

familiar ballads," she replied. "What

you age these:
"'Name the day, the wedding-day,

"Name the day, the wedding-day, And I will buy the ring."
Now, sweet Violet, that is just what I want you to do—tell me when that happy day will dawn for me. Do not let the summer sunshine and the flowers all die before you are my wife."
She turned her startled face to his.

his.
"You are cruel, Felix," she said.

"You always spoil these lovely sunny days by talking about mar-

everything, Felix."
"Have I not the right to do so in this case?" he asked, laughing

half sadly at her.
"I did not quite promise, you know, Felix."

know, Felix."

"Perhaps not in so many words,
Violet, but in honor you are bound
to be my wife."

"I am willing to be your wife,
Felix; but let me enjoy my youth
a little longer, I am only 19—there
is no hurry."

"You forst" he laterwinted

ls no hurry."
"You forget," he interrupted,
"how dearly I love you,
Violet, and how! I long for
thought you did not love me, Violet,
I would not urge my request—I would

ing up at him with sweet, perplexed eyes; "still, Felix, it seems so sudden..."

"Hardly sudden, darling," he inter rupted, "when I have loved you since you were seven years old. You will

be just as happy when you are my wife as you are now—will you not?" "I cannot tell," she replied.

If the had spoken the real truth she would have told him that she was unwilling to lay down her sovereignty; that the homage and admira-

tion the received were very precious to her; that she enjoyed them: that

to her; that she enjoyed them; that she liked to know she was the queen of the country-side. All that, of course, would end when she was married. The married ladies she knew led dull lives—or dull they seemed to her —spent in the routine of duty. They considerate that however the latest that however the seemed to her the country that the course herds nursed.

superintended their households, nursed their children, directed their servants. It seemed dreary work to her—a life that held little. She had hoped

for more than this; her brilliant beauty ought to bring her a brighter face than that which these plain-faced matrons had met.

While she sat musing with these

thoughts plainly written on her face, Felix was looking earnestly at

F. "Felix, I have heard good news— we are favored in fortune and in ve. Is it all true?"
"Yes"—he told her it was all true;

If the had spok

He went in compliance with her wish. What request of hers could he have refused? And Violet Haye stood alone in the home that her lover sought to make hers. She stood there, dainty and bewitching; she looked round. The rooms were very pretty:

The rooms were very pretty: round. The rooms were very pretty she tried to imagine herself mis tress there; she tried to picture her-self living there, going in and out waiting for Felix, giving orders. She tried to realize what life would She tried to realize what life would be like when she was married and lived there. There would be no future to look forward to, no sweet, bright possibilities. "I should know all my life then," she thought; "it would hold nothing brighter than this;" and the dainty little foot tapped the floor. "Here it would all begin and end; there would be no more dreaming"—and she had

begin and end; there would be no more dreaming"—and she had dreamed wildly of a different life from this. Still she loved Felix. "I wonder," said the dainty young beauty to herself, "in what I differ from other girls. I know not one, but many, who would gladly change their fate for mine, who would marry Felix Lousdale and be happy in his love, who would think this pretty house a palace and would find the contentment and true happiness of a life-time within its walls; why cannot I do the same? What is it cannot I do the same? What is i that I am always looking for, hop-ing for, expecting? What more do ing for, expecting? What more de I want? I cannot understand mysell and I am sure no one else can under-

stand ma."
The violet eyes glanced wistfully round the pretty rooms; why was

she not content?
"I love Felix," she told herself;
"and it seems to me that if I made
an effort I could be happy and contented here. What is the effort that
I have to make? I love Felix; nothing on earth can make me alter that

Yet she did not feel quite at ease. There was a vague, thatowy feeling of something wanting that she had

not yet found.

Fills amused her with his raptures when he returned. It was so novel, so delightful to see her there; and the day was neved forgotten by him because she had been gracious to him

CHAPTER V. The inhabitants of Lilford were pleased at Darcy Lonsdale's good fortune. He deserved it, they said; his honest, honorable, industrious life had been spent among them; they had known him as boy and man; they had been interested in his marriages, in his children, in his business; he was one of them selves; they had been interested in his joys and sorrows and in his welfare, and now they were pleas-ed at his good fortune. With this sudden and unexpected

gleam of prosperity came other gleams; his business increased—and He removed with his household to Vale House: and Felix began to think that he might induce Violet to marry him before the end of the year. He did not even speak to her of their marriage, for it was a difficult task; she would evade the question in a hundred different the question in a mindred afterent ways; she would laugh, yet look charming—do anything, in fact, but reply to his inquiry as to when they should be united.

He went to The Limes one levely

He went to The Limes one lovely summer evening quite resolved upon not coming away withut a definite answer. Violet was looking even more charming than usual; she wore a white dress with blush roses and her fair, girlish face was like a sweet flower. He persuaded her to come out with him, begulling her on to the lawn under the pretext of showing her the gorgeous west-

not care for sunsets. Felly." the said "I cannot go into raptures over them. I see the sun set in some laghion or other every evening." But he was so determined that she thought it less trouble to accele to his wish. The sight of the glorious sky made her thoughtful; then, when she was in a 'frame of mind proper for listening, he turned to her. How

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

When little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer doses them with nause ungroup pigatives to pits them to sheep with the so-called "soothing" preparations, which al-ways contain armful opiates Baby's own Tablets have been used by thousands of motters who cheer utily that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the trouble that made baby irritable and wakeful, on this point Mrs. T watson, Sarsfield, Ont. says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or firstful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right."

These Tablets cure all the minor aliments of little ones. They are good for children Iron, brith oneward. Soid by medicine dealers or sent by small at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Mediline Co., Breekville, Ont. Own Tablets have been used by thou-

interested in it all. He said to himself that it was strange what perfect rest he found with her—a something which he could not describe, a sense of deep tranquility and re-

pose. "I think, Evelyn," he said, as he stood at the hall door of Outlands, "that no man was ever so blessed. I have the truest and fairest of loves, and the truest and warmest of friends."

HISTORY PLANTY OF ANY CA

THE SECOND CONTROL OF SECTION

The moon was shining brightly, and Eve stood in silence for a few minutes watching him.

"You will need a friend," she thought—"and when you do, you shall not fail to find one."

"CHAPTER VI CHAPTER VI.

"That roung man ought to be satisfied with his lot in life," said
Jane Lester, as her niece told her
of Felix Lonsdale's success.

"He is quite satisfied, auntie," Eve-

"He is quite satisfied, auntie," Evelyn returned, gently.

"The worst thing that any man can do is to marry a girl with a pretty face," said the aunt. "Pretty, girls are a mistake—they think themselves too good for anything. Felix Lonsdale has acted foolishly—violet Haye will never make him a good wife."

"She is young, and she loves him very dearly," remarked Evelyn.

"Youth and love—would any wise man build his house on such foundations? said her aunt. "Itell you Evelyn, it is a mistake, and Lonsdale will find it so. I read a character quickly, and I have read Violet Haye's."

"She loves him," repeated Evelyn, who could imagine nothing more unanswerable.

"Love—we know what a lasting sentiment that is," sneered Miss Leeter. "If he married a sonsible woman with a nice little fortune. I should

sentiment that is," sneered Miss Lee-ter. "If he married a sensible woman with a nice little fortune, I should have some hope: but the is it?"
"You know 'My Pretty Jane,' " he said. "The lines I want to quote to ave some hope; but the very cur of that girl's hair shows what she

Evelyn laughed as she thought the glorious golden hair that had al-ways been Violet's glory. "There is no other hair in Lilford like it, nuntie," she replied.

like it, auntie," she reclied.

"It is a very good thing," was the retort, "I am no friend of nonsense."

No unfriendly criticisms reached Felix Lonsdale's ears — none could have hurt him. He had now the one great prize of his life; he was happy beyond all power of word to tell. It pleased him, too, that all his friends and neighbors took such kindly interest in him; it was pleasant to meet with congratulations and good wishes — to see life lying so fair and clear before him — to feel his youth and his strength wunny days by talking about marriage."

"My heart is full of it," he replied—at least it is full of you. I do not wish to startle you, Violet, but give me one kind word to dream about now. I am always wondering, 'When will our marriage take place? When will my darling consent? When will the end come to all my uncertainties, doubts and fears? When shall I be able to say to myself: On such a diny I will bring home my wife?'"

She answered, half impatiently: "You make so terribly sure of everything, Felix."

lying so fair and clear before him—to feel his youth and his strength—to feel his happiness thrilling every vein. He felt that he had nothing left in life to wish for; heaven had been good to him and had granted him his heart's desire. He would have felt a little happier, perhaps, had Violet been less coy. But that very coyness had a charri of its own; it suited her; he could not imagine her other than coy; and, as for doubt or fear, or mistrust, such shadows never darkened his mind. The heaven of his love was clear and cloudven of his love was clear and cloudless. Violet would ro wless coy in time; it was better for her to be shy and reserved as she was

He had settled in his own mind He had settled in his own mind that he would persuade her to become his wife before the chill October killed the flowers and stripped the trees. So he thought and hoped and dreamed, while a cloud was rising in the distance no larger than a man's hand.

One day Darcy Lonsdale returned with a perplexed look on his face to his new house. His wife, wondering at it, asked him:

"What is the matter, Darcy?"

After thinking for a few minutes.

go far away, and occupy my life as well as I could—nay, I would rather die than make you unhappy. If you do not love me I will not hold you pledged to me, Violet."

"But I do love you," she said. look— After thinking for a few, min

After thinking for a few minutes, he answered:
"Nothing; my brain seems to be full of foolish fancies."
The next time he returned home it was evening, and the pleasant teatable, the happy circle of bright faces, might have gladdened any man's heart; but Darcy Lonsdale looked dull. Again his wife asked what was wrong, and he laughed unwhat was wrong, and he laughed un

easily, she thought.

"The very air seems thick with fancies," he answered. "I saw three of my best friends this morning standing in a group in Castle street, and when I joined them I knew by the embarrassed expression on each man's face that they had been talknig about me." "What could they have to say chout you?" asked Kate. "It was all fancy, Darcy."

"No; I am sure they were speaking of me. I went to the bank this morn-"No; I am sure they were speaking of me, I went to the bank this morning, and as I was entering the door I distinctly heard the manager say, 'Mistaken in Lonsdale.' I heard the words as plainly as you hear them now. He was talking to one of the partners,, and they were both cool, I thought, in their manner."

Kate threw her arms round his neck and kissed his anxious face.
"Why should any one talk about you or be cool to you, dear? You have done no wrong."
"No; but there is something. I am quite sure there is something, Kate—in the minds of people about me. I can not imagine what it is."

Kate tried to cheer him; she

face, Felix was looking earnestly at her.

"Let me say September, Violet," he pleaded; "that is a glorious month and the house will be quite ready. My darling, gladden my heart with one word!"

1 But he was never quite sure whe ther she had spoken that word or not; her eyes were dim with tears, and she murmured something to the effect that she loved him—had always loved him—while something of remorse seemed to tinge her manner. Her fingers thrilled him with their soft touch; her lovely lips uqivered as she talked to him; but he could never tell whether she had whispered the word he wanted.

That evening, when he reached home. Kate tried to cheer him; she laughed at the notion. What could there be? She knew that there was no one like him. No one could That evening, when he reached home, Evelyn Lester was there, and a sense of rest came over him the first glance at her sweet face. She went up to him with the gentle grace and dignity that characterized her.

pened before. The baker had sent in his bill, and the butcher wanted ready money; the uphoisterers who had furnished Vale House pressed for a settlement in consequence of unlooked for losses. Kate snowed the bills to her husband.

"What does it mean?" she asked, wonderingly.

"What does it mean?" she asked, wonderingly.
"It means, my dear, that there is some subtle agency at work against us—I can not tell what. It means also that the tradespeople must be taken been wise had we waited till the work progressive go-perative associations. Las it headquarters at the tradespeople must be to the most progressive go-perative associations. Las it headquarters at the legacy is a boo paid to us before apple district. Mr A. E. Sherrin fon, we came here."

"But it is certain," said Kate, a little auxiously.

"As certain as fate," he replied; and then they talked a little more sheerfully about what they would do when the money was at their command.

That same evening Felix came

when the money was at their command.

That same evening Felix came home looking slightly preoccupied. He had seen one of their oldest clients go into George Malcolm's office, and the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Daniel Hunter, had passed him with the coldest of bows. He also had an impression that there was something wrong. He could tell neither what it was nor why the was.

Felix thought that there would be time to waik over to The Limes. He had a very beautiful book that he had bought for violet, and he wanted to give it to her.

It struck him, when he entered the drawing-room at The Limes, that the three assembled there had been speaking of him, their greeting was so awkward, so constrained, so unlkothe genial, kindly reception that had always been given to him hitherto. Mrs. Haye held out her hand to him, but her eyes fell, and her husband's half-murmured words were inaudible; violet looked embarrassed; and for the first time under that hospitable roof the young lover felt ill at ease. When he laid the volume on the table, Mr. Haye took it up.

"This must have cost something," he said, "for it is very handsome. It would be better to save money than to spend it—we none of us know when the evil day may come."

"I do not fear evil days," remarekd Fellx, with all the sanguine hope of a young man.

"The wisest among us may expect them" said Mr. Haye hriefly.

young man.

"The wisest among us may expect them," said Mr. Haye, briefly.
Then the conversation languished, and Falix grew so unsomfortable that he decided upon returning home. He had no misgiving —he thought he had called at an ainauspicious moment—he had perhaps interrupted some domestic conference. He cared only to see Violet. If she would go to the gate with him, so that he would have time for a few words, all would be well.

But when he had said good-night But when he had said good-night to the two seniors, and asked Violet if she would walk to the gate with him, Mrs. Haye interposed. "It is too cold," she said. "Violet has been complaining of headache all day; she must not go out."

And the tone was so decided, so stern, that Felix could not oppose Mrs. Haye. He held Violet's hand one minute in his; he tried to look into the depths of her beautiful eyes, but they dropped from his, and he could

they dropped from his, and he could not see them. He left her with a few whispered words. feeling more un-

FRUIT GROWING.

The Benefits of Co-operation Among Fruit Growers.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch,

The principle of co-operation among rult growers, which has been strongly advocated during the last two years by W. A. MacKinnon, of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, received enthusiastic endorsation at the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association at Leamington. The address of the President, the re-port of he Secretary, and all the most interesting and instructive pa-pers dealt with the question of co-

operation.

A typical example of the practical A typical example of the practical working out of the co-operative plan was described by Mr. W. H. Owen, Catawba Island, Ohlo, who is one of the recognized leaders in the movement across the line. The growers all live within seven and a half miles of the large central packing depot, where the grading is done under the managers' supervision. The growers do their own picking, and bring in from three to five thousand bushels of peacnes dairy. The fruit begins to of peaches dairy. The fruit begins to arrive at the central depot by two o'clock p. m., and packing operations frequently continue all night. Each grower is duly credited with the amount of fruit of each grade which he contributes to the total amount, and he is paid in accordance, as soon as sales are made. Under the business-like system adopted it is possible to make most of the sales direct from the warehouse. Free use of the telugraph, telephone and mall service is made in collecting and disseminating information as to the quantity of each variety and grade available. In this way the fruit is disposed of practically as soon as produced. There is no refrigerator service at the packing house, but refrigerator cars are supplied by the railways, and the fruit is put into them as soon as possible. arrive at the central depot by two supplied by the railways, and the fruit is put into them as soon as possible. The cost of carrying on the business is about seventeen to nineteen cents per bushel of peaches, including cost of packages and transportation, as well as administrative expenses of

well as administrative expenses of the association.

Among the advantages of the plan which have become apparent during the twelve years that the associa-tion has been in existence are; I. It ensures better prices for the fruit. 2. It leaves the grower free to devote his undivided attention to the improvement of production? was no one like him. No one could accuse him of a mean action; his life had always been fair, open, loyal, and transparent. It was absurd. He must be out of health; he should go away and rest him self for a time. People cool to him indeed! She would like to see any one treat him with less respect and honor than he deserved. The kind, tender face flushed, the kind eyes filled with tears. She would have done battle for him with the whole world. There was nothing in what he said, she felt sure, but falling health.

Yet she waited anxiously for him the next day. She was somewhat surprised, for there had been a perfect deluge of tradesmen's bills an occurrence that had never happened before. The baker had sent in his bill, and the butter wanted.

ence to the co-operative system of handling the Texas tomato crop. This is handled by one man stationed at St. Louis, and the system is so thorough that market deno. inzation is absolutely avoided. The grading is so perfect that a market again. grading is so perfect that a man grading is so perfect that a man can order a car of Texas tomatoes by grade and fee perfectly sure of getting just what he ordered. Something has already been done along these lines in Ontario, and we

year the association made its first trial in the co-operative work by forwarding to Manchester, Eng., two cars of Duchess apples, which year the association made its first tainl in the co-operative work by forwarding to Manchester, Eng. two tars of Duchess apples, which arrived in good condition. In addition to these three cars of winter apples were packed and sold. This year the association had prospered beyond all expectations. There are now about lifty-five members, with an average of four acres of apples each. Fifteen care of apples have this year been shipped on the co-operative plan. Not only have the prices been better, but more fruit has been sold than would have been possible under the old system. Even the early varieties of apples were put upon the market in good condition, Just as soon as the Duchess, for instance, were ripe, all co-operators were notified to begin picking at the same time. In this way a car would be started with the fruit within two days of the time the apples were takes from the trees.

Yours very truly, W. A. Clemon's, Publication Clerk.

THE CHURCH DEBT MORE THAN PAID.

A mortgage of \$3,000 upon the First Baptist Church, says a despatch from Macon, Mo., was publicly burned at a jubilee service last week. The lion's share of the glory for paying off this debt goes to the women of the church.

When they proceed the work they started to collect, not cash, but ideas. They reasoned that if they provided ideas, the money would come of itself. So premiums were offered for ideas. Every idea that seemed promising had a fair trial.

cessful was an elaboration of a plan originated at Quincy, Ill. In that town the church issued a book of quotations. Every person who contributed ten cents could have his name priated prominently over his favorite quotation from

the classics.
The Macon idea embraced a wider field. There were those who didn't care to borrow their literature. It was, therefore, provided that every real, or fancied poet or prose writer could have his production handsomely printed, just as written, at ten cents a line. Besides offering a change for fame. as written, at ten cents a line. He-sides offering a chance for fame, the plan furnished good experience for young writers, because it taught them to economize space. One poetic artist put up 40 cents to get this tender seatlment in:

This world that we're living in is mighty hard to beat, A thorn comes with every rose; But ain't the roses sweet?

The most unpopular man in town paid ten cents to get his name along this quotation from Holy Writ:

Writ:
Wee unto you when all men shall speak well of you.—Luke, vi. 26.
Among the quotations from the poets the following lices distanced all others as a favorite:

Honor and shame from no condltion rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies. —Pope

The book was a dazzling success. Everybody in town took a copy, and some of the amateur authors bought several copies to send to

One Girls Opinion. Someone spoke of a chaperon as the oarders were seated around the ma-

"Chaperon!" exclaimed the young man from Missouri, "What's a chaperon?"

'A chaperon," exclaimed the a necktie counter etween meals, "is a female of more or less uncertain years who is afraid to go out alone, so she attaches her-self to a party of young folks for the purpose of getting herself cared for. See?"—Chicago News.

Another Ghastly Six-Day Grind. New York Tribune.

pected gallery in the ceiling, whence from artfully designed peep holes in the moulding he can survey the whole establishment, is the most successful foil to the shoplifter. But there are only a few shops so structurally designed that surveillance of this kind is possible. Some of the jewelers' treasure palaces are guarded in this manner, and to make essurance doubly sure, no attendant is without his satellite, who keeps a wary eye on the cases of gems exposed to the customers' inspection, standing at the salesman's elbow while he is showing 'hem. At all periods a careful watch is kept on those dress establishments that are pervaded by women, but more especially at sale times, for it is then that covetousness overwhelms morality most easily, and the crowded state of the shops favors the picker-up of unconsidered trifles. A manager of one of the largest establishments in the metropolis says it is in those departments few shops so structurally designed that considered trilles. A manager of one of the largest establishments in the metro-polis says it is in those departments that are most spacious that pilfering principally goes on, and that in them detective supervision is always most

acute.

Every shop walker and counter attendent is in effect a detective, but there are some professionals who assume the guise to hide their real position. It is the duty of each attendant when he is auspicous of a customer to call the attention of the detective to her, not blatantly, but by prearranged sign. The detective then keeps the suspect under ler immediate eye. In the large emporiums where women chiefly congregate acute. iums where women chiefly congregate the most efficient, because least con-spicuous, detectives are women, either spicuous, detectives are women, either comployed as shop walkers or as cus-

When an attendant misses or thinks

When an attendant misses or thinks he misses something, or notices disturbing signs of thievery, he speaks to the detective, who, as an elegantly-garbed customer, seats herself in a position commanding a good view of the suspects and makes her purchases like any other woman, all the while gathering data upon which to proceed. The disquise assumed by the shop detective differs day by day.

If there be one result less desired by the shop proprietor than another it is to convict a kleptomaniae. Prosecutions do not forward business. The proprietor's policy is to prevent pilfering ty every conceivable means. Hence a blind eye is turned to what is a theft in embryo, and the wretched shoplifter caught in the act of purloining a blouse under cover of her waterproof is asked whether the article may not be sent under cover of her waterproof is asked whether the article may not be sent home for her. To the bulging umbrella or the gaping hand-bag the detectives allude with an apology, fearing that madam has inadvertently incommoded lerself with something that fell from the counter.

the counter. First offenders are often First offenders are often cured by rarraow escapes such as this from full-ing into the abyss that leads to the ing into the abyss that leads to the dock, and gladly pay for the experience in coin of the realm, as if they had all the while meant to purchase instead of purloin the goods. Should leniency of such a kind fail to lead the trespasser tack into the paths of rectitude, the tranager's office is made the scene of more serious negotiations, on which it is well to draw the veil. But as a rule, it does not. Considering the immense population of London and the ease with which beautiful objects can apparently be taken in the great shops, the detecbe taken in the great shops, the detectives and their talents called but seldon into play, probably because their system of surveillance is so capitally organied and carried out.—London Mail.

A taste for horseflesh is steadily on the increase in Paris. A veter-inary and sanitary report just is-sued states that in 1896 at the New York Tribune.

A six-day b'cycle tournament is added to the afflictions of this vexed metropolis. Why must New Yorkers suffer from such a besetment? The old, unhappy, far-off things which Wordsworth wept over were bad enough, but in this era of enlightenment Gotham ought not to be distressed and tormented with a renewal of the outworn nulsance of the wan and haggard tramps in the ranks of the professional wheelmen.

sued states that in 1896 at the public abattors 21,430 horses, asses and weel states that in 1896 at the public abattors 21,430 horses, asses and supplied to the French capital. In 1897 the Fren

Brain Controls Every Muscle

the improvement of production. 3.
It enables enables buyers to purchase at a central point large quantities of a uniform grade. Thus they can select precisely the sort of fruit

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

nerves.

The restorative action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealthroughout the entire system, because it restores the vigor and vitalty of the nerves—fills them with new nerve force, the vital power of the body; weakness, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness and low spiral every box.

Every muscle of the body controlled by the will is connected with the brain, and every muscular action is originated by nervous force, generated in the brain and transmitted along the nerves to the muscles.

When the nerves are injured or diseased, when there is a deficiency in the supply of nervous energy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or some form of helphassness results because the brain no longer has control of the muscles.

It may be weak heart action. inability to digest food, failure of the lungs to purify the blood or impaired action of any of the vital organs, but the chuse of trouble is with the nerves.

The restorative action of Dr. lists disappear and new, energy and strength take their place.

(Mrs C. Corkey, 32 Maine street, (St. John, N. B., states; "I had been in very poor health; and, in fact, when I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had just got up from a bed of sickness, my nerves were in a bad state. I was weak and could not sleep. Now I am getting up in years, and, of course, could not look for immediate results, but must say that I have been delighted with the use of this preparation, as it has done me a great deal of good. I am now able to sleep very much better, my nerves are steadler and my strength is gradually increasing."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents