

Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome morning noon and night. Are you drinking it?

LOVE'S EXILE.

I had no sort of carriage more convenient than a Norfolk cart, so on my way to Aberdeen I ordered a fly to be at Ballater Station on my return with my new tenants. Both the ladies were already dressed for their journey, and we started at once. Mrs. Elmer hastening to inform me that she had sent most of her luggage to some friends in London, to account, I fancy, poor lady, for having only one shabby trunk and two stage baskets. Babiole sat very quietly during the railway journey, looking out of the window, at the now dreary and bleak landscape; and I spoke so little that any one might have thought I would rather have been alone. But, indeed, I was only afraid, from the happy excitement which glowed in the faces of both talkative mother and silent daughter, lest their bright expectations should be disappointed by the simplicity and desolation of the place they persisted in regarding as a palace of delights.

It was a very homely place, you know. I said solemnly, after being bantered in a sprightly manner by Mrs. Elmer upon my artfulness in building myself a fortress up in the hills where, like the knights of old, I could indulge in what lawless pranks I pleased. "And I assure you that nothing could possibly be more simple than my mode of life here. Whatever of the bold hand there may have been in my composition ten years back, has been melted down into mere harmless eccentricity long ago." "Ah! you are not going to make me believe that," said Mrs. Elmer, with a giddy shake of the head. "Why the very name Larkhall betrays you."

I believe the dear lady really did think the name had been given in commemoration of "high lands" I had had there; but I hastened to assure her that "lark" was simply the Highland pronunciation of "lark," a tree which grew abundantly in the neighborhood. However, she only smiled archly, and seeing that the imaginary inquiries she seemed bent on imposing upon me in vain, she contented herself with a glance at Babiole, who seemed, with her eyes fixed on the moving landscape, to be deaf to what was said inside the carriage. I was rather glad of it.

When we got to Ballater the little shed of a station, and I was met by rough villagers, all eagerly enjoying the splendid excitement of the arrival of the train. A dense, wet Scotch mist enveloped us as we stepped on to the platform, which was crowded with people; still, they both smiled with persistent happiness, which grew rapturous when we all got into a roomy fly which Mrs. Elmer called "our carriage." They were warmly greeted in the village, which looked, through the veil of fine rain, a most depressing collection of stiff stone and slate dwellings, by which eyes were delighted with the cold and dreary drive. They pronounced the dark fir forest through which we drove "magnificent"; and, finally after an hour and a half of reverential silence as we went through the plantation both were transfixed with admiration at the sight of my modest dwelling. Mrs. Elmer even went so far as to exclaim, "What a rugged face" of Ferguson, who was standing at the hall door scowling his worst scowl. I did not risk an encounter with him, but let the ladies straight into the cottage, where a peat fire was glowing in each of the lower rooms. We went first into the sitting-room; a lighted lamp was in the middle of the table, the tea-things were on one end, and I glanced from mother to daughter, trying to read their first impression of their new home. Mrs. Elmer's eyes, sharpened by cold, were turned to hungry keenness, took in every detail at once with critical satisfaction, while her lips poured forth commonplace of vague delight. The climax of her pleasure was the discovery of the cup and saucer on the mantelpiece. By the way in which her thin face lighted up I saw she was a connoisseur. In looking at it she forgot me and for a moment sauntered in her enraptured monologue. Babiole took it all differently. She seemed to hold her breath, as she looked slowly round, as if determined to gaze on everything long enough to be sure that it was real; then, with a little sob, she turned her head quickly, and her innocent eyes, soft and bright with unspeakable gratitude, fell on me.

You must have been for years an object of horror and loathing to your fellow-men, to know what that look, going straight from soul to soul, with no thought of the defects of the bodily envelope, was to me. Perhaps it was because my life had so long been barren of all pleasures dependent on my fellow creatures that I could not resist then, nor later that evening when I was alone, recall any sensation akin to its effect in sweetness or wildness except the glow I had felt after Babiole's girlish confidence to me at the door of the Aberdeen lodging. I suppose I must have stood smiling at the child with grotesque happiness, for Mrs. Elmer, turning from contemplation of the cup and

saucer, drew her thin lips together very sourly. "And now I will leave you to your tea," said I hastily. "I told Janet to put everything ready for you." "Thank you, Mr. Maude, you are too good. We require no waiting on, I assure you," broke in Mrs. Elmer, with rather tart civility. "Oh, no, I only told her to put the kettle on in the kitchen," I protested, humbly. And, with ceremonious hopes that they would be comfortable, I retreated, Babiole giving my fingers a warm-hearted squeeze when it came to her turn to shake hands. The child was following me to let me out when her mother interposed and came with me to the door herself. She took my hand and held it while she assured me that she was so much overpowered by my distinguished kindness and courtesy that I must excuse her if in the effort to do so her feelings adequately, she found herself without words. I'm sure I wished she would, for she went on in the same strain, making convulsive little clutches at my fingers to emphasize her speech, until both she and I began to shiver. She did not let me go until Babiole appeared behind her, flushed and smiling in the little passage. Then Mrs. Elmer's fingers sprang up from mine like an open latch and, dismissed I raised my hat and hurried off. I had not gone half a dozen yards when I met Janet on her way to the cottage; she curtsied and told me, in answer to my question that she was taking some tea to the ladies. After a moment's hesitation I turned and followed her, proposing to ask them whether they would like some books.

Janet opened the door quietly without knocking, and went into the kitchen on the left, while I stood on the rough fibre mat outside the sitting-room, having grown suddenly shy about intruding again. I heard Babiole's clear childish voice, "Oh, mamma, if only papa doesn't find us out, how happy we shall be here! Mr. Maude is a good man, I am sure of it!" As good as the rest of them, I dare say," answered her mother, in tones of pure vinegar. "Understand, if you ever meet him when I'm not with you, you are not to speak to him. It makes me ill to look at his hideous, wicked face. There's someone in the kitchen, run and see who it is."

And the poor Beast thinking he had heard enough, and afraid lest Beauty should catch him eavesdropping, slunk away from the doorway and made his way home with his tail between his legs.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

More Little Ones Die During the Hot Weather Months Than at Any Other Season. It is a lamentable fact that thousands of little ones die from hot weather ailments, whose lives might be spared if mothers had at hand the proper remedy to administer promptly. Hot weather ailments come suddenly and unless promptly treated, a precious little life may be lost in a few hours. Baby's Own Tablets promptly check and cure diarrhoea, stomach troubles, cholera infantum, and other hot weather ailments. They also give relief to teething troubles, and prevent the ailments that come at this period. Every prudent mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. No other medicine acts so promptly and so surely, and the Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm, and crushed to a powder you can give them to the smallest, sickliest infant. Mrs. Geo. Foot, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "My baby was troubled with diarrhoea and was very cross and restless, and got so little sleep I hardly knew what to do with her. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving her some her bowels became regular and she could sleep well. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine."

You can get the Tablets at any drug store or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockton, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

out in a fortnight, at the end of which time I began to think it it was I who was the idiot, to nourish resentments against those helpless creatures who, too poor to refuse an offer which saved them from brutality and starvation, had seen enough of the dark side of human nature to put small faith in disinterested motives, and had no weapon but their own wits whereby to fight their natural enemy—man. Besides, my solitude had grown ten times more solitary now that, sitting alone in my study at night, with To-to languidly stretching himself on the kennel in front of me, paying no attention to me, whatever, and To-to, who really had capacities for sympathy, lying asleep on the rug, my feet, I knew were not a hundred yards away, there were slender women's forms flitting about, and girlish prattle going on, by a little modest fire-side that was his home.

So I suddenly remembered that I ought to call and ask them if they found their new home to their liking. Anxious, for the first time for five years, to make the best of a bad business, so far as my person was concerned, I exchanged the coarse tweed Norfolk suit I usually wore for a black coat and grey trousers I used to wear in town, which, though doubtless a little old-fashioned in cut, might reasonably be supposed to pass muster with the wilds, and even to give me a rather dashing appearance. But, alas! it did not. It showed me on the contrary, how far I had slipped away from civilization. My knee breeches were too long, what complexion had left too weatherbeaten, while the seams and scarred right side of my face looked more hideous than ever. I changed back quickly to my usual coat, scarcely acknowledging to myself that some sort of vague wish to live once more the life of other men was disappointed.

"I found Mrs. Elmer and her daughter in their outdoor dress; they had been driven in by a snow shower, one of the first of the season. The sitting-room looked now cosy and habitable, if a little less in the hands of the touring actress being still manifest in a collection of unframed cabinet photographs—not all uncalculated to bring a blush to the Freerian cheek—which stood in a row on the mantelpiece. It occurred to me that old Janet might have let out the fact that I turned back with her to the cottage, and, perhaps, overheard something to my disadvantage, for Babiole looked frightened and shy, and Mrs. Elmer's manner was almost apologetically humble. The girl's constraint enough upon all for me to make my visit very short, but as I left I formally invited them to dine with me on the following evening. With what shamefacedness she had attracted my reason for this unparalleled order. However, he made no protest. But next morning, while I was at breakfast, he entered the room in his usual close-fitting coat, with a glow of pleasurable feeling in his cold eyes.

"If you please, Mr. Janet would be obliged if you would step into the drawing-room and see if my trunk still wish to have it prepared for the party this evening." Party I could have broken his neck. But I only followed him in an easy manner into the hall, it was full of blinding smoke, which was pouring forth from the open door of the drawing-room. I dashed heroically into the apartment, only to be met with a dense cloud, which rushed into my mouth and made my eyes smart and burn. Some winged thing, with a bird or a bat figure against the walls and ceiling in the gloom, Janet was choking at the fireplace, in great danger of being smothered.

"What is all this?" I choked angrily, getting back into the hall. "Nothing, sir," answered Ferguson with grim delight. "Nothing but that Janet lit the fire to air the room in obedience to your orders, and that the chimney smoke, which would permit, 'and r-ran it up the chimney.'"

THE FRUIT MARKS ACT.

What the Act Means and how it is Operated.

After the Parliament of Canada passed the Fruit Marks Act in 1901, the Inspector of Agriculture directed that every opportunity should be afforded the fruit growers and packers of the Dominion to meet its requirements and to fulfill their obligations to the public; and for a year the work of the department in this respect was informational and educational. This year some amendments were made to the Act as originally passed, and to-day the Act in all its provisions is "as plain as a pike staff," and every clause of it so simple that "he who runs may see it." No farmer, or fruit grower, or packer who is honest in his endeavors and straightforward in his trading need fear any of its clauses. The Act is being enforced, and the inspectors appointed to execute its requirements have been instructed to do their duty. They are the servants of the crown; Parliament has definitely pronounced its judgment upon the false and fraudulent packing and marking of fruit consignments; and these have been selected to carry out the regulations placed in the statute book for the benefit of the public and for the protection of unprincipled dealers, and of preserving inviolate the fair commercial fame of Canada from unscrupulous packers. In other words, the Act will insure to the public of the Dominion and the commission agents, and the public generally in Great Britain and elsewhere, that the fruit they buy is honestly and honestly packed.

MEN BEDMAKERS.

Employed in Lodging Houses, a Trade of Their Own. Making beds is commonly considered a woman's work; but there is, nevertheless, in New York, quite a bunch of men who follow bedmaking as a calling, finding regular, steady employment at this work in the many great lodging houses for men, established in this city. For many years all the bedmakers in the city were women. Within the last six or eight years there have come to be employed at this work in many of the downtown lodging houses Italian women; but now, if not all of the great lodging houses uptown men bedmakers are still employed. In a big lodging house, with from 400 to 500 beds, there would be a bedmaker to every floor, having perhaps ninety beds to make daily. Incidentally he sweeps this floor and keeps it clean and in order. If the act, inspectors on duty at 6 a. m. and works till 6 p. m. The bulk of his work, however, is over by 3 p. m. The scattering beds to be made after that are so few in number as to call for little labor. Some men bedmakers make a slouchy bed, and some are not only quick but careful, and with an eye to appearance, making a bed that looks inviting and is comfortable to sleep in; in short, good bedmakers. The pay of the man bedmaker is small. Commonly he sleeps in the lodging house where he is employed. The man who follows bedmaking for a living has, if he is capable, a good working, and sober, a chance to rise in the house. He next step up in a lodging house would be to the post of watchman. From that he might get to be day clerk, and then, if he kept on advancing, night clerk. The night clerk holds the most responsible post and gets the most wages of any man employed in the lodging house.

WAS TORTURED BY ECZEMA 30 YEARS

A Dreadful Case—Itching Almost Unbearable—The Flesh Raw and Flaming.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema and could not get any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed to eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases. It was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin. Especially during the summer months children are tortured by itching skin disease, chafing, sunburn, and a score of ailments that are relieved and cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Mr. J. Goan, mail carrier and stage driver between Port Elgin and Kincardine, Ont., states: "I can testify to the worth of Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema. My sister, Mrs. Dobson, Underwood, Ont., has a boy who was with a great sufferer from this dreadful skin disease. He was then only four years old, and though she took him to several doctors and tried a great many remedies, all efforts to effect a cure seemed in vain. The little fellow was covered with itching sores, and his hands and face were especially bad. The way he suffered was something dreadful, and my sister had been disappointed with so many preparations that she did not have much faith in Dr. Chase's Ointment. I can now testify that Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure in this case, and there is not a mark or scar left on his body." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.