

# Violet's Lover

In the meantime Sir Owen devoted himself unceasingly to Violet. Every day brought some lavish gift for her to the Limes—great hampers of game and fruit, of rare foreign wines, of flowers—and Violet said nothing of them before Felix, because she saw he was hurt that he could not do the same, and during that period the girl's mind was tortured and harassed by doubt and anxiety.

It was such a chance to miss. She might be Lady Chevenix of Garwood; she might be the wealthiest woman in all the county; and yet she had to be content with all her life but a mere domestic drudge. When Sir Owen came over and insisted upon driving her out, the world say to herself that luxury was a necessity for her; that she could not live without it; that she must have it. Then Ever Lester would spend a day with her, and would talk to her with such noble simplicity, such simple grandeur of the life before her, that she felt she loved Felix more than ever. At Vale House, however, the cloud deepened, and honest Darcy Lonsdale wrote his great heart away in sorrowful repining.

One evening—how well Violet remembered it! It was the beginning of July, and the western sky was crimson with the setting of the sun—Sir Owen rode up to the door. He came into the dining-room, where the family had just partaken of tea, and it struck all of them that he was ill at ease. He spoke chiefly to Mrs. Haye, and looked but seldom at Violet.

"I went to London yesterday," he said, "and something tempted me into a jeweler's shop. I bought some very fine diamonds, and I have brought them for you to see."

He took some heavy morocco cases from his pocket, and laid them out with new light in her eyes and a low cry of delight. Few women, thought Sir Owen, can resist the temptation of diamonds.

He opened the cases and laid them before her. There were a beautiful diamond star, a superb necklace, brooch, ear-rings, bracelet and rings, all with stones of the first water, full of fire, clear, brilliant and beautiful. The charm of light of the setting sun shone in them and made them more dazzlingly bright that it was almost impossible to look at them.

"What do you think of them?" he asked Violet.

"I cannot tell you. I did not know there was anything in the world so beautiful," she cried.

"How much are they worth?" asked Mrs. Haye.

"I have paid more thousands for them than I should like to tell you," Sir Owen replied, laughing, "and I would pay as many more to purchase the same person for whom they are intended. Miss Haye, will you try them on? I should like to see the effect."

But Violet's hands trembled as she tried to raise the glittering gems from their velvet beds.

"Let me help you," she said, and she did not object when she was standing by her side. He placed the brilliant star in her golden hair, and she felt that he lingered far longer than he need have done over it.

"What wonderful hair you have!" he said. "How beautiful it is! The diamonds are not good enough for it."

Then he clasped the necklace round the white graceful neck; Violet fastened the brooch herself, and he clasped the bracelet on her lovely arm. She would admit that she had never done so well as to marry him. As he liked it, she was sure; but then the temptation to see herself so decked just for once was irresistible. She had never so gazed at a diamond—and these were so gorgeous—

Very soon he placed her before the great gilt mirror, and the crimson sunlight fell full upon her, on the sheen of her golden hair, on the brilliant gems on the face more beautiful than any gem. Such a marvelous picture as she made in those glittering diamonds! Sir Owen took himself, and never been seen. Mr. Haye cried out in admiration.

"She is like the Queen of Sheba," he said.

"She is fairer than any queen," laughed Sir Owen. "You ought to wear diamonds, Miss Haye. You were born to wear them. Knowing that, and feeling how well they would become you, I have ventured to buy these for you; will you honor me by accepting them?"

But Violet drew back from the window with a pale, scared face, and a movement so swift that the light in the diamonds was like gleams of fire scattered over her.

"You bought them for me?" she said.

"Yes, and I hope you will honor me by accepting them," he replied, with a low bow.

"I cannot," she said, quietly, "they are too valuable. I should never wear them."

"You shall wear them at court," he told her, "and no royal duchess has finer."

"Felix Lonsdale would not be willing," she said, calmly. "I cannot take them."

An angry flush burned his face, and a lurid light flared in his eyes; but a sign from Mrs. Haye controlled him.

"My daughter is quite right, Sir Owen. She cannot take these diamonds from you while she is the mistress of Felix Lonsdale. I will help you, Violet."

The diamonds were taken off and restored to their cases. Mrs. Haye had never acted more wisely. Violet would have resented it had they been pressed upon her, woman-like, when they were so quietly taken back, she began to long for them.

"There was no word spoken as Sir Owen replaced the cases in his pocket and rose to take his leave.

"I trust I have not offended you, Miss Haye," he said, "by offering you the best tribute I could think of to prove my admiration."

"Why should I be offended, Sir Owen? You were kind to think of me; but I—yes, I can not take them."

"I will not offend again," he replied.

He shook hands with Francis Haye and his wife; he parted from Violet with a bow.

When the door had closed behind him, Francis Haye looked at his daughter.

"You have refused quite twenty thousand pounds!" he said.

Mrs. Haye held up her hand with a warning gesture.

"She has done quite right, Francis. It would be absurd for the wife of a poor, struggling lawyer to wear twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewels—more than absurd! Who would make paddings and mend rocks for her—her youth, her love of luxury, her dread of poverty, her longing for the bright side of life. The constant dropping of water wears away a stone, even so Violet's case."

The constant talk of poverty with which her mother plied her morning, noon and night—the constant praise of Sir Owen, the blank, cool toleration of Felix, the contrast of the riches of the one, the pity for the poverty of the other, all influenced her, until at length a day came when her heart opened to the worship of Mammon, when love dwindled into insignificance by the side of wealth. The day came when, wearied of everything, she was drawn into the cool green depths of the summer woods and held her life, as it were, in her hands.

She tried to think of her case as though it were that of a stranger, as though she herself had no vital concern in it. On the one side she had to suppose that she would prove true to her promise, true to her word, that she would never marry another man; she really loved Felix Lonsdale. "Let me look at that picture quite calmly first," she said to herself. She would have to wait at least three or three years longer, and by then the brightness of her beauty would have waned—the spring of her youth would have left her. They would be years of sorrow and grief, too. Her mother and father would lose all patience; they would be years of constant unrelaxing effort. Felix, too, would doubt she was always in trouble, and she like most of the young, gay and beautiful, drenched trouble.

Taking the marriage at its best, it was a poor one. When she was first engaged to Felix Lonsdale, things were quite different. No cloud of grief hung over his family; he bid fair to become a rich man; he had every hope of making a beautiful home for her. Even then it was such a marriage as she with her quick cover of beauty and grace had a right to expect. Were she to marry him with his present prospects, what a fate would be hers! Her! Such limited means—such genteel poverty! She shuddered as she saw the three years stretch themselves out before her. She would have to do the work of a domestic, most of all, domestic drudgery, hard fare, no balls, no parties, but little dress, nothing but the care of a house and the plain existence of a wife who shrank—no visiting. How people would laugh at her! It would be like going out of the world at once. But then—and her heart grew warm at the thought—she would be with Felix who loved her so dearly—Felix to whom the ground she trod on was sacred. She would be with him, and she would have the happy consciousness of having done her duty, and she might be happy after all.

Then came the other side of the picture, and the girl's heart whirled as she tried to understand it—tried to realize it. If she married Sir Owen she would be mistress of magnificent Garwood—she would be mistress of all its grandeur and its superb grounds, the gorgeous pictures, the wonders of silver and gold; they would be hers to use when she liked and he would like. She would be Lady Chevenix, mistress of balls, queen of the county; she would be able to patronize Lady Rolfe in her turn, to punish those who dared to think she required warning; she could say to her friends such as she had not dreamed of; she would be great, wealthy, and powerful. But there would be no Felix with all this she would have to give him up, and she would be the maid of her life with a sense of having acted unfairly—of having betrayed such love and faith as were given to few women.

Those were the two paths that lay open clearly and so distinctly mapped out before her. In her heart she loved Felix—and she knew it; but that same heart longed for wealth and luxury such as Felix could never give her—that same heart recoiled from the poverty, the struggles, the economy, the daily cares that must attend her as the wife of Felix Lonsdale. She disliked all such things, she remembered how even when things looked brightest, she had stood in the lousie that had belonged to the Hendersons, wondering what her life would be like there, and recalling the curious sensation that had come over her of there not being enough to fill her life. Then she laughed a little the bitter laugh as she flung away the wild flowers that she was holding.

"I have a desire to be rich," she said, "but none to be noble. I am not noble. I see the right and honorable path, but I have not the strength to follow it. I hate myself for being what I am, but I cannot change."

She made no false excuses to herself; she gave no high-flown name to the sin that she was about to commit. Mammon tempted her; she fell; the spirit of the world, the pride of life, the love of riches had all entered her soul, and taken possession of her. She would not disguise from herself what she was doing when she deliberately resolved to break her pledged word—to give up her lover and marry Sir Owen.

Her temptations had been many and great—they had been continual, they had been hard to resist; but that was no excuse. She knew that she was committing a double sin; she was proving false to the one man whom she really loved to marry one whom she did not love at all.

"It is a double sin," she said to herself, "but I cannot help it—I could not go through a life of drudgery and poverty. Felix will hate me, but in after years he will know that my decision was wise."

So she thought and mused, dreaming in the sweet shade of the summer woods of the gorgeous world that would be hers if she married Sir Owen. Presently her mood changed, and her eyes filled with passionate tears as she thought of Felix.

"I wished to do so! What a triumph and a victory I could win over them all! How they would wonder to see me Lady Chevenix! If ever I do become Lady Chevenix, the woman Lady Rolfe shall come no more to Garwood."

That was the first time she had ever admitted to herself that she was an "it" in the matter—the first time she had thought of the possibility that she might, eventually be Lady Chevenix. The temptation was great and subtle. It was some time in forcing an entrance into her heart—but, once admitted, it would not leave her. There were many excuses for her—her youth, her love of luxury, her dread of poverty, her longing for the bright side of life. The constant dropping of water wears away a stone, even so Violet's case.

The constant talk of poverty with which her mother plied her morning, noon and night—the constant praise of Sir Owen, the blank, cool toleration of Felix, the contrast of the riches of the one, the pity for the poverty of the other, all influenced her, until at length a day came when her heart opened to the worship of Mammon, when love dwindled into insignificance by the side of wealth. The day came when, wearied of everything, she was drawn into the cool green depths of the summer woods and held her life, as it were, in her hands.

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"I love Felix!" she cried. "Why can not he have Garwood? Why must he be poor and obscure while Owen Chevenix revels in wealth? It is not fair!"

She had love and wealth before her, yet she had deliberately given up love and chosen wealth. She made no effort to justify herself in her own mind, and walked home through the moonlight, something from the song of the birds, which was never to be heard again for her. She walked as one over whose shoulders heaven had joined hands with sin—and sin is never a cheerful companion. The flowers and the trees, the color of the grass, had lost their charms for her; there was a dark shade over everything.

"Will it be always like this?" she thought. "If it is, I shall not find my future very bright."

Then the girl's mind misgave her. As she looked round everything, reminded her of Felix. She had walked with him down those groves; she had lingered with him by that stile and under that willow tree; she had been a part of her life that she could not picture life without him.

"How shall I live without him?" she said. "How shall I spend my future years in obscurity, with out him?" Then she tried to harden her heart. "People can not live on love and poetry," she told herself; "if they could all would be like me."

That same evening she said to Mrs. Haye: "Mamma, I have been thinking it will be better for Felix and myself to part. I am afraid he has enough on his shoulders."

(To be Continued.)

**GOOD RESULTS**

Are Sure to Follow the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Never Fall When Used for Blood and Nerve Troubles.

The reputation held by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, not only in Canada, but throughout the whole world, is one that cannot be equalled by any other medicine. No other medicine in the world is so extensively used as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The reason for this is due solely to the merit of the medicine. These pills are not a common purging medicine; they are a scientific blood builder and nerve restorer. Every dose helps create new red blood cells, and in this way reaches the root of the disease and drives it from the system. That is the whole secret of the success of this remarkable medicine. Thousands and thousands testify to the value of these pills, among them being Mrs. Robert Gibbs, Petit Lague, N. B., who says: "I wish to thank you for the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered from kidney troubles, and the pains in my back were sometimes hard to bear. I used in all six boxes of the pills, and the trouble has entirely disappeared. I would strongly advise others suffering to use your pills without delay."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all blood and nerve troubles, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, anaemia, partial paralysis, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and many others. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**Kitchen Superstition**

There are many peculiar old-fashioned superstitions connected with the kitchen. For instance, in Scotland, when cakes are being baked, it is still customary to break off a little piece and throw it into the fire. At one time, whenever a baking was made—white bread, or scones, or once a month only—a cake was made with nine knobs on it. Each of the company broke one off, and throwing it behind him, said: "This I give to you, because thou mayest be mentioned in the name of a noxious animal—fox, wolf, or eagle."

A roast pheasant is usually sent up with the Emperor's crest on a record of a memorial of the days when a peacock was skinned before roasting, and when cooked was sewn in its plumage again, its beak gilded, and so forth. The custom is now obsolete, but an interesting food superstition. Formerly the master of the house was always called upon to toss the Shrove Tuesday pancake. Usually he takes it tossed over the bar and scrambled for. The one who secures it is rewarded with a guinea.

The origin of the cross on hot cross buns is a little dispute. One opinion is little doubt that cakes partly divided into four quarters were made long before the Christian era. At one time it was believed that bread baked on Good Friday would never grow moldy, and a piece of it grated was kept in every house, being supposed to be a sovereign remedy for almost any kind of ailment to which man is subject. In many parts of Europe it is considered unucky to offer a mice pie to a guest. It must be asked for.—Boston Journal.

**PUTTING BABY A LEEP**

If baby is restless or sleepless do not give it "soothing" medicines to make it sleep. These medicines always contain opiates, and you are merely drugging the little one into temporary insensibility—in fact you are placing its life in peril. Restlessness and sleeplessness is usually the result of some trouble of the stomach or bowels, and if this is removed the child will sleep naturally and awake bright and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and the mother has a solemn assurance that the medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Louis Reville, Gavvas, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from colic, cried a great deal and was very sleepless. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and through giving him an occasional Tablet since, he has always been healthy, and is now a strong, rugged child. No mother should ever be without the Tablets in the house." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write to the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont., the Tablets will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box.

# Autocracy of The Czar

## His Power as a Legislator and Supreme Head of Executive.

One often hears questions asked as to how far the Czar is master in his own house, and many people seem to think that the autocratic power exists merely in theory, being always controlled and thwarted by the officials. Otherwise, how is it possible to explain that a sovereign, whose notoriously positive, allows his country to advance to the very brink of war? Evidently his hand is being forced in some mysterious way. Either he is systematically deceiving us as to what is taking place, or his orders are not carried out by his Ministers and their subordinates. In accordance with this view, a story was lately circulated in which his Majesty was represented as struggling, not very successfully, in the cause of peace, and finally exclaiming to those who resisted his will: "Am I Czar, or am I not?" This is a very effective paragraph in a special correspondent's despatch, but such picturesque anecdotes will be received with extreme scepticism by those acquainted with the internal mechanism of the Russian Government. It is difficult to imagine a Russian official openly opposing the will of his august master in such a way as to call forth a remark of the kind.

The Czar uses his autocratic power, theoretically and practically, in two ways—as a legislator and as the supreme head of the Executive. No legislative measure can be initiated without his approval, and when a bill has been prepared in the d'partments of the Empire, it is submitted to him for his assent. If he gives his assent the bill becomes law, though the majority of the Council of the Empire may have voted against it, and from that moment on he is bound to respect the law until it is annulled by legislative procedure. If the bill is not fortunate enough to obtain the Imperial assent, it goes back to the d'partments and the Council, to be modified in accordance with the Imperial wishes, or it is quietly put away in the archives and is no more heard of. As supreme head of the Empire, His Majesty has to use his autocratic power much more frequently, because in the ordinary course of administration when a matter is considered desirable to make an exception to the existing laws and regulations, the matter has to be submitted for supreme permission by the Minister concerned. As there are many such matters, it is not surprising that the Ministers have no joint responsibility, and the only centre in which the activity of all the different departments converges is the Emperor himself. He may, of course, order that a matter is to be submitted to the Committee of Ministers, or he may summon a number of persons to discuss a question in his presence; but this forms no part of the ordinary method of conducting business.

## JAPANESE WIVES.

### Their is Not a Very Envidable Position.

The position of the Japanese wife is not that of equality with her husband, says a writer in the Smart Set. He is the fief lord, to be obeyed by her in the most servile manner. He exacts from her the little attentions that an American woman expects, and usually gets, from her husband. Without so much as a murmur of complaint from his spouse, who must always receive him with bows and smiles and ever have her mind and eyes on her comfort, he goes and comes when he pleases. When he fares forth socially, he does not take her with him, when he receives gentlemen in his own house—a rare thing, by the way—making seldom presents herself, unless in some special capacity, and while such a thing as conjugal love must exist in Japan, it usually escapes the notice of the foreign sojourner, the people, concerning vulgar to exhibit emotion of any kind in public. The wife, as a social unit, being completely submerged, follows that others of her sex must take her place socially, in this office the geisha girls play an important role.

## KOREAN WOMEN.

### Area Marked Contrast to Those of Japan.

Writing of Korean women, a writer in Outing says: "The women of the commonalty are visible and vivacious, and ever ready to slip a handful of stars into the eyes of a husband—or into those of a timid and shrinking tourist—should the occasion arise. The women of the upper class are rigorously excluded from masculine eyes, and a hearty vote of thanks is due the committee who fathered this unwritten law. The dainty little Japanese, teetering along in sandals or on wooden geta, is a genuine relief to the eye after a view of the uncouth Korean woman, and it is a pleasing reflection that Nippon is slowly but surely spreading her standard over the Hermit Realm.

Until Korean boys are married and acquire the pseudo dignity of the topknot, their hair is worn old fashion in twin plaits down their backs. So much do they resemble girls that it is sometimes difficult to determine the sex and one is often-times unconsciously surprised to observe what he is positive are two girls sprawling and viciously fighting in a Korean street.

## STREET CRIES IN LONDON.

### A Long List of Those in Use in Addison's Time.

The protest against street noises is becoming so general and urgent that probably to the next generation of Londoners street cries will be a matter of history.

To those of our forefathers afflicted with sensitive nerves, London must have been a city of perpetual torture, says the News of that city. "There is nothing which more astounds a foreigner or frights a country squire than the cries of London," wrote Addison in the Spectator. Those old London street vendors had musical ears and voices, however, unlike the modern street hawkers. But their number was appalling. Among the long list of cries were to be heard the following:

"New-laid eggs, six a groat. Crack 'em and try 'em."

"An' a tripe or neat's foot, or hal's foot, or trotters, ho! Heart, liver or lights."

"Buy any wax or wafers, or fine writing ink."

"Lily white vinegar."

"Good fresh sausage."

"Four pairs for a shilling, good Holland socks."

"Any corns to pick."

"Any work for a cooper."

"Any good or dangerous of exit consistent with the natural interests and the national honor. Even the pacific Mr. Gladstone let himself be drawn into the Egyptian campaign near to a great war with Russia. It must be remembered, further, that the autocratic form of government has its drawbacks when it comes to its advantages in matters of foreign policy. It does not require to watch and be guided by the ever-changing currents of public opinion, and it can, therefore, adopt a policy of long-range halcyon; but it is not nearly so independent of popular sentiment as is commonly supposed, for its strength lies in its being representative of national conceptions and national aspirations, and if it fails to be true to these, it weakens itself.

He would be a very bold Czar who would assert that a great national interest is to be placed on any other

Every household article seems to have been hawked about. There were vendors of wheat, starch, toasting irons, candlesticks, shoes, garters, figs, tape, buttons, hat cases, combs, herrings, mackerel, coal, etc. And then there was the watchman, who cried the time every half hour from 8 to 6 o'clock in March, any longer or shorter periods, according to the season.

Maids in your smocks,  
Look well to your locks;  
Your fire and your light,  
And God give you good-night,  
One o'clock.