Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome morning noon and night. Are you drinking it?

LOVE'S EXILE.

"Well, and haven't I heard certain people talking about the interesting things that go on in the world, and hinted that Ballater was a slow and tiresome old place, where nothing ever happened worth mentioning?"

She blushed and hung her head a moment, and then began her defence in a very meek voice.

"I don't think I've really ever spoken so ungratefully as that about dear old Ballater. It's quite true I should like to see a little more of the big world outside some day, but I think I could be content to hear what you care to tell me about it for a year or two longer first. The fact is, Mr. Maude," she went on, looking up at me with an altogether irresistible smile of affection and sympathy, "I could make up my mind to leave the hills, but I can't make up my mind to leave you."

What an opening! I began to shiver and quake, and to give signs of such unmistakable nervousness that Babiole evidently thought I was going to be taken with a fit of some sort. She looked helplessly around, and I gave a laugh like a schoolboy who comes too early to his first ball.

"I'm not ill, Babiole; I have something to say to you."

Upon this she became nearly as much disturbed as I, and the color left her sensitive face, as she sat mutely down on the tree trunk again to hear me.

"I—don't want you to—go away—either—Babiole," I jerked out slowly and unsteadily. "You are very young, and I think you can afford to wait before seeing the world—if you are not tired of this place and the people in it. Everybody here likes you, I may say, loves you; and, at any rate, if the life is not very exciting, it has no great cares. But your father, who does not know us so well as you do, is reluctant to leave you here without some sort of—of formal guarantee for your safety." Babiole looked up at me from time to time in bewildered expectancy of something new and awful.

"Safety!" she echoed, in an amazed whisper.

"Yes. Girls, when they grow to your age, must have a—a responsible guardian, you know. How old are you?"

"I shall be sixteen in July."

"Well, you see, in a few years you will be old enough to be married, and your father is naturally anxious to see you well provided for; established, you know, settled—in fact, married."

Babiole was growing calmer. On reflection, of course, there was nothing so alarming in the mention of a woman's natural end as to justify the horror which one is accustomed to consider maidenly; but I was surprised at the time to find that she listened to me so quietly. I thought it would have helped me more if she had shied at the subject, so to speak; some little show of emotion of one kind or another would have spurred me on to make a better business of the whole thing than I was doing. Her eyes, instead of being raised from time to time inquiringly to mine, were now fixed on the last faint glow of sunlight behind the hills; but she said nothing, and I had to go on.

"He is so bent upon it, in fact, that he says that, young as you are, he will only let you remain here longer on one condition."

She looked up quickly, with a change of expression which I took for that of vague apprehension.

"What condition?"

"You must be engaged—affianced—to someone he approves of before he leaves you."

Babiole began to laugh. "But papa must know that that is ridiculous. I am not a princess, to make so much fuss about. Besides, I am old enough, mamma says, to stay with her if I like."

"We can't complain of your father for thinking so much of you. And there is a very simple way of satisfying him, if you really do care to stay any longer at the old cottage. Remember, your father could easily persuade your mother to go away with him if he were bent on having you; and then the old life for her would begin again."

The girl rose to her feet in great excitement.

"What is the simple way?"

"You can become engaged to me."

I had not prepared her in the least, after all. She did not start or speak, but I could see by her face that she was utterly surprised. I was afraid of a hasty refusal, and now screwed up to the pitch of daring I hurried on without further hesitation.

"You know, Babiole, I am not asking you to marry me now, or at any future time. That must be for a handsomer, more dashing fellow than I. But I want you to understand that I am your guardian up to the time when the dashing young fellow turns up; and till then we will be just as we have always been. You understand, child, that there is to be no binding tie on you at all, nothing new except the understanding that I am answerable to your father for your safety and happiness. Now, are you willing to have me?"

I tried to put the question as a joke, but I was much moved.

She put her hand into mine without at first answering, but her eyes were full of tears before I had ended.

"I will do whatever you wish, now and always, Mr. Maude," she said so sweetly, so softly, that at once I began to realize the peril to myself of what I had done, as a great yearning seized me to draw the creature into my arms, and tell her what a poor chance it was that she would ever find among the fair-featured sons of men a slave so docile as I would be for just the right to cherish her.

I wish I had, now.

Then, however, I only said, "That's right," in a strangled voice; and we began to go down the hill together. But I discovered that this explanation, which was to have been so small and simple a thing, had already changed in some degree the character of our intercourse. Babiole gave me her hand to help her down, as freely and simply as she had often done before; but it seemed to me now that it was the hand of a fair young woman, instead of the hand of a child. It was some change in the girl herself, and not in me, I felt sure, for I had been fully conscious of my own love and my own longings ever since, on my return from Norway, I had found her still with the sweet flower-face, but with the form and shy proud manner of a budding woman. I considered this phenomenon as we crossed the wild bare slope beneath the fir-trees, and as we found our way through the growing darkness of the oak-branches, with the silver water shining before us in the distance, and the mist gathering about us as we went down. There was no touch of coquetry about her manner whereby I could take courage, but a very pretty gravity which seemed to denote that even such a poor thing as a temporary and make-believe engagement to marry demanded that one should put away childish things and talk about the affairs of the nation.

We both enjoyed that walk back to Larkhall very much; she because of the delicious new sense of importance which our secret understanding gave her; I, because there was now a link, however frail, between us, and because I was already deep enough in the mire to feel that there was but a maimed poor creature in my place when she was out of my sight. It was dark when we got into the drive, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellmer were both about, peering into bushes, and calling their daughter in a futile way, rather to fill up the time when their tete-a-tete palled, than because they really expected to find her under a rhododendron or a laurel.

"I told you she was all right," said the lady, sharply, as we came up.

"Aha! Where have you been?" asked her husband, with ponderous roguery.

"On Craigendarroch, papa," answered Babiole, simply, letting her arm remain in mine, this being the straightforward way I had chosen of making known the result of our meeting.

Mrs. Ellmer was eager to break up the party, and insisted that Babiole's boots must be wet, and that she ought to come and change them. But the artist had something to say first.

"She won't catch cold. She's been too well employed, haven't you, Bab?" he asked, seizing her by the arm, with a laugh that set her blushing.

I hastened to put a stop to this inquisition.

"She will tell you all about it presently. I think she had better go with her mother now, while I speak to you, Mr. Ellmer."

He let her go, being in high good humor, consequent upon the discovery and appropriation of some whiskey in his wife's cupboard. I told him that his daughter had consented to become engaged to me, and assured him that I would do my best to make her happy. He grew a little maudlin over the hardship of parting with an only daughter, which, though rather far-fetched, was to be expected; but he was genuinely glad that she was well provided for, and took care to point out to me with some shrewdness that his pride in his daughter was perfectly disinterested, as he had been so long a waif and stray upon the world that the world was considered by his relations as bound to support him, even if he had not been, as he was, too proud to accept from any man more than a mount when he was footsore, or a drink when he was thirsty.

I began to feel quite sorry for the poor beggar, and the feeling was increased later, in spite of his causing me to pass a most uncomfortable evening. They all came in to see me after dinner. Mr. Ellmer watched Babiole about with great pride, tried her voice at the piano, on which he performed with some taste, and declared that it was good enough for grand opera. On the other hand he missed no opportunity of snubbing his wife with ferocity, begged her not to skip, and advised her to leave her juvenile ways to her daughter. Poor Babiole spent the evening in torture. At each word of extravagant praise to herself she blushed uncomfortably; at every unkind speech to her mother the tears came to her eyes. In the climax of her misery I bore a most unwilling share.

I was bidding them all good-night on the door-step, and was shaking hands with Babiole, when Mr. Ellmer, who had several times during the evening disconcerted us both by tactless reference to the supposed excited state of our feelings, said jocularly that that was not the way in which sweethearts parted when he was young. Ready to satisfy him, but afraid to offend or frighten Babiole, I laughed awkwardly and hesitated, while the young girl blushed, and tried for the first time to withdraw her hand from mine.

"Don't be affected, Bab," said her father roughly.

I would have let her go, but at the sharp words she shivered, and put up her face with a sob of sensitive terror to mine. I stooped and kissed her, and if she shrank from the touch of my trembling lips, or the contact of my hideous face with her fair cheek, at least she felt none of the burning bitterness which seemed to turn my very heart to gall, and the caress of my hungry lips into a sting. For the remembrance of the last fair girl I had kissed, of the languid indifference which had left her cold to my devotion, rushed into my brain and gave added venom to this second and more severe misfortune. She drew away from me with a new timidity, and ran down the steps after her mother, while Mr. Ellmer smoked a last cigar with me in the garden, and called upon me to condole with him, which, in the disturbed state of thought and feeling I was in I was ready enough to do. For when he pitifuly dilated on the life his acid-tempered wife had led him, on the coldness with which she had always repelled instead of encouraged him, on the martyr-like airs with which she had received his every attempt to reform, I felt that I was ready to side with the most worthless man living against the most worthy woman, and listened sympathetically; and when he pointed to the dutifully subdued fear which shone in his daughter's eyes, in answer to the gaze of his own affection, I listened in silence to his cynical conclusion:

"Women, they make you pay by the nose either way, sir. If they're not honest, they take it out of your pocket; if they're honest, they take it out of your heart. But rob you, one way or another, they all will to the end."

And he went off to the cottage in a meek and maudlin manner, which made his subsequent conduct a most bewildering surprise. For on the following morning Mrs. Ellmer was not to be seen and, on her next appearance in public some evenings later, it was evident that her husband had made a forcible appeal to her memory of old times by giving her a black eye. In the meantime, Babiole was wild, shy and unapproachable by either her father or me. This state of affairs being untenable, and his wife's very small provision of whiskey exhausted, Mr. Ellmer in the course of the afternoon took a dispirited forewell of us, armed with a note to the station-master at Aberdeen, which I explained would obtain him a free railway-pass to London. He thanked me for my courtesy, but was by no means disarmed by it. In the midst of a sentimental leave-taking, he suddenly flashed up into ferocity as I reminded him that his wife and daughter were well and safe with each other, which must be some comfort in the prolonged absence from them which the claims of art forced upon him.

"Well and safe!" he repeated, his face resuming the brutal, lowering look which had, under the amenities of social intercourse, sunk into a placid animal contentment. "Yes. I should hope so. For I can tell you it would be a bad time for those who had anything to do with it when my little girl was anything else but well and safe."

The man was in earnest—genuine brutal earnest. Without again offering me his hand, and with merely a nod by the way of last salutation, he left me in the study, where we had been holding this last interview, with impulsive abruptness. I sat down and looked at the fire, glad the man was gone, and thinking no more of him, but of his fair little daughter, and of the best means of effacing the uncomfortable impression made by this violent and unwelcome irruption into our old harmonious intercourse.

I had been occupied thus about ten minutes, disturbed by no sound but the dashing of the rain of a sharp April shower against the windows, when the hall door was pushed open again, and the hoarse gruff voice I had hoped to hear no more broke upon my unwilling ears again.

"Come, no nonsense, aren't you safe with your own father?" I heard Mr. Ellmer say angrily, to the accompaniment of plaintive pleadings and protests from Babiole, whom, the next moment, he dragged in before me. He had not waited for her to put on her hat, but had thrown over her head her mother's mackintosh, which he now pulled off, leaving her pretty brown hair tumbling in disorder about her eyes. She was pitifully shy and unhappy, poor child, and she shrank back with crimson cheeks as her father drew her arm firmly through his, and brought her close up to me as I stood, in great anger and perturbation, on the hearthrug.

"Mr. Maude," he said, "you will excuse a father's solicitude."

He had been making up that opening as he came along I felt sure, from the pompous effect with which he produced it. He raised his hand as I was bursting into an angry protest, and continued—

"You have obtained my daughter's consent and my consent to becoming her affianced husband." This, too, was a studied phrase, brought out with pedantic decision.

"On that understanding I leave her and her mother in this neighborhood with confidence, and I call upon you to swear"——

But here Babiole broke away from him, and retreating quickly to the other side of the table, out of reach of the rough paternal arm, she cried out, with burning cheeks and flashing blue eyes:

"Papa, you are insulting Mr. Maude, and I can't listen. He has been the best friend we ever had; nobody knows how good he is; and now for you, you ought to thank him—honor him for what he has been to us—to talk as if you mistrusted him, as if we mistrusted him—Oh, it is too horrible! I can't bear it! How can we stay here after this? How, if we do stay here, can we look him in the face? He is the best man in all the world, and the kindest and the cleverest; and oh! you might have trusted him, and not have brought this shame upon us!"

And the poor child crouched down upon the nearest chair, and turned away her head to hide her falling tears.

Her father listened to this outburst with unmoved pompous stolidity: but as she sank down, he looked from her to me with a proud and satisfied glance, as much as to say, "Do you observe my daughter's exquisite sensibility? This is one of the results of a parent's devotion to Art."

"Mr. Ellmer left me walk down the drive with you," said I hurriedly, quite unmanned and nerveless at the sight of the girl's distress. "Surely, we can arrange everything to your satisfaction by ourselves."

"There I differ from you," said he, doggedly, holding his ground, determined to carry through to the end his own more dramatic plan of settlement. "I am a father, Mr. Maude, and a father's sense of his duty to his child must be respected. I am not insensible that you have so far shown yourself quite the gentleman."

Babiole, so to speak, curled up at this.

"And therefore I have permitted this engagement. But I must have it plain that I hold you responsible for my little girl's happiness, and that if anything goes wrong with her, it is you—you, Mr. Maude—who will have to answer for it to me."

(To be Continued.)

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets are What You Need When Little Ones are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them, as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

HE WAS PARALYZED

Unable to Walk or Raise His Hands to His Head.

A More Unfortunate Case Could Scarcely be Imagined Than a Husband and Father in this Wretched Condition.

Oshawa, Ont., Sept. 25.—(Special).—The experience of Mr. Joseph Brown, an employee of the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works, should be a lesson to every sick person.

Some five years ago, Mr. Brown, who is a hard working, industrious, and sober man, began to feel a stiffness and soreness in the calves of his legs. This gradually increased till he had lost all power in his limbs and arms. He could not have raised his arms to his head to save his life and for over four months he could not stand or walk alone a single step.

All the doctors treated him and gave him up. Then he consulted a Bowmanville doctor who told him he could do nothing for him and advised him to go to the hospital in Toronto, where they might be able to help him a little.

To the hospital he went in January, 1898, and remained under treatment for over four weeks. Twelve doctors told him he could not recover and that nothing could be done for him. He was getting worse every day and when removed to his home in Osnawa was like a baby unable to move.

His father-in-law, Mr. John Allin, had heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and suggested that Mr. Brown try them. He did and he says:

"I used altogether twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and by the first of May I was able to start work again in the shop and I have never been sick or off work a day since.

"I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills."

CANADA AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Sept. 25.—The pacification of South Africa, and the establishment of a direct line of steamers, have naturally caused the Canadian manufacturers and shippers to examine the conditions which surround the new field of trade and commerce. The Canadian Department of Agriculture has received many inquiries as to what South Africa requires and how it may best acquire it.

In the first place, South Africa requires everything that Canada has to offer; and it requires it in two grades—the best that can be supplied in open competition at market price; and the best that can be supplied irrespective of price.

Naturally, the first must receive primary consideration, especially when the fact is recalled that in the very year that war was proclaimed the South African market turnover to the United States of America was $18,000,000. This was not the result of spasmodic effort, but the outcome of direct personal commercial representation for a series of years on the spot. To quote Mr. W. W. Moore, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, who was sent by the Hon. Sydney Fisher to ascertain all the details of South African trade relations and practices, "the magnitude and value of the South African market has been recognized by the business houses of the United States for years past, and by persistent efforts and good business tactics they have there built up a substantial trade."

Business Cannot be Done

in South Africa by proxy any more than it can in India. Catalogues, circulars, pamphlets, bills, letters, soliciting business without a personal canvass and fair-sized samples are useless as mustard without meat. To do anything there a firm must know the conditions of trade and the local manner of conducting business; and local traders must know the standing and business methods of any firm before they will do business with them. Once get in the thin edge of the wedge and the entire factory may follow; but getting the start in is the difficulty.

The United States, New Zealand and Australia are all doing well in South Africa, then why should Canada be less successful? Now the tide is at the flood; it only remains for her commercial men to act well their part, and South African patronage will not fail to appreciate the bold and patriotic part the sons of Canada have taken in the war to uphold the right in the Transvaal and in peace to supply the domestic wants of her populace.

What Does South Africa Require

that Canada can supply by our newly-organized direct steamship line?

The colony of Natal, of which Durban is the chief city and port, requires annually $1,123,435 worth of flour, which is admitted free of duty; and as the first consignment of Canadian flour was landed there during Mr. Moore's visit, and proved satisfactory in every respect, the dealers being so pleased with the quality that they despatched repeat orders in Mr. Moore's presence, here is a staple commodity for which a stable demand exists. They require a hard spring wheat flour, and Canadian products, will get the preference over those of other countries.

Natal consumes $106,360 worth of imported cheese, Canadian cheddars meeting a ready sale. The 70-pound cheese will do for Durban town trade, but the country trade can only be commanded when each cheese does not exceed 20 pounds in weight.

The same colony requires $435,710 worth of butter per annum. The 56-pound box will do for the local trade of Durban, but the interior trade will only touch tinned butter put up in one, two, or five-pound tins respectively. There is an import duty of 6 cents per pound on both cheese and butter.

On bacon and hams the import duty is 4 cents per pound, and $145,515 worth are required annually. Hitherto Canadian meats have been purchased in London and Liverpool and thence shipped to the Colony. Mr. Moore was informed by several grocers that

Canadian Bacon Was the Best

on the Durban market, and it is preferred over all other kinds.

Cape Colony, of which Cape Town, East London, and Port Elizabeth are the distributing centres, the latter for the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and the northern part of Cape Colony, requires at least $4,185,070 worth of wheat a year, the duty on wheat being 50 cents per hundredweight, the extra impost being to encourage wheat milling in the Colony, for they only require $368,690 worth of flour imported in the course of twelve months.

On cheese and butter the import duty is six cents per pound. Of the former the Colony requires $353,290 worth a year, and of the latter $318,855 per annum. While our 70 pound cheeses may be suitable for Cape Town all other places demand small cheeses, not in any case exceeding 20 pounds each. Box butter may sell in Cape Town, but nowhere else, the demand being for one, two, and five pound tins.

In bacon and hams the wants are similar to those in Natal.

A few of the many other food products required which Canada can supply are potatoes, dried and tinned fruits, canned meats, frozen and chilled meats, rolled oats, condensed milk, split peas and beans, tinned vegetables, British Columbia tinned salmon, and jams, and in industrial products all kinds of manufactured articles.

So much for the articles that must encounter competitive prices. In the past "price" rather than "quality" has ruled in South Africa; but this mainly applied to the up-country trade, because in the towns the well-to-do class want and must have a good article, price being a secondary consideration. But this feature of South African trade will, no doubt, become less prominent as the interior becomes more thickly settled and its inhabitants more prosperous.

A GOOD AND TRUE FISH STORY

More than $100,000 is what Capt. James Earle, a New Bedford whaler now visiting in Honolulu, realized in 1883 from one sperm whale. In fact, the whale was one of the most valuable ever caught in any ocean. It was not the ninety barrels of oil which gave the leviathan its extraordinary value, for that was sold for something like $4,000, but within the whale's vast interior there was found a solid piece of ambergris weighing 780 pounds. This was the largest single piece of ambergris ever found, according to the records, and that it came from one lone whale made the rich discovery the more interesting to the scientific world.

This 780 pound piece of ambergris was sold in chunks in all markets of the world for £25,000 sterling, and it laid the foundation of wealth for almost every man interested in the whaling expedition, which originated in New Zealand.

Capt. Earle came here in 1867, on the whaling ship Europa as a cabin boy, his father then being the first mate. He later went to New Zealand to join the whaler Splendid, which he fitted out, obtaining thereby a bounty of $10,000 offered by the New Zealand Government for the first whaler fitted out for service. He went as second mate and rose by promotion until he became master and part owner. It was in October, 1882, that the Splendid, while cruising about the Chatham Islands east of New Zealand came upon the sperm whale which was the biggest bonanza of the sea on record. Ninety barrels of oil were taken from it, and while delving into the carcass the huge piece of ambergris was found.

Ambergris is a concretion formed only in the intestines of the sperm whale and is sometimes found floating on the surface of the sea like pumice stone, near where these animal cruises. In it are often found imbedded the horny beaks of the squids on which the whale feeds. It was formerly used in medicine, but is now dissolved in alcohol and used as a base in perfumes, rendering them more lasting. It affords about 85 per cent. of a peculiar fatty and crystalline substance called ambrein.

The voyage of the Splendid in that season was a fortunate one in every respect, for she came into Littleton port, New Zealand, with the big piece of ambergris worth its weight in gold, and 1,100 barrels of sperm oil.

"When we arrived in port," said Capt. Earle yesterday, "I telegraphed to the agent of the Otago Whaling Company to come up. He came, the ambergris was taken ashore, loaded into a car, which was locked and the key stowed away in the agent's pocket, and he stood guard there, too, until the stuff was safely placed. The first year that I had brought any ambergris into port we got £25 a pound for 21 pounds, but when this big piece came in the news so astonished everybody that cablegrams were sent all over the world, and the result was that the price dropped. Some went to London, but as for my own share I took it in bulk and carried it home with me. I wasn't in a hurry to sell it, but thought by waiting the market for it would rise. I got $18 an ounce for the gray and $8 for the black, while in London it had only brought $12 and $4. The last of my share was sold in 1891. I remained with this company until 1886, when I went home. I have taken more than a thousand sperm whales since then and have never found in any of them a piece of ambergris.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

To win an argument doesn't necessarily prove that you are right.

For Six Months He Did No Work

Was a Victim of Nervous Collapse—Weak, Helpless, Suffering—An Extraordinary Cure by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food possesses unusual control over the nerves and rekindles nervous energy when all other means fail, is well illustrated in the case described below. Mr. Brown was forced to give up his ministerial work, and was so far exhausted that for a time he was positively helpless. Doctors were consulted, and many remedies were resorted to, in vain. Every effort to build up the system seemed in vain, and it is little wonder that the sufferer was losing hope of recovery, when he began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Rev. T. Brown, Methodist minister of Omemee, and late of Bethany, Ont., writes: "A year ago last November I was overtaken with nervous exhaustion. For six months I did no work, and during that time I had to be waited on, not being able to help myself. Nervous collapse was complete, and though I was in the physician's hands for months, I did not seem to improve. At any little exertion my strength would leave me, and I would tremble with nervousness.

"From the first I used a great many nerve remedies, but they seemed to have no effect in my case. I had almost lost hope of recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and began to use it. As my system became stronger I began to do a little work, and have gradually increased in nerve force and vigor until now I am about in my normal condition again. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best medicine I ever used. Not only has it proven its wonderful restorative powers in my own case, but also in several others where I have recommended it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.