STREET, TAKE

LOVE'S EXILE.

entral rate of the design of the state of th

warning, and, leaving Ferguson at the station to order a fly and come on with my luggage, I walked to Larkhill in the gusk. There was a lamp in the study. I could see it plainly enough, for the blind was not ly enough, for the blind, was not drawn down. I saw a figure pass between the window and the light, in another minute the front Joor opened, and Ta-ta rushed at me, leaping on to my shoulders, and barking joyously; while Bublole her-self, scarcely less fleet of foot, seized both my hands, crying in joyous welcome:
"Mr. Maude! Mr. Maude! Mr.

Maude!"
I said, "How are you? I hope you
are quite well. Isn't it cold?" But,
indeed, no furnace-fire could have sent such a glow through my veins as the warm-hearted pressure of the girl's hands.

you know I have a sort of g that I knew you were com-o-day? The Scotch believe in ing to-day? second sight; perhaps it's a gift of the country. I've had all day a pre-sentment that something was go-ing to happen—something nice, you know; and just now, before you were near enough for me to hear your step, some impulse made me get up and look out of the window. And, Mr. Maude, don't believe mama if she says Ta-ta moved first, because she didn't; it was I. There's lways something in the air before

always something in the air before the good genius appears, you know."
And she laughed very happily as she led me in and gravely introduced me to her mother. Both had been knitting stockings for me, and I thought the study had never looked so warm or so home-like as it did with their work-baskets and wools about, and with these two good little women making kindly welcoming uproar around me. To-to broke his chain, and climbed up on my shoulder. around me. To-to broke his chain, and climbed up on my shoulder, snarling and showing his teeth jealously at Babiole. The delighted clamor soothed my ears as no prima The delighted donaa's singing had ever done. That evening I could have embraced Mrs. Ellmer with tenderness. Nex day I was alone in the draw-

ing room, the ladies having given up possession of the Hall and re-turned to the cottage, when I heard footsteps at the open door and a

ings of Norwegian scenery in place of the portraits of Lady Helen which were on the ground against the wall. On seeing my occupation, Bablole uttered a short cry of surprise and dismay. I said nothing, but my head on one side to see if put my head on one side to see if one of my new pictures was hung straight. At last she spoke was all she said, knows?" 'Oh, Mr. Maude!' in a tone of timid reproach. "Well."

"You're not going to take her down after all this time?"
"You see I have taken her down."
"Oh, why?" It was not curiosity;

"Oh, why?" It was not curiosity; it was entreaty.
"Don't you think she's been upthere long enough?"
"If you were the woman and she were the man you wouldn't say that."
"What should I say?"
"You would say, 'He's been upthere so long that, whatever he's done, he may as well stay there now."

That would be rather contemptuous tolerance, wouldn't it?"
"But the picture wouldn't know that; and if the original should ever grow sorry for all the harm she—he had done, it would be something to know that

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children of All Ages.

"Well, look here; I've revisited the world since you have, and, believe me, you are much better outside. It's a horrid, over-crowded, noisy place, and as for the artists in whom you are much better outside. It's a horrid, over-crowded, noisy place, and as for the artists in whom you the use of Baby's own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, 'etc. These Tablets sponges. And as for the dresses, my contain no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will out of Bond street so pretty, so If the children's digestive organs and mothers who try them once will out of Bond street so pretty, so not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, you have on."

But Babiole glanced down at her little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much and, there shone in her eyes, as

Bitation of the text of the state of the sta the picture still hung there just the

The story must have leaked then—the first part through Fa-bian, probably, and the rest through the divorce court col-umns of the daily papers. I said nothing in answer to the girl's plead-ings, but I restored the portraits to their old place with the excuse that the landscapes would look better in

the landscapes would look better in the dining-room.
Our studies began again that very afternoon. Bablole had forgotten nothing, though work had, of course, grown slack during the hot days of summer. She had had another and rather absorbing love affair, too, the details of which I extracted with the accompaniment of more blushes than in the old days. than in the old days.
"We shall have you getting married

"No," she protested stoutly, "I'm not going to marry; I am going to devote myself to art."

Upon this I made her fetch her is sketch book, after promising the statement of the devote myself to art."
Upon this I made her fetch her sketch book, after promising "not to tell mamma," who might well be forgiven for a prejudice against any more members of her family sacrific-

more members of her family sacrificing themselves to this Juggernaut.
The sketches were all of fir and larch
tree, hillside and rippling stony
Dee; some were in pencil, some in
water color; there was love in every
line of each of the little pictures,
and there was something more.

"Why, Bablole, you're going to be
a great artist, I believe," I cried,
as I noticed the vigor of the outlines, the imaginative charm of the
treatment of her favorite corners of
rock and forest.

treatment of her favorite corners of rock and forest.
Oh no, not that," she said deprecatingly, "If I can be only a little one I shall be satisfied. I should never dare to draw the big hills. When I get on those hills along the Cairn and see the peaks rising the one behind the other all round me, I feel almost as if I ought to fall on my knees only to look at them; it is only when we have crept down into some cleft full of trees, where I can peep at them from round a corner, that I feel I can take out my paper and Sellmer with tenderness.

Sollmer with tenderness.

Nex day, I was alone on the drawing room, the ladies having given up possession of the Hall and required to the cottage, when I heard cotsteps at the open door and a color—

"May I come in, Mr. Maude?"

"Certainly."

I was busy putting up two paintings of Norwegian scenery in place of the portraits of Lady Helen, which were on the ground against the wall. On seeing my occupation, Ba-

"Drawing-master's copy!" she re peated slowly at last. "Then a drawing-master is a man who doesn't draw very well, or who isn't very particular how he teaches what he

knows?"

"Yes, without being very severe I
think we may say that."

"That is not like your teaching,
Mr. Maude."

"What do you mean?"
"What do you mean?"
"Why, all these months that you've been away I've had a lot of time to think, and I see what a different thing you have made of life different thing you have made of life to me by teaching me to understand things. Last year I thought of nothing when I was out on the hills with Ta-ta but childish things—stories and things I ke that. And now all the while I think of the things that are going on in the great world, the pictures that are being written."

"And the dresses that are being worn?" suggested the stuffly not at

worn?" I suggested, playfully, not at all sure that the change she was so proud of was entirely for the better. "Well, yes, I think I should like to know that, too," she admitted, with a blush. blush. Voice say, imperiously, as my town-"And you want to attribute all bred visitor stumped about the

that to my teaching?"
"Yes, Mr. Maude," she answered, laughing, "you must bear the blame of it all."

"Well, look here : I've revisited the

through those same eyes of mine, learning a faramore dangerous lesson, and one, unluckily, which I could never hope to impart to any woman. I had no one but myself to thank for my folly, into which I had coolly walked with my eyes open. But the temptation to direct that fair young mind had been too strong for me, and, having once indulged in the plenaure, the few months away had but hierensed my craving to taste it again. This second whater we worked even harder than the first. Babiole, with her expanding mind, and the passionate excitement the began to throw into every pursuit, became daily a more fascinating pupil. She would slide down from her chair on to a footstool at my side when discussion grew, warm between us concerning an interesting chapter we had been reading. She would put her hand on my shoulder with affectionate persuasion if I disagreed with her, or tap my fingers impatiently to hurry my expression of opinion. How deald she know that the ugly, grave man, with furrows in his scarred face, and already whitening hair, was young and hot-blooded too, with passions far stronger from those same eyes of mine,

ening hair, was young and hot-blooded too, with passions far stronger than hers, and all the stronger from being from-bound.

Sometimes I felt tempted to let her know that I was twenty years younger than she, growing up in the belief of her childhood on that matter innocently though. But it could make no difference, in the only way in which I cared for it to make a difference, and it might render her constrained with me. After all it was my comparative youth which enabled me to enter into her feelings, as no dry-as-dust professor of fifty could have done, and it was upon that sympathy that the bond between us was founded. In the happiness this companionship brought to me, I thought I had haled keener feelings to sleep, when, as spring came back,

thought I had hated keeper teelings to sleep, when, as spring came back, and I was beginning again to dread the return of the long days, an event happened which made havoc of the most cherished sentiments of all three of us.

The first intimation of this revolu-

tion was given by Ferguson, who in-formed me at luncheon, with a sol-emnly indignant face, that a "verra "We shall have you getting married and flying away from us altogether."
I suppose, now, before we know where we are."
"No," she protested stoutly. "I'm so Ferguson feared, in the direction not going to marry: I am going to devote myself to art."

"We shall have you getting married disreputable-looking person" had disreputable-looking person of had disreputable-looking person had disreputable-looking person had disreputable-looking person of the disreputable-looking person had disreputable-looking person whith linguistic for shut in his face had taken himself off, which is the person had disreputable-looking person had disreputable broken down under her constant assistance to Junet. "I saw that Jim was about the sta-

ble, sir, so I have nae doot he helped the gentleman awa' safe eno'

ed the gentleman awa' safe eno, added Ferguson grimly.

I thought no more of the incident, which the butler had reported simply because up among the hills the sight of an unknown face is an event.

But at 4 o'clock Babioie did not appear; I sat waiting, looking through the pages of Green's Short History of the English People, on which we were then engaged, for twenty minutes; and then, almost alarmed at such an unusual occurrence, I was getting up to go and make inquiries at the cottage whom I heard her well-known footstep enrough the open hall-door. tage when I heard her well-known footstep enrough the open hall-door. Even before she came in I knew that something had happened, for instead of running in all eager, laughing apology, as was her way on the rare occasions when she was a few minutes hate, I heard her cross the hall very slowly and hesitate at the door. "Come in, come in, Babiole; what's the matter?" I cried out, impatiently.

She came in then quickly, and held

She came in then quickly, and held out her hand to me as she wished me good afternoon. But there was no smile on ner face, and the light seemed to have gone out of her eyes. "What is it, child? Something has happened,' said i, as I drew her down into her usual chair.

She shook her head and tried to laugh, bu suddenly broke down, and, bursting into tears, leaned her face against her hands and sobbed bitterly.

I was horribly distressed. I tried some vague words of consolation for the unknown evil, and laid my hand lightly on one heaving shoulder, only touch. Then I sat down quietly and waited, while Ta-ta, more daring set up a kindly howl of sympathetic lamentation, which happily caused a

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said, sitting upright, and drying her eyes. "I don't know what you must think of me, Mr. Maude."

"I don't think anything of you," I said at random, being far too much distressed by her unhappiness to think of any words more appropriate. "Now tell me, what is the matter?"

I was in no hurry for the answer, for I had already a very strong presentiment what it would be.

"Papa has found us out; he's at the cottage now."

But he was even nearer, as a heavy tread on the stone steps outside the "I ought to be ashanied of myself,"

tread on the stone steps outside the front door at this moment told us. "H'm, h'm, and no one about! And no knocker!" we heard a thick

"Look here, Babiole; I think you'd better go, dear. Run through the back door, and comfort mamma." There was no use disguising the fact that our visitor's arrival was a common calamity. She made one step away, but then turned back, clasped my right hand tightly, and whispered:

whispered:

"Remember, you don't see him at his best. He's a very, very clever man, indeed—at home."

Then she ran lightly away, without looking at me again, half conscious, I am afraid, poor child, that her apology was but a lame one. I rose and went to the hall to invite my visitor in.

JHAPTER II.

she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and alight. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days by little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house, and have since found them for their ills of little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the sontlined at all drug stores, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Mr. Ellmer's appearance had not improved with the lapse of years. He was dressed in the same brown overcoat that he had worn when I made his according to the same brown.

elf. His face was more bloated himself. His face was more bloaten, his look more shifting, the whole man was more sodden and more swaggering than he had been seven years ago. If it had not been for the two poor little women so unluckily bound to him, I would not have tolerated such a repulsive agrange even on my doorstep; but

for the two poor little women so unluckily boand to him. I would not have tolerated such a repulsive creature even on my doorstep; but for the same of making such terms with him as would rid us all of h.s obnoxious presence, I held out my hand, which he, after a moment's hesitation, took and dropped out of his flabby paim, with a look of horror at my scurred face.

"Will you come in?" said I, leading the way into the study, which he examined on entering with undisguised and contemptuous disappointment.

"Have you come far to-day, Mr. Ellmer?" I asked, handing him a chair, which I inwardly resolved for the future to dispense with, having sentimental feelings about the furniture of my favorite room.

"Yes, well, I may say I have. All the way from Aberdeen. And it's a good pull up here from the station to a gentleman who's not used to much walking exercise."

He spoke in a low, thick voice, very dilicuit to hear and understand, his eyes wandering furtively from one colject to another all the time.

"Did you have much difficulty in finding the place?"

"Oh, yes. She had taken care to hide herself well." And his face slowily contracted with a lowering and brutal expression. "She thought I shouldn't find them up here. But I swore I would, and when I swear a thing it's as good as done."

"I hope you found your wife and daughter looking welk."

"Oh, they're well enough, of course; trust them to get fat and flourishing, while their husband and father may be starving."

Now this was langinable; for whatever defects Mr. Ellmer's appearance might have, the leanness of starvation was not one of them.

"They were by no means fat and flourishing when I first met them, I assure you," I said gravely.

"The brute turned his eyes on me with slow and sullen ferocity.

"That was not my fault, sir," he whispered, with affected humility, being evidently far too stupid to know how his looks befied his words.

"They had been away from me to teach ner to hate her own father, and to oring her up in her own extravagant notions."

She has

She has cured herself of those now," I said; "she lives on the barest sum necessary to keep two people afive. It is, unfortunately, all I can spare for her kindness in taking care of my cottage."

f my cottage." This was tru true. I had often re-This was true. I had often regretted that the poor lady's infiexfole independence had made her refuse to accept more than enough for her and her daughter, with the strictest economy, to live upon. Now, I rejoiced to think that she had absolutely no savings to be sucked down into the greedy maw of the creature before me. My words were evidently the echo of some statement that had been already made. Naturally, he believed neither his wife nor me.

(To be Continued.)

WHY THE PRINCE **NEVER COMES**

It remains for a man to explain why some girls never receive proposals of marriage.

This particular man is a ehgible, and a student of woman-kind. He is positive that it is not due to the scarcity of men that so many loving, good looking girls re-main slugle, Instead, it is because they do not live up to the ideal in mind of the modern young man.

they do not live up to the ideal in the mind of the modern young man. "Mannishness, a characteristic, which many girls like to exhibit nowadays," he declares, is without doubt a great drawback to a girl's chances of getting married. "Then, there is the careless, indoent girl, who takes an interest in nothing beyond her own pleasurable pursuits. Pretty and accomplished, she never lacks a partner at a dance, but men recognize the fact that she lacks education in the duties which would be hers as a wife. She thinks only of herseelf, while the man wants her to consider his comfort and happiness. "Then, there are the cold girls. They may be clever and agreeable, but they receive the adances of a man in the haughty, thrilling manner, leading him to believe they are not worth wiuning. He prefers the girl who is more amiable.

"Neither does man l'ke girls who are too shy. They are usually awkward as a consequencee, and uninteresting.

"Probably the girl n man least likes is the ile list. She believes a perfect man is waiting for her somewhere down life's highway, and makes a practice of snubbing a fellow as soon as she decides he is not that paragon. Instead of trying to see him at his best, she tries to make him feel that in her eves he is only the common or garden vardety of man.

A LESSON IN BUTTER-MAKING

To Secure the Profitable Home and English Markets.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Canada enjoys the unique position of being unable to suffer from overproduction as long as she tops in quality, as she can do, all competitors without more than the use of ordinary diligence, care, and prudence. The get trade a country must supply a want; and to make that trade permanent that want must be supplied at a standard of quality superior to its competitors, or at a price lower than theirs. Canada produces what Great Britain and the rest of the world cannot do without; but while she sells it at a market trate favorable to herself and accept.

Let's against our progressive Danish, New Zealand, Victoria, and Russian and these campetitors. It is necessary, also, to provide for pasteurising the cream from which the interest of life which are present as grown milk and cream there is that constant struggle for survival which in a cuttivated field goes on between the careful farmer tills the soil to kill the weeds and useful plants. The careful farmer tills the soil to kill the weeds and then sows pure seed for export. Among the various minute and low forms of life which are present as grown milk and cream there is that constant struggle for survival which in a cuttivated field goes on between the careful farmer tills the soil to kill the weeds and then sows pure seed for export. The butterist of the world cannot do without; but while she sells it at a market. supply a want; and to make that trade permanent that want must be supplied at a standard of quality superior to its competitors, or at a price lower than theirs. Canada produces what Great Britain and the rest of the world cannot do without; but while she sells it at a market rate favorable to herself and acceptable to her questomers, she is not miking the most out of her latent material wealth. Her farmers and commercial men are not yet educated material wealth. Her farmers and commercial men are not yet educated up to the operation. And it is not grandmotherly legislation for the Agricultural Department of the country to lead them towards greater prosperity than has been enjoyed heretofore. Frequently one hears complaints about

White Thread-like Streaks appearing in butter. This is sometimes due to errors in the saiting and working of the butter. If the sait be added to the butter while the latter is still in the granular condition, and not in too large quantities at a time, so that it may dissolve quickly and be distributed throughout the mass of butter to some extent before working begins, there will not be so much trouble from streakiness. If, however, working is begun before any sait has been added, as is sometimes the practice, the sait is then thrown on the smooth surface from which the water has been removed, and the result is that the sait does not dissolve readily, but remains for some time in a partially dissolved layer between the surface of the butter. There is, probably, a sort of bleaching of the butter by the chemical action of the sait in such strong solution, the effect remaining in the shape of white streaks when the undissolved sait finally disappears. White Thread-like Streaks

"Mottled" Butter is a different thing altogether, although it is also the result of not having the salt evenly distributed throughout the mass of butter, either through careless addition of the salt, insufficient working, or working at unsuitable temperatures. The parts which contain the most salt have the deepest color; this is the natural effect of the admost salt have the deepest color this is the natural effect of the ad dition of salt to butter in proper quantities. It is when the salt and the butter come together in layers, and remain so for some time, that the bleaching occurs which causes

the bleaching occurs which causes the streakines."

As Mr. J. A. Ruddick, chief of the dairying division, has pointed out, time after time, the commercial value of Canadian butter can in no way be more easily advanced than by paying the utmost attention to finish and appearance. Use good parchment paper, so as to fully protect your product. Avoid sloven-liness in putting up butter for exportation; use black and not red stencilling, because in the British markets red stencilling is the out-

stenciling, because in the British markets red stencilling is the outward and visible sign of inward "milled" or "ladle stock," or very inferior grades of butter.

By this we do not advise black stencilling on qualities which realify should be marked red, for if the factories should follow the practice of putting a distinguishing mark on all packages of dairy produce which is inferior in quality, it would be greatly to their advantage. Many a shipment of cheese or butter, of passable quality except for a few "cuils," is condemned wholesale because the trier happens to drop on the inferior samples. These "cuils" are sometimes included among the good, in the hope that they may escape detective.

exports.

A need in the butter business is A need in the butter business is better buildings in the creameries—improvements in construction, in their drainage appointments, and in their equipment. These changes must be effected or we cannot expect to hold a prominent place in the mar-

Puts It Into a Pure " Starter to yield the desired flavor. Pasteur-ization does not destroy all the germs in milk or cream any more than cul-tivation eradicates all weeds; but it decreases their number. Sterilization when efficient destroys all forms of life; but pasteurization destroys about all of those which are injurious to the quality of dairy products. The condition thus created gives the germs of fermentation or souring which are introduced by the starter a good chance to become the prevail-ing if not the only ones; so that the flavors which are the result of ripening or souring are the result of ripening or souring are those char-acteristic of the germs of the "starter." The later treatment should be such as to prevent any germs which bring about decay or nasty flavors from becoming active in the butter; and this is the use in the butter; and of cold storage.

The Process of Pasteurizing consists of heating the cream to a temperature of 158 to 160 degrees temperature of 158 to 160 degrees fahr, and cooling it rapidly to the ripening temperature by the use of some special cooling apparatus. Wherever this has been carried out properly in Canadian creameries the results have given better keeping qualities to the butter, and have remedied faults in flavor in cases where taints of various sorts had

remedied faults in flavor in cases
where taints of various sorts had
previously been troublesome.
When only the quality of the butter has to be considered it is sufficlent to pasteurize the cream after separation; but when it is also de sired to lessen the danger of spread-ing disease by means of the skim-mik it is necessary to heat the milk before separation, and cool the skim-milk and cream afterwards. Al temperature of 185 degrees fahr is sufficient to destroy disease germs likely to be found in milk; and whole milk may be heated to that temperature, with proper appliances and handling, without giving any objectionable flavor to the butter made from it.

In making butter from pasteurised and use of

cream the preparation and use of the "fermentation start r' are im-portant parts of the operation. operation. About two quarts of skim mik are heated to 205 degrees Fahrenheit, and held at that point for ten minutes, after which the milk is cooled to 80 degrees Fahrenheit by pourto 80 degrees Fahrenheit by pouring from one vessel to another, exposed to the atmosphere of the butter making room. It is then left in a tightly closed glass jar at ordinary atmospheric temperature, in summer from 60 to 75 degrees, until it is coagulated and has a mild lactic acid flavor. This method can only be successful when the atmosphere to which it is exposed is

Free Frem Cerms which cause undesirable odors and flavors. When the "culture" as this is called, has been prepared, a quantity of skim milk, which is pure, sweet and free from taint; should be heated to 150 degrees Fahrenheit and left at that temperature for ten minutes. It may then be cookfor ten minutes. It may then be cooled to a temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees. Fahrenhet, when a portion of the culture, as already described, at the rate of from 5 to 10 ples. These "culls" are sometimes included among the good, in the hope that they may escape detection. But this has become well nigh impossible, and the best advice to all is "Don't try it on."

The possibilities of the export butter trade are limited only by the available supply, provided the quality be honestly and constantly Maintained at "Axceisior."

This is shown by the fact that while in 1890 the expoort butter trade of Canada amounted to only \$54,00,000; and the exports of butter in 1901 was nearly double that of 1900, and exceeded in value those of any previous year.

During last summer there was a falling off in Canadian butter exports, brought about by the comparatively high prices which our cheese was paying better than butter the factory men kept on making it. To-day there is a loud cry in Great Britain for Cnaadian butter of high quality, and, if our dalrymen respond expeditiously, 1902 will be the banner year in Dominion history so far for butter exports.

A need in the butter business is

STUDIES IN SENSE.

LOST HOPE OF GETTING

Years of Keen Suffering From Kidney Disease-Owes Life to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Ont., a man of 80 years, and well known throughout the Niagara district, writes: "I believe if it had not been for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I would be in my grave

dose; one pill is plenty at a dose. I used them regularly for a month, and at the end of that time was a

Mr. R. J. McBain, Niagara Falls, called to see me, and asked why I recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with all my heart to any perpulse the Niagara district with the Niagara district. The layer if it had been provided in the Niagara district with the Niagara district. you may use it for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are before this. I was very bad with kidney disease, and suffered with dreadful pains in my kidneys. Being that time I have felt as good as I disappointed in the use of many medicines. I had almost given up hopes of ever getting better,

"One morning, after a night of especially hard suffering, a friend to be before T used this medicines. I bates & Co., Toronte.