

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Beylon Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

LOVE'S EXILE.

I suppose Edgar felt that my attitude was not one of pure resignation. He made no further effort to dissuade me, but went instantly in search of pens and paper. He was so very submissive, however, in taking this step, which I knew to be distasteful to him, that I was quite sure, before the letter was half written, that he was "up to" something. So, when it was finished, I was mean enough to insist on his leaving it with me, together with the directed envelope; and after reading it carefully through myself as soon as I was alone, I made the housekeeper fold it and seal it up in my presence, and directed her to get it posted at once.

My dearest Helen—You have no doubt long ago heard the reason of my silence, and forgive me for it, I am sure. I am sorry to tell you that my head (I felt an odd shyness of saying "my face") has been injured so seriously that it will be a long time before I can return to town; I am going straight to Geneva, and cannot yet tell when I shall be in England again. Under these circumstances, although I know that you would not look upon my new life with the same sweetness with which you have forgiven my older defects, I feel that I cannot return again upon your generosity. I therefore beg of you, begging you to do me one last kindness by not returning to me the little souvenirs that you have from time to time been good enough to accept from me and please don't send me back my letters, if you have ever received them with any pleasure. Burn them if you like. I will send back yours if you wish; but, as my head is so injured, I love upon my face, and I can only dignify will suffer but little if you let me still keep them. There are only eight of them. And there is a glove, of course, and the little silver match-box. All these I shall insist upon keeping, whether you compromise or not. They could not compromise, the little glove could pass for a child's. You will

A LIFE IN PERIL.

Story of a Girl Saved by a Newspaper Article.

She Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness and Night Sweats—Her Friends Feared She Was Going Into Consumption.

(From L'Avenir, St. Jerome, Que.) Among the thousands of young girls who bless Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for safely carrying them through that most perilous period of their lives when they step from girlhood into the broader realm of womanhood, there is none more enthusiastic than Miss Gabrielle Thomas, a young lady known to most of the residents of St. Jerome, Que., and greatly esteemed by all her acquaintances. To a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, Miss Thomas said: "From the time I was fourteen until I was eighteen years of age my health was very bad. I was very weak; had no appetite and could do no work. At night I perspired greatly and frequently slept but little. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and could scarcely move about without becoming breathless, and I finally reached a stage when my friends feared I was going into consumption. I was under the care of doctors, but their treatment did not help me. I then tried several advertised medicines, but with the same poor results and I had come to think I could not get better. One day I read in a newspaper the statement of a young girl whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try this medicine, and have reason to bless the day I did so. I had only used the pills a few weeks when I began to get better, and in a couple of months every symptom of my trouble had disappeared and I was as strong and healthy as any girl of my age. I have since always enjoyed the best of health and I shall be glad indeed if my experience proves helpful to some other suffering girl."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at \$2.50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

trust me with them all, will you not? You see this isn't the usual broken-off match with the ends of disastrous squabbles and wrangles. Some jealous demon who saw I did not deserve my good fortune has broken my hopes of happiness abruptly, and released you from a chain which I am afraid my ill-temper had already begun to make irksome to you. Forgive me now, and bear as kindly a recollection to me as you can. God bless you, Helen. I shall always treasure your remembrance of your little fairy face, and remember gratefully your sweet forbearance with me. Yours most sincerely and affectionately, Harry Littleton Maude.

I hoped the child would not think this letter too cold and formal. My heart yearned toward her with a longing more tender than before; I felt oppressed by the necessity of foregoing the shallow little love which, as the handsomest man about town, had begun to consider far beneath my dignity. Two days later I received an answer from Helen. I waited until I was alone to read it, for I still guard her secrets carefully from all eyes but the doctor's. The tone of the letter, the slight of the sprawling slap-dash handwriting which it delighted Helen to assume, in common with the other young ladies of her generation, moved me; for could not but feel that this was the last "billet" by any possibility to be called "doux" which I should ever receive. I opened it with an apprehension that I should find the contents less moving than the envelope. I was mistaken.

My dearest Harry—I am afraid you have a poor opinion of me if you think I care for nothing but personal attractions. You have always been most kind and generous to me, and you need not think because I am not intellectual and do not care for a man who has intellectual and all those things. I am coming down to see you myself, and then if you wish to give me up can do so—but I hope you will not throw me over so hastily. I am so sorry for your accident and that it has made you so ill, but I do not mind what else it has done. Believe me, dearest Harry, with best love, Yours ever lovingly, Helen.

Childish as the letter was it touched me deeply. Edgar must be right after all; I had misjudged a simple but loyal nature that only wanted an emergency to bring its nobler qualities to the surface. I told him about the letter, and added that it made giving her up harder to bear. "Why should you give her up?" said he, eagerly. "You see she herself will not hear of it." "Because she does not understand the case; I am disgraced past recognition; she would shrink with horror from the sight of me. It would be a shock even to you, a strong, unromantic man, to see what I have become." "You are too sensitive, old fellow. However shocking the change in you may be, you cannot fail to exaggerate its effect on others." "A few days later, when the horror of my new appearance was indeed a little mitigated by the fall-off of the withered outer skin, which had covered the right side of my face, I tried the effect of my striking physiognomy on Edgar. Whether he had expected some such surprise, or whether he was somewhat with a splendid insensibility to ugliness, he stood the shock with the most stoical placidity. "Well?" said I, defiantly, looking at him from out my ill-matched eyes in a passion of aggressive rage. "Well?" said he, as complacently as if I had been a turnip. "I hope you admire this style of beauty," I hurled out savagely. "I don't go quite so far as that, but I really much better than I expected."

"You are easily pleased." He went on quietly. "The chief impression your countenance gives me now is not, as you flatter yourself, of consummate ugliness, but of give me—of consummate villainy." "What?" "You are preserved forever from the danger of being anything but strictly virtuous and straightforward in your dealings, for no one would trust the possessor of that countenance with either a secret of a sovereign."

This blunt frankness acted better than any softer measures could have done; it made me laugh. Looking again at myself in a glass, for I was now up and dressed, I noticed, what had escaped me before in my analyzed contemplation of the change in my own features, that the drawing-up of the right-hand corners of my mouth, and eye, together with the removal of every vestige of hair from that side of the face, had given me the grotesquely repulsive leer of a satyr. To crown my disadvantages, the left side of my face, seen in profile, still retained its natural appearance to mock my new hideousness. "But I think I see a way out of all difficulties," Helen went on, more seriously. "You will advance obse-

tion, I know, but you must permit your objections to be overruled. Accident can be committed with artifice, and so artifice you must resort to until nature does her work and relieves you from the new necessity." We fought out the question, and at last I very unwillingly gave way and submitted to the adoption of a false eyebrow, a false moustache, a beautiful tuft of curly false hair, much superior to my own, to hide the bald patch left by the accident. Father stated by this distinct improvement, assumed for the reception of Helen's promised visit, and encouraged by assurances that my own hair would soon grow again, and enable me to discard its substitutes, I was ready to believe that the discoloration and disfigurement still visible were comparatively unimportant, and that the repellent expression, which no artificial make-up could ever induce, might be abated, might indeed affect strangers, but could not, in the sight of my friends, obscure their long-established impression of my amiability and sweetness. My sister, weak sleepless and irritable, this time went up to me, leaving the place, with many kind wishes for my early and complete recovery, entirely at the disposal of myself and my unwearied nurse, Edgar. So a day was fixed for the arrival of Helen and her mother. On that eventful afternoon Edgar settled me

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

A Positive Cure for Hot Weather Ailments.

In the hot weather the little ones suffer from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time often saves a valuable little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones of all ages. They speedily relieve, promptly cure and give sound, refreshing sleep. The Tablets should be in every home where there are little ones during the hot weather months. J. Ferguson, No. 105 Mansfield Street, Montreal, says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for children. My baby was suffering from dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him the tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using these Tablets, he has been much better in every way. I can sincerely recommend the Tablets to all mothers with ailing children."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. They can be taken them readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. They are sold at all drug stores or will be sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

In a small sitting-room on the same floor with the room I had been occupying before starting for the station. The blinds were drawn, and I sat with my back to this carefully softened light. I wished now that I had not been so getting so near, that I had not myself be disengaged from my intention of sneaking quietly away with a showing my disgraced face to anyone. What was the use of my seeing the child again? I did indeed long for a few last words with her since she had shown unexpected me of feeling towards me in my misfortune; but I had seen her as Edgar still obstinately hoped, in renewal of our engagement, which I persisted in regarding as definitely broken. The meeting was only for a

HOME NURSING.

We have before us a copy of a new publication, entitled "Home Nursing." The object of this little volume is to give practical instructions how to take care of the sick by the inexperienced. In training schools for nurses, instructions are of course given in all matters of this kind, but a woman ask herself, "Could I give a bath to a person in bed without wetting the clothing, or change the under sheet while the bed was occupied?" and she will wonder why she did not discover the right way herself. In this little book practical instructions are given for the performance of all necessary offices pertaining to the sick. The knowledge of any of these things is not taken for granted, and the writer has tried to give in a plain, simple manner that no one need mistake the easiest way. A sample copy of this valuable book can be had upon application to the publishers, Davis & Lawrence Co., 64 Grand Street, New York City, enclosing five cents in stamps or coin by the expense of mailing and stating the name of this paper.

farewell. I was ashamed of the artifice I had used to conceal the traces of my accident, and I was feeling half inclined to tear off my false ornaments and present myself in my true hideousness, when the arrival of my visitors luckily stopped me. The room where I sat was at the back of the house, so that I had no warning of the return of the carriage until I heard Edgar's voice. I sprang up with one last look of agony at my reflection in the glass which I had used to me at that moment a ghastly caricature of my old self, and then sat nervously down again, feeling like a doomed wretch with the executioner outside his cell.

The door opened, and Edgar bounded up, dragging Helen, who seemed shy and nervous, forward on his arm. "Here he is, Nellie. Getting well, fast, you see. Where is mother? I must fetch her up." I saw in a moment through the dear, clumsy fellow's manoeuvres. He prided himself on his strategy, fancying he had only to come together for us to have a touch of reconciliation. But I knew better. I saw her turn pale and cling to her brother's arm, and I said hastily: "No, no. Lady Castledorf is not far behind, you may be sure. I am glad to see you. Lady Helen, it is very kind of you to come. It is easier."

"Helen has come to persuade you to get well in England among your friends instead of going abroad to be ill among strangers," said Edgar, cutting me short. "Helen's getting on well, isn't he, Helen? Come, he's brought to have his hand shaken now." He drew her forward, to my inexorable pain, for I saw the reluctance in her face. Before I could utter a girl's ever made most agonizing emotion on the fairy face. The muscles were contracted, the pupils of the eyes were dilated with intense horror. "I am very glad—" she began. Then, before she could finish her sentence, even while I still held her little hand in mine, she fell like a crushed flower unconscious in her brother's arms. Poor fellow! How contrite, how miserably, abjectly humble and despairing he was when he appeared in my room, which I had fled, like a wounded bear, to the woods when little Helen's unwilling blow gave me my social death-warrant. I was able to laugh then, and to tell her that my only regret was for the pain the injudicious meeting had caused poor Helen. "It was you who dictated her letter to me," I said. "Edgar did not attempt to deny it. She ought to be ashamed of herself," said he, reddening with indignation. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. I for my vanity in thinking there was any charm in my dull personality to compensate for the loss of the only merit I could have cried down on me by your general diatribe in carrying that mistake further still. Are you gone?" "Yes. My mother wanted to see you, but—" "That's all right. And now, old fellow, you must make any more blunders on my account; you must let me make my own. I leave England in a few days."

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A MENACE TO THE LIVE STOCK TRADE.

The attention of live stock exporters, breeders and the press, is called to the case of H. F. Page, of Montreal, B. C., who was compelled to pay \$1,000 duty on Canadian horses exported to the United States through the port of Sumas, Washington, in October, 1901. These horses were all accompanied by the proper registration papers of the American Percheron Horse Breeders' Association, as required by the laws of the United States. The contention of Collector Huestis was that, inasmuch as the animals were imported to be offered for sale, they were subject to the duty. Mr. Page appealed the case, and the testimony was heard by the Board of Appraisers, whose headquarters are in New York. This board have the case under consideration, and will render their decision some time in August. The action of collector Huestis has been rather severely criticized by the ranch, a well-known agricultural paper of Seattle, Wash., to which journal he contributed the following defence of his action: "H. F. Page, the importer you mention, is an alien stock-breeder residing in British Columbia. On October 18th, 1901, he imported at Sumas four stallions and four mares, of that breed, and pure bred stock, and claiming that they were entitled to free entry under the provision of article No. 475 of the existing tariff, which provides that any animals pure bred of a recognized breed, duly registered and certified as required by the regulations of the Hon. Secretary of the Interior, shall be admitted free when imported especially for breeding purposes. Pedigree certificates were presented with the entry, but as the animals were evidently imported for sale, the importer was required to deposit the amount of duty that would accrue in case the animals were found not to be entitled to free entry, and was given an opportunity to produce satisfactory evidence that they were intended especially for breeding purposes, which said evidence was lacking on entry. Neither the deputy collector at Sumas nor this office questioned the genuineness of the registration papers as intimated in your editorial, and as Mr. Page well knows that was not the reason that he was required to deposit the duty. (Note.—Mr. Page says "he never was so informed.") It was purely a question of evidence on the point of the purpose for which the animals were imported, and you are aware that chorons are valuable for draft horses,

and, when imported for that purpose, are subject to duty, and a proper enforcement of the tariff, as well as regard for the protection of American stock raisers, alike demand a full investigation of the facts." It therefore appears that the whole matter depends on the official interpretation of the clause, "when imported for breeding purposes." According to Judge De Vries, the question has never before been raised, although it is a well known fact that large numbers of pure bred cattle have been sent to the United States by Canadian breeders for sale at public auction, and always free of duty, as I have known, free of duty. If the contention of Collector Huestis is sustained, the decision will generally be regarded as a decided injustice and contrary to the spirit of the law. It will cause a complete cessation of the trade in pure bred stock between this country and the United States; in fact, it has already had that result as far as the trade between British Columbia and Washington Territory is concerned. This is a matter of vital importance, not only to the Canadian breeders who have stock for sale, but to the Americans who have need of such stock for the improvement of their studs, herds and flocks. Immediate action should be taken by our Live Stock Associations, and a strong protest entered against such unfair ruling. As the "Ranch" very pertinently says "It is well known that many firms make business of importing from Canada and from the old world pure bred stock of all kinds; and that such stock is permitted to pass in free, provided it is accompanied by the proper certificates of registration. The Government does not follow such stock after it leaves the custom office, and the importer is free to dispose of this stock to any one he likes, and at whatever price he can get. If Collector Huestis is upheld in this contention that pure bred stock must be imported for breeding purposes only, and cannot be sold or worked, it will paralyze the whole business of importing horses and injure the trade in other lines. We think that the various Breeders' Associations should act on this case, in order to bring properly before the Board of Appraisers the widespread injury an adverse decision in the Page case would have on the whole breeding industry."

tional Gallery rose like grey shadow-palaces above in the rainy air. I dined at a restaurant in the Strand, and then, growing very confident in the security of my disguise, I thought I would take a farewell glance at an old chum who had run Edgar pretty close in my esteem. He was an actor, and was fulfilling an engagement at a theatre in the Strand. When I said that he played what are technically called "juvenile" parts—that is to say, those of the stage lovers—my taste may seem strange, until I explain that Fabian Scott was the "very worst of all the fashionable depots" he had dedicated to literary and artistic pursuits, and other intellectual exercises which, while permissible and innocuous to what are called "character" actors, were required in vigor rather than thought, picturesque rather than feeling. So that Fabian, with his thin, keen face, his intensity, and some remnant of North-country stiffness, stood only in the second rank of those whom the ladies delight to worship; and becoming neither a great artist nor a great popinjay, gave his friends a sense of not having done quite the best with himself, but was a very interesting, if somewhat excitable, companion. For my own part I had then, not knowing how vitally important the question of his character would one day become to me, thought to give for in him save that he were a little less sour and a little more sincere.

TWAS COLD IN OPEN WORK.

But the Jersey Girls Found a Way and Kept as Warm as Toast.

Some of the young folks of Newark have a way of staying so late at Casey Island on Sunday nights in summer that they have to trolley across the Jersey salt meadows to their homes in the wee sma' hours of Monday morning. Last Sunday was no exception. In the throng that just comfortably filled one of the night cars from Jersey City to Newark were many women who had started out wearing their twelve hours earlier wearing their open work flannel. It was an open car, and the damp breeze that blew in soon made the white arms and shoulders which peeped through the lace and gauze blue and shivery.

On the front seat exposed to all the fierceness of the blast, sat a little brunette, the openness of whose waist was proportioned to the pretentiousness of its owner. She was a born leader, and the event soon proved. Rising from her seat and bracing her feet so that no sudden jolt should make her seem infirm of purpose or understanding, she turned and cast a defiant look at the fifty or sixty persons who were watching. "Then she gathered up her skirt with both her hands, raised it to a level with her spreading picture hat, folded it warmly about her neck and sat down. "Well, waddye think o' that?" came in a suppressed murmur from the men in the car. "It's a good idea," replied one of the girls only less determined than the pioneer skirt-raiser on the front seat. The rest of the women with purple arms and shoulders thought so, too, and for the next five minutes there was a spreading of sail and a fluttering of petticoats such as even Jersey has seldom witnessed—New York Sun.

It doesn't take a connoisseur in neckwear to distinguish the difference between home ties and home-made ties.

Could Scarcely Straighten Up

On Account of Severe Pains in Small of Back—Deranged Kidneys the Cause of Trouble.

KIDNEY LIVER PILLS.

A great many people who suffer from backache, lame back and pains in the limbs think they have rheumatism and that there is no cure for them. At least nine cases in every ten can be cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mrs. Lessard was badly crippled before she began the use of this great kidney medicine. Here is her letter: "Mrs. J. Lessard, 150 Arguendet street, Montreal, Que., states: "My main trouble was with my back, which was very weak, and whenever I stooped I could hardly straighten up again on account of the severe pains which would catch me in the small of the back. Believing that my ailment was caused from deranged kidneys I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and to-day I am all right again. This medicine seemed to act directly on the kidneys, and as a result improved my health generally. Mrs. Ross, 100 Melrose street, St. Thomas, Ont., states: "I had a very weak back, and at times suffered very much from severe pains across the small of my back. Believing these to be caused by derangements of the kidneys, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This treatment seemed to be exactly what I have also used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine for the children when they had coughs and colds. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto.