch lines of the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railway. The cars will not be coupled together, as the French regula- tions discontinue that, but each will have its own motor and carry from 30 to 40 passengers with about 2 1/2 tons of baggage. The speed will be restricted to 30 miles an hour. Arrangements are also made to run a line of cars between Antwerp and Brussels, at a rate of 75 miles an hour, and even this high speed could be ex- ceeded if desired. The cost of such a car as has been mentioned above, would not exceed \$10,000, machinery and all. No stoker is required, as the petroleum is pumped to the burners mechanically. The mo- tion is devoid of jerking, jolting or shak-

ing, and the inventors assert that the train could be stopped in 200 yards, even when traveling at over 70 miles an hour. The real danger of these cars is against is that of fire from overheating. The announcement has already been made in these columns of the introduc- tion of these motors cars on some of the English railways, being used principally as feeders for the main line, and as is known, they have filled the demands admirably. It has enabled the railroad company to establish regular service connecting the smaller towns located away from the line, without the necessity of going to the expense of building a road- bed and maintaining a line for a traffic which may not be a profitable one for many years, if at all.

THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD.

Every child in the country needs, at some time or other, a medicine to correct the ills incident to child- hood. If these ills are Tablets are kept in the house and occasionally given to the little ones they will prevent illness and make the little ones rugged, strong and cheerful. Mothers should insist on having this medicine because it contains no opium or harmful drug, and children take the Tablets as readily as they take candy. If you have a neighbor who has used the Tablets ask her and she will tell you what splendid sat- isfaction they give. Here is what one mother, Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Hel- ron, N. B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with so much satisfac- tion that I do not feel safe when I have not got a box in the house. I am sure that our mothers will be quite as well pleased with them." You can get the Tablets through your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Med- icine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE "BOOERS" WERE MAD.

Because Miss Mabel Terry Lewis Was Not Brought Before the Footlights. The fall of the curtain on the last act of the "Bride and Bridgeman," produced at the New Theatre last night, was followed by the noisiest scenes witnessed in a London theatre for some years. Amid a storm of "boos" proceeding from the gallery, cries rose of "What about Miss Terry Lewis?" "We want no more," and other quite indistinguish- able phrases not intended to be friendly. Coming down to the footlights, looking very pale, Sir Charles Wyndham essayed to speak, but failing after several at- tempts to make himself heard, he di- rected the members of his company standing behind him to retire from the stage. Going back again to the foot- lights, after the rest of the company had left the stage, Sir Charles took advan- tage of a lull that followed a burst of cheering, to say: "I am here to face the music."

More cheers. After which he went on to say: "With regard to this organized opposition"—but a cry of "We all know you hate the gallery" broke in, and an indescribable label cut short the sen- tence. "If the boosers would only 'look' at their own looking glasses at home they would never want to 'boo' again," the actor- manager cried, pointing his finger angrily at the gallery. Sir Charles called on the police to remove the offenders, but the taking out of one of the noisiest of the demonstrators improved matters very little. "You are not telling the truth," was yelled down from above to the stage, where Sir Charles, evidently deter- mined to go through with it, stood alone, encouraged by shouts from other parts of the house. The cries from the gallery that "they wanted to hear no more," had no further effect than to draw from the actor-manager an expression of his intention to protect in future the audi- ences at his theatres from the annoy- ance of such scenes as this.

Several times he asked for "fair play," but those who commenced the disturbance evidently had no intention of giving it, and after twenty minutes of uproar, the scene ended almost, but not quite, as noiseless as it began. Some of the occupants of the gallery afterwards gave as the reason for the noise that they understood that Miss Mabel Terry Lewis had not been brought before the footlights in the final call on the first night of My Lady Rosedale. Sir Charles looked very pale last night and a wound on the top of his head was evidence of an accident he met with before the performance beneath the stage, through coming in contact with a cross- timber.—London Mail.