

"The test of selfishness is not to forget ourselves - it is to remember others. Would it not be kind to tell your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea?"

LOVE'S EXILE.

"Yes." As a mark of deep friendship for me she not only let me see the envelope (preserved in a black satin case embroidered with pink silk) but flourished before my eyes the precious letter itself, a mere scrap of a note, I could see that, and not the ten-pager of your disconsolate lover.

I was seized with a great throbbing impatience, and claved the top edge of the small fly 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. "I don't know," she said, "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, Fabian," she said, when she had put her treasure carefully away. "Oh, Mr. Maude!" 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. "Didn't your mother say anything to you about this?" I asked, as if carrying on the jest.

Babiole blushed. "Don't talk about it," she said humbly. "I lost my temper, and spoke disrespectfully to her for talking about the garden, and she ought to be ashamed of herself after all you have done for us."

Evidently she thought the idea originated with her mother, and was pressed upon me against my inclination. Seeing that I should gain nothing by deceiving her, I laughed the matter off, and we drifted into a talk about the garden, and the croup among Mr. Blair's bare-footed children at the Mill of Sterrin a mile away.

According to all precedent among love-lorn maidens, Babiole ought to have been in a state of dejection, but she was not. She was as bright and as cheerful as a child gets over the measles, or else she ought to have dwindled into "the mere shadow of her former self" and to have found a more fitting consolation in her beloved hills. But instead of following either of those courses, the little maid began to evince more and more the signs of a marked change, and the signs were chiefly in her deportment.

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 Haymarket. It was then a little after half-past ten.

Fabian, who was at breakfast, received me very heartily and was glad that I had not come direct from the States.

"What would you have said," he asked, "if I had gone to have breakfast at the Invercauld Arms in Balaclava, instead of coming on to you?" "That's not quite the same thing."

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Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. W. Walerton, a prosperous farmer living at Balaclava, who gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Walerton 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 benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg, 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 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 in several other cases and no other medicine has been so beneficial to me. I feel it my duty to publicly give testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine so others similarly 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 infallible cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you 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 post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont."

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 than in the wilds of the States. "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 week." "Out of sight, out of mind, according to the simple old saying."

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 looking-glass, the crested envelopes, freshly torn, on the table; the room, which seemed effeminately luxurious, after my sombre, threadbare old study, gave no evidence of bachelor desolation. It was just as if I had come 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 taken down, was propped up against the back of another, and on the mantelpiece was a royal disorder. In which a couple of pink clay statuettes of pierres and Van der Straten, showed their pliant, high-hatted, little heads, and their bevilite, high-lifted, little skirts above letters, ash trays, cigarette cases, and a woman's long glove, the "proof" of an article on "The Cathedral of Spain," and a heap of other things. In the centre stood a handsome Chippendale clock, surmounted by signed photographs of Sarah Bernhardt, and a much-admired Countess. Fresh hot-house flowers filled two delicate "Fenian" glass vases, and a table, long-leaved 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 proposal 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 certain. Fabian had no private means, his tastes were evidently expensive, and he had had no engagement since the summer. Having made up my mind that to marry my friend's daughter was the only thing that would restore her to health and hope (about happiness I could not be doubtful), I could not afford to shrink from the means.

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?" Mrs. Elmer came in at that moment, and the leave-taking for the day was easier.

"Don'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 London this afternoon, and I haven't a minute to lose."

Babiole started, and her eyes, as I turned to her to shake hands, shone like stars. "Good-bye, Mr. Maude," she faltered, taking my hand in both hers, and pressing it feverishly. "And she looked into my face, without any inquiry in her gaze, but with a subdued hope and a boundless gratitude."

Mrs. Elmer 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, pressed against the window. "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 eyes?"

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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 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 ask 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 to pay a visit to my lawyer. This young man's complacent attitude since he had discovered a not unpleasant way out of his difficulties was beginning to jar upon me. I only too much obliged I took myself off.

When I made my excuse to Fabian I really had some idea in my mind of calling upon a solicitor and having a deed drawn up, settling £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 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 I had been married. My race cowardice strengthened 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 realises that sometimes relieve you of your pain, while the former relieves you of nothing but your money.

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CURED HIM OF GAMBLING.

To those who imagine that at Monte Carlo the gambling always goes systematically against the players, and that their gold flows unceasingly into the coffers of the bank, I should like to believe that sometimes the bank's accounts show a deficit for months together. Only two years ago, at the end of ten months of the financial year, the bank 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 such a streak 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 changing hands at Monte Carlo at this appalling rate. In fact, it is a fact which is not generally known, but which 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, and 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 coffers is comparatively trivial and often ceases altogether.

The bank's profits roughly 40 per cent. goes to the maintenance of the Casino and of the Prince and the party 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, clergy, and a violin soloist for his cathedral. The Prince takes \$400,000 in prizes for carnivals, regattas, pigeon shooting, etc. The salaries of the directors, inspectors, croupiers and staff of the Casino amount to \$1,000,000 a year; terraces and gardens, \$45,000; subventions to the press, \$120,000; theatre and orchestra, \$250,000, and grants to private agents and pensioners, \$1,000,000. But after these and other deductions there is a comfortable balance of over \$2,500,000 a year available for dividends.

THE MODERN MOTHER. Has Ways of Caring for Baby that Our Grandmothers Never Knew. Many almost sacred traditions of 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 disorders of infants are caused by derangements 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 fulness of experience when she says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months' old baby, and I would not hesitate to recommend them to any mother. These pills are 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 but effective and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opium. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets send 25c to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and a full sized box will be mailed, postpaid, to your address.

How Girls Walk. And tell me, - Amy. Why do not girls walk better than they do? They have left off all the old vices of stooping over embroidery, staying indoors when it is bad weather, and excessive sewing. They play outdoor 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. generations of tight-laced, tight-shoed women? It is quite rare to see a girl with chest well forward, shoulders flat, head erect but chin well in, walking with a light, free step from the hip. Most of those who are either tramp along or shuffle, walk - indeed walk -

HOW TO AVOID POTATO ROT.

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. 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:

Spraying is Profitable. Whether the late blight prevails or 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, is generally as great in the aggregate, may be almost wholly avoided by spraying. This disease causes the brown dead spots on the leaves, which are sometimes treated by concrete rings, and which sometimes cause so much of the leaf surface that the nutrition of the plant is seriously checked. For this disease, 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 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 distasteful to them, and Paris Green is almost equally so. It is therefore 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 lengthened and the period of its efficacy prolonged. Fleas beetles as well as the ordinary potato beetles can then scarcely attack the leaves without being poisoned; and applied 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 experiments made, the application of

Bordeaux mixture and Paris Green were profitable, even in a season when fungous diseases were scarcely noticeable.

How to Compound it. The Bordeaux mixture for use in potatoes should be made as follows: Take six pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) and tie it up in a piece of thin cloth - an ordinary sack bag will answer well - then suspend it from a stick laid 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 lime in sufficient water to make a thin whitewash. Strain this through a fine sieve or muslin, and remove all lumps. When the copper sulphate has all dissolved, pour the lime wash into a barrel slowly, stirring 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 blight sprayer pump and nozzle; but if these be not on hand good results will be well repaid by the trouble may be obtained by applying the mixture with a watering can, or a sprayer with fine nozzle.

Use Paris Green With it. A great advantage of this mixture is that Paris Green, the only practical 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 exact strength as when used 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. The Bordeaux mixture is a preventive remedy, and the time to apply it in any locality is just before the blights treated 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, therefore, be begun early in July, and be repeated every two weeks at least until the second week in September. Frequent applications of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green may suffice, experiments showing in plots sprayed three times as much as 52 bushels more per acre of merchantable potatoes in the unsprayed plots, and in those sprayed five times, 62 bushels more to the acre than in the unsprayed.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

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 breakfast after? Must I leave cards with the butler, and how many? The lady has both mother and father, and there is 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 with every one? 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 escort 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 excepting with the hostess when saying goodbye 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 on a ten days' honeymoon? After giving the farewell dinner, should announcement cards be sent out, and if so, when? 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 any card for a farewell entertainment. Sandwiches, bouillon, salads, ice cream and cake, with punch and lemonade, are sufficient to serve. Certainly a trunk should be taken for a ten days' 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? Hoping 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.

What is the proper interval between a first call and its return? How frequently should calls be made? When a lady meets another accompanied by a gentleman known to her does she recognize him at all in any conversation that may ensue? When a lady receives an introduction 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? Equivocal.

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, but after the receipt of an invitation is sufficient, it is more courteous to include the gentleman in the conversation. An introduction to the husband is not a card of invitation, so far 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 to call? If it is not necessary to shake hands with every one. Young Wife.

The young lady should ask the young man to call upon her if she wishes to continue the acquaintance, although it is correct for the young man to ask permission to call. If 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 announced 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 elevator 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 ladies go away or until some one of the party asks him to put his hat on again? Politeness.

It is always more polite for a gentleman 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 do her own accord.

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

"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."