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LOVE'S EXILE.

So I found myself wandering about my old haunts, glancing up at the windows of clubs I had once been a member, and feeling a strong desire to enter their doors once more, and see what change eight years had brought about in my old acquaintances. I had long ago lost acute sensitiveness about my own altered appearance; there was so very little in common between the "Handsome Harry" of twenty-four and the scarred gray-haired backwoodsman of thirty-two, that I looked upon them as two distinct persons, and I remained for a few moments confounded by my exceeding astonishment, when a familiar voice cried, "Hallo, Maude!" and I found my hand in the grasp of an important looking gentleman, who as a slim lad, had been one of my constant companions. He now represented a small Midland town in Parliament in the conservative interest, seemed amazed that I had not heard of his speech in favor of increasing the incomes of bishops, and confided to me his hopes of getting an appointment to the Foreign Office when "his party" came into power again. I said I hoped he would, but I inwardly desired that it might not be a point of great responsibility, for I found my friend addressed to an extent I had never dreamed of in the old days, when we backed the same horses and loved the same ladies. He insisted on taking the Carlton where I met some more of the old set, who all seemed glad to see me, but with whom I now felt curiously out of sympathy. It was not so much that my politics had veered round, as that, living an independent and isolated life, I was not bound to hold fast to traditions and prejudices, like these men who were in the thick of the fight. I had gone into the club seeking distraction from my thoughts, trying to reawaken my old sympathies. I went out again after an hour of animated and friendly talk with my acquaintances of eight years ago, more solitary, more isolated than ever. Yet when they had tried to persuade me to come back to life again, being all of opinion that the existence by one's self in the Highlands was tantamount to a state of suspended animation, I had answered it was not unlikely that I might do so.

For the game must be carried on still when Babile was married, but not with the old rules. I had another interview with Fabian that evening, for we dined at the Criterion together. It was arranged that he should spend Christmas at Larkhall with me, and it was tacitly understood that he would use this opportunity of assuring Miss Elmer that her image had never been absent from his mind, and that he could have no rest until she had promised to become his wife at an early date.

I left King's Cross by the nine o'clock train that night, having decided on this course suddenly. When I found I was in too restless a mood to be able to get either sleep or entertainment in London. Arriving at Aberdeen at 2.15 on the following afternoon, I caught the three o'clock train for Balaclava, where I found Larkhall before six. It was quite dark by that time, and the lamp was shining through the blind of the sitting-room window at the cottage. I knocked at the door, which was opened by Babile, who held a candle in her left hand and by its light I saw her eyes and cheeks were burning with excitement.

"I knew your knock," she said tremulously, as she gave me a hot dry hand. "Though I did not expect you so soon."

Here Mrs. Elmer rushed out of the

SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May be Preserved.

To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish illnesses are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Blackford, of Glen Sutton, Que. "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that grip and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If your druggist does not sell them,

sitting-room, fell upon me, and insisted upon my sitting down to tea with them.

"And how have you been since I left?" I said to the girl.

"Don't ask, Mr. Maude," interrupted her mother. "I'm sure you would have felt flattered if you could have seen her. She's been just like a wild bird in a cage, never still for two minutes, and half the time with her nose glued to the window, cold as it is; as if that would make you come back any faster."

Babile hung her head; she may have blushed, poor child, but her cheeks had been so hot and burning ever since my entrance, that no deepening of their color could be noticed. I concluded that she had given no hint to her mother of her surprise concerning the object for my journey.

"Well," said I, "leading such solitary lives as we do up here, of course the absence of one person makes a great difference. In fact, my own solitude has begun to prey upon me so much, that—that I rushed up to London on purpose to try to find a friend to spend Christmas up here, and make things livelier for us all."

"Well," said Mrs. Elmer, "that is an idea, to be sure. I confess I have been eaten up with wonder at your suddenly going off like that, and have been guessing myself quite silly as to the reason of it."

"Oh, no, she has given up all such childish amusements as that," said Mrs. Elmer, rather sadly. "There would never be so much as a laugh to be heard in the place now if I didn't keep up my spirits."

"Well, she must open her mouth now, at any rate. Now, Babile, can you guess who it is who is coming to spend Christmas with us?"

In an instant the strained expression left her face, a great light flashed into her eyes, and seemed to irradiate every feature.

"I think you have guessed," said I gently.

She got up quickly and opened the sideboard, as if looking for something; but I think for the attitude of her bent head and from the solemn peace that was on her face when she returned to us, that she had followed her first impulse to breathe a silent thanksgiving to God.

"Will you have some quince marmalade, Mr. Maude?" she asked, as she came back to the table with a little glass dish in her hand.

him and said—I don't know what, but just the thing you knew would touch him, with pity or with pride that a poor little girl could love him so." I almost shivered at the dreary distance which lay between this surmise and the truth. "But I don't mind; I know that I love him so much, that when he knows and feels what I would do for him, it will make him happy. You know," she went on more earnestly still, "it isn't for him to love me that I have been craving and praying all this time. It was for a sight of his face, or for a letter that he had written himself with his own hand."

She took my sympathy with her for granted now, and poured this confession out to me quite simply, feeling sure that I understood, as indeed I did, to my cost. But after this I thought it wise to try to calm down this exultation of feeling, by certain grandmotherly platitudes about the difficulties of married life, the disillusion one had to suffer, the forebodings of the future, to show to all of which she listened very submissively and well, but with an evident conviction that she knew quite as much about the matter as I did. Then I bade her good night, and she stood in the porch, wrapt up in her plaid, until I had reached my own door, for I heard her clear young voice sing out a last "good night!"

Poor little girl! She could not know how her gratitude cut me to the heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The ten days before Christmas were spent on the whole happily. Mrs. Elmer burst into tears on my informing her of the glowing picture of the wedding to be held, and sobbed out hysterically, "My own child, to be able to keep a carriage! Oh! if poor Fabian could have known!"

This announcement, when made to Babile by her mother, was the one

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Change of Weather Disastrous to Many People.

Bad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold—A Cold Makes You Liable to Cough—Diseases—How to Protect Yourself

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it weak and watery, and now that the weather is changing, this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the digestive organs bring little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a little tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-strengthening, and will make you strong and sturdy all the winter and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says: "It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was much troubled with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I have always spoken in good word of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Poor blood is the cause of most disease. Good blood means health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purify the blood, they make pure, rich blood. They cure so many diseases. But you must always get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

drawback to her happiness. She employed me to change my mind, little guessing poor child, what other change that would have involved. I was very angry with Mrs. Elmer for spoiling the child's peace of mind by this vulgar detail, which it had been necessary to impart to the mother, but which I had particularly desired to withhold for the present from the girl, and more sensitive ears. I succeeded at last by reminding her that she was under my guardianship, and that it was my pride and glory to have her as a handsome figure in the world.

"I almost think, if it does not sound far-fetched to say so, that the girl enjoyed those ten days with me, prattling about her lover and envying him, with gifts of beauty and nobility and wisdom which neither he nor any man I ever met possessed, more than the fortnight of feverish joy in his actual presence, which followed. Not that Fabian was disappointed as a fiance; far from it. He had the gift of falling into raptures easily, and he felt in love with his destined bride as promptly as his heart could desire. But the imaginative quality, which formed so important a feature of the young girl's romantic passion, caused her first to shrink from his vehement caresses as at a blow, to her ideal, and on the other hand the light touch of his fingers would send a convulsive shiver through her whole frame."

How did I know all this? I can scarcely tell. And yet it was true, and I learnt it early in Fabian's short visit. As the savage knows the signs of the sky, so did I, living so long in the country, study to know the gentle nature whose smiles made my happiness.

When Fabian left us at the end of a fortnight, it was settled that the wedding was to take place in six weeks' time at Newcastle. I had a prejudice against my ward's being married in Scotland, where I considered, rightly or wrongly, that a certain looseness of the marriage-tie pre-

valled. On the other hand, I would not let her go to London to be married, being of opinion that such a bride was worth a journey. So Mrs. Elmer having some relations at Newcastle, she and her daughter spent there the three weeks immediately preceding the ceremony. I missed them dreadfully during those three weeks, and was not without a vague hope somewhere down in the depths of my heart that something unforeseen might happen to prevent the marriage. But when I arrived at Newcastle on the evening before the appointed day, Fabian was already there, everybody was in the highest spirits; and Mrs. Elmer's Newcastle cousins, rather proud of the position in "society" which they were assumed the bride was going to hold, had undertaken to provide a handsome wedding breakfast.

I gave her away next morning, in the old church, with its crowded tower, which they now call a cathedral. I think perhaps she guessed something more than I would have had her know in the vestry when the service was over, when I asked her for a kiss and fell a-trembling as she granted it; at any rate she turned very white and grave in the midst of her happiness, and thereupon dropped her veil about her face and whispered whenever she spoke to me. She had been married in her travelling dress, an innovation rather alarming to Newcastle; but she looked so pretty in her first silk gown—a dark brown—and in the long wedding present, that I think some of the damsels at the breakfast decided that this fashion was one to be followed.

The bride and bridegroom left us early, and I think because Fabian found breakfast and speeches heavy, than because there was any need to hurry for the train. I having no such excuse, and being treated as a guest, I remained with the Moorish Christ-like maid of dowering marriageable maidens, was forced to remain. I made a speech, I forget what about, which was received with laughter and enthusiasm. The only thing I remember about the people were the strong impression of dull and commonplace provincialism which their speech and manner made upon me, and that on the other hand a little quiet maiden of sixteen or so, who wore a very rusty frock and was awkwardly shy, astonished me by quoting Tacitus in the original and proved to be quite an appallingly learned person.

When I could get away, I bade farewell to Mrs. Elmer, who touched my heart by crying over my departure. She had made arrangements to stay in Newcastle with an aunt who was getting old, and who felt inclined for the cheap charity of discharging her servant and taking the maid and industrious little woman to live with her. Mrs. Elmer would take care of Ta-ta till my return. Outside the door Ferguson met me with my old portmanteau ready on the train, and in five minutes I was off on my travels again.

I was out of England altogether for four years, during which, among other little expeditions, I traversed America from the southernmost point of Texas to the northernmost of the Eskimos. I heard nothing of Babile or her husband, nor did I make any effort to hear anything about them, being settled down to life together, busy without any of that outside interference which it is so difficult for those who love them to withhold, when these things go amiss with the young household. At the end of four years, I had said to myself, they will have obtained a rudimentary knowledge of each other's character. Babile will be a woman and will no longer see the reflex of the divinity in any man; the experiment of marriage will be in working order, and one will be able to judge of the results; I had not forgotten them, indeed, but I had not forgotten continually. I had taken care that Babile's allowance was regularly paid; but my second sentimental disappointment having found me some sort of a misanthrope, and of four of my misanthropy; and a freer intercourse with men and women, and a particular study of much married couples as I met convinced me that the mutual attraction of man and woman towards each other is so great that merely negative qualities in the one sex count as virtues in the eyes of the other, and that a husband and wife who will only abstain from being actively disagreeable to one another are in a fair way towards attaining a genuine and enthusiastic which will make the grayest of human lives seem fair. Now Babile could never be actively disagreeable to anybody, and surely not even a disappointed artist and a disappointed man as he is at heart, could be actively disagreeable to Babile.

But my philosophy had weak points which I was soon abruptly to discover. It was in the month of March that I came back to England and put up at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. Fabian and his wife and I in a flat at Bayswater, the address of which I had taken care to obtain. Although I was much excited at the thought of seeing them, it was by no means my intention to anticipate the meeting, which I had decided should not take place until

THE "GENTLEMANLY" WOMAN

(By Max O'Rell.)

To my mind, the ideal woman is a hybrid creature gifted with the best attributes of womanhood and some of the highest qualifications of manhood. It is a beautiful woman, beautiful in the face and form, possessing all the qualities of a perfect gentleman.

My favorite heroine in history is Ninon de Lenclos, who was all that. We all of us heard of her beauty, which lasted till she was 70, of her amiability and of her wit, but it is not everybody who knows that, under the most famous woman who have left memoirs and letters full of observations and epigrams, such as Madame d'Epinay, Madame du Deffand, Madame de Sevigne, Madame de Staël, Mademoiselle de Mairan, and scores of other clever French women, Ninon de Lenclos never wrote a line or said a word that was bitter, malignant, or even only biting on the subject of her sex.

She was cheerful, generous, even magnanimous in all her reflections on the men and women of her day. She was a gloriously beautiful woman, and not a vulgar beauty. Once she was heard uttering this prayer: "God, make me the woman you please, but see that I remain an honest man."

The woman with gentlemanly feelings is the exception rather than the rule. You probably find her in every country, but you undoubtedly find in America more than anywhere else. The reason is not far to seek. Of all the women on earth, the American woman is the freest, the best educated, and, on the whole, certainly the one best treated by men. It is the complete emancipation of women which has developed their highest qualities.

In ancient times woman was little more than an ignorant slave, and all the writers of antiquity vie with

each other in reviling her and attributing to her all the vices that exist under the sun. Now she is praised up to the sky for her possession of all the troop of graces and virtues, and by none so highly as by American men of letters.

The "gentlemanly" woman never speaks ill of her sex, and acknowledges that man does possess some redeeming features. She helps the members of her sex who are in trouble and tenders a helping hand to the woman who has fallen. She does not resent little offences committed against her. She is tolerant and forgiving.

She is a good fellow and the pal of her father, her husband and her brother. She would think it beneath her to commit the slightest act of meanness.

The locked drawers in her husband's study, like the pockets of his coat, are sacred to her. She would not even read a woman's letter addressed to her husband that might lie open on his table. She pays her debts. She does not spend her leisure time in stores making shop attendants unload all their stock and buying a piece of ribbon worth fifteen cents to reward them for their trouble.

She is absolutely reliable and keeps her appointments like a soldier on duty. She is cheerful and amiable, and as a rule, a philosopher, who always looks at the bright side of life. Her face generally beams with intelligence, and she is the companion of her husband in the intellectual pleasures of life as well as in the others.

The "gentlemanly" woman is a grand, a glorious woman. Happy is the man who comes in contact with her and inspires in her enough love to make her share life with him.

tailor and hatter and dressmaker had done their best to remove all traces of barbarism. My beard I had decided to retain, but it must be now the beard of Bond Street, and not that of the prairies. In the meantime I took a solitary stall at the theatre where Fabian was playing, with some vague idea of gaining a premonitory insight into the course of his matrimonial career.

(To be Continued.)

PHILANTHROPY TO BE WARY OF.

(By Masquette.)

What a lot of philanthropic people there are in this hard old world! Has it ever occurred to you, reader, to wonder how so many people make out to get three square meals a day by giving away their substance to the masses, even spending fortunes in advertising for people to take it?

Hardly a paper you pick up but contains advertisements of some kind for nothing, with special inducements to get you to send for it. The mails are loaded with circulars offering fortunes for the taking. I have had a load of them lately. Some of them offer shares in oil prospects—sure to yield millions in a very short time—for only three cents a share! Think of it—a fortune for the price of a few cigars for tobacco is up now! Another is for a gold mine in the Western States, only 10 cents a share, to be raised in a month or so to 50 cents, so there is need to move quickly to grasp the fleeting chance. The philanthropist who offers the stock is careful to impress that on you, "don't lose it! I might delay and lose my chance. I ought to feel very grateful to him, but somehow it hasn't struck the spot where I keep my gratitude. Anyway he may need all the receipts to pay for his advertising. I haven't the heart to rob him."

Then we have the folks who advertise for "managers" for branch houses, salary all the way from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year, "paid by cheque every month" of course some of those are genuine, but—

I know of a man who recently gave up his job to "accept" one of these managerships. He went to Toronto and set up his shop. Then he was told that a deposit of \$10,000 was required as an evidence of good faith and security for certain samples that he was to get. He realized on some of the money he had in his pocket, and was to a house in Maple Street, downtown, of course. While waiting for his samples (silverware) he had a call from another man, who said he was with a man who had a good deal of money and was looking for a manager. The informant had hung out his shingle, and on comparing notes they found that each had been played in the same way. Each had been engaged at a salary to manage a branch house, and each had gone as directed to Toronto, and each had been requested to send the deposit, and had confidently complied. There was some talk about more and thinking before the sets of silverware came along. Then they together went to a silversmith

and had them appraised, and were told that they were worth about \$2.50 each. The men were not used to dealing in silver, and in the appointing of agents, and having no idea of how to get back their deposits, they sought and obtained jobs in the city. I haven't yet heard of their recovering their money.

That's one sample.

A few years ago I knew a woman who lived on Hannah street in this city, who was the victim of a small swindle. She was devoted to fancy work, and seeing in a paper an advertisement offering "ends of embroidery silk, the remnants of a bankrupt wholesale stock, to be had at a wonderful sacrifice—a large package for 10 cents—she sent the cash. In due time she got a small box, after a trip to the custom house, and went home happy. On opening it she was rather surprised to find only a dozen or so of threads about three inches long. In the bottom of the box there was a card on which was printed:

Some People Want The Earth.

For Ten Cents.

She was angry, as you may imagine, what woman would not be angry? There are stock speculations, work at home, mail education, matrimonial, religious and other frauds galore, waiting to prey on the unwary, and while some genuine chances are sometimes offered, it is well to be very cautious about that kind of thing.

Beware of the something for nothing folk. Nobody needs to advertise to get rid of ten-dollar gold pieces. Good jobs are not running about trying to find takers long. The rest of the world is a good deal like this, and if you are acquainted with it, that snags are scarce. Use your thinker. Don't be a mark for the fellows who live by their wits.

JOHN BULL LIMNED.

Washington Irving's Effort at Depicting Him.

More than fifty years ago Washington Irving gave us a sketch of John Bull, one paragraph of which I think worth reproducing at the present time. "Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affair; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious, and though he is one fight with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet when the battle is over and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to enrage him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humor and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. It is like a stout ship which will weather the roughest storm unharmed, but roll its masts overhead in the succeeding calm." The moral lies in the application—"Captain Bull," in the Times.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF WOMANHOOD

Many a Girl Falls a Victim of Ills Which Affect Health and Happiness All Through Life—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Just on the threshold of womanhood, that trying period when the whole system is undergoing a complete change, many a girl falls a victim of chlorosis, or green sickness. Her disposition changes and she becomes morose, despondent and melancholy. The appetite changes, digestion imperfect and weakness and fatigues experienced on the slightest exertion. Blondests become pallid, waxy and puffy, brunettes become dusky and greynish in color, with bluish black rings under the eyes. Examination shows a remarkable decrease in the quality of the blood. Iron and such other restoratives as are admirably combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are demanded by the system. The regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot fail to benefit any girl or young woman suffering from chlorosis, feminine irregularities or weakness resulting from poor blood and exhausted nerves. It reconstructs wasted tissue, gives color to the cheeks and new vitality to every organ of the body.

Mrs. Williams, 73 Palace Street, Bradford, states: "My daughter, who was working in a grocery store, became so weak and run down in health that she had to give up her position. She was also pale and nervous, and had very frequent attacks of headache. I got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and started her using it. I could easily see an improvement in her looks, and she had not been taking it long before her color became very much better, her nerves more steady and her headaches disappeared. She is now entirely cured of her trouble, and consequently we value Dr. Chase's Nerve Food very highly."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is woman's greatest help, because it forms new, rich, life-sustaining blood. 50 cents a box, 24 boxes for \$12.00, at all druggists, or E. J. Mann, Eaton & Co., Toronto.