

# Violet's Lover

Then, after talking eagerly of his boundless wealth, the beauty of his estate, the number of his horses, Francis Haye exclaimed: "And to think that he should come to see us!"

Violet remembered her promise; she knew that Sir Owen would probably call about noon on the day after tomorrow, and she put on her garden hat, and, with out saying a word, went out into the woods, where no one could see her and no servant could be sent after her. She sat there thinking—how sweet it was to be loved—telling herself that she would not exchange her love for the world.

Why did he dislike Sir Owen so much? Why was he so anxious for her to be away during the baronet's visit? She had never loved Felix better than she did that morning as he sat thinking of him; her heart warmed to him—his great love had touched her at last. She would go back home until after two; the baronet could not prolong his visit beyond an hour, she thought.

As she entered the house, she saw her mother watching eagerly for her at the dining-room window. She went to her at once. The moment she opened the door she heard the baronet's voice.

"Good morning, Miss Haye. I was just saying that, after my long ride over, I would not go away without seeing you. I had to stop here until midnight."

She looked up at him in simple surprise.

"I thought that it was my father you wanted to see, Sir Owen."

He laughed; he was somewhat disconcerted at her answer.

"Did you not see that that was my excuse for coming to see you?" he said.

Violet turned away, while Francis Haye and his wife looked at each other. The baronet sat down again; he did not leave until long after three. He talked of all kinds of things which he thought would interest Francis Haye. His last word was listened to with intense admiration by those children of Mammon. Then, after promising to send grapes and champagne, he offered all kinds of favors—he went away. Violet was compelled to go to the garden gate with him. He asked her, and Mrs. Haye answered for her.

"What a very good-natured, friendly neighbor!" said Francis Haye, as he, with his wife, watched the baronet mount his horse.

His wife turned to him with a face that quivered with agitation.

"He is worth forty thousand a year—forty thousand! If you are a wise man you will not say one word, or do one thing, to let it all!"

So when Violet returned, half dreading the debate she felt sure must follow, there was no reference made to the baronet or his visit, save that, in general terms, her father expressed himself much gratified. The only perceptible difference was that the girl's parents treated her with even greater deference and affection than before.

That night—it was a lovely night in May—Violet, sitting with her parents, heard a signal that she knew well.

There was a quick beating of her heart, a thrill ran through her veins—Felix was outside.

"How the leaves tap the window!" said Mrs. Haye. "It is growing late; we will have the shutters closed."

Violet hastened away, ostensibly to see that her mother's wishes were obeyed, but in reality to see if Felix were outside.

How lovely the night was! The world lay in a dreamy haze, and the light of the moon; the soft breeze brought the scent of pink hawthorn to the hedges, of the clover in the meadows, of the violet in the words. Violet went quickly out, and there, by the great lilac bushes, stood Felix. She had no time to retrace, for he had clasped her in his arms as though nothing but death could part them.

"Did I frighten you, sweet? I hope not—I have but five minutes to spare."

"Will you not come into the house, Felix?" she asked.

"No, I have but five minutes, and I want to spend them with you. I ought not to have run over, but I could not help it—I could not rest. I want to know if you saw that man to-day, and what he said to you. Yes, I know," he continued, "that I am jealous. Never mind that, sweet, jealousy is a consuming fire. I could not rest, I could not sleep, I have tasted no food—my very life has seemed to be leaving me. I felt that I must run over—that I must hold you in my arms, kiss your lips, hear you say that you love me, or the fire would destroy me."

Once more his great love mastered her—once more the mighty passion in him seemed to make her strong and noble by example.

"Tell me about it, sweet," he said. Looking into his handsome face, his loving eyes, she could not say many words which would hurt him.

"There is little to tell you, Felix," she replied. "I went out soon after twelve; I did not return until after two. There was still here. He went away soon after midnight."

"Did he talk to my father, Violet?"

"No, he talked to my father," she answered.

He drew her nearer to him.

"He has not taken one thought, one word, one look, one smile from me, has he, sweet? Oh, my darling, if

there—and it was only natural—there came to him for a moment a passionate longing for wealth. If he could only make such presents as those he had just heaped upon me!"

"Violet," he said, half sadly, "I am afraid my roses seem very poor and trifling by the side of all Sir Owen's magnificent gifts. My darling, if I could only make my heart's blood into gold and lavish it upon you I would do so. My poor roses!"

She laughed a low, rippling laugh that sounded very sweetly to him.

"Those beautiful flowers will stand in mamma's favorite old china bowl," she said. "Look where one of your roses is"—pointing to the bodies of her dress; "they shall change places if you like."

A passionate embrace was Felix Louise's only response, and as he walked home that night he felt that he was the happiest man in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was no place in England prettier than the old parish church at Lilford. It was an old Norman edifice, with quaint square towers and a prominent spire of bells. The church stood on rising ground, and behind it was a grove of oak trees, old spreading oaks, that had seen many generations of men and women come and go. Great green hills with quiet little hamlets and their wooded slopes; dotted around the world villages were dotted around, and the old church stood up royally on the hillside. The walls were of red brick, and the roof was of lead; the old windows were of stained glass; they covered the square towers; the porch with its stone seat was a marvel of architecture; the path that led to it was bordered by lime-trees. Look where one would one saw nothing but dapples of foliage and a gold-green light.

Sunday in Lilford was a day that would have charmed a poet. The very spirit of peace and rest seemed to brood over the earth, while the sweet chime of the Sabbath bells sounded through the venerable oaks. So long as he could remember, Violet had always walked home with Felix from church; when they were children they ran down the hillside in very gladness of heart, but now they walked solemnly, Felix almost forgetting the beauty of the fair world around him, as he looked into the beautiful face of the young girl by his side, Violet faintly conscious of the admiring glances that came from all sides, yet rarely trying with all her heart to disregard them because it was Sunday.

It would hardly have seemed like Sunday to Felix if this privilege had been withdrawn. He went, as usual, on the first Sunday in June, when the old church was looking at its best, and the sunlight on the oak trees was wonderful to see. There was Violet, her golden ring of hair, which thought, like the face of an angel; there was Evelyn, looking like a fair meek saint. Great was his surprise to see Sir Owen Chevenix also. It was the first time that he had made his appearance at church, and the congregation was just a little excited about it. Dr. Hunter, on seeing him there, fondly fancied that it was due to his health, and his effective preaching. Lady Rolfe, on seeing the charming Lavinia had lured him there, but the vicar's wife, shrewd as she was, smiled and smiled.

"It is the old, old story," she said to herself; and then she approached herself for the thought and applied herself to the Psalms.

She did not think much about the matter. He was not ashamed to show his handsome head and shoulders with all his heart in the beautiful world of the service; but when it was all over he standing with her mother, and to his surprise Sir Owen Chevenix was talking to them. He gave a careless nod to Felix, but continued talking.

"After all you will let me drive you home, Mrs. Haye," he was saying. "Do tell me the result of your ride. I do not know if I did indeed. It is a lovely morning, and if you will permit it, we will drive round by Queen's Ash."

He did not look at Violet as he spoke. He knew that whatever her mother did she must do. Felix had taken her hand. He did not care if all the world heard what he had to say.

"You will not break through the old custom of walking home with Violet, or, rather, of allowing me to walk home with you?"

She looked from one to the other with real distress in her face. Sir Owen did not even glance at her; he knew that his cause was safe in Mrs. Haye's hands.

"Violet," said Felix, "you cannot hesitate"; and the girl stood looking at him while her mother said, "Really, I do not know what answer to give you, Sir Owen. I do not know what people will say."

"Why, what does that matter, Mrs. Haye?"

"Well, you see, Sir Owen, Lilford is a small place, and everybody knows everything."

"My dear lady, what can it matter to me if all the world knows of this? I shall be very proud of the honor, but I can depend upon it the trouble exists. Give the little one the Baby's Own Tablets, see how promptly it will be changed into a happy, smiling, good natured child. The little one will sleep soundly and naturally and the mother will also obtain her much needed rest. Here is the proof given by Mrs. John E. Ramsay, Port Hill, E. I., who says: "My baby was cross, restless, and did not sleep well, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets, he became better natured, sleeps well and is growing." "Oh, my darling," suggested Felix, "let me come with me. I cannot go alone and leave Violet with her escort. Sir Owen, you shall be her escort. I will be her escort for us. We will say good-morning to you when she shakes hands, first with her and then with Violet."

His handsome young face had grown white even to the lips; but he could not do it. He was a gentleman; he could not do it. "Scene"; he could not take the girl from her mother's side against her will; he had no carriage with room for two, and coachmen and footmen in livery. What could he do? Only one thing. If Violet was to go in the carriage, he himself would put her into it. The baronet's hand should not touch even his hair-dress.

So he walked by her side down the avenue of limes, and they reached the high-road where the carriage was waiting. There were many curious eyes stood. Lady Rolfe and the fair Lavinia looked on in angry indignation.

"What does that girl mean by encouraging Sir Owen?" said the baronet. "Really, one never heard of her being so bold. Her Felix Louise must be blind."

"Perhaps he can not help himself," said the baronet, returned the philosophical daughter, and in that she was right.

When Felix had helped Violet into the carriage, he bent over her to arrange her dress, and he saw her walk home with him, would you not?"

"Yes, I would," she replied; and after the disappointment was not quite so bad as he had thought, and one satisfaction; he turned away without a word or a bow to Sir Owen.

"It is pleasant," said Mrs. Haye, as the carriage rolled on. "I had an attack of the grip, which left me a sufferer from headache, weakness, I used to have several attacks, but found nothing to help me until Felix. When I began to take these pills I was very much run down and very weak, but they soon began to help me, and after using them a few weeks I was not only as well as ever, but gained in flesh as well. I am with 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' for their use."

These pills cure by making new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening every fibre of the body and enabling it to throw off diseases. You can always avoid imitations by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six for \$2.50 by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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**THE DISCOVERY OF RADIIUM.**

Experiments With Becquerel Rays, Which Gave Radium to World.

The investigations which resulted in the discovery of Becquerel rays began after the discovery of the X-rays were intimately connected with it. In the early days of Roentgen rays, there were many facts which suggested that phosphorescence had something to do with the X-rays. It occurred to several French physicists that X-rays might be produced in phosphorescent substances exposed to sunlight in the presence of a substance which fluoresces. Prof. Henri Becquerel, of the University of Paris, undertook experiments to test this supposition as early as 1896, only a few months after X-rays had been discovered. Among the substances used in these experiments, was one containing the metal uranium. This was placed upon a photographic plate which had first been wrapped in black paper. The result of the plate had stood in bright sunlight for several hours, it was removed from its paper covering and developed. A blackening of the plate was found at those parts of the plate directly beneath the uranium, just as Becquerel had expected. It was clear that rays of some kind were being projected through black paper. Since the X-rays were also known to possess this power, it seemed as though the process of exciting X-rays by sunlight was solved.

Then came the fortunate accident. After several plates had been prepared for exposure to sunlight, a storm came up and the experiments had to be postponed for several days. When the work was resumed, the plates had been lying in the dark room so long that they might easily have deteriorated in some way, so that it seemed hardly safe to use them. But, instead of simply throwing the plates away, Becquerel fortunately developed them, thinking that some action might possibly have taken place. The result of the plates that he obtained better pictures than before. The exposure to sunlight, which had been regarded as essential to the success of the former experiments, had done nothing at all to do with the matter. The essential thing was the presence of uranium; and the photographic effects were not due to X-rays, but to rays of a new kind. There were many long and difficult tests to take before even our present incomplete knowledge of the subject could be reached; but this fortunate accident was the beginning of the long series of experiments which have already led to the discovery of the new element radium, and which led fair to revolutionize some of the most fundamental conceptions of physics and chemistry.—From "The New Element Radium" by Ernest Merritt in the January Century.

**RESTLESS AND CROSS.**

When infants or young children are restless and cross or peevish it is as a very certain sign that they are not well. The mother may not know just what the trouble is, but she can depend upon it the trouble exists. Give the little one the Baby's Own Tablets, see how promptly it will be changed into a happy, smiling, good natured child. The little one will sleep soundly and naturally and the mother will also obtain her much needed rest. Here is the proof given by Mrs. John E. Ramsay, Port Hill, E. I., who says: "My baby was cross, restless, and did not sleep well, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets, he became better natured, sleeps well and is growing." "Oh, my darling," suggested Felix, "let me come with me. I cannot go alone and leave Violet with her escort. Sir Owen, you shall be her escort. I will be her escort for us. We will say good-morning to you when she shakes hands, first with her and then with Violet."

**THE GRIP AGAIN.**

This Dangerous Epidemic has Made Another Appearance.

A Suggestion as to How to Guard Against the Trouble and its Pernicious After Effects.

Every winter influenza, or, as it is more generally known, the grip makes its appearance in Canada. Every few years it spreads and assumes alarming proportions. From all appearances this is one of the years in which it will seize upon every great number of victims, for as in scarlet and typhoid fever, the after effects of grip are often worse than the disease itself. The system is left with a debilitated and exhausted condition, affected by every change in the weather, and in a physical condition to invite the attack of more serious diseases, such as pneumonia and consumption.

A timely suggestion as to how to enable the system to resist the inroads of the grip and its after effects, is given by Mrs. Emma Doucett, St. Eulalie, Que., who says: "I had an attack of the grip, which left me a sufferer from headache, weakness, I used to have several attacks, but found nothing to help me until Felix. When I began to take these pills I was very much run down and very weak, but they soon began to help me, and after using them a few weeks I was not only as well as ever, but gained in flesh as well. I am with 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' for their use."

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**GRAIN GROWING.**

The Improvement of Grain and Other Seeds.

Commissioner's Branch.

Good work has been done along various lines by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, and by some of the Provincial Departments of Agriculture in Canada with a view to encouraging the use of high-class seed of the best varieties of grain. There is yet room for a considerable increase in the average yield of crops from the crops by the use of better seed grain.

The object of forming associations of seed growers may not be so generally clear to all. The idea may be new in Canada, but there are associations of seed growers in other countries, such as the Illinois Corn Growers Association that are derived from associations of breeders of live stock are purely agricultural. The advantages to be derived from organized efforts on the part of seed growers are not dissimilar to those which breeders of pure-bred live stock obtain through their associations, and the general object of the organization of seed growers is similar to those of live stock associations.

Associations of breeders of pure-bred stock fix a standard which must be maintained before animals will be recognized as pure-bred. In fixing standards of excellence for pedigreed animals the principles which are applied in the improvement of varieties of farm crops. Hereby is the lever by which improvements are made, and on animals depend to fix desirable characteristics; but the law that takes in its broad sense, because it would not be possible to make improvement if we were not for the tendency towards variety, heredity and the tendency towards uniformity can be turned to account in the improvement of plants equally as well as in the improvement of animals, but unfortunately the same principles apply these principles to the improvement of plants. Through heredity and tendency towards variety of field crops tend to revert to wild types from which they evolved; but when these improved sorts are provided their environment best suited to their growth and a continued selection of the most desirable specimens practised, this natural tendency towards reversion is overcome. Though it is highly important that the variety of grain be well suited to the locality where it is to be grown, too much faith has been placed in the names of varieties without due attention to the quality of the seed itself. There may be some variety of grain of good quality is concerned. It is therefore important that we use seed of the best variety that has been kindly treated and continued selection of good years. In the production of good paying crops the cost of the seed is small, but the influence of the seed is great. It is not sufficient to import grain is not sufficient to give a good crop. Breeders of poultry do not pay attention to the size of eggs for incubation; they want, first of all, to know something about the good qualities that the germ in the egg has inherited from the parents, and from the majority of the ancestors. It is equally important that seed be taken from a crop in which the individual plants have a maximum vigor and yield per plant, and it is just as important to have definite information about the selection of crops, and how

**READING IN BED.**

Frank T. Bullen, the novelist, says in the London Mail: "With all due deference to the expert opinion in your column, may I state that I have never since I was 12 years old read at any length anywhere else. At sea, before the mast, and even as an officer, reading anywhere else is, if not an impossibility, a most difficult business on account of the light."

"Mr. Bullen continues, 'I have a very bad habit, but to it I owe all I know, as to its effect upon the eyes, I will not dogmatize. I may be an exception, but at 17 years of age my eyes were as keen as ever, they were, and I read in bed every day, and to danger—well, if a man is so minded as to go to bed with a candle or a lamp, he would burn sooner or later, reading or not.'"

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**

Freezing and Starving Cattle—Suffering and Pain on Texas Ranges.

Mr. E. K. Whitehead, of Denver, Superintendent of the Colorado State Board of Child and Animal Protection, in his paper read at the last meeting of the American Humane Association, on "The Annual Starvation of Cattle on the Western Plains," gives the following touching description of their sufferings: "There is no darker stain on the civilization of this nation than this. Imagine in December a single animal already gaunt from cold, hunger and thirst; and of the three, the thirist is most terrible. Imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an illimitable plain covered with snow, with nothing to eat except dead and there, buried under the snow, a sparse tuft of scanty moss-like herbs eating snow for days and weeks because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering and pawing in the snow, by night lying down in it, swept by pitiless winds, and storms, always shivering with cold, always gnawing with hunger, always parched with thirst, always searching for something to eat where there is nothing, always blinded with dumb, hopeless eyes, swollen and festering from the sun's glare on the snow. Imagine that, and imagine yourself during one hour of it; multiply that by twenty-four; multiply that by the snow-mourning nights and days from December to April. If life lasts so long; then multiply that by forty million, and you have the statistics of the brute suffering, in this one way for one year and every year in this unworkable trade. Take all the brute suffering in the City of New York for a year and it would not offset that of the cattle on some single ranches in the West in one year. It is like the figures astronomers give—meaningless, because we cannot take in with our means. It saddens one for a lifetime to see the ghastly corpses of starved cattle on the plains, and the bones, which were once so many, still more ghastly, lying on the ground, fleshless shapes, which seem the strong-clinging life cannot let go of, their dull brains so sodden with suffering they hardly know they suffer still, the very hair on their bodies bleached and matted with famine, staggering about with inflamed eyes and listless steps, growing ever weaker, until they stumble and fall in little heaps of hide and bone, which even the coyotes, the scavengers of the plains, despise and will not touch."

"On one single ranch in Texas, last winter, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle died. On many ranches half were lost, on some, three-quarters; on almost all, many while all the rest went down to the very verge of death, and suffered all its pain without its relief."

"The owners of these animals are our best citizens, foremost in politics, society, business and religion, warmly clad, eating three square meals a day, and sleeping in comfortable beds paid for by the sufferings of these helpless beasts, deliberately put out where their owners know they are dying lingering deaths, but enough of whom will survive to make a profit. These respectable gentlemen bitterly resent any attempt to interfere with their business, even by the enforcement of law. In some States they have succeeded in preventing the enactment of laws for the protection of dumb animals, on the avowed ground that it would be bad for their business."

**WAGE-D'UBER** says he would much rather paint a vivid street scene than a placid landscape. Wage—Yes, I've noticed his fond of painting the fowls red.

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