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Violet's Lover

"That comes of having a beautiful face," put in Frank Captain Hill. "A beautiful face is better than a fortune."

"At times," said Darcy Lonsdale. "Every beautiful woman is not favored like Lady Chevenix."

Then matters pertaining to the estate were discussed by the executors; and it was arranged that, with the young widow's consent, all business should still be left in the hands of Mrs. Haye.

A very different scene was passing in the room where Lady Chevenix sat with her mother. Mrs. Haye was walking up and down, her pride and elation almost more than she could conceal.

"I always liked Sir Owen, my dear. I always said that he was a most honorable man. What could be other than his treatment of you? I have known such terrible things happen."

"What kind of things, mamma?" asked the widow—though there was little interest in the tone of her voice.

"Terrible things, my dear. I have heard of rich men dying and leaving a handsome fortune to their wives on condition that they never married again. Now, I call that most atrociously mean."

"So it is, mamma," said Lady Chevenix—and very much to her mother's surprise, she spoke, however, as one whose thoughts were not with her words. She had untied the widow's cap and was caressing with her fingers the long golden hair that fell over her shoulders. Mrs. Haye did not care to be kissed.

"Sir Owen, you see, Violet, had more sense than that. I have never heard of a more generous will. Only 25—and you do not look 20—young, beautiful, with a fortune like that—what more could any woman desire?"

"I desire no more, mamma. I only feel as though I wanted a long rest. I am very tired; no one can tell how tired I am."

"Your income will be over thirty thousand a year. Only think of that! And you was so good of your dear husband to leave your father and myself five thousand pounds!"

"It showed such a kind feeling. It seems strange that so much good fortune should have fallen to your lot."

The young widow looked round her magnificent room.

"Yes," she said, "it seems strange to remember that I was once Violet Haye."

"Beautiful Violet Haye! All the young farmers called you," rejoined Mrs. Haye. Then she saw the golden hair lying on the folds of the carpet. An expression of horror came over her face. "My dear Violet, how can you be so careless!" she cried—and after such a will as that? Put on your cap, my dear child, at once! Only imagine my feelings if one of the servants saw me! I should never forgive myself."

"I did not think of what I was doing," said Lady Chevenix, languidly.

"But you must think of such things. You must study appearances. It is a pity."

Mrs. Haye hastened to her daughter's side, and with her own hands wound the golden hair into a large knot, and placed the cap securely on her head.

"Do not take it off again, Violet," she said; "after such a will, it seems quite bearable."

"She wondered why her daughter laughed, with a tired, hopeless expression—she who was mistress of thirty thousand a year."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Long months had passed since Sir Owen was laid in his grave; and now August was come round again, with its ripe fruits and yellow corn. Lady Chevenix, every one agreed, was a model widow. During the interval that had elapsed since her husband's death, hardly any one had seen her. Visitors had called, but had never been admitted; they had left cards and condolences, and had each approved of the fact that Lady Chevenix kept herself quiet.

Mrs. Haye spent a great deal of time with her daughter. It was indeed that most estimable lady who had advised the long course of seclusion—who saw that the golden head was not uncovered until the proper time—who brought to her daughter all the news of the outer world, and formed the one link between her and society in general.

Nothing could have been more decorous or proper; and every one felt it to be quite the right thing to speak of Lady Chevenix as feeling her husband's loss as keenly as that she was no longer able to see any one.

"Did she feel it so keenly?" she never asked herself the question. She had been overwhelmed with the horror of the closing scene—as indeed had every one else who had witnessed it. It had haunted her sleeping and waking hours, as it had the days and nights of every other witness. She had been stunned and bewildered by it. She had been so frightened that all her natural high spirits had left her. Did she regret Sir Owen very much? She could not tell—she never asked herself the question. She had been shocked, startled, horrified—but it was not the keen sorrow of her loss that made her shrink from all observation. It was rather the reaction from which she had suffered.

She often started in alarm from her seat, her heart beating with terror, thinking that she heard her husband's voice; then she remembered that he was dead. She woke with tears, her whole frame trembling with the horror of some terrible dream, in which her husband was an active figure—and then she remembered with a strange emotion that he was dead.

It was strange to go about the house without fear; it was strange to give her orders with the certainty that they would be obeyed; it was strange to know that she need tremble and suffer no more. There were

"I will go with pleasure," she replied. "Where shall we go? Shall it be to Scotland, Switzerland or France?"

"As we go to Normandy," said Lady Chevenix, "and I should like to stay away some time. Perhaps if your mamma wants to see you she will pay us a visit there. We shall take some pretty chateau; and then I shall regain what I have lost—my health and youth and spirits."

So it was settled; and in three weeks after that conversation Lady Chevenix and Miss Hethcote left Garwood, to spend some months in picturesque Normandy.

Lady Chevenix sent for Darcy Lonsdale, and said farewell to him. She was very much pleased to see the little boy, though he said little about it. When passing through London she sent such a hamper of toys to the Lonsdale children as had never been seen before. There was not one among them forgotten. To Kate she sent such or such a thing that her eyes were dazzled as she looked at them; to Darcy himself she sent a superb diamond ring.

In the letter that accompanied these presents she said:

"I did not see your son to bid him farewell; but tell him that I send him my kindest wishes, and thanks for his sympathy and help that I shall never forget."

Darcy Lonsdale looked at his son when he read the message; but Felix turned away without a word; nor did he ever mention Lady Chevenix's name. Darcy Lonsdale was pleased with her thoughtfulness.

"Her sorrow has done her good," he said to his wife.

But that ostentatious lady shook her head gravely; even the sparkling ornaments had not changed her opinion.

The late rooms at Garwood were closed, and silence reigned where poor Sir Owen had at times made daylight hours and night terrible. Again the neighborhood was desolated. Nothing could have been more pathetic than the scene, with sympathy and help that I shall never forget."

Lady Chevenix had gone abroad to recruit herself after her great trial. Even Lady Rolfe said to herself that it was one of the most sensible things she could have done, and that after all she had turned out better than for one, had ever anticipated.

"I think, Lavinia," she said, "that it was fortunate you lost such a chance. A widow with so much to do as the very sad. I never like to think of it."

"I would not have changed places with Lady Chevenix for all the money Sir Owen was worth," said the curate's wife. "I have at least a kind husband, mamma, while the poor girl lived in fear of losing her life. Money is a great advantage; but it is not all the world. I am happier now than I should have been had I married Sir Owen."

"After a few days the gossip about Lady Chevenix died away; while she and Marian made themselves comfortable in their pretty chateau. Violet entered her bloom; a lovely tinge as of a blush rose came to her cheeks; her eyes grew brighter, and lost all their shadow; the last few years seemed to fall from her, and she looked young and fair—as she had looked when she married Sir Owen.

"You appear to be so well," said Marian to her one day, "and you are so thoughtful. What are you always thinking about, Lady Chevenix?"

"Am I always thinking?" she asked, with a happy brooding light in her eyes. "If that is what you mean, I am sure, for you smile as you think, and at times a little pink flush creeps up to your hair even. I speak to you, and you do not hear me. I leave you, and you do not miss me. Why is it, I wonder?"

But Lady Chevenix made no answer. She never imparted to any one these the most treasured thoughts of her life.

CHAPTER XLIV.

All Loomshire was shaken to its very center. Such news had not been heard in the neighborhood for years; there was a general sentiment of rejoicing. Lady Maude Arlington was going to be married—Lady Maude, whom all the inhabitants of the county looked upon as a princess. Whom was she going to marry? To what noble house was she going to be asked. And the answer gave universal pleasure. It was the hero of the Victoria Cross—Major Rawson. Every one was delighted with the alliance. Lady Maude was so beloved; while the name of Major Rawson was honored.

The county awoke suddenly. There had been many queens since Lady Maude first began to reign, but none were like her; and Loomshire awoke to the knowledge that it was about the time to come to do all honor to the earl's daughter.

No one was more delighted than Felix. In his heart he thought no one good enough for the noble, beautiful woman whom he admired, and who had been to him the best and truest of friends. He was sorry to lose her; he knew that Bamber Towers would never again be the place it had been while she reigned there; at the same time he was delighted that her noble life had its reward in a noble love.

Lady Maude could have told how she had loved the brave soldier before he went to the war in which he had gained such renown. She could have told how she had gathered her love in her heart, and had kept it as a priceless treasure, never dreaming that it could have a happy ending, yet preferring to love a hero, and love in vain, than to be the wife of a peer.

But Major Rawson loved her, and there was no obstacle to their marriage. He was heir to an ancient title, too, and a large fortune. She had a fortune of her own. So all Loomshire awoke, and rejoiced itself to do honor to the marriage of its queen.

The marriage was to take place at the old parish church of Lifford. Lady Maude would have it so. The Countess of Arlington had suggested London, and St. George's, Grosvenor Square. Lady Maude had laughed.

"Let it be the old church on the hill, mamma," she had said. "It is an old fancy, but I think I should not feel that I had been married unless these solemn oak leaves sheltered their heads over me, and the roof

THE BEEF RING.

Farmers may Have Fresh Meat in Summer.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Although live stock is grown on almost every Canadian farm, the farmer as a rule, finds it very difficult to furnish his table with fresh meat during the summer months. In order to make the use of fresh meat possible in every farm home, even during the summer months, the Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa, recommends the more general establishment of beef rings, which have been successfully carried on for years in some sections of Canada.

Beef Rings—These rings are not, as the name might indicate, "trusts" for the control of the production and sale of beef, but are groups of farmers who co-operate to supply their tables with fresh meat during the summer. The ring is usually composed of sixteen, twenty or twenty-five members, although sometimes as many as forty are enrolled. Each member agrees to supply one beef animal during the summer, and in order to give plenty of time for preparation, the members draw lots the previous winter to determine the order in which they shall contribute animals. After the drawing members may exchange numbers if they find it mutually advantageous. Two small families may combine for one share.

The Animal.—The regulations usually provide that each member shall supply a steer or heifer under three years old, sound, healthy, and in good condition, dressing from 400 to 500 pounds of beef, and grain-fed for at least six weeks previous to killing. If an animal is not up to the standard it may be rejected and the owner compelled to supply another, or it may be accepted at a lower valuation. The decision in such cases is left to the secretary of a duly appointed committee of inspection.

Killing and Distribution.—A butcher is employed to kill and cut up the animals, the owner retaining the head, heart, fat and hide. The amount paid for killing and cutting up a beast is usually \$2 to \$2.50, with an extra dollar if the butcher makes delivery, which is not a general practice. Of course it is not necessary to employ a professional butcher, but a man is required who can do the work neatly and well, and cut up the carcass along the usual lines, and in the same way each time. The butcher prepares a hook for each member, and hangs thereon the portion for each animal as the animal is cut up. Each member should have two meat bags with his name on, that one of them may always be at the butcher shop ready to receive the weekly portion. In the case of some rings each family gets only one piece of the carcass, the position for each animal as the animal is cut up. Each member should have two meat bags with his name on, that one of them may always be at the butcher shop ready to receive the weekly portion. In the case of some rings each family gets only one piece of the carcass, the position for each animal as the animal is cut up. Each member should have two meat bags with his name on, that one of them may always be at the butcher shop ready to receive the weekly portion.

When you buy these pills always look at the box and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is printed on the wrapper, and refuse to take any pills from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OFFICIAL RECORD OF HOLSTEIN COWS.

The following cows have been accepted for entry in the Canadian Holstein-Friesian record of merit under the following conditions:

1. Little Pietje, Do (2,376) at 6 years 6 months of age; milk, 393.4 lbs.; butter fat, 14.61 lbs.; equivalent butter, 17.05 lbs.; owner, W. H. Simmons, New Durham, Ont.

2. Little Katie Kent, 3rd (2,375), at 6 years 9 months 2 days of age; milk, 374 lbs.; butter fat, 13.04 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.22 lbs.; owner, W. H. Simmons.

3. Gemina Cubana (2,694), at 5 years 22 days of age; milk, 426.7 lbs.; butter fat, 13.33 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.56 lbs.; owner, W. H. Simmons.

4. Bessie Pietje De Twin (2,699), at 4 years 11 months 4 days of age; milk, 401.8 lbs.; butter fat, 14.02 lbs.; equivalent butter, 16.36 lbs.; owner, W. H. Simmons.

5. Daisy Brink's (2,712), at 4 years 9 months 18 days of age; milk, 409.3 lbs.; butter fat, 12.81 lbs.; equivalent butter, 14.95 lbs.; owner, Jas. Rettle, Norwich, Ont.

6. Gemina Pesch (2,612), at 2 years 6 months 24 days of age; milk, 636 lbs.; butter fat, 9.24 lbs.; equivalent butter, 10.78 lbs.; owner, Jas. Rettle.

7. Ianthe Jewel Meethilde, 2nd, (3,511), at 2 years 6 months 8 days of age; milk, 362.6 lbs.; butter fat, 9.28 lbs.; equivalent butter, 10.83 lbs.; owner, Jas. Rettle.

8. Maple Grove Belle (4,025), at 1 year 9 months 28 days of age; milk, 223.3 lbs.; butter fat, 10.36 lbs.; equivalent butter, 12.09 lbs.; owner, H. Bollert, Cassel, Ont.

Yours truly,
G. W. Clemons,
Secretary.

CAUGHT A BIG SHARK.

On Hook and Line for Hours, but Yielded to a Volley of Bullets.

Recently Harry F. Chamberlain, of Warwick, Orange county, N. Y., arrived in Mexico by steamer to visit his friend and associate, H. H. Warner, of New York. Mr. Warner has been residing here for several months for the pleasure of the climate and a city. He and Mr. Chamberlain have a suite of apartments at the Gilow Hotel.

When Mr. Chamberlain arrived on the steamer of Mexico he had an adventure which is not one out of a hundred visitors ever has.

Mr. Chamberlain is an ardent sportsman, and is especially skilled in angling for trout and other game fish. He is also a fine shot. When his steamer arrived in the harbor of Progreso he had an opportunity to exercise his skill as a sportsman in a novel and most exciting manner. Mr. Chamberlain said in a recent interview:

"When I first saw the beautiful blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico in this harbor I was reminded of the Mediterranean Sea. When the steamer is in progress one does not notice the water so much, but these color depths at Progreso were in such marked contrast with the black and foul waters of Havana harbor that they at once arrested my attention. While the ship was unloading part of its cargo I observed that there was something else in the water besides its charming color, to wit, a great number of those terrible monsters, the man-eating sharks. I discovered later that the term 'terrible' was not misapplied."

"Seeing these big fellows, with their inseparable companions, the pilot fish, swimming around so boldly within ten yards of the vessel, aroused my sporting blood, and I determined to make an attempt to capture one. I formed my plans, and with the co-operation of the ship's officers I secured a long line of sisal, about the thickness of an ordinary clothesline. To the end of this I attached about five feet of strong wire. There were no regular shark hooks on the steamer, but I secured the largest hook at hand and attached it to the end of the wire. It was baited with two pounds of salt pork. This was thrown overboard and allowed to float on the surface of the water within two hundred

feet of the ship, where the sharks could not fail to see it.

"It was most exhilarating and at the same time pleasurable exciting to stand hour after hour and see those huge man-eaters sail round and round the floating bait, snapping up pieces of wood and other floating objects within a few feet of it, but apparently indifferent to or unconscious of the sweet morsel. For an entire day they never touched that pork. I thought, however, at night, that, like human beings who do not like or are forbidden to touch certain articles of food, that desire and hunger would in the end overcome their tastes and scruples and that the morsel would be swallowed. The next morning the baited hook was again thrown overboard. Not five minutes had passed before the nose of a big shark arose far above the surface of the water and dropped down, seizing the pork in his huge and grotesque mouth, which is far back from the end of the nose.

"Then the marine hyena sank out of sight, dragging the line swiftly after him. As soon as this fact became known to the passengers there was wild excitement on board. They came rushing from their staterooms in pajamas, night shirts and all forms of deshabille, their eyes bright with excitement and their mouths full of advice as to the best methods of landing the big terror of the seas.

"I had wrestled with too many big trout, muscalonge and bluefish to feel much anxiety as to the end, but I tell you that great fierce, powerful shark taught me a lesson that will last me a life-time. From the first pull I knew the hook was well fixed. It acted just like a trout, dashing to right and left; making a far-off rush, leaping out of the water, plunging down into the depths. The perspiration rolling down my cheeks and my arms ached. In the meantime scores of passengers were offering all sorts of firearms to dispatch the shark when it appeared at the surface. After two hours of the hardest work and the most skillful manoeuvring I ever did in my life, the shark slowly rose to the surface. I was about played out. An Englishman who was going to Mexico to hunt big game tendered me a heavy calibre rifle loaded with explosive bullets. I handed the line to one of the passengers, and with careful aim sent two bullets into the vitals of the huge fish.

"For a few moments the shark made final plunges beneath the surface after every passenger who had a gun had poured a harmless fusillade into his tough hide. When he arose a second time another volley was fired at him without effect. But when I had sent four more explosive bullets into him he was done for. As I afterward discovered, the first two had gone clean through the carcass without exploding.

"By the aid of peons and sailors the shark was landed on a lighter, not yet dark, and as I stood near him his wicked little eyes had an expression as if he said: 'Young man, I wish I had you in the water for about thirty seconds.'

"The shark was 9 feet 9 inches in length, from tip to tip, and weighed nearly 1,000 pounds. To tackle 1,000 pounds of the greatest strength and activity in the shape of a fish that is known in the piscatory world, with such slender and improved means as I had, gave me more pleasure than all the other fishing I have done in my lifetime.

"I wish to go on record as giving a positive contradiction to the common delusion that when the shark attacks his prey or takes his food, it always turns upon its back. It does nothing of the kind. I watched this school of fish for hours. A score of times I saw them thrust their noses high in the air until the mouth was far above and over the object they intended to seize, and then they would sweep down on it direct, like a bird of prey." — Mexican Herald.

FRETTING CHILDREN.

When a child frets and cries almost continually, and the trouble in nine cases out of ten lies with the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food means colic, bloating and diarrhoea, the latter especially dangerous, and often fatal during the first weeks of the infant's life. Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs to keep her little ones healthy. These Tablets gently regulate the bowels, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse and cool the stomach, and promote sound natural sleep. The Tablets can be given with safety to a new born babe. Mrs. J. Mick, Echo Bay, Ont., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for the ailments of little ones. No mother should be without them. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

WOLVES INCREASING IN NUMBER.

Large Amounts Still Paid by Western States in Bounties.

The wolf is more dreaded of humanity than any other animal. No doubt we of to-day inherit that dread from ancestors who had occasion to fear the long-fanged quadruped, for there are few portions of the world to-day where the wolf is really dangerous to mankind.

Dangerous to man's pocket, to his herds and flocks, he is still to-day in many portions of the country. A ranch in Montana or New Mexico may pay many hundreds of dollars a year for gray wolf scalps. Such a scalp is cheap at \$12 or \$15 to the rancher, for the gray robber would certainly have destroyed many times that value in calves or colts from the range. Yet in spite of all the warfare made upon them, and all the prices put upon their heads, these dreaded, mysterious, ghostlike, terror inspiring creatures still hold their own. Outcasts for ages, hated, persecuted, and without a friend on earth, even among his own kind.

Last year the State of Minnesota paid over \$6,000 a month in the best of the wolf season. One day of the month of last March the State Auditor paid \$6,158.50 in wolf bounties. The total for the few months preceding was \$36,548.50. On this basis the current year will foot nearly as much as the two years preceding, which appears to indicate that a matter of commerce. In many parts of the western cattle range the gray wolves are increasing, rather than decreasing.—Field and Stream.

Ontario Archives

TORONTO