

Violet's Lover

Perhaps in all her life Lady Chevenix had never felt so humiliated. There was no polite disguise about the remark, no conventional veil. "She had jilted their best friend, and they did not care to know her." Even Evelyn cried out in wonder when she heard what her aunt had said.

"No half-truths for me," said that incomparable lady. "If every one told the truth this would be a different world."

Never had Lady Chevenix felt so humiliated, even the magnificent carriages seemed to have grown small and insignificant when she returned to it; while the very servants seemed to know that she had been treated with scorn and contempt. She had hoped to have heard something of Felix and Evelyn, but if Eve would not see her, why there was an end of it.

She had not encountered her old lover once. She wished very much to see him. Why should they not be friends? She had no desire for anything more than the most common form of friendship. She remembered his bright, sunny temper. She had hoped to have heard something of Felix and Evelyn, but if Eve would not see her, why there was an end of it.

"Felix is a host in himself," the earl would say, laughingly. He had not the faintest idea, when he sent out his invitations of having done wrong. Lady Maude, to whom Felix had revealed his love story, did not return until the day of the dinner-party, and then it was too late to send a note or message anywhere.

"They must meet some time," she said to herself. "Perhaps it will be better here than elsewhere. I shall be at hand to help him if he requires help."

She said nothing to any one, but awaited the summer of events. The dinner was given in honor of Lord Rayden, a great statesman, who was visiting the earl, and Lord Arlington was both pleased and proud to introduce his young and gifted protégé to his friend, Col. Riddell was invited—he would not have gone had he known that he was to meet Sir Owen, whom he detested—also Lady Rolfe, her daughter, Lavinia, and several other friends.

It was a warm day, and the green shade of the foliage all about Bramber Towers was cool and inviting. The dinner hour was fixed for 7. "There is no keeping people in doors on these fine summer nights," said the earl, "so we may as well be prepared to spend the evening out-of-doors."

Lady Maude only hoped the evening would pass as pleasantly as her father seemed to anticipate. She alone knew what rival interests would be at play. She would have been better pleased to have been time to send a message to Felix to tell him who were so present, but there was not time. She resolved to dress early and wait for him.

She was disappointed. She knew that he was coming early; he had some papers that her father wished to see; and they had arranged it so.

Lady Maude was the first in the drawing-room, and to her great delight Felix came in soon afterward. She was wonderfully proud of him. As Lady Maude looked at him, she thought to herself that there could not be a finer, handsomer or nobler looking man in England than he was.

There was a warm friendship between the two. Felix would have done anything in the world for the noble, beautiful woman who had seemed to him like an angel of comfort in the darkest hour of his life; he had the greatest reverence, the greatest esteem for her. He knew that he owed all his good fortune to her kindly influence with the earl, and Lady Maude was very fond of him. She watched his career with pride and hope; she had a feeling almost of proprietorship in him; but for her he might have gone to the bad. So now she waited for him, and when he had spoken a few words of greeting to her, she said:

"I was waiting for you, Mr. Lonsdale; I have something to tell you. I know you are a brave man; this evening I shall see your bravery put to several tests."

He could not imagine what she meant, but he said that he hoped whatever might be the proof she would not find him wanting.

"I have no fear of that," she said, earnestly. "Mr. Lonsdale, I want to tell you that Lady Chevenix will be here this evening. Papa made up his list of invitations during my absence, and I could do nothing."

She was glad that they were alone. His face grew white as death—so white that she was alarmed; he stood quite still, and

she saw his hand tremble. She talked on that he might have time to recover himself.

"You are so good to me, Lady Maude, that I am at a loss how to thank you for giving me this warning. I needed it. If I had not Lady Chevenix suddenly I should have been terribly embarrassed; now I am master of myself."

"And will keep so?" said Lady Maude, earnestly.

"And will keep so," he repeated. "Then the countess joined them, and presently one or two more entered the room."

"Look," said Lady Maude, as she touched Felix's arm gently. He looked in the direction indicated and beheld Violet, so changed from the lovely laughing girl who had kissed him and quarrelled with him twenty times in an hour that he hardly recognized her. This was an imperially beautiful woman, on whose white breast and white arms shone jewels worth a king's ransom—a woman whose face was so peerless, lovely that it dazzled one as did the light of the sun.

Violet wore one of the triumphs of art that she had brought with her from Paris, and nothing could have been devised to enhance her loveliness more. Her dress was composed of some pale-green fabric, soft and shining, covered with clouds of white lace looped up with water-lilies, and in her golden hair nestled a lovely drooping water-lily. She wore a parure of diamonds and emeralds. Her white shoulders and well-molded arms helped to compose a picture that no man could have loved more than her heart beat the quicker for it.

Lord Arlington went forward to meet her. Like a foil to her bright and radiant loveliness her dark-browed husband looked by her side, and she was right.

"You are right," said Felix to Lady Maude. "She is a thousand times more beautiful."

Lady Chevenix did not notice Lady Maude Bramber leave his side and exchange a few words with her. She said:

"An old friend of yours, Lady Chevenix, is here this evening. And she is the very person who parted so tragically stood face to face."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Once more Violet and Felix Lonsdale stood face to face. They looked at each other for a moment in silence. To Felix there came back, with a keen, bitter pang, the memory of his passionate farewell; to Violet there came the sudden, keen conviction that she was looking at the face of the only man she had ever cared for.

Lady Maude Arlington, much as she disliked the brilliant young beauty, felt pleased, after bringing the two together, that she had screened Lady Chevenix from observation, for she trembled; her face flushed crimson and then grew white.

Felix was the first to speak. He did not hold out his hand in greeting; he simply bowed and murmured some few commonplace words to her. "Please very pleased to see you," said Lady Chevenix, and the words had a ring of truth that touched both listeners.

With her usual smiling grace Lady Maude said:

"We have a little time to spare—would you like to look at these photographs? They are quite new, and finer than anything I have yet seen."

They sat at three round one of the pretty little tables that were covered with pictures and books. Lady Chevenix turned to Felix again. "I should like to see your father and Mrs. Lonsdale," she said. "Are they well?"

"They are quite well," he told her, but he made no response to her desire of seeing them.

"He does not care at all about seeing me," she thought; "he does not seem in the least degree interested or embarrassed. He has forgotten me; and as the thought came to her, her eyes filled with tears. He never could have cared so very much for me," she said to herself; "he could not really have grieved about losing me."

She looked at him—he was talking in a lively and animated strain to Lady Maude. She wondered to herself if this calm, proud, handsome man, so perfectly well-bred, so self-possessed, talking so brilliantly to the earl's daughter—if this could really be the same ardent, despairing young lover who had hidden her—a passionate farewell. He was in no haste to talk to her. She had pictured herself as having to hint something like prudence to him; she could have laughed at herself for the notion.

He did not look at her; she doubted even whether he had noticed her rich dress, her shining jewels. When she spoke he replied with polite indifference, with well-bred calmness, but he never once volunteered a word to her. It was all so different from what she had pictured that she experienced a strange sense of depression. Lady Maude was compelled to leave

them for a few minutes, and then Lady Chevenix turned to Felix.

"How strange it seems that we should meet here," she said. "Yes, it is strange," he replied. "I am very often here on business—you I presume, come equally often on pleasure."

"It is my first visit," she said; but he did not ask the reason of that.

"How cold, how indifferent he is to me," she remarked to herself. "No one would ever think even that he had been friends. He would say something reproachable, it would be better than this."

But there was no thought of reproach in him. He spoke to her with a smile. He neither sought her nor avoided her. His conduct was that of a stranger whom he had met for the first time. Then came the signal for dinner, and Lady Chevenix was surprised to find that Felix took down Lady Maude. She went down with the Earl, and Sir Owen escorted Lavinia Rolfe. Violet was so placed at the table that she could see and hear all that passed.

Never in her life had the beautiful Lady Chevenix felt so surprised. She had always heard Felix spoke of as being the greatest heart in the world. He had never dreamed that he was really the genius he was. When with her he had seldom spoken of anything but herself and his great love for her.

Now, for the first time, he was in conversation with intellectual men, who all seemed to look up to him as their superior. She was astounded. The great statesman, Lord Rayden, talked much to him, and the earl asked his opinion—who would have dreamed of that?

"It does me good," said Lord Rayden, "to hear such ideas as yours, they are so thoroughly fresh, clever and original. You must have your own side; you must not go over to the enemy."

Felix had a natural wit that made his conversation piquant and amusing. Lord Arlington delighted in it. When any playful attack was made on himself he would look at him and say: "I shall leave you to answer that, Mr. Lonsdale."

The dinner was a complete success. It was a new thing to Lady Chevenix, intellectual conversation such as she was listening to. She looked once at her husband, and she saw him gazing with undiminished admiration at Felix.

Sir Owen said little. He had ideas of his own; one was that talking at dinner time was a bore rather than a treat; people sat down to eat, not to talk. He certainly did not contribute much to the general entertainment. He dined well, and more than once Violet felt something like dismay, as she saw how the wine glasses before him were replenished. She could not help contrasting the two men; nor was she the only one present who did so. Felix was so bright, so handsome, so animated, so gifted and intellectual; the other, so dull, so commonplace, so uninteresting. When women are approaching him, he is full of ideas, and when he is alone, he is full of nothing. He is full of ideas, and when he is alone, he is full of nothing. He is full of ideas, and when he is alone, he is full of nothing.

There comes a time in the life of all women when they are face to face with a grave crisis, when there are distressing backaches, headaches, dizziness; when even some women are threatened with the loss of their reason; when they suffer because they are women. The happiness of women for the rest of their lives depends upon how safely they overcome this crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a blessing to women at all ages, and are particularly valuable at two critical periods—when girlhood is merging into womanhood and when women are approaching old age. These pills make the rich, red blood that stimulates all the organs of the body, expels disease and makes the weary sufferer bright, active and strong. Mrs. A. Jones writes: "I feel that I must let you know the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. For years I suffered from inflammation of the womb and kindred troubles. Only those who have been similarly afflicted can tell how much I suffered or how dreary life seemed. I tried many medicines but none of them helped me. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am grateful now, for that advice, after using about a dozen boxes every symptom of the trouble disappeared and life again seemed worth living. It is now several years since I took the pills, and there has been no sign of the trouble since. I feel safe in saying the cure is permanent."

What these pills have done for Mrs. Jones they will do for all suffering women if given a fair trial. But you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SILKS AND WOOLENS.

Such as One Sees in a Tour of the Shops.

In woollen goods of lanne, volle and etamine are worn most.

Voile and etamine should not be confused. The first has a fine, round thread evenly woven, while etamine is rougher, more uneven, and rather woolly in appearance.

Broadcloth is an old standby and always fashionable. It is made up into some stylish pedestrian suits.

White serge is particularly fashionable for a simple cut suit.

A small black and white shepherd's plaid, made up with black braid and a few touches of red, would be very smart and dashing.

Some very handsome gowns are made of changeable silk.

Tafetas are now made with a soft finish, soft materials being absolutely required by the present styles.

Measaline is the favorite silk of the season. It is made in the lightest silks, or simple, dainty frocks.

One variety of it has a series of lines which resemble nothing so much as the fine grain of wood. The effect of lights and shadows is wonderfully pretty.

BOON FOR CHILDREN.

Charles M. Schwab will shortly see one of his cherished schemes realized. For three years the steel magnate has been planning a children's health and fun resort for New York. The resort is located on Staten Island and consists of an extensive park in which are all sorts of contrivances for ministering to the pleasure of little ones. A big boat will ply between there and the city, and the plan is to take about 1,000 children over every day in summer and bring them back in the early evening. Trained nurses, guards and private policemen will see that the visitors are properly cared for. In the big pavilion every day a lunch will be served and the rest of the time will be spent mostly in bathing, wading and playing around in the sand.

FOOD PRODUCTS.

Report Concerning Canadian Goods in Great Britain.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch. The following is the report of Mr. A. W. Grindley, agent of the Department of Agriculture in Great Britain, regarding Canadian Food Products in Great Britain:

Canadian food products are often sold in Great Britain to the consumer, as being the product of Great Britain or the product of some other country, the produce of which may command a higher price on the market. The only thing that can be done is for Canadian shippers to brand "Canada" or "Canadian" on everything, and advertise freely in the British trade journals. A few Canadian firms have followed this plan and to-day their brands are in demand, and are known as "Canadian produce," but this position has only been gained by spending a lot of money in advertising. Financial returns are what the average shipper looks for, and if he receives more money by having his goods sold as the product of some other country, he very naturally pockets the higher price and says nothing. It is a very slow game, getting the British people to change their ideas or tastes, to "play the game," one must have lots of time and spend money freely. This the average Canadian exporter cannot afford to do, but Canadian goods are gradually, if slowly, gaining in favor. This gain in favor is chiefly due to the fine quality of the Canadian goods. International competition is so keen to capture the British market that there is no room to try false games, and I am sorry to say the only way to make good is to be honest. Canadian shippers honest is by act of Parliament. Great good has already been done by "The Fruit Marks Act." Our dairy products are landing each season in more perfect condition than in the past. The close inspection kept in Canada over the manufacture of cheese and butter, to the improvement in the cheese factories and creameries, but also largely due to the Government's "Cooling Rooms" for cheese, and the improved "cool" and "cold" storage for food products of the various steamship lines running from Canada to the different British ports.

Canadian butter packed in Danish keels—Mr. Grindley also reports as follows concerning the packing of Canadian butter in Danish keels:

The butter packed in this style is the best quality of Canadian creamery, and is put up in this shape by the shippers who receive their instructions from consignees on the spot. It is most of it comes with no mark except what is on the packing which covers the cask—if any mark is on the cask it can be easily erased. There is so doubt but the bulk of the butter packed in this style is sold as Choicest Danish.

Only a few Canadian firms ship butter in keels, or eggs in the foreign or Irish cases.

Canada is the majority of cases does not get credit for her food products. One never sees in British retail shops "Canadian Cheese," "Canadian Butter," "Canadian Eggs," "Canadian Bacon," or "Canadian Beef." A few Canadian firms are advertising their goods, and in time our goods may be called for, but as yet the average British consumer does not care where his food comes from as long as it suits his taste and the price is reasonable. As a general rule the wholesale firms buy and sell goods for what they are, the fancy-work is done by the retailer, and the consumer is the only one who are deceived, and they don't care if the quality is good.

Under the "Merchandise Marks Act" of Great Britain, goods can enter the country with no mark or any mark that will not lead people astray as to where the goods come from. For example, if you put Boston on goods, the party concerned would be fined, as there is a Boston in England, but Boston, Mass., or Boston, U. S. A. would be all right. So, too, on apples from that Province would be allowed, as Nova Scotia apples are classed by themselves. Eggs come from Canada packed in the foreign or Irish case, which holds 1,440 eggs. These are sold as Irish or Selected Danish, whichever may bring the highest price. American and Canadian bacon and hams are sent from port of landing to English smoke-houses, and appear on the market as Wiltshire, Cumberland, Yorkshire, Berkshire, or any other favorite brand. Of course, if you could prove a case where marks were forged, the parties concerned would be heavily fined, but all this fancy work is done in cellars or behind the scenes.

Yours very truly, W. A. Clemens, Publication Clerk.

OYSTER FARMS IN VIRGINIA.

Natural and Artificial Beds in Eastern Part of State.

In eastern Virginia there are several thousand acres of oyster farms, where oysters are raised by artificial methods on artificial beds.

The "natural" oyster bed is where the oyster broods and matures naturally. There are thousands of acres of such beds in the Chesapeake Bay system of salt water. In such beds the oysters breed by the millions, and as they are too close together here they cannot all reach a satisfactory growth. If taken when small from these "natural" beds and strewed along on the bottoms, where there are no oysters naturally, at the rate of 500 to 1,000 bushels per acre, such young oysters mature and ripen off for the market, some in one and the rest in two years.

There is a profit in such work, when intelligently managed, of 25 to 32 1/2 per cent. Probably more than 100,000 acres of artificial oyster beds are made to grow an oyster crop, in addition to the acreage embraced in the "natural" beds. The area of "artificial" beds is increasing rapidly each year.

One singular feature about the oyster is this: They all look exactly alike; there being no difference between the male and the female externally or internally; in fact, the aged man is not sufficient to distinguish one sex from another. Another unique feature is this: The male oyster lays as many eggs as

the female—"equal rights," we perceive. The eggs of the male are called "milt," and the eggs of the female are called "spawn." An ordinary full grown oyster is supposed to lay a million eggs a year. In spawning season the water is full of these eggs, and when the "milt" and the "spawn" come in contact, and the water is at the right temperature, life is imparted to the microscopic egg, and it drops to the bottom, where if it succeeds in grasping hold of something, such as another oyster, or shell, or rock, or anything to hang on to, the tiny creature begins to form its shell, and in a few weeks becomes visible to the eye.

The oyster farmers are harvesting the crop at present. While the greater portion of the United States is under snow, and in the grasp of winter, our oyster farmers are busy harvesting their crop, which requires no fertilizer, food or feeding, and costs only for the seed, the sowing and the harvesting, and which pays a good dividend on the investment. From 15,000 to 15,000 hands are engaged in the oyster work in eastern Virginia. It is an odd sort of farming, and the oyster farmers in winter become corn farmers in summer.—Country Gentleman.

EXPERIENCED MOTHERS.

Experienced mothers know that most of the troubles that afflict young children are due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and that if the cause is removed the little one will be plump, rosy and happy. For such troubles as indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles, there is no medicine in the world can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The action of the Tablets is speedy, and above all things safe, as they contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will say that they are the best medicine in the world. Mrs. John G. Cranberry, Que., says: "After having thoroughly tested Baby's Own Tablets, I can say they are the best remedy for the ailments of little ones that I have ever used. No mother should be without them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

20 ACRES OF CARNATIONS.

Average Yield is From 6,000 to 10,000 Flowers Every Day in Year.

Commercial carnation growing in the northern middle west and eastern parts of this great country of ours has been a problem in economics. Outdoor growing in the sections named is always confined to limited times, or rather seasons, and so much of it has necessitated hothouse adjuncts that theories theories vanished before the attacks of conditions. The flower is one that has always been popular, and has been cultivated for almost a perfect perfection, but never commercially satisfactory, excepting to the interested grower whose efforts became remunerative upon the extreme demand and limited supply.

To the stranger within the gates of this State, the carnation growing of California becomes an object of the greatest interest and a most satisfactory sight. The success of the enterprise, and the very simple and effective style of cultivation make it another marvel in this land of natural wonders.

When E. J. Vayter retired from the active life of the banker he took up his abode in ranching. Part the land in the confines of Santa Monica, the particular section of this city, claiming title as Ocean Park. He experimented with, five years ago for a more remunerative crop than that of barley. A tract about two acres was planted with pure California seedling carnation plants. Since then the acreage has increased to twenty, and at the close of the planting work this season the ranch will have 200,000 plants in active growth. Ultimately the most of a 200-acre ranch will be devoted to the culture of this flower.

In brief the carnation fields are yielding on an average from 6,000 to 10,000 flowers every day in the year, with a market in which the demand is at all times greater than the supply. The plants are perpetuating in a sense, are propagated in the open fields, cultivated with less labor than ordinary crops, and are exempt from insect pests, and but rarely troubled with disease, excepting ordinary fungus attacks.

The average life of a field carnation varies from two to three years. New plants are taken in cuttings from the old ones and put directly into the ground. They in about ten months are in bloom and continue to give their daily quota of blossoms until they die out. In planting the carnations are placed in rows three feet apart and the plants two feet from each other. This permits the cultivation with horses, and after once in healthy growth they require only watchfulness for disease and insect pests, irrigation about every two weeks and daily picking.—Los Angeles Times.

LOG CABIN OF POTATOES.

A Table Oddity Worth One's While to Achieve.

Pretty to look at is the fanciful cabin built of "logs" of potato, and something new for the dinner table, if not very easy to serve. You are so apt to bring down one side of the structure unless you allow the waitress to serve you. The logs are long straws of potato, made in this shape, before being and then they are plunged into the dipped in yoke of egg and bread crumbs, sauce pan, in a deep bath of melted butter. A short time suffices for the immersion if the butter be hot enough, and by careful lifting out you will have your long, slender log, ready to be built up the log cabin.

Reader, stop ere you plunge recklessly into the pursuit of pleasure, ere you let passion whirl you forward in a blind fury. You cannot say how far that force may carry you. When at last you pause to think, it may be too late, the chance of union with Christ may lie far behind.

PAGE METAL GATES

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