LOVE'S EXILE.

same

I remained silent for a few minutes,

I could hear her breath coming in

I understood, "do you think a man like that would be likely to make a good husband?"
"Oh no," readily and sadly.
"But you would be his wife all the

"Oh. Mr. Maude!" in a low trem-

"Good-bye, Mr. Maude," she fal-

tered, taking my hand in both hers, and pressing it feverishly.

And slee looked into my face, without any inquiry in her gaze, but with a subdued hope and a boundless gratitude.

Mrs. Ellmer insisted on coming over to the house to see that everything was properly packed for me. As I left the cottage with her I looked back, and saw the little face, with its

weird expression of eagerness, press-

It was an awful thing I was going

to do, certainly. But what sacrifice would not the worst of us make to preserve the creature we love best in the world from dying before our

CHAPTER XVII.

I arrived at King's Cross at 8.15 on

the following morning, and after breakfast at the Midland Hotel, went straight to Fabian Scott's chambers, in a street off the Hay-market. It was then a little after half-past ten.

Fablan, who was at breakfast, re-

asekd, "if I had gone to have break-fast at the Invercauld Arms in Bal-

landic Settlement.

(From the Logberg, Winnipeg, Man.) The readers of Logberg have long

been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the

well authenticated cures published in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have

for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. Wal-

from one of its readers, Mr. B. Walterson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Walterson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so greatly from rheumatism in my limbs that I was for a long time unable to do any work. I tried in many ways to obtain a cure, both by patent medicines and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any

change for the better. This improvement continued from day to day, and before I had used all the pills I was completely cured. Since that time I have never had an attack of this trouble. After this I used the pills

a several other cases and no other edicine has been so beneficial to be. I feel it my duty to publicly ive testimony to the merits of this

wonderful medicing so others simi-larly afflicted may be led to try it."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired or jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all

sure you get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

blood and nerve troubles. But

a Ont.

ed against the window

eyes?

to him.

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ricidship for me she not conly let me see the envelope (preserved in a black sating flourished before my eyes the precious letter itself, a mere scrap of a note, I could see that, and not the ten-parer of your disconsolate.

I remained silent for a few(minutes, struggling with hard facts, my hands clasped together, my arms resting on my knees. Then I said without moving, in a voice that was husky in spite of all my efforts:

"Babiole, tell me, on your word of honor, are you thinking about that man still?"

I could hear her breath coming in As a mark of deep cious letter itself, a mere scrap of a note, I could see that, and not the ten-pager of your disconsolate

I was seized with a great throu o I was selzed with a great throll of impatience, and clave the top coal of the small fire viciously. She must get over this. I turned the subject for fear I should wound her feelings by some outburst of anger against Mr. Scott, who must indeed have worked sedulously to leave such a deep impression on the girl's mind. "Well, you will have to be content with your old master's affection for the present, Babiole," I said, when she had put her treasure carefully. she had put her treasure carefully

Oh Mr. Mande!" She leant lovingly against my knee.
"And if the worst comes to the worst you will have to marry me."

She laughed as if this were a joke in my best manner.

m my best manner.

"Didn't your mother say anything to you about that?" I asked, as if carrying on the jest.

Babole blushed. "Don't talk about it," she said humbly. "I lost my temper, and spoke disrespecfully to ner for the first time. I told her she ought to be ashamed of her she ought to be ashamed herself after all you have done for

Es."

Evidently she thought the idea originated with her mother, and was pressed upon me against my inclination. Seeing that I should gain rothing by undeceiving her, I laughed the matter off, and wadrifted into a talk about the garden, and the croup among Mr. Blair's bare-footed children at the Mill o'

Sterrin a mile away.

According to all precedent among love-lorn maidens, Babiole ought to have got over her love malady as a child gets over the mealest or else she ought to have dwindled into "the mere shadow of her for-mer self" and to have found a re-fined consolation in her beloved hills. But instead of following either of these courses, the little maid began to evince more and more the signs of a marked change, which showed Itself chiefly in an inordinate thirst for work of every kind, Shq'began by a renewed and feverish devotion to her studies with me, and assiduous prac-tice on my piano whenever I was out, to get the fullest possible benefit her music lessons at Aberdeen This, I thought, was only the come of her expressed desire to become an accomplished woman. But shortly afterwards she relieved her the whole care of the cottage, filling up her rare intervals of time in helping Janet. Walks were given up, with the exception of a short duty-trot each day to Knock Castle or the Mill o' Sterrin and back again. When I remonstrated, telling her she would lose her health, she

answered restlessly:
"Oh, I hate walking, it is more
tiring than all the work—much more
tiring! And one gets quite as much

tiring! And one gets quite as much air in the garden as on Craigendar-roch without catching cold."

She was always perfectly sweet and good with me, but she confessed to me sometimes, with tears in her eyes, that she was growing impatient and irritable with her mother. I had waited as cagerly as the girl her-self for another letter from Fabian Scott, but when the hope of receiv-ing one had died away, I did not dare say anything about the sore sub-

t. bout the middle of December she broke down. It was only a cold, she said, that kept her in the cottage and even forced her to lay aside all incessant occupations. But she worked so much too hard lately that she was not strong enough to throw it off quickly, and day after day, when I went to see her, I found my dear witch lying back in the high my dear when lying back in the sitting-room, with a very transparent look-ing skin, a poor little pink tipped nose, and large luminous, sad eyes that had no business at all in such

ctnes and medicine prescribed by doc-tors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg as being a cure for this trouble, and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes and before half of them were used I felt a great change for the better. This improve-ment continued from day to day and On the fifth day I was alone with her, Mrs. Ellmer having fussed off to the kitchen about dinner. I was in a very sentimental mood indeed, having missed my little sunbeam frightfully. Babiole had pushed her rocking chair quickly away from the table, which was covered with a map and a heap of old play bills. By the map lay a pencil, which the girl had laid

down on my entrance.
"What were you doing when I came in?' I asked, after a lew ques-

tions about her health.
The color came back for a moment to her face as she answered:
"I was tracing our old journeys together, mamma's and mine; and locking at those old play-bills with her name in them

occupation seemed to me dismally suggestive.
"You were wishing you were travelling again, I suppose," said I, in a tone which fear caused to sound

hard.
"Oh. no, at least not exactly,"
said the poor child, not liking to
confess the feverish longing for
change and movement which had gelsed upen her like a disgase.

my impetuous young friend. You didn't expect me, for one thing, and London is a place where one must be a little more careful of one's behavior then in the wilder.

be a little more careful of one's behavior than in the wilds.

"No, that is true, I did not expect you; though when I heard your name I was so pleased I thought I must have been living on the expectation for the last month."

"Out of sight, out of mind, according to the simple old sayng."

ing to the simple old sayng." I was looking about me, examining my friend's surroundings, feeling discouraged by the portraits of beautiful women, photographs on the mantelpiece, paintings on the walls, the invitation cards stuck in the lookinginvitation cards stuck in the lookingglass, the created envelopes, freshlytorn, on the table; the room,
which seemed effeminately luxurious,
after my sombre, threadbare old
study, gave no evidence of bachelor
desolation. It was just untidy enough
to prove that "when a man's single
he lives at his ease," for an opera
hat and a soiled glove lay on the
chair a, new French picture, which
a wife would have tabooed, was propped up against the back of another,
and on the mantelpiece was a royal
disorder. in which a couple of disorder, in which a couple of pink clay statuettes of pierrettes, by Van der Straeten, showed their piquant, high-hatted, little heads, and their beirille i, high-inited, little gkirts been been better beit of the statue of t

their beirille i, high-lifted, little skirts above letters, ash trays, eigarette cases, "parts," in MS., sketches, a white tie, a woman's long glove, the "proof" of an article on "The Cathedrals of Spain," and a heap of other things. In the centre stood a handsome Chippendale clock, surmounted by signed photographs of Sarab Bernhardt, and a much-admired Countess. Fresh hot house flowers filled two delicate Venetian glass vases on the table, long-leaved green plants stood in the windows. I began to suspect that Teaved green plants stood in the windows. I began to suspect that the feminine influence in Fabian Scott's life was strong enough already, and I felt that any idea of an appeal to a bachelor's sense of loneliness must straightway be given up. There was another point, however, on which I felt more sanguine. Fabian had no private means, his tastes were evidently expensive, and he had had no engagement since the summer. Having made up my mind I could hear her breath coming in quick sobs. Then she moved, and her fingers held out something right under my averted eyes. It was the one note she had received from Fabian Scott, worn into four little pieces. "Look here, dear," I said, having signified by a bend of the head that

the summer. Having made up my mind that to marry my little Babiole to this man was the only thing that would restore her to health and hope (about happiness I could but be doubtful), I could not afford to shr:nk bling voice, as if Paradise had been suddenly thrown open to mortal from the means. I had been listening with one ear to Fabian, who never wanted much encouragement to talk. He treated me to a long monologue on the low ebb to which art of all kinds had I got up.
"Well, well," I said, trying to speak in a jesting tone, "I suppose these things will be explained in a better world?" sunk in England, to the prevailing taste for burlesque in literature, on the stage, and for "Little Toddle-kins" on the walls of picture galment, and the leave-taking for the

when, and the leave-taking for the day was easier.

"Won't you stay and lunch with us, Mr. Maude? I've just been preparing something nice for you," she said with disappointment.

"Thank you, no, I can't stay this morning. The fact is, I have to start for Leaden this eafterneon and I leries.

"I thought burlesque had gone out, I suggested. He turned upon me fiercely, having finished his breakfast, and being occupied in striding up and down the for London this afternoon, and I haven't a minute to lose."

Bablole started, and her eyes, as I turned to her to shake hands, shone

"Not at all," he said, emphatically.

"What is farcical comedy but burlesque of the most vicious kind? Burlesque of domestic life, throwing ridicule on virtuous wives and jealous
husbands, making heroes and heroines of men and women of loose morals? What is melodrama but burals? What is melodrama but bur lesque of incidents and of passions als? lesque of incidents and of passions, fatiguing to the eye and stupefying to the intellect? I repeat, art in England is a dishonored corpse, and the man who dares to call himself an artist and to talk about his art with any more reverence than a grocer feels for his sanded sugar, or a violin seller for his sham Cremonas, is treated with the derision one would show to a modern Englishman who should fall down and worship a mummy."

a mummy."
All which, being interpreted, meant that Mr. Fablan Scott saw no immediate prospect of an engagement good enough for his deserts. Well, even if art is in a bad way artists still seem to rub on very con

fortably, I said, glancing round the Fabian swept the room with a co temptuous glance from right to left as if it had been an ill-kept stable as if it had been an ill-kept stable.
"One finds a corner to lay one's head in, of course," he admitted, disdainfully; "but even that may be gone to morrow," he added, darkly, plunging one hand into a suggestive heap of letters and papers on a side table as he passed it.

"Bills?" I asked, cheerfully.

He grape me a travis nod and strode. ceived me very heartily and was grieved that I had not come direct "What would you have said," he

later, instead of coming on to you?'
"That's not quite the same thing, He gave me a tragic nod and strode You should marry." I ventured boldly, "some girl with seven or eight hundred a year, for instance, with a love of art on her own account to HOW RELIEF CAME. An Interesting Story From an Ice

support yours. Fabian stopped in front of me with his arms folded. He was the most unstagy actor on the stage, and the stagiest off, I ever met. He gave a short laugh, tossing back his head. "A girl with seven hundred a year marry me, and an artist! My dear marry me, and an artist! My dear fellow, you have been in Sleepy Hol-low too long. You form your opinions of life on the dark ages."
"No, I don't," I said, very quietly.
"I know a girl with eight hundred a year, who likes you well enough to

year, who likes you well enough to marry you if you were to ask her."
"These rapid modern railway journeys—a heavy breakfast—with perhaps a glass of cognac on an empty stomach"—murmured Fabian, softly, gazing at me with kindly compassion.
"She is seventeen, the daughter of an artist, an artist herself by

an artist, an artist herself by every instinct. Her name is Babiole Ellmer, I went on composedly. Fabian started. "Babiole Ellmer! Pretty little Ba-biole!" he cried, with affectionate biole!" he cried, with affectionate interest at orce apparent in his manner; "but," he hesitated and flushed slightly. "I don't understand. The little girl—dear little thing she was, I remember her quite well, with her coquettish Scotch cap and her everlasting blushes. She was no heir

everlasting blushes. She was no helress then, certainly."

A bitter little thought of the manner in which he would have treated her in that case crossed my mind. "I've adopted her. J allow her eight hundred a year during my life, and of course afterwards—"

I nodded; he nodded, it was all understood. Fabian had grown suddenly quiet and thoughtful, and I knew that Babiole had gained her precious admirer's heart. He liked her, that was my comfort, my excuse. His face had lighted up at the remembrance of her; and as she would bring with her an income large enough to prevent his being even enough to prevent his being even burdened with her maintenance. I

most with indifference, a prize for which one would gladly have given twenty years of life.

"She is a most beautiful and charming girl," he said, after a pause, in a new tone of respect. Eight hundred a year and "expectations" put such a splendid mantle of dignity, on the shoulders of a little wild damsel in a serge frock. "Do you

nity on the shoulders of a little wild damsel in a serge frock. "Do you know, I thought, Harry, you would end by marrying her yourself!"

I only laughed and said, oh no, I was a confirmed bachelor. But it was in my mind to tell him how much obliged I felt for his contribution toward my domestic felicity.

I presently said that I had some business to transact, that I had some business to transact, that I had to pay a visit to my lawyer. This yourg man's complacent beatitude since he had discovered a not unpleasant way out of his difficulties was beginning to jar upon me furwas beginning to jar upon me fur-iously. So we made an appointment for the evening and I took myself

When I made my excuse to Fab When I made my excuse to Fab-ian I really had some idea in my mind of calling upon a solicitor and having a deed drawn up, set-tling £800 a year on Babiole. But I reflected, as soon as I was alone, that I should make a better guard-ian than the law, and that I should the as well to keep control over her do as well to keep control over her allowance. I would alter my will on her wedding day, just as I must have done if it had been my own A trace of cowardice strengthened this resolution, for I look upon a this resolution, for I look upon a visit to a lawyer much as I do upon a visit to a dentist, with this difference, that the latter really does sometimes relieve you of your pain while the former relieves you nething but your money.

(To be Continued.)

CURED HIM OF GAMBLING.

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To those who imagine that at Monte Carlo the gambling always goes systematically against the players, and that their gold flows unceas ingly into the coffers of the bank, i seem difficult to believe etimes the bank's accounts show sometimes a deficit for months together. Only two years ago, at the end of ten months of the financial year, the bank's books showed a loss of over bank's books showed a loss of over \$1,000,000, an average deficit of \$100,000 a month, which fortunate gamblers had put into their pockets. This, of course, was exceptional, and this spell of bad luck was followed by such a tide of prosperity that in the two succeeding months of the year the deficit was completely wiped out

and a profit of \$5,000,000 was made in its place. But, of course, money is not always But, of course, money is not always changing hands at Monte Carlo at this appalling rate for every tick of the clock night and day. This only happens during the height of the season, when the tables are crowded by rich and fashionable gamblers, whose play is as reckless as it is unscientific. This is the bank's harvest time, and the property the required of the year.

play is as reckless as it is unscientification. This is the bank's harvest time, and during the remainder of the year, when the system player has his innings, the flow of gold into the bank's exchequer is comparatively trivial and often ceases altogether.

Of the bank's profits roughly 40 per cent. goes to the maintenance of the Casino and of the Prince and Principality of Monaco. The Prince takes \$250,000 a year for himself and \$100,000 for his army, police, law courts and expenses of government; \$45,000 goes in grants to bishop, olergy, convents and schools; \$30,000 to charities, and \$55,000 in prizes for carnivals, regattas, pigeon shooting, etc. The salaries of the directors, inspectors, croupiers and staff of the Casino absorb \$400,000 a year; terraces and gardens, \$45,000; subventions to the press, \$12,000; theatre and orchestra, \$250,000, and grants to private agents and pensioners, \$50,000. But after these and other deductions there is a comfortable belong of aver \$2,500,000 a year. deductions there is a comfortable balance of over \$2,500,000 a year available for dividends.

THE MODERY MOTHER Has Ways of Caring for Baby that Our

Grandmothers Never Knew. Many almost sacred traditions the nursery have been cast aside by the up-to-date mother. Even the once essential cradle is now seldom found in the house blessed by baby's presence. The modern baby is not fed every time he cries, but when the clock announces the proper time. The doctor approves of this and baby is better for it, but despite regular hours for feeding, nearly all the dis-orders of infants are caused by de-rangements of the stomach and bowels. Mothers' greatest problem is a treatment for these ills that will be gentle but effective, and, above all, safe. Mrs. J. W. Bailey, of Head Lake, Ont., writes from the fullness of experience when she says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months' old baby who was troubled with indigestion. The results were beyond my expectations. Words cannot convey to those who have not tried them the worth of these Tablets. I will never again use any other preparation for the baby, as I am convinced there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets."

These Tablets are a gentle laxative and comforting medicine for infants

These Tablets are a gentle mattry and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets send 25c to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and a full sized box will be mail-cd, postpaid, to your address.

And tell me, Amy. Why do not girls walk better than they do? They stroping over embroidery, staying indoors when it is bad weather, and excessive sewing. They play out-door games and inhale at least a hundred per cent, more fresh air than did their mothers and grandmothers when they were girls. So why do they not walk better? Is it for lack of drill? Or do you set it down to the old account-viz., gen erations of tight-laced, tight-shoed feminine progenitors? It is quite rare to see a girl with chest well forward, shoulders flat, head erect for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicance dealers, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO AVOID POTATO ROT.

If potato growers could only be led to realize that late potato blight or rot cannot be cured, but can be prevented, they would use Bordeaux mixture more freely than they do. It is quite true that the late blight is not an annual visitor, nevertheless no one can prophesy when it will put in an unwelcome appearance. After it makes its presence visible by the leaves turning brown and drying up it is too late to save the crop, for fungleides are only preventives, and not remedies. It does little if any good to apply them after the disease not remedies. It does little if any good to apply them after the disease appears, and the spraying must be done before it can be known whether or not an outbreak will occur. Thus it is that if the blight does not appear the money spent in spraying appears to have been thrown away. Experiments not only in Canada but in the United States have demonstrated that

strated that
Spraying is Profitable
whether the late blight prevail or not. The early blight is almost cer not. The early blight is almost certain to appear, unless prevented, and its damage, not so noticeable in any one season, as that of the late blight, yet fully as great in the aggregate, may be almost wholly avoided by spraying. This disease causes the brown dead spots on the leaves which are spots on the leaves, which are marked by concentric rings, and which sometimes affect so much of the leaf surface that the nutrition of the plant is seriously checked.
For this disease, as for the late blight, Bordeaux mixture is an almost perfect preventive. Its protective power would probably be complete could each leaf be entirely coated with a thin layer of the deposited lime and copper sulphate, because the spores of the disease deposited time and copper suprace, because the spores of the disease could then not find any vulnerable point. The nearer this complete coating is obtained the more perfect will be the protection, and it can only be secured by spraying carefully with a fine nozzle.

The Mixture Used. While Bordeaux mixture is not poisonous to insects it is very dis-tasteful to them, and Paris Green combined with it can be more evenly distributed by the sprayer than in any other way. The lime in the Bordeaux mixture will cause the poison to adhere to the leaves so that its protective influence is thus strengthened and the period of its efficacy prolonged. Flea beetles as well as the ordinary potato beetles can then scarcely attack the leaves without being enisoned; and approximate the scarce of without being poisoned; and ap-plied with the Bordeaux mixture Paris Green will not burn the foliage as it sometimes does when applied as a dry powder, or when simply mixed with water. Many authorities, too, believe that the Bordeaux mixture itself exerts a favorable influence upon potato foliage not due to its effect upon diseases or insects.
These reasons combine in favor of using it on potatoes; and in the exumprayed. periments made, the application of

(blue vitriol) and tie it up in a piece of thin cloth—an ordinary salt bag will answer well—then suspend it from a stick iaid across the top of a coal oil or other barrel half filled with clean water, so that the bag may be just beneath the surface of the water, when the copper sulphate will dissolve in an hour or two. In another vessel slake four pounds of fresh time in sufficient water to make a thin whitewash. Strain this through a fine sleve or sack to rethrough a fine sieve or sack to re-move all lumps. When the copper sulphate has all dissolved, pour the lime wash into a barrel slowly, stir-ring the mixture all the time. Now. fill up the barrel to the top with water, and the mixture is ready for

use.
To apply this mixture to the foliage the best and cheapest way is to use a proper spraying pump and nozzle; but if these be not on hand good results which will well repay. the trouble may be obtained by applying the mixture with watering cans supplied with fine noses.

Use Paris Green With it.

A great advantage of this mixture is that Paris Green, the only prac-tical remedy for the Colorado potatal remedy for the Colorado potato beetle, can be applied at the same time. To do this Dr. James Fletcher, the Dominion Entomologist, advises mixing from a quarter to half a pound of Paris green with which renders the poison of exactly the same strength as when used with pain waters.

with plain waters.

These mixtures must be kept constantly stirred while being used, as both the lime in the Bordeaux mixture and the Paris green quickly sink to the bottom of any mixture if left undisturbed.

to the bottom of any mixture if left undisturbed.

The Bordeaux mixture is a pre-ventive remedy, and the time to ap-ply it in any locality is just before the blights treated of usually appear there, the object being to keep the plants during the whole of the time they are liable to injury, covered with the fungicidal preparation.

The early blight in Ontario and Quebec generally appears at the end of June or the beginning of July. The late blight or potato rot in most parts of Canada seldom shows itself until August. Spraying should, there-fore, be begun early in July, and be repeated every two weeks at least watil the second week in September. Three applications of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green may suffice, experiments showing in plots sprayed three times as much as 52 bushcls more per acre of merchantable potatoss than in the unsprayed plots; and in those sprayed five times, 62 bushels more to the acre than in the

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa,

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

A------

Will you please help me with regard to a house wedding? My husband and I are invited to attend the wedding of a friend; it is to be at the house, and there is a reception and wedding the receipt of an invitation is sufpreakfast after? Must I leave cards in return for calls paid or after the receipt of an invitation is sufpreakfast after? Must I leave cards in return for courteous to invitation is sufficient. It is more courteous to inwith the butler, and how many? The lady has both mother and father, and she is quite a friend of mine. Do the ushers, if there are any, lead one up to the bride? Would it be bad form to kiss her among a number of guests? In leaving the house is it necessary to shake hands while saying goodby, supposing there are many mutual friends, or can I just bow to them and just shake hands with the hostess? The same at a dinner party of about ten people; surely it is not necessary to shake hands with every-

necessary to shake hards with everyone. Young Wife.

Cards should be left at the reception, where there will undoubtedly be
a tray or plate for cards in the hall.
Two of your own and two of your
husband's cards are sufficient to
leave. The ushers are expected to escort the guests to the bride and cort the guests to the bride and bridegroom at the reception. If the bride is an intimate friend it will be quite correct for you to kiss her. It is not necessary to shake hands ex-cepting with the hostess when saying at a reception, and it would be out of place to do so at a dinner.

How long before a wedding should a farewell party be given by the young lady to her girl friends? It will be very informal. Also, what should be served? Should a bride take a trunk served? Should a bride take a trunk on a ten days' honeymoon? After glving the farewell dinner, should an-nouncement cards be sent out, and how soon after the wedding? In what form should the invitation be, and how worded? Anabel. A fortnight or a week before a wedding is a good time to choose

wedding is a good time to choose for a farewell entertainment. Sandwiches, boulkton, salads, ice cream and cake, with punch and lemonade, are sufficient to serve. Certainly a trunk should be taken for a tendays' trip. Announcement cards should be sent out the day after the wedding. An informal note will suffice for the invitation, if the entertainment is to be merely for a few intimate friends: "My dear Louise: Will you kindly give me the pleasure of your company Thursday evening for a farewell entertainment I am giving to a few of my girl friends, before my wedding next week? Hopting you have no engagement for that evening, and that I may count upon your being present, affectionately, Anabel," is quite formal enough for such a note.

Whet is the server of the surface of the takes off his hat, how, ong should he keep it off, until the ladies go away or until some one of the party asks him to put his hat on again?

It is always more polition for a gentlemant to remove his hat when he meets ladies in an elevator, whether he knows them or not. As for taking off his hat when greeting an acquaintance in the street, it is certainly the only thing possible for him to do. There is an exaggerated form of politeness in his standing with his hat off for any length of time in the street. It is an easy matter for him to say: "I beg your pardon; may I put on my hat?" if the lady has not tact enough to ask him to so of her own accord.

Mr. Goodman—I understand you wedding is a good time to choose for a farewell entertainment. Sandwiches, boullon, salads, ice cream

What is the proper interval tween a first call and its return? How frequently should calls be

When a lady meets another ac-When a lady meets another ac-companied by a gentleman unknown to her does she recognize him at all in any conversation that may ensue? When a lady receives an introduc-tion to another and subsequently knows the husband of the second lady by sight may an introduction be taken for granted if the parties are mutually known by sight Enquirer.

A first call must be returned within a week's time. There is no rule as to how often calls should be paid in return for calls paid or after the receipt of an invitation is sufficient. It is more courteous to include the gentleman in the conversation. An introduction to the husband may be taken for granted, so far as general conversation is confar as general conversation is concerned, or a bow may be given in passing.

Is it proper for a young girl who has met a young man during the summer to ask him to call, or is it his place to ask first? If a young man asks a young girl for her card, does that always indicate his intention of calling?

man to ask permission to call. His asking for the young lady's card would certainly be for the purpose of ascertaining her address.

Is it proper for a married man to act as best man at a wedding? When an engagement is publicly an-nounced at a reception, is it proper for the man to wear a Prince Albert suit? Your answers will be greatly appreciated. X. Y. Z.

A married man may act as best man at a wedding. A Prince Albert suit is the correct attire for an afternoon reception.

Will you kindly inform me as to the etiquette as to a man removing his hat? If a gentleman meets a party of ladies in the street or in an ele vator of a hotel, and he already knows the ladies and they bow to him and he takes off his hat, how long should he keep it off, until the

Mr. Goodman-I understand were at that prize fight last night. I'm surprised to hear of you attending such a disgraceful affair. Sportiboy—It was disgraceful, sure enough. Why, neither of those big dubs could hit hard enough to dent butter. butter.

"I have one fad of the elite set," remarked the scraggy goat, as he removed the root beer advertisement from the wall.
"What is that?" asked the tramp

cat.
"Poster collecting."