Quality tells every time!
This fact explains why Blue
Ribbon beylon is fast displacing
all other teas throughout banadas.

፟፟፟፟፟፟ጜ፞፞፞፞ዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹዹ፠ LOVE'S EXILE.

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

Deaths

BAILEY.

Joseph, of

esh cases

and 16,-

returaed is Joseph nt in the and who stro-Hun-oronation

charge. Francis

ther meant when the research of Clarke, eral, de-rosecutor released releas

racy officials

re of the

ince and in charge k at the nd plead-icholas of tives and ed court-

s charge

om Dawlues. bandonad 50 miles Dawson, and has

parative-uring the doned be-

aghly un-

was con-the pay This sum-et wide, an aver-f two to , one of the rich-O men at

Quit the

l Booth, on Army, intry and He has for rea-ted now. strainsia.

ous trouoth famcton and and Ar-

Herbert
have out
nineering
and have
only one
is now

e Salvahe army

imployee

e at 145 nd-house y yards, fatally of age,

d crush He was but died fter. Mr.

com Sea-ad taken

at the

has re-s an au-lain, the

the vica, rith this s pleased done to into the

WES. que plam iorleston njunetion the vil-

of age.
on agent
inmaster
ng ears
irs came

CER.

Is since

ned Crim-Will be Blackmatt ekly chok how thick

'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.

'Bo you know. I have a sort of feeling that I knew you were coning to-day? The Scotch believe in second sight; perhaps it's a gift of the country. I've had all day a presentment that something was going to happen—something nice, you know; and just now, before you were hear enough for me to hear your step, some impulse made me were hear 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 mamma if she says Ta-ta moved first, because she didn't; it was I. There's alway's something in the air before the good genius appears, you know." And she laughed very happily as she led me in ant 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 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, making kindly welcoming around me. To-to broke his chain, and climbed up on my shoulder, snarling and snowing his teeth jeal-ously at Babiole. The delighted clamor soothed my cars as no prima dona's singing had ever done. That evening I could have embraced Mrs.

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

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. Babiole uttered a short cry of surprise and dismay. I said nothing, but not my head on one side to see if biole attered a short cry of surprise and dismay. I said nothing, but put my head on one side to see if one of my new pictures was hung straight. At last she spoke—
"Oh, Mr. Mande!" was all she said, in a tone of timid reproach.
"Yell."
"You're not constructed a short cry of surprise and dismay. I said nothing, but 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?"
"You're not constructed."
"Yes, without helps."

"You're not going to take her down "That is after all this time?"
"You see I have taken her down." "What de "Why, all it was entreaty.
"Don't you think she's been sup to think, there lowe enough?"

For Weak, sickly and Frestoi Children are all resolutions of the consideration of the construction of the

the picture still hung there just the same."

The story must have leaked out, then—the first part through Fabian, probably, and the rest through the divorce court columns of the daily papers. I said nothing in answer to the girl's pleadings, but I restored the portraits to their old place with the excuse that the landscapes would look better in the dining-room.

Our studies began again that very afternoon. Babiole 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.

"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 not going to marry; I am going to devote my self 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 sacrificing themselves to this Jüggernaut. The sketches were all of fir and larch

for the mamma, who might well be forgiven for a prejudice against any 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 penell, 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.

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 my paint-box without disrespect."

"But you can be a great artist without painting great things. You may paint. Showdon so that it is nothing but a drawing-master's copy, and you may paint a handful of wild flowers so that it may shame acres of classical pot-boilers hung on the line at the Royal Academy."

Bablole was thoughtfully silent for some minutes after this, while I turned over the rest of her drawings.

"Drawing-master's copy!" she reseated slowly at last "The each of the stone of the content of the rest of her drawings.

"Yes, without being very severe I think we may say that."
"That is not like your teaching."

"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; it was entreaty.

"Don't you think she's been supthere long enough?"

"If you were the woman and she ware 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 would be something to know that

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children are all right, the children are all right.

for the same of making such terms with him as would rid us all of his obnoxious presence. I hetd out my hand, which he, after a moment's hesitation, took and dropped out of the control o

through those same eyes of mine, learning a far more dangerous lesson, and one, uniuckly, 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 pleasure, the few months away had but increased my craving to taste it again. This second winter we worked even harder than the first. Babloie, with her expanding mind, and the passionate excitement she began to throw into every pursuit, became daily a more fascinating pupil. She would shide 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 tan my fingers impatiently to hurry my expression of opinion. How obtains he had been reading she would put her hand on my shoulder with affectionate persuasion if I disagreed with her, or tan my fingers impatiently to hurry my expression of opinion. How obtail she know that thurows in his scarred face, and already whitening hair, was young and hot-blooded too, with passions far stronger than hers, and all the stronger from being iron-bound.

Sometimes I felt tempted to iet her know that I was twenty years younger than she, growing up in the belief of her childhood on that matter innocently though. Fut it could make no difference, in the only way in which I cared for it to make a difference, and it might rendersher 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 fave 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 lade keener feelings 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 h

hree of us. The first intimation of this revolu-

The first intimation of this revolution was given by Ferguson, who informed me at luncheon, with a solemnly indignant face, that a "verradisreputable-looking person" had been pestering inim with inquiries for Mr. Maude, and after having the door shut in his face had taken himself off, so Ferguson feared, in the direction of the cottage, to bother the ladies. My butler's clicke of Mrs. Ellmer had broken down under her constant assistance to Janet.

"I saw that Jim was aboot the stable, sir, so I nave nae doot he help-

"I saw that Jim was aboot the stable, sir, so I have nae doot he helped 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 eagaged, for twenty minutes; and then, almost alarmed a such an unusual occurrence, I was getting up to go and make inquiries at the cottage wheat heard her well-known icoustep turough the open half-door. Even before she came in it at 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 late, 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 heid out her hand to me as she wished me

the matter?" I cried out, impatiently;... She came in then quickly, and held out her hand to me as she wished me good afteraoon. 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 f, as I drew her down into her usual chair. She shook her head and tried to laugh, but saddenly broke down, and, bursting into tears, leaned her face against her hands and sobbed bitterly. I was borribly distressed. I tried some vague words of consolation for

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 to withdraw it as if seared by the touch. There I rat down quietly and waited, while Ta-ta, more daring set up a kindly howl of sympathetic lamentation, which happily caused a diversion.

"Lought 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

"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 front door at this moment told us. "H'm, h'm, and no one about! And no knocker!" we heard a thick volce say, imperiously, as my townbred visitor stumped about the steps.

bred visitor stumped about the steps.

"Look here, Babiole; I think you'd better go, dear. Run turough 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:

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

Then she ran lightly away with

himself. His face was more his look more shifting, the himself. His face was more bloated, 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 even on my doorsten; but

hand, which he, after a moment's hesitation, took and dropped out of his flabby palm, with a look of horror at my scarred face.

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

"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. "Yees, well, I may say I have. Ali 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 stoke it is a low, thick voice, very

much walking exercise."

He spoke in a low, thick voice, very difficult to hear and understand, his

ward as a consequencee, and uninteresting.

"Probably the girl a man least likes is the dealist. She believes a perfect man is waiting for her somewhere down life's highway, and makes a practice of snubbing a fellov 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 eyes he is only the common or garden variety of man.

A LESSON IN BUTTER-MAKING

To Secure the Profitable Home and English Markets.

Depirtment 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. To 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 rate favorable to herself and acceptable to her customers, she is not making the most out of her latent 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 some-

much walking exercise."

He spoke in a low, thick voice, very difficult to hear and understand, his eyes wandering furtively from one object to another all the tlane.

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

"Oh, yes. She had taken care to hide herself well." And his face slowly contracted with a lowering and brutal expression. "She thought is shouldn't find them up here. But I shouldn't find the find them up here. But I shouldn't find them up here. But

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 fetching; for as 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 dairymen respond expeditiously, 1902 will be the banner year in Dominion history so far for butter exports.

minion history so far for butter exports.

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. Pasteurization does not destroy all the germs in milk or cream any more than cultivation 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 prevailing if not the only ones; so that the flavors which are the result of ripening or souring are those characteristic 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 of cold storage.

of cold storage. The Process of Pasteurizing consists of heating the cream to a 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

previously been troublesome.

When only the quality of the butter has to be considered it is sufficient to pasteurize the cream after

smoothing in whice previous people on the previous people of the pre loope that they may escape detection. But this has become well night 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

**Multialined at "Excelser."

This is shown by the fact that while in 1890 the export butter trade of Canada amounted to only \$340,181, a year ago it exceeded \$5,100,000; and the exports of butter in 1801 was nearly double that of 1900, and exceeded in value those of any previous year.

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

STUDIES IN SENSE.

A "man is the most sensible of all animals, is he not?" "Certainly." "Then, I wonder why he doesn't

wear a loose, comfortable collar, like a dog's."—Washington Star.

HAD LOST HOPE OF GETTING WEL

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

Mr. R. J. McBain, Niagara Falls, 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 got a box at once, and took two pills, which was a rather heavy dose; one pill is plenty at a dose, I used them regularly for a month, and at the end of that time was a changed man.

"It is now about five years since I began using this pill, and since that time I have felt as good as I did 40 years ago. I am almost 80 years old, and I am free from all disease, except rheumatism, and this is much better than it used to be before I used this medicios. I Bates & Co., Toronto. kidney disease, and suffered with dreadful pains in my kidneys. Being disappointed in the use of many medi-cines, I had almost given up hopes of ever getting better.

"One morning, after a night of especially hard suffering, a friend