

Quality first means healthy food Blue Ribbon Tea.

LOVE'S EXILE.

I was pleased by her solicitude for me. But I showed her how far fetched her fears were, and assured her, moreover, that if Mr. Ellmer, with the brutal ferocity which had been ascribed to him, should ever go so far as to attack me personally, could probably find his match in a man who lived so hardily as I.

CHAPTER XXII.

I did not mention Miss Farington's threatened visit until the very moment when, after dinner, as we were all turning out for a walk round the garden, I caught a glimpse of her little pony carriage, which had just been driven up to the door, and which I had taken a fancy to in a bazaar in Calcutta, and had sent home to her, was standing by a rose tree and choosing the flowers which I was to cut. Mrs. Ellmer, with characteristic vivacity, was running little races with old Ta-ta, whose falling energy was now satisfied with such small performances as those. The dog stopped short to bark at the carriage, to which Mrs. Ellmer now directed my attention.

"Oh, yes, it's Miss Farington, I think she said she might come round this evening."

"What! Miss Farington? Your young lady! And you could forget that she was coming! Oh, naughty, naughty!" said Mrs. Ellmer. Babble's face had flushed from chin to forehead. "We must go and meet her," she said quietly, using the example of going up the steps which led from the terrace to the house. Reminded of my duty, I hastened up to the lawn, and was just in time to help my sister out of the little carriage. She wore a gray dress, a dark blue jacket, a brown hat, and black silk gloves—a costume in which I had seen her often. The carriage, which had not struck me as being a hideous combination until I saw it straightway after looking at a figure, which, seen in the soft evening shadows which had begun to creep up under the trees, had left in my mind an intoxicating vision of rich colors and soft outlines, like the conception of an Indian princess by an Impressionist painter.

MRS. YOUNG'S CASE

A Strange Case That Baffled Doctors

one of Her Friends Believed She Could Recover and Her Case Has Excited Great Interest.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont. The case of Mrs. Robert Young, of Stanley street, Trenton, is one that has caused a great deal of talk among those who are acquainted with her. Mrs. Young is now seventy-eight years of age, and is going up to the age of a quite vigorous woman of that age. Three years ago she took a chill, which appeared to affect her whole system. Her lower limbs and body swelled to such an extent that she could scarcely move, and her stomach became so disordered that she could not take solid food, and her heart fluttered so violently that she could not lie in bed, and for two years had to be bolstered up day and night. The chill, which was apparently the original cause of the trouble, became chronic, and affected her two or three times a week, and after a chill her skin would turn a dark brown color. Her friends did not believe she could recover, but nevertheless did all they could for her. Three doctors tried their skill, but to no purpose, and the strongest consolation they could offer was "Well, you know we are all growing old." Several advertised medicines were then given her, but with no better results. In August, 1901, Mrs. Young had become so bad that her daughter-in-law had to come from a distance to nurse her. She brought with her some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded the old lady to begin their use. In the course of a few weeks there came no doubt that they were helping her, and the doctor advised continuing their use, and now, after using them for some months, the swelling that had affected her limbs is gone; the chills no longer bother her; her stomach is restored to its normal condition, and the heart fluttering that had made it necessary to bolster her up in bed has also disappeared. It is no wonder that the case has excited much comment, and the editor of the Courier, who has personally investigated it, can vouch for the facts related above. Such marvellous cures as this prove Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the best medicine offered the public to-day, and all those that are afflicted should promptly give them a trial. All druggists sell these pills, or they can be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

the pony-carriage. "I have some designs of a new show you will like, which I think even you will like; and my Uncle Matthew is most anxious to see more of you than he had a chance of doing yesterday." "Thank you; it is very kind," I answered, "and I shall be happy to come and see you to-morrow as usual if you will let me. But I couldn't spend the whole day at Oak Lodge, you see, I have guests to consider." "And can't they spare you for a single afternoon?" asked Lucy, with a hard laugh. I shall really begin to feel quite jealous." "You need not indeed," I broke out, hastily and earnestly, "I assure you,..." She interrupted me in a very abrupt and icy manner. "Pray do not take the trouble, no man who was such a fan of trousers as to give me reason for jealousy could possibly retain a hold upon my affections." "Of course not," I assented, in my usual mean-spirited way, but with a dawning suspicion that my fiancée's affections would not prove strong enough for even a flimsy creature than I to obtain a firm grip on. "My father and Mrs. Farington will drive over to-morrow," Lucy went on; "I believe they intend to ask Mrs. Scott to dinner, I suppose one must ask the mother, too," she added, slyly. "It certainly would be better, unless you wish to insult them both," I said in an unattractively subdued tone, "the significance of which I think she failed to notice. But in any case the invitation will have no awful results, for Mrs. Scott is not well enough to go out to dinners." "Ah, poor thing! I suppose not. She looks very ill. It seems almost impossible to believe what they tell me, that she was once very pretty. Perhaps she would not look so bad, though, if somebody could only persuade her to dress like other people. Did you ever see anything like that?"

MOTHERLY ADVICE

To Mothers Who Have Cross or Sickly Children.

Cross or crying babies are either sick or in pain, and make everyone in the house miserable. Healthy babies are always happy babies, and all little ones can be kept healthy and happy by the occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets. If your little one is cross, give him a Tablet and see how quickly it will work a change for the better. Mrs. H. Austin Farington, N. S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs when her little ones are cutting their teeth. When my little ones cry, I give them a Tablet, and it helps me in a better way than any other medicine. My babies have no trouble with their babies." These Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee to contain neither opium nor any poisonous drug, and they will promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid, at 25 cents a box, to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

shawl arrangement she had on when I first came?" "Never," said I, calmly. "But I confess I am a barbarian, and I don't think you would care to be troubled with my dress should have something unique about it."

"Indeed! Then how about mine?" said I, politely. Miss Farington looked at me doubtfully, but came, I think, to the conclusion that she had been unreasonable enough for one day, even if this compliment were a dubious one. So she contented herself with begging me warmly to come early the next day, and to remember that my guests were not to absorb me too entirely, and then she advanced her cheek for me to kiss, and I turned back into the study. I found Mrs. Scott had been on her way to her room when she had swooned away on the stairs, Janet said. She presently went up to her room, and Mrs. Ellmer came out to tell me that Babble had indeed been overcome by fatigue and had fainted, and would be in a little room in the morning after the night's rest. But I was anxious about the poor child; for her pallor during the evening had frightened me. My new departure had given me something to think about, so that sleep for the present was out of the question. I therefore determined to keep my lighted candle burning in the study, if I threw another log on the fire, which, winter and summer, was always necessary in the evening, and lighting my pipe, stretched myself up to meditation, which resolved itself before long into a doze.

I woke up suddenly before the fire had got low, and the old boards of the floor above me creaking repeatedly, as if someone were hurrying about on them with a soft tread. The room over my study was also, which had been assigned to Mrs. Scott, so that I was on the alert at once, afraid that she had been taken ill again in the night, and that her next to her, was running to and fro in attendance upon her. I jumped up from my chair, with the intention of going upstairs to ask Mrs. Ellmer whether I could be of any use, but before I had taken two steps, in a slow, sleepy fashion, listening all the time, the creaking ceased, and I heard the sound of a door being opened on the landing above. The study-door was ajar, so that in the complete stillness of the night the faintest noise was audible to me. I crossed the room softly, eyes fixed on the door with keenly open ears, and with something more than curiosity in my mind. For without being at all one of those highly-sensitive persons who can distinguish without fall one footfall from another, I knew the difference between Mrs. Ellmer's quick active step, and the slow, soft tread which I now heard on the polished floor of the room above the corridor. The steps became inaudible as I caught the light sound of a skirt sweeping from stair to stair; then again I heard a slow tread on the polished floor of the hall. Although I knew well enough who it was, a long sigh which suddenly reached my

ears and proclaimed beyond doubt the wanderer's identity, seemed to pierce my body and leave a deep wound. It was Babble, who was wandering about the house in the middle of the night. She was feeling about for something in the darkness when I opened wide the door of my study, and let the lamplight fall upon her just as she came to the front door rattled in her hands and fell with a loud noise against the oak. She glanced back at me in a startled manner, but proceeded to unlock the door and to turn the handle. She had on the muslin dress she had worn during the evening, with her travelling cloak and bonnet, and I saw by the vacant manner in which her eyes rested for a moment upon me, without surprise or recognition, that there was some cloud in her brain, and let me advance quickly into the hall and laid my fingers upon the handle of the door. "What are you doing down here to-night?" I asked in a low voice, "and by what authority. You ought to be sleeping." She drew back a little and looked helplessly from the door to me. "Now, go upstairs again and get into bed as you usually do," I continued coaxingly, "or your mother will find out that you have left your room, and be very much frightened." But recurring her purpose she made one step towards the door, and as I stood firm and prevented her opening it she fell to wild and piteous entreaties. "Let me pass, please. I must go, I must go, before they guess. It will all come right if I go."

"Tell me first why you want to go," said I, gently. "The light streamed out from the open study door upon us, showing me her dazed, almost haggard face, her disordered dress, the nervous trembling of her hands. She looked at me for a moment, and then said to herself, 'I thought she was coming to herself.' "I can't tell you," she whispered, still fumbling with the door handle and looking down at her own fingers. "Well, then, go upstairs now, and you shall tell me all about it to-morrow," I said, persuasively. "No, no, no," she broke out wildly and vehemently, "as at first, I am unable to lose all control of myself as she became excited. 'To-morrow I shall be happy again, and I shall not be able to go. He cannot care for this girl while I am a patient in the hospital. I am spilling everything for them; I want to go back to my husband, and not wait for him to come and fetch me. Don't you see? Don't you understand?'"

Even while she babbed out these secrets, ignorant who I was, her instinct of confidence in me made her support herself on my arm, and lean upon me as she whispered excitedly in my ear. "Well, but it is night, and there are no trains till the morning, you know. For a moment she seemed bewildered. Then with an expression of childlike simplicity, she said, "I was right to go. I can pray up here among the hills, just as I used when I was a child, and He told me it was right."

Luckily, perhaps, her strength was failing her even as she spoke. She swayed unsteadily on my arm and made little resistance but a faint murmur of protest as I half carried her back to the study. As she had been leaning languidly against my shoulder I saw that again, as fatigue overcame excitement, she was recovering her wandering consciousness, and I made haste to take advantage of the fact.

"Come," said I, "you had better go upstairs and rest a little while before you start your work." She looked up at me in a dreamy bewilderment, and then, supported by my arm, against the staircase, and two tears shining in the darkness, rolled down her cheeks. "I am afraid," said she in a broken whisper, "that I shall not be able to go at all."

A PEEP AT SOME PARIS STYLES.

Velveteen, says a Paris correspondent, has taken its usual important place in the early winter fashions. There is really no material which makes a more stylish and generally useful visiting or afternoon gown for the winter. At a fashionable wedding, for instance, four out of every six of the smartest women will be seen wearing velvet dresses with their furs. Green appears to be the most fashionable color in velveteen this season, in quite a bright water-cress or emerald tone, and Japanese embroidery is the most stylish trimming used as revers, vest and cuffs and combined with a great deal of lace. Some of the newest velveteen dresses are piped with satin up the seams, the same trimming being repeated at the edges of the wide cuffs and of the epaulettes capes which

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS IN BRITAIN.

A private letter from Mr. W. A. McKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, who is now in Great Britain, contains some interesting notes on the development of agricultural shows in that country. Some of his criticisms given here- with are well worthy of notice by those interested in agricultural education in Canada. One striking feature of the recent Royal Show at Carlisle, Eng., was that all but two or three of the buildings were simply frames covered with canvas; in other words, the show took place under a series of long tents. The advantage of this system is that the framework can be taken down and the tents shipped from point to point, and used many times in the season. This arrangement also makes it possible to use grounds for an exhibition, which are ready for another purpose. The tents are arranged in a compact and systematic order, in such a way that visitors can go in one direction and return in another, seeing always new exhibits. The classes are arranged in blocks, not in long lines.

There are Four Classes of agricultural shows in Great Britain—(1) The large shows devoted to breeding types, and implements; these are open to the kingdom. (2) Local shows: For the benefit of tenant farmers and breeders in the neighborhood; there may be certain open competitions in these, and the addition of sections for horticulture, apiculture, sports, etc., is optional. (3) Fair stock shows for the high-class butcher's meat. The chief ones are held at Birmingham, Leeds and Norwich; the finals so to speak where the winners in the three former compete take place at the Smithfield show. (4) Specific shows; these are held for the benefit of one or more particular branches of agriculture, such as dairying, fowling, poultry, horses, etc. A good type of this class of show is that held at the Agricultural Hall, London, during three consecutive weeks for special breeds of horses as follows: First week, Shires; second week, Hackneys; third week, thoroughbred hunters and polo ponies. One of the best of these specific shows is that held at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, a great Shire horse centre (owing to local conditions, fine grass, climate, etc.) here they have three main divisions of the year. One for general classes, (2) foals bred by tenant farmers, (3) foals from stallions belonging to local breeders.

Another notable show is that called the Great Horse Parade, held in London, where prizes are given for the best single, pair, uncolored and four-horse teams; these must be working horses attached to vehicles without any new harness or vehicles allowed; the turn-out must have been used up to the day of the show—Whit Monday. The prizes are given for the best working condition, for being able to encourage carters to take good care of their animals and a prize in their appearance. This is one of the most commendable of the specific shows. There are many Local Poultry Shows and village shows of varying import-

ance; at some of these prizes are given to the school children for the best collections of named grasses, weeds, etc. This also is found to be a very satisfactory aid to education. Private land owners also sometimes hold shows for the encouragement of agriculture among their tenant farmers, under local farmers. Chief among these is the show held by the Duke of Portland, known as the "Walbeck Tenant Farmers' Show." The Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society states that the year 1790 saw the beginning of agricultural shows in Great Britain. Particular enquiries about the standards adopted in judging stock at these shows failed to elicit a definite statement on this point. In fact, the officials themselves were not any too clear as to what is or ought to be the standard of the show.

They appear to have fallen into the easy error of looking on the prize itself as being the end and goal of the exhibitors' ambition. On pressing the matter somewhat closely, certain officials admitted that too little attention was paid to either the educational value of the show or the actual result to the farmer at large, such as the catalogue and prize lists. Judges are warned not to be influenced by the market value of stock in making their awards, and a high official states that in his opinion too little attention was paid to the economic value of the exhibits, and that farmers are sometimes misled by the awards so as to produce a result which is not remunerative. With regard to the Smithfield show they have begun to make improvements in the direction of market demands; that is to be expected, the object of the show is to encourage the Production of Butcher's Meat. Formerly prizes were given for animals four years old, but lately they have been cut down to three and under, and no prizes are given for the result is that they get fewer of the "talbot" animals which used to be seen there; yet they still give awards in some cases to animals which would not be sought for by a butcher. The Smithfield judges are breeders, and the lessons learned by farmers from the judgment have to be picked up without the benefit of any explanation of reasons from the judges. Farmers are supposed to learn from the show that certain types of animals can be made to weigh in at a certain rate, and to give a certain amount of meat. There is also a slaughter class which the judges view and rank alive and afterwards when killed. The secretary says that the average result is that the same animals are ranked first both alive and dead, but there are exceptions and some dissatisfaction in consequence. In this class one judge is usually a farmer and the other a butcher; those have similar fees for the block test. Heifers must be killed if they take a prize, this being a meat show, and not a general or agricultural show. Educational meetings are all but unknown. At Carlisle there were demonstrations of dairying processes, but no word of explanation seemed to be given. Good, intelligent education, for in Britain the farmer seems to be considered lightly honored in being allowed to exhibit and they let him pick up crumbs of information if it can be got. E. W. Hollison, Live Stock Commissioner.

finish the bodies. Velvet is desirable also as a trimming for tweeds. Where a basque is much disliked, The Correct Effect may be gained by having the top of the skirt trimmed with a yoke piece of velvet, the same material of course being then considerably present upon the bodice itself. The mixture of green and blue so popular in the past, and at present—was favorably seen upon one model gown. The material was a heather mixture, in which brown and green and old gold threads were cleverly interwoven at the top of the skirt had a yoke piece of green velvet, and of this a cape collar and the revers which turned back the bell sleeves were also composed, while the lower part of the skirt was piped up the seams with pale blue sat silk, and beneath the hanging sleeve ending like a bell pale blue soft like formed full puffs for undersleeves; a narrow Bodice Vest of the Blue was the centre of the bodice. With every gown day or evening, a string of pearls sitting closely to the throat is becoming an usual worn. For state occasions, of course, this simple pattern will be exchanged by my lady for a deep collar of pearls and a full display of diamonds. Pearls are so very becoming to a white throat, however, that their effect is not to be departed with at any hour of the day. While a basque of some kind is almost indispensable for an appearance of newness in a dress, it may be quite small, only perhaps coming five or six inches below the hips in front, with a longer postilion-tail behind, or quite short all round. It is true that some of the newest and smartest models have basques so

Artificial Eyelids. The latest surgical triumph is the grafting of a new set of upper and lower eyelids to the eyes of a man who lost his original set in a fire. The accident had left both eyeballs entirely unprotected, and there was danger of the victim losing his sight. Dr. Chase was resolved to replace them by grafting four new eyelids if possible, by taking the skin from the hip of the patient. It was necessary to proceed slowly, but the experiment was successful from the start. The four new eyelids perform their normal functions naturally. Childish Folly. No!—What, married eight years and got seven children? That's doing pretty well, old man. Todd—Yes; a great deal better than we expected.

MANY CHILDREN OUT OF SCHOOL

With Coughs and Colds, and Parents Everywhere are Proving the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When grown people neglect their ailments and allow them to develop into serious diseases, they have no one to blame but themselves. With children it is different, because they do not realize the seriousness of a neglected cold nor the means of obtaining cure, and many a child, as he grows older and finds himself a victim of pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, asthma or throat trouble, cannot but see that his parents were responsible for neglecting treatment when his ailment began in the form of a cold. To-day the schools have many a vacant seat on account of coughs and colds, and many children who are there should be at home. What treatment are these children getting? Do their parents realize the seriousness of neglecting to cure a cold? Have they proved the merit of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all kindred ills? Very many have, for there is no

preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase is on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store, warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edman & Bates & Co., Toronto.

preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase is on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store, warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edman & Bates & Co., Toronto.