

# Violet's Lover

On that same night Lady Chevenix...  
"What is it, Violet?" he asked.  
"A dream," she replied, shuddering.  
"Only a dream."  
"Very horrid things are, too, sometimes," he said. "What did you dream?"  
"I was still looking at her hand, rubbing the softly tinted gloves as though she would fain rub something from them. She was too confused to notice at first."  
"What did you dream?" he repeated—and there was a certain sharpness in his voice.  
"I thought that I held a human heart in my hand, and that it was bleeding," she replied.  
"That would do for a sensation novel, Violet," he said, laughing.  
"You have something better than a heart in your hand, have you? A diamond ring on your finger worth two hundred pounds, and you have a wedding ring that makes you Lady Chevenix. Go to sleep again, but dream of diamonds, not dear, not hearts—as whist players say, diamonds are trumps."  
"But sleep had gone from Violet; she stretched out all morning in a dazed and more than once, although she was Lady Chevenix of Garswood, one of the wealthiest women in England, she wished that it were not so, and that she was Violet Haye again."  
On that same night Lady Maude and Lord Arlington talked long and earnestly. She told him the story that she had heard, and asked him to help her. He thought over it, and then he said, "I know of one way in which I can help you, Maude; but it will require consideration." Then he said a few words in a low voice.  
"She clasped her hands."  
"Will you do that, papa?" she interrogated. "That would be one of the grandest things in the world, shall be so pleased—far more pleased than at any good fortune which could happen to myself," replied Lord Arlington, and when he spoke in the tone that he did then his daughter knew that he was determined to accomplish what he had in view.  
CHAPTER XXVII.  
There was great excitement in the town of Lifford. As one man said to another, they might expect something strange when the earl came home; but this was stranger than all. The earl's tenants, and every man in Lifford with whom he did business of any kind, received an invitation to dine with the earl at the Bramber Arms. The Bramber Arms was the chief hotel in Lifford. It boasted of a large assembly room, where the county balls and the hunt balls were all given. It was the very stronghold and fortress of the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and its resources were wonderful. The dinner to the tenants was to be served in the assembly room. People called it a rent-dinner, such as the earl generally gave to his tenants once a year. He had agreed that there was something more in it than that, or why were so many bidden who were not tenants? Why were the doctors, the vicar, and every other person with whom the earl had any business relations asked, and many more besides? The earl, it was remarked, rode or drove through Lifford almost every day, and he was sure every day to give three or four invitations. Public expectation and excitement increased. What could the earl mean by such unlimited hospitality? The proprietor of the Bramber Arms gave glowing accounts of the dinner that was to be prepared. No expense was to be spared. He was to provide the most costly wines, the choicest dishes, and the best during his business career he had known nothing like it.  
Felix heard of the grand banquet, the rent-dinner, as it was called, and went home one evening pleased to have some news that would interest his father. When he reached Vale House he was astonished to find that the letters of invitation were there before him—one for his father and one for himself.  
"That is wonderful," he said. "Why has the earl invited us?"  
"Not was his woe," much decried when in his father's letter he read a few words written in the earl's own handwriting, and signed "Arlington"—a few kindly words, begging Mr. Lonsdale, if possible, to be present, as he very much wished to

"Gentlemen, old friends and neighbors, I may say, there has been an injustice done among you which I have asked you here to-day to set straight. Understand me plainly, as an Englishman, I speak of the institutions of my country. I bow my head to the decision of a jury. I listen with respect to the verdict of a jury. But gentlemen, human laws, because they are human, and not divine, must at times err; and I say they err when they pronounce a man honest, industrious, and honorable as my friend Darcy Lonsdale. I have known him for many years, and I have known him to leave his money, gentlemen, the judge who gave sentence against him was a stranger to him, and the jury who decided in favor of the law did not know him. But you know him; he has lived among you all his life, he has served you to the best of his knowledge, and not one among you, man, woman, or child, can say that he has ever spoken a false word or done a mean or underhand deed. He has always been an industrious, honest and generous man of those men who make the very backbone of England—a loyal subject, a spirited townsman, a true friend, a devoted husband, a kind father. He has spent his life among you, and you know him to do wrong. If you can, speak."  
There was a dead silence which lasted for some moments, and then a voice said:  
"You are right, my lord. Not one among us has ever known him to do wrong."  
"I am sure not," declared the earl. "Now mind what I say. With the jury and the judge who thought James Hardman entitled to Elizabeth Hardman's money, and who really believed that Darcy Lonsdale had wrongfully used his money with her, I have nothing to do. They did their duty honestly, even if mistakenly. To you who constituted yourselves judge and jury—to you, knowing the man and his character, judged him yourselves as guilty—to you I wish to speak. I believe him to be innocent. I have read carefully since my return every word of the trial, and I say, gentlemen, in the most emphatic words that I can use, that I believe him to be innocent, and what is more, to be a deeply injured man."  
He was obliged to stop, for there rose from the lips of the men who had misjudged Darcy Lonsdale, who had snubbed him, who had withdrawn their business from him, who had never been heard in Lifford, by the earl's side, a murmur of protest. "I have nothing to do with their conduct, a cheer such as had been in their hearts they had never quite believed him guilty. Perhaps the earl's noble words touched them, with compassion and regret. Something appealed to them, and they cheered until the walls of the Bramber Arms shook again."  
"We are agreed then, gentlemen," said the earl. "Our old friend and fellow-townsmen is an honest, honorable gentleman."  
They cheered again and again. It was with some difficulty that the earl could make himself heard. At last silence was restored, and then he continued:  
"We can never make up to him for all that he has suffered; we can not give him back the strength, the hope, the happiness he has lost; we can not atone for the wretched hours, the sleepless nights and the weary days—that is beyond us. But I have thought of a plan by which we may aid him, and I want the close attention of every gentleman present while I propose it."  
The earl paused for one moment, and those seated at his hospitable table looked earnestly at him; there was still deeper silence when he began to speak again.  
"There is no secrecy in England. Everything done in the country is open as the sun in the sky. Our newspapers ventilate everything, and in one sense that is quite right; but in a case like this it is hard, throughout the length and breadth of England, to know how Darcy Lonsdale's case went against him, and how he lost the money left to him. I want something else to go through the length and breadth of the land, and I want to read how Darcy Lonsdale's friends and townsmen—myself at the head—met and expressed their sympathy with him, and that I presented him with a handsome testimonial to show their full confidence in him and to make up for his loss. That testimonial I propose to head myself with five hundred pounds, and I want to say there will not be a nobleman or gentleman in the country who will not add his name to the list."  
Cheers again arose. Never had the Bramber Arms heard such cheers. Darcy Lonsdale's face had grown deathly pale; but for the strong arm of his son, thrown around him, he would have fallen.  
"I have one word more to say, gentlemen," continued the earl, "and it is this. My agent, Mr. John Sleeman, a gentleman whom you know, and whom I respect, is leaving me. I am glad to say that a fortune has fallen to him, and that he is going to enjoy it. I propose now to ask Mr. Darcy Lonsdale to take his post. The emoluments are good—one thousand per annum and a house to live in. If he will accept the office, I shall be proud to place my interests, my welfare, my property, in the hands of a worthy, honest and honorable gentleman. Yet one word more. Mr. Lonsdale is no longer young; but he has a son—I wish we all had such a son—and I propose that he acts, if necessary, in his father's place, always of course with the authority of the earl. If he does, I shall secure two good agents instead of one. Gentlemen, join me in drinking the health of a valued, trusted townsman, of an honest, honorable man, my agent, Darcy Lonsdale."  
It was drunk with such honors as a man's name seldom receives. Then Darcy Lonsdale rose and turned his white face to them. But he could make no speech; the only words his trembling lips could utter were:  
"Heaven bless you, my lord! I can not thank you, though you've made a man of me again. My dear old friends and neighbors, how could you have misjudged me? But you see now that it is all a mistake. I am glad of it. In future we will deal gently with each other—we will judge each other carefully. Lord Arlington, you have saved my honor; henceforward, command me as you will. Then, unable to say any more, he sat down."  
Dr. Hunter was the first to leave his place and shake hands with him. "I never believed one word of the story," he said. "I have avoided you. Will you shake hands and let the past be past?"  
After that he went up to the lawyer one by one and shook his hand. Some frankly avowed that they had misjudged him, some begged his pardon. Some said that they had gone with the majority; but every man present wished him well and Godspeed in his new life.  
The speech worth hearing when that same had passed, when justice had been done to an injured man, when peace had been made—was when Dr. Hunter stood up to propose Lord Arlington's health. Never had been done so received; for there is nothing, after all, which touches an Englishman's heart sooner than defence of the weak, love of justice, and generosity.  
The most successful evening ever known, and it did an immense deal of good. There was not a man present who did not learn a lesson from the earl's speech. It was in his heart to be more merciful, more pitiful, more charitable—who did not say to himself that he would be more careful in judging another man. And it was a strange thing that, when they came to compare notes, there was not a man among them who had really believed the lawyer guilty; they had gone with the majority, but they had no public opinion. One had removed his business from the office because another one did, one had avoided Darcy Lonsdale because another did. But the earl had taught them a lesson which went home to each heart.  
(To be Continued.)

## A SPRING NEED.

### Indoor Confinement in Winter Hard on the Health.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he too infused a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent in the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite; little phlegm or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion; perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't, unless you drive it out by purging the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that the pills are better than other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collins, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run of years, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned quickly I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the winter and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills are an ideal spring medicine."  
If you want to be healthy in spring don't dose your system with harsh gripping purgatives, and don't experiment with the so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## GREAT LABOR SAVER.

### New Brick-Laying Device Will Accomplish Six Times More Than Man.

The trade of bricklaying has at last been invaded by machinery. Until very recently this was one of the few trades into which the machinery had not come to the detriment of hand laborers, but now a device has been invented which, it is asserted, will not only lay brick better than can be done by hand, but so rapidly that in a day it will perform the work ordinarily accomplished by six expert masons.  
Recent experiments with this new invention go to show that it is likely to revolutionize the trade of bricklaying, and largely cheapen a now very expensive work. In an hour's time the machine can accurately set from 600 to 800 bricks.  
The first layer of bricks has to be laid by hand. Along this is then stretched a light girder, over which the machine runs. The head of the machine is a "hand," which automatically opens and comes back, and into this the bricks are fed, one at a time. As the "hand" jumps back it presses the brick against the one last laid, while guide rollers at the side keep the face of the wall plumb. As each brick is being forced back, a hopper on the machine allows mortar to fall into the required place. The machine is driven along the girder by hand, and only two men are necessary to lay 800 bricks an hour.

## PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthily playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used, you never find sickly, cold, sleepless children; if the little one is ill, the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will tell you the Tablets always do good, and never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hephworth, Que., says: "My baby has never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't do it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets, which you can get from any druggist, or by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## MOULD ON BUTTER.

### How to Prevent and How to Remove it.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.  
Complaints are received from time to time, at the Dairy Division, Ottawa, regarding the appearance of moulds on the parchment paper linings of butter packages. In some cases it is said to have penetrated the butter for some distance. Mould is a minute and low form of plant life. It grows from seeds, which are called spores, and which develop only in the presence of moisture and where they have a supply of suitable food. Mould will grow readily on damp wood; hence the necessity for keeping the interior of a creamery, and especially the refrigerating room, as dry as possible.  
Poorly constructed refrigerators are apt to be damp, because the warm air, which gets in from outside carries moisture with it, which is deposited on the cooler surfaces of the walls, floors and packages. Frequent and prolonged opening of the doors also causes dampness.  
The prevention of mould in the factory. It would be a good thing for the creamery owners as well as the trade generally, if it were compulsory for all creameries thoroughly disinfected every spring before operations began. The spores of mould, and other germs which cause bad butter, are destroyed by the work in properly done. It is comparatively simple and inexpensive operation, if the following plan is adopted.  
Method of Disinfection.—Wash the whole interior of the creamery, including walls, ceilings, floors, posts, shelving, etc., with a solution of one part of bi-chloride of mercury to one thousand parts of water. Apply with a brush and scrub well whenever applied. The bi-chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) may be procured in tablet form, of the right strength to make the above solution by adding one tablet to every pint of water used. This substance is a deadly poison and must be handled with every care and precaution. Formalin is also used, either as a spray or by being allowed to evaporate from a sheet of cotton suspended in the room, when the doors, windows and other openings are tightly closed. It requires about five ounces of pure formalin to disinfect 1,000 cubic feet.  
Prevention of Mould on Butter.—As a preventive of mould on butter the following practice is highly recommended: Soak the parchment paper linings, immediately before using in a saturated brine to which has been added one ounce of pure formalin to three gallons of brine; place the paper in the boxes without drying. Keep the brine in a special covered vessel. Boil the brine every week and add fresh formalin in the same proportion as at first. This treatment has been found effective in the Government creameries in the Northwest Territories, where there was a great deal of trouble with mould at one time, and has given good satisfaction wherever it has been properly carried out.  
Probably much of the mould on butter is due to the infection of the parchment paper as it lies about the creamery without any protection and not always in a dry place. The spores do not develop on the dry parchment, but as soon as it comes in contact with the butter there is sufficient moisture to encourage the growth of the mould. The parchment paper and empty packages should be kept in a thoroughly dry, clean place.  
Only the very best pure vegetable parchment paper should be used. Inferior paper encourages the growth of mould and does not protect the butter. Much of the paper used is too light in weight. A ream of 500 sheets measuring 50x12 1/2 inches should weigh at least 40 pounds, and the same number of sheets 38x12 1/2 inches should weigh not less than 30 pounds, and other sizes in proportion.  
Yours very truly,  
W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

## CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

### A Sketch of Yoshihito, Who May be King One of These Days.

"Yoshihito, Prince of Haru-no-Miya, the son of the Emperor," so writes Florence Eldridge, in her article in Pearson's. "Born on the 31st of August, 1879, the Prince was in accordance with the imperial conventionalities taken from his mother and placed in charge of the Marquis Takumarō Nakayama, who, as guardian of the imperial nurseries, has under her personal supervision the young princes and princesses until they reach their fourth or fifth year."  
"When seven years old the Crown Prince went to the Nobles' School in Tokio, a procedure that might be said to have marked a new era in Japanese history, for theretofore the imperial princes, considered sacred in the eyes of the people, were nursed in an atmosphere surcharged with ancient court traditions, while none but the nobles or high officials in whose care they were placed might come into their presence. It was in contradiction to this conservatism that the Crown Prince entered the Nobles' School; and he recited in classes with other boys, joined in their games, and fully enjoyed his occupancy of so democratic a position."  
"When quite a young lad, however, being far from robust, his education was continued with private tutors, who paid great attention to the modern athletic and gymnastic exercises; measures that in a short time spoke for themselves in the transformation of the weak child into a stalwart and virile youth."  
In May, 1900, the Crown Prince, then in his twenty-first year, was married to the second daughter of his imperial highness, Prince Kujō, Shōken-Kujō the daughter of a girl of nobility.  
"What a bewildering number of names of multitude we have in our language!" remarked the Literary Man, as he sat yesterday in the Franklin Inn Club. "The other day the child of a friend of mine illustrated this, as well as the laborer's cruelty of youth. He wanted to 'play a game.'  
"All right," said his mother. "What is the game?"  
"Why, you'll be a poor little blind,

tame man and I'll be a flock of tigers."  
"But why," continued the Literary man, "was he wrong? Why should we have to speak only of a host of angels, a shoal of porpoises, a herd of buffaloes, a troop of soldiers, a covey of partridges, a galaxy of beauties, a horde of ruffians, a hoard of rubbish, a drove of oxen, a mob of blackguards, a school of whales, a congregation of worshippers, a corps of engineers, a band of robbers, a swarm of locusts and a crowd of people?"  
"I remember how a Freshman, a friend of mine, once pointed seaward and remarked: 'See what a flock of ships.' I told him that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and added for his guidance that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack and that a pack of thieves is called a gang."

## THE CZAR'S MANY TITLES.

### Explains Why Russia is "The Cemetery of Kingdoms."

Here is a full list of the Czar's titles, the largest in the world, as issued in the Russian proclamation of war:—  
"By God's Auspicious Grace  
"We, Nicholas the Second  
"Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, of Moscow, of Kiev, of Vladimir, of Novgorod, Czar of Kasan, Czar of Astrachan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of Khergov, of Taurus, Lord of Pskov, Grand Prince (Duke) of Smolensk, of Lvva, of Volhynia, of Polotsk, and of Finland; Prince of Estonia, Lifland, Curland and Gemigalia, of Gomygria, of Belostok, of Kovel, of Tver, of Igor, of Perm, of Viatka, of Bolgara, and other lands; Lord and Grand Duke of Novgorod, Chernigov, Ryazan, Polotsk, Rostov, Yaroslavl, Svydlov, Udon, Oudor, Kostroma, Vitebsk, Motielov and of all the provinces of the north; Overlord of Iberia, Karthlilia and Kabardinia and of all the Armenian provinces; of the Caucasian and Mountain Princes, and of their Heirs, Overlord and Ruler; Duke of Turkestan, Heir of Norway, Hertzog of Schleswig-Holstein, Starmarn, Dittmarschen and Oldenburg," etc. Though the title of Sultan of Turkey is more likely to be better known than that of Mikado of Japan, the lesser possibilities are numberless. Every one of the names above represents a region which was formerly independent of Russia, and it is not wonder that a Polish patriot called Russia, "the cemetery of kingdoms."

## BIRDS LEARN SONG TUNES.

### Can Pick Up Certain Simple Melodies If Taught While Young.

The craze for change seems at last about to affect the very birds of the air. No longer is a restless public satisfied with the sweet strains that nature provides as the voice of the feathered songster. The up-to-date bird must be able to warble bars from such melodies as "Hallelujah," "Bedeia," or other musical inanities that attain passing popularity. A bird educated thus can be sold for ten times as much as one that merely trills its own "song," so the dealers are striving to make their befuddled stock accomplished in singing, according to the new idea of what a bird should be able to do. It is a slow process, but one of the first men in the business to see the advantages of giving his birds a musical education lives in Philadelphia. At his training establishment the education of the feathered songster must be begun from beginning to completion. Bullfinches are chosen for the pupils. With an ordinary life on flute the teacher sits down beside the cage in which the birds are housed and plays the first bars of the tune that it is desired the birds should learn. It is usual for a girl to be employed for this work, as she possesses more patience than a man and the work is better suited to her temperament. It may be hours before the bird will take the least notice of the player. The girl must keep on playing until the little songster's attention is attracted. Once over the few bars of music are repeated with monotonous regularity. Sometimes it is necessary to play the same strain for days before the bird will show the slightest interest in the efforts to make them up-to-date warblers. Sooner or later, however, they will awaken to the fact that some song foreign to their ears is being played near by. At first a gentle cocking of the head in the direction of the sound will betray the awakening. Thus encouraged, the teacher plays with added energy, and the bird's attention is attracted. Work may be imagined when it is known that even after seeming to take an interest in the flute player's attempt to educate them the birds will frequently lapse into dull indifference and give no further sign for a long time. There comes a moment, at last when the bird seems really to shake off its apathy and hop nearer to the sound of the flute, as though prompted by quickened curiosity. Soon after that it will remain still, its senses seemingly concentrated on the song. Then it will begin to sing. It is time for the teacher to rise, then, and closely watch the bird's attempt to imitate the notes that have become familiar by such patient repetition. The chances are that the bird will try first two or three notes correctly and then stop, quite at a loss for the rest. The teacher prompts the little songster by playing the bar through. The bird cries once more, and this time, perhaps, warbles the bar correctly.

## MORE FREEDOM FOR SOLDIERS.

Among the many novel suggestions made for the revival of recruiting for the British army is one that the soldier stay in barracks only a part of the year—say two months, and the rest of the time he resides where he might choose, going to his work every day, like any ordinary mechanic or laborer, also that when he had done his work for the day he be allowed to wear civilian clothes, just as police do.  
"Can't the patent medicine relieve the Russian navy of those sinking spells."  
"Why, you'll be a poor little blind,

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