Wanted! Some one who has tried our tea and does not like it. Blue Ribbon Jea

LOVE'S EXILE.

Saparataratarataratarataratas

asked, taking up a case which con-tained a gold thimble.

But she knew what the exhibition meant, and she was glad, though neither of us looked at the other as she put this question, and I made my

are the things left on my hands."
"Then I am afraid—the bazaar—as not been very successful?" she hazarded playfully, but in a rather insteady

nsteady voice.
"Not very. My customers were discontented with their bargain, and wanted their money back."
Babiole's sensitive face flushed uddenly with hot indignation."
"How dare she——" she began pas-

tionately, and stopped. "My dear Mrs. Scott, these girls dare anything!" said I lightly, in algh spirits at the warmth with which she took up my cause. "There is no respect left for the superior that ladies out-read us, outus, out-shoot us and out-fish And the end of it is that I wash

my hands of them, and have made up my mind to die a bachelor!" If she could have known how clearly her fair eyes showed me every succeeding emotion of her heart and thought of her brain, as I glanced apparent carelessness at her face while I spoke, she would have died of shame. I had thought, on that night when I met her in London when she had charmed and yet pained me by her brilliant, graceful, but somewhat artificial manner, that she was changed, that I should have to learn my Babiole over again. But it was only the pretty little closed doors I had seen outside her shut-up heart. When the heart was called to, the doors flaw outside her shutto, the doors flew open, and here was the treasure exposed again to every touch. So that I had read in her mobile face indignation, affection, jealousy, sympathy, and finally con-tentment, before she remarked in a very demure and indifferent man-

On the whole I am not sorry, Mr. "On the whole I am not sorry, Mr. Maude, that it is broken off. She wasn't half good enough for you."
"Not good enough for me?" I cried in affected surprise. I was thirsting for her pretty praises. "I'm sure everybody who knew me thought me a very lucky man."

very lucky man.' Nobody who knew both well could have thought that," she answered very quietry. "Wasn't she rude to mamma, whom you treat as if she were a queen? Is she not hard and overbearing in her manner to you, who have offered her the greatest honor you could give? And wasn't she, for all the cold charity she prides herself upon, distant and contemptuous to ma when its heart of the contemptuous to make the contemptuous the co empluous to me when she knew I had been the object of your charity, for seven years?"

"Not charity, child--"
"Oh, but it was. Charity that was real, full of heart and warmth and kindness that and warmth and real, full of heart and warmth and kindness, that made the world a new place and life a new thing. Why, Mr. Maude, do you know what happened that night when you met us in the cold, outside the theatre at Aberdeen, when the manager had told us he didn't want us any more, and we know that we had hardly

told us he didn't want us any more, and we knew that we had hardly money enough when we had paid for our lodging for that week to find as food for the next?"

There was color enough in her face now, as she clapsed her hands together and leant forward upon the table, with her blue eyes glistening, her sensitive lips quivering slightly, and a most sweet expression of affection and gratitude illuminating her whole face. I gave her only an inwhole face. I gave her only an in-articulate, guttural murmur for answer, and she went on with a thrill

in her voice. In her voice.

"You spake first, and mamma hurrled on, not knowing your voice, and of course I went with her. But though I scarcely looked at you, and certainly did not recognize you, there was something in your manner, in the sound of your voice, though I couldn't hear

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

What to Do When Baby is Fretfal and

Sicepless.

Net it is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up hand down the floor all night. It deads of the make us analyte one—or at least thought so," she corrected.

"And what was that?"

"Well, just enough affection to make us allow the sour it is sour, its little bowels stomach is sour, its little sour is sour it as it was a straing in the source of the would have used to an it the tone it was in the tone in the tone in which had had not seen the would have used to an it the tone in the tone in the tone in which had had not seen, the the would not source on the might be one in that, however kind and no morning it was addifferent woman. A little water will make a fire burn of the lay figures in his studio. The nor pure is the source of the lay figures in his studio. The nor pure is the source of the lay figures in his studio. The nor source of the lay figures in his studio. The lay suc

冰水水水水水水水水水水水水 "Are you making preparations for fancy bazaar, Mr. Maude?" she sked, taking up a case which consined a gold thimble.

But she knew what the exhibition teant, and she was glad, though either of us looked at the other as the put this question, and I made my nswer.

"No; the bazaar is over, and these ret things left on my hands."
"Then I am afraid—the bazaar—as not been very successful?" she natzarded playfully, but in a rather nsteady voice.
"Not very. My customers were dispontented with their bargain, and anted their money back."
Babiole's sensitive face flushed iddenly with hot indignation."
"How dare she—" she began pasonately, and stopped.
"My dear Mrs. Scott, these girls are anything!" said I lightly, in gh spirits at the warmth with made me, out of a little ignorant image me, out of a little ignorant. me time and thought and care that

me time and thought and care that made me, out of a little ignorant girl, a thinking woman. If that was not charity, what was it?"

Now I could have told her what little tender flower-face looking so ardently up into mine it did really need a strong effort not to tell her. In the flow of her grateful recollections she had forgotten that, the grandfatherly manner I had cultivated for so long perhaps alding her; but I think, as manner I had cultivated for so long perhaps adding her; but I think, as I kept silence, a flash of the truth came to her, for she grew suddenly sly, and instead of going on with the lists of my benefactions, as she the lists of my benefactions, as she had been evidently prepared to do, she took up the lace pockethandkerchief which had been one of my gifts to Miss Farington, and became deeply interested in the pattern of the border. After a pause she continued in a much more self-controlled manner.

ner.
"If Miss Farington's charity had have been inbeen real, she would have been in-terested in the people you had been

kind to."

"Now you do the poor girl injustice. She took the greatest possible interest in you, for she was jealous."

"Jealous! Oh, no," said Babiole, with unexpected decision, and she caught her breath as she went on rapidly. "One may hate people one is jealous of, but one does not despise them. One may speak of them bitterly and scornfully, but all the time one is almost praying to them in one's almost praying to them in one's heart to have mercy, to let go what they care for so little, what one cares for one's sen so much coldness to a person one is really jealous of is only a thin crust through the fire needs and flashes cares for one's self so much. which the fire peeps and flashes out. Miss Farington was not jeal-ous!"

It was easy enough to see that

poor Babiole spoke from experience of the passion; and this conviction filled me with rage against her hus-band, and against myself for having brought about her marriage with brought about her marriage with such an unappropriative brute. It is always difficult to raise another person's neglect of a treasure you have found it hard to part with; sq I satisfiently considering Fabian's phenomenal insensibility for some minutes until at last I asked abruptly:

"Who did he make you jealous of?"

of?"

Babiole, who had also been deep

Art is crying to me." Well, I was ready enough to yield to the claims of Art, real Art, not the poor ghost of it paps used to call up; and I was eager for my husband to take a foremost place among artists, as I knew and Ielt he could do. But when we got back to England—to London—to this art which was calling to us to shorter our holidays, I found—or thought, I found—that it had handsome adulline features and a title, and that it wore splendid gowns of materials which my husband had to choose, and that it found its own husband and its own friends wearisome, and—well, that Fablan was painting her portrait, which was to make his fortune and proclaim him a great painter."

"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

She named the beautiful countess whose portrait I had seen on Scott's mentaleless of the serious dispute with an artist of a different school, a wild admiration for a rising talent. And so I have become, as I was bound to become, as I was bound to become, as I was bound to become, and east worthy part of his life, and all the time remaining discontented, and chaing against the chain."

"Yet you have never had cause to be seriously lealous?"

Babiole hesitated, blushed, and the tears came to her eyes.

"I don't know. And—I know it sounds wicked, but I could almost say I don't care. I am to my limsband ilke an ingenious automaton, moving almost any way its possessor pleases; but it has no soul—and I think he hardly misses that!"

"But that is nonsense, my dear child; you have just as much soul as ever."

"Oh, yes, it has come to life again

She named the beautiful countess whose portrait I had seen on Scott's mantelpiece on the morning when I visited him at his chambers. "She came to our rooms several when I visited him at his chambers.

"She came to our rooms several
times for littings, as she had
gone to his studio before he married me. But she found it was too
far to come—Bayswater being so
much farther than Jermyn street
from Kensington Palace Gardens!—
and he had to finish the picture in
her house. How the world swam
round me, and my brain hammered round me, and my brain hammered in my head on those dreadful days se dreadful days he was with at her with when I knew he was with her, glancing at her with those very glances which used to set my heart on fire and make me silent with deep passionate happiness. I had seen him look at her like that when he gave her those few sittings which see found or the few sittings which sae found so tiresome because, I suppose of my jeal-ous eyes. I never said anything—I

that picture was finished there were other pictures, and there were amateur theatricals to be superintended, where the "eye of a true artist" was wanted, but where there was no use at all for a true artist's wife. And there were little scented uptes to be answered, and their writers to be called upon; and as I had from the first accepted Fabian's assurance that an artist's marriage gould be nothing more than an episode in his life, and that the less it interrupted the former course of his life the happler that marriage would be there pler that marriage would be, there was nothing for me but to submit and to live on, as I told you, out-

"But you were wrong, you should have spoken out to him-reproached him, moved him?" I burst out, jumping up, and playing, in great excitement, with the things on the mantelpiece, unable to keep still.

"I did," she answered, sadly. "One night when he was going to the the-atre to act as usual—he had just got arre to act as usual—he had just got an engagement—he told me not to sit up, he was going to the Counters' to meet some foreign painter—I forget his name. The mention of her name drove me suddenly into a sort of frenzy; for he had just been sweet to me, and I had fancied—just for a moment, that the old times might come back. And I forgot all my caution, all my page. old times might come back. And I forgot all my caution. all my patience. I said angrily, 'The Countess, the Countess!' Am I never to hear the last of her? What do you want a this idle great lady's drawing-

of?"
Babiole, who had also been deep in thought, started.

"Fabian?" said she, in a low voice. Then, trying to laugh, she added hastily, "Oh, I was silly, I added hastily, "Oh, I was silly, I was jealous of everybody. You see I didn't know anything, and because I thought of nobody but him. I fancied he ought to think of nobody but me—which, of course, was imreasonable."

"I don't think so," said I, curtiy, "Unless I gave a woman all my affection I shouldn't expect all thers."

"Ah, you!" she exclaimed, with a tender smile. "There was the mistake; without knowing it I had been forming my estimate of men on what I felt to be true of you."

"I did not look at her; but by the way in which she hurried on after this ingenuous speech, I knew that a sudden feeling of womanly shame at her impulsive frankness had set her impulsive frankness had set her blushing. "But really Fabian was quite reasonable," she went on. "He only wanted me to give him what he gave to me—or at least he thought so," she corrected.

"And what was that?"

"Well, just enough affection to make us amiable towards each other when it was impossible to avoid a tote-a-tete."

"But he can't have begun like that! He admired you, was folid of you. No man begins by avoiding a bride like you!"

"Ah, that was the worst of it! For six weeks he seemed to worship me."

"Ah, that was the worst of it! For six weeks he seemed to worship me."

emin; you have just as much soul as ever."

"Oh, yes, it has come to life again here among the hills. But when I go back to London—"

"Well?"

"I shall leave it up here—with you—to take care of till I come—back

again."
She had risen and was half laughing: but there was a tremor in her

voice.
"Where are you going?" I asked as I saw her moving towards the

door.
"I am going to see if there is a letter from Fabian to say when he is coming. I saw Tim come up the avenue with the papers."
"But Fabian can't know himself

might be, she was gone, leaving me to a consideration of the brilliant ability I had shown in match-making, both for myself and my friends.

When I joined Mrs. Ellmer and her daughter that every leaves the state of the state o

some because, I suppose of my jealous eyes. I never said anything—I
didn't indeed, Mr. Maude, for I knew
he was the man, and I was only the
woman, and I must be patient; but
the misery and disappointment began to eat into my soul, when I
found that those looks I had loved
and cherished so were never to be
given to me again. At first I thought
it would be all right when this porit trait was painted and done with;
this brilliant lady's caprice of liking
for my clever husband would be over,
and I should have, not only the careless kindness which never failed, but
the old glowing warmth that I
craved like a child starving in the
snow. But it never came back." A
dull hopelessness was coming into her
volce as she continued speaking, and
her great eyes looked yearningly out
over the feathery larches in the
avenue to the darkening sky. "When
that pleture was finished there were
other pictures, and there were amateur theatricals to be superintended,
where the "eye of a true artist"
was wanted, but where there was no
blow over— but just at present—
and there were little scented my the
called upon: and as I had from the
called upon: and my friends.
When I joined Mrs. Ellmer interembed the remital was conveition that "something and hap
conveition that "somet

Mrs. Ellmer interrupted my lab-ored explanation with a delighted and shrill little giggle. (To be Costinued.)

BRITON AND GERMAN.

The Latter Learns Nothing After War Begins. The diference between the German

The difference between the German sodier and Tommy Atkins, and the systems of which they are the product, is well put by "Linesman," "The German private sodier, however much he may learn before a war, will learn nothing in war. His mind is east in a different mould to that of our cwn Atkins, a most malleable fellow, who in South Arica took to fellow, who in South Africa took to new conditions like a duck to water, and improved upon innovations to beat the innovators. What the Ger-man has learned he has learned with a thoroughness of which no other human being is capable. What he has not learned the fear of death itself, swift tutor though it be, will not induce him to practise. When an army is defeated in battle, its salvation, forgot all my caution. all my patience. I said angrily, "The Countess, the Countess." Am I never to hear the last of her? What do you want and loyalty of the soldiers than upon this idle great lady's drawing-rooms when your own wife is wearing her heart out for you at home?" Then his face changed, and I shook and trembled with terror. For he looked at me as if I had been some hateful creeping thing that had sudenly appeared before him in the midst of his enjoyment. He drew himself away from me, and said in a voice that seemed to cut through me, 'I had no idea you were jealous.' I lade that seemed to cut through me, 'I had no idea you were jealous.' I lakes the traders and loyalty of the soldiers than upon expendit or depends more upon the innate value and loyalty of the soldiers than upon expensive powers in the same of the the text-books say what they wil, depends more upon the innate value and loyalty of the soldiers than upon expensive power in the same language in the text-books say what they wil, depends more upon the innate value and loyalty of the soldiers than upon expensive powers of recapillary codes; and the larger the army the more this is the case, for anarchy lurks ever in terrified or despoudent mobs. A British army has never in all history been defeated in the sense of having its power of recuperation destroyed; for inextingulshable loyalty, the child of tree-will and the cause of free service, permeating the rank and file, has refined to the text-books say what they wil, depends more upon the innate value and loyalty of the soldiers than upon expensive powers of recuperation destroyed; for inextingulshable loyalty, the child of tree-will and the cause of free service, permeating the rank and file, has refined to the text-books say what they wil, depend and loyalty of the soldiers than upon the tree the text-books say what they wil, depend and loyalty of the soldiers than upon the text the text-books say what they wil, depend and loyalty of the soldiers than upon the text the text-books say what cither quenching or setting fire to their spirits—these are wonderful feats, visible to all beholders. But it is impossible to help doubting 'the genuineness of its greatest miracle of all, the creation of a military spirit, whose splendor is impressed upon you by every German soldier with an insistence almost pathetic, quite unconvincing. They do protest too much. Conscription as yet has herded the nation only to success; the spirit which bears up and grows stouter under disaster, the inspira-tion of the free alone in every business under the sun, how shall it dwell in millions who are not free?

A Grim Revenge. Chicago Record.

The Britons whipped the Boers, but the latter are getting a terrible re-venge. They're all writing books and elling them to the English.

FARMERS, STOP THE LEAKS

In order to pay, farming should be conducted in the same way as other business enterprises. A suitable return should be received, not only for the money invested in the land, stock and implements, but also for the labor and cares of management. Every farmer should, by a simple system of book-keeping, keep a careful check on his receipts and expenditures, so as to know exactly which of his farming operations are yielding him a profit, which are conducted at a loss, and which are conducted at a loss, and which are causing him merely to "mark time." A little figuring of this sort may reveal to him a number of little leaks, which almost imperceptibly drain away the profits that should reward his labor. In these days of flerce competition it is only by keeping down the cost of production and preventing all waste that farming can be made successful. Some sources of loss are here given which will readily surgest others: of loss are here given which readily suggest others:

Lack of System One of the chief leaks on many farms is the loss of time and energy because the management is not carried out on any definite system. A study of any old and successful business will show that success has been largely due to a methodical and systematic way of doing things. System may be carried too far so as to become merely mechanical, but as a general proposition it may be said that after a well defined plan of action has been determined on it should be rigidly carried out. As more knowledge is gained, or new ideas acquired, it will be necessary to make changes in the routine, but no change should be made without due deliberation. All work should be carefully planned in advance and all tools and implements gotten ready so that there may be no delay when operations actually begin.

Use of Time Tables. study of any old and successful

Use of Time Tables.

All men employed on the farm should have well-defined duties to perform, so that their time may be used to the best advantage. A good system provider for the feeling of stock at regular hours each day. When stock are fed and watered at regular hours, they be day. When stock are fed and watered at regular hours, they be come accustomed to the regularity of feeding, and thrive much bet-ter than if fed at different hours on each succeeding day.

Care of Implements.

A very common source of loss is found in the neglect of expensive farm implements and tools. These are left lying in the fields where are left lying in the fields where they have been used, subject to all the inclemencies of the weather, which are more destructive than actual use. Small tools are frequently lost, and larger implements rust or rot. There should be a place on every farm where implements may be kept under cover, and none should be left outside when not in use. A workshop should when not in use. A workshop should also be provided in connection with the tool-house, so that during rainy days or other slack periods, rainy days or other slack periods, implements may be painted and necessary repairs made. Much time is lost by farmers, during busy seasons, such as seeding, haying and harvest, because a bolt or some other small part has been lost, and a trip to blacksmith shop or foundry is necessary to replace it. This waste of valuable time might be prevented by a little forethought or examination of the implement before it was required for use. In many cases implements are purchased, which the farmer could well do without.

Keening Unnecessary Stock. This is another frequent cause of oss. If a farmer has more horses than are required to carry on the work of the farm, he should sell those he does not need, if a figure at all reasonable can be obtained. The cow which does not yield enough milk or butter to pay a good profit on her keep should be dispos-ed of, and her place filled by an-other. A few weeks' use of the scales and Babcock tester will usu-

sults in this direction Improper Feeding of Stock,

To secure maximum profits it is necessary that stock should be fed intelligently for the object in view, Rations should be carefully compounded in order to secure a proper proposition of albuminoids, and carbohydrates, or as it is called, a proper nutritive ratio, Animals should be selected for early maturity and fed so as to be ready for market at an early age. The nearer maturity an animal comes, the greater becomes the cost of growth. Again money is lost by falling to provide green crops for feeding during the summer droughts incident to this country. Horses in many cases are given all the hay they care to eatapractice not only wasteful, but injurious to the animals as well.

Waste of Manure. Improper Feeding of Stock,

Waste of Manure. In the older settled portions of Canada, the restoration or main-tenance of soil fertility is already an important question. How desirmade on the farm should and used in the best poss tion, without loss from firefanging, etc.?

Neglect of Fences an

Neglect of Fences and
Another leak which t
out of the farmer's poch
in kesping fences and bui
per repair. Inferior fenc
own and his neighbor's
jure his crops, and are
constant worry and lose o
old proverb, "For the war
the horse was lost," is ve
priate in such a case. A
two spent for lumber or me
often result in a-large savin
and increased comfort to th
during the winter months. Neg and increased comfort to the during the winter months. Net a leaky roof is often responsible. The heavy losses of grain or fodder, in the timbers of the buildings. Maa good frame has been rulned by leaky roof.

Lack of Knowle Lack of Knowledge.

Nearly all the leaks previou mentioned may be set down to ca lessness, but farmers also lose cause some of them think that a thing can be learned from other and that a new idea is necessar nonsense. No matter how good farmer a man may be, he can sigain ideas from others that my prove of value to him. The experiment Stations a successful farmers should be fully scanned for "pointers." many farmers there are who subscribe to a paper devoted to many farmers there are who subscribe to a paper devoted to ing? These men are certainly money by false economy. In this of progress it is ideas that countries idea gained from a paper often, when put into practice, resent a gain of many times the scribtion price. The local put should also always be supported, each farmer should do all he can assist the editor of the agricultur paper and the local paper to produc as good a sheet as possible, where the contraction of each farmer should also always be supported. as good a sheet as pextend the circulatio

SAW BUCK AND BEAR F

The Former Won, Although the Lighter in Weight.

Old hunters have always clai Old hunters have always claithat while at certain times under certain conditions a moose is an ugly customer to me he is not to be compared ar fighter with the buck deep unaccustomed to the ways canimals have generally rethis as a fable, or at leasexaggeration, but Thomas of Dayton, Ohio, one of a Ohio sportsmen, who he concluded a hunting trip Croix Lake, is now ready affidavit to the truth of veterans say. He has seen deer whip a bear, and after come back to the battle grow gloat over his victory.

One, day last week Mr. Le. was traveling over an old logs road, which his attention was tracted by a savage growling bush near at and. He left road and proceeded to invest and had gone only a few when he came upon house and a medium sized bear in deadly combat. It was battle, the bear using his and claws and the buck his hat while at certain in deadly combat. It was battle, the bear using his and claws and the buck his and sharp hoofs. The bear plainly getting the wor, and in a few minutes he and fied for his life.

In making his escape ran directly nest Mr. directly past Mr.

ran directly past Mr. L. was an easy mark, but got away. Mr. Leach bear and hung the care tree, returning them to do morning, when he went the bear, there were tracks around the tree, down on a log and was course of an hour the sabuek that had vanquishe appeared, and began a appeared, and began ground around the tree ground around the tree late enemy was hanging gave the buck time to it le over his victory, and ped him with one shot file. The buck dressed and the bear 235 pound and the bear 235 pound with the control of the late of the Me., cor. N. Y. Tribune

> . An Insulting Allega Torento News.

A Toronto clergyman and that there are some editors not know the difference historical and systematic transcrible! Impresible!

In Four Hospitals in Montre

But the Doctors Could Not Cure Mr. Cloutier-Said He Would Never be Well Again-After Six Years of Helplessness He Was Cured by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

For six long years Mr. Cloutier was an invalid, unable to attend to his work, and much of his time was apent in the hospitals of Montreal. The doctors gave him no hope of recovery, but, on the contrary, told him that he would never be well again.

A treatment that will restore to good health a person whose case was

The case of Mr. Simon Cloutier, considered hopeless must be of more shoemaker, 110 Lagouchetiere street, Montreal, deserves more than passing notice, because his case was unusually severe.

considered hopeless must be of more mover be well again. In spite decision I began the use of I Nerve Food some months am convinced that I owe this medicine. I have now