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Everyone wants the best value for his money - Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea and you will certainly get it.

LOVE'S EXILE.

I pushed him aside with one vigorous thrust and went up the court, followed by the outraged gentleman, who made no attempt to molest me, except by a torrent of abusive eloquence, from which I gathered that he was the husband of one of the actresses at the theatre, and that she did not appreciate the virtues of her lord and master as he considered she ought, but that, nevertheless, he persisted in affording her the protection of his manly arm, and would do so, in spite of all the d——d mashers in London.

At this point the stage door-keeper came out of his little box, and informed the angry gentleman that if he went on disgracing the place by his scandalous conduct his wife's services would be dispensed with; "and if there's no money for her to earn, there's be no beer for you to drink, Mr. Elimer," continued the little old man, with more point than politeness.

The threat had instant effect. Mr. Elimer subsided into indignant mumbling, and went down the court again.

I had forgotten myself in interest at the rout of Mr. Elimer, to whom I had taken a rabid dislike, and was standing in the full, if feeble, light of the gas over the stage-door, when an inner door was thrust open, and the next moment Fabian Scott was shaking my hand heartily.

"Hallo, Harry! I am glad to see you again. I was afraid you were going away without a word to your old friends; but you were always better than your reputation. Got over your accident all right—eh?"

"As well as could be expected, I suppose. I start for Germany tomorrow."

"Ah!" By this one exclamation he signified that he understood the case, and knew that my mind was definitely made up. Actors are men of the world, and I felt the relief of talking to him after the stolid and obstinate misapprehension with which dear old Edgar persisted in meeting my reasons for saying good-bye to society. "It was good of you not to go without coming here," he went on, appreciating the fact that my visit must have entailed an effort.

"To tell the truth, I meant to see you without your seeing me; but I got interested in a moral victory just obtained by your doorkeeper over an eloquent visitor, and so you caught me."

Scott glanced at the swaggering Elimer.

"Drunken brute," said he, with much disgust. "His wife—a hard-working little woman, who acts under the name of Miss Bailey—has had to bring her child to the theatre with her to-night, for fear he should get home before her and frighten the poor little thing. Look, here they come. One wonders how a wild beast can be the father of an angel."

Scott was an ardent worshipper of beauty, but I a cooler mortal, could not think his raptures excessive when he stood aside to make way for a slim, pale pretty woman, to whose hand there clung a child so beautiful that my whole heart revolted at the thought that the tipsy ruffian a few paces off was her father. Both mother and child were shabbily dressed, in clothes which gave one the idea that November had overtaken them before they could afford to replace the garments of July. The little one was about eight years old, a slender creature with a flower-like face, round which, from under a home-made red velvet cap, her light brown hair fell in a naturally curly tangle. Something in her blue eyes reminded me of the child-like charm of Helen's. Scott stopped them to say good-night, effusively addressing the child as his little sweetheart, and telling her that if the boy who gave her an apple last Sunday gave her another the next day, he should find out where he lived and murder that boy.

"Beware, Babiole, of arousing the jealousy of a desperate man," he ended, folding his arms and tossing back his head.

The child took his outburst quite seriously.

"If he offers me another apple I must take it," she answered in a sweet, demure little voice; "It would be rude to refuse. But you needn't be angry, for I can like you, too."

"Like me, too," thundered Scott, with melodramatic gestures. "Heaven and earth! This is how the girl dares to trifle with the firecest passion that ever surged in a human breast."

"If you're fierce I shan't like you," said the little one, in her measured way. "Papa's fierce, and he frightens me and mamma."

"Will you like me, little madam?" I ventured; and knowing that my disfigured face to be well concealed. I held out my hand. "I will love you very gently.

I made my voice as soft as I could, but the deep tones or the sombre black figure frightened her. The quaint matronly demeanor suddenly gave way to a child's fright, and she hid her face in the folds of her mother's black cloth jacket. Then mamma began to rebuke in a voice and manner oddly like the child's; and Fabian siezed Babiole and lifted her up to kiss her.

"And now will you give me a kiss?" said he to her.

"Yes, Mr. Scott." She gave him a kiss with the same demure simplicity.

"And will you promise to kiss nobody but me till you see me again?"

"Really, Mr. Scott," interrupted the mother rather tartly, "you shouldn't put such ideas into the child's head. They'll come quite soon enough of their own accord."

She had one eye upon her husband, who was waiting further down the court; and the wifely desire to be "at him" seemed to put a little extra vinegar into her tone. With a hasty good-night to Fabian, and a frosty little bow to the unknown black figure, she said, "Come, Babiole," and hurried away with the child.

Scott put his arm through mine, and we followed them slowly back into the Strand, where, amidst the throng of people who had just poured out of the theatres, we soon lost sight of them. We did not go far together, for Fabian had an appointment to supper; but before we parted, he, more ready-witted than Edgar, had talked me into a promise that, when the summer came round and he had a chance of a holiday, I would let him know where I was, that he might invite himself to come and see me.

"You don't think I shall come back among you again, then?" I said curiously.

"I don't know. The taste for wandering, like all other tastes, grows with indulgence. Good-bye, Harry, and God bless you wherever you go."

I wrung his hand, scarcely able to speak. His words were a prophecy, I knew; and at the moment of taking this last outsider's look at the scenes of my old life, it seemed to me that a dungeon-door had swung to on youth, and hope and happiness, shutting me in for ever to a very lonely solitude.

"Good-bye, good-bye, Fabian," said I, and I walked hastily away lest I should keep on wringing his hand all night.

For three hours more I walked about the London streets, unable to tear myself away from them, sneaking again past the clubs, with a feeling of gushing affection towards a score of idiotic young men and prosy old ones who passed me on the pavement on their way in and out, devoured by a longing to exchange if only half a dozen words with men whom I had often avoided as bores. Near the steps of the Carlton I did try to address one quiet, old gentleman, whom, on account of his rapacity for papers, I had cordially hated. A ridiculous shyness made me hoarse; and on hearing a husky voice close to his ears in almost apologetic tones, he started violently, cried, "Eh, what? No, no! Here—hansom!" and I retreated like one of the damned.

I got into Grosvenor Square, passed through a throng of carriages, and saw the bright lights in a house where they were giving a birthday dance to which I had been specially invited months before. Helen would be there, I knew; I felt a jealous satisfaction in remembering that old Saxmundham was away, nursing his gout at Torquay. What of that? There were plenty of other men to step into my shoes. At first I thought I would stay, and walk up and down the square for a chance of one more look at her. How well I knew how she would come down the steps, in a timid, hesitating way, half-dazzled by the lights she had just left, poising each little dainty foot a moment above the next step, flit into the carriage like a soft white bird, and drop her pretty head back with a sigh, "Oh, I'm so tired, mamma!" her white throat curved gently above the swansdown of her cloak, the golden fringe of curls falling limply almost to her eyebrows. I must wait—I must see her again! What! On the arm of another man! The blood rushed into my head as these incoherent thoughts rose rapidly in my mind; all the passions of my life, of my youth, dammed up as they had suddenly been by my accident and its fatal consequences, seemed to surge up, break through the barriers of resignation and resolve, and make a madman of me. I was not master of myself, I could not count upon what I should do if I saw her; seeing my way no more than if I had been blind or intoxicated, I turned away, and finding myself presently in silent Bond street, I got into a hansom and went back to my hotel.

I fancied that night that sooner or later I should end by suicide; but in the morning I had to pack, to buy things for my journey, and to set out on my travels. The worst wrench was over; before I had left England a week, I was almost a philosopher.

For five years I lived a wanderer's life, and found it fairly to my liking. I hunted the boar in Germany, the wolf in France, went salmon fishing in Norway; shot two tigers in India; got as far as California in search of adventures, of which I had plenty; passed a fortnight with Red Indians, whom on the whole I prefer in pictures; and began to acquire a distaste for civilization, mitigated by enjoyment of meetings once a year with Edgar and Fabian Scott.

I retained the lease of a shooting-box and a few miles of deer forest by the Deeside, between Ballater and picturesque little Loch Muick. Larkhill, as the house was called, became, therefore our yearly rendezvous. On our second meeting, the party was increased by a new member, Mr. William Fussell, a gentleman who was "something in the city." I never could quite make out what that something was, but it must have been some exceedingly pleasant and lucrative profession, since Mr. Fussell, while constantly describing himself as one of the unlucky ones, was always in spirits high, not to say rollicking, and was gifted with powers of enjoyment which could only be the result of long and assiduous practice,. I had met him at a German hotel, where I had been struck by the magnificent insolence of his assertion that he had acquired a thorough command of the German language in three weeks, and by the astonishing measure of success which attended his daring plunges into that tongue. He was serenely jolly, selfish, and sociable, pathetically complaining of his wife's conduct in letting him come away for his holiday by himself, and enjoying himself very much without her. He was so envious of my good fortune when I said that I was going boar-hunting, that I invited him to accompany me; and as he showed much pluck in a rather nasty encounter we had with an infuriated boar, and much frankness in owning afterwards that he was frightened, I forthwith Invited him to Scotland, and he accepted the invitation, as he did all good things which came in his way, with avidity.

At the third of our yearly meetings a fifth and last member joined us. This was a clever young Irishman, of good family and small fortune, sickly body, and still sicklier mind, to whom accident had put me under a small obligation, which I was glad to repay by enabling him to visit the Highlands, to which his doctor had prescribed a visit. He had been making an exhaustive and strictly philosophical inquiry into the iniquities of Paris, in the corruption of which he appeared to revel; indeed, he was clever enough to find so much depravity in every spot he had visited, that I wonder what repulsive view he would be able to take of our sweet scented fir forests, and the long miles of the rippling, winding Dee; or whether, in the absence of labyrinthine mazes of dirt and disease, vice and crime to explore and minutely expose, he would pine and die.

Except these two, I had, during those five years of wandering, made no new friend. My appalling ugliness, mitigated as it was by time, had, together with the reserve it taught me, to a great degree isolated me. But perfect independence has its pleasures, and I was not an unhappy man. Until the end of the fourth year I had not even a servant, and I avoided all women; at that point, however, I yielded to the fatal human weakness of attaching to oneself some fellow-creature, and engaged as my personal attendant a cosmopolitan individual, whose qualifications for the post consisted in the fact that he had been a lawyer's clerk in England, a cowboy in Mexico, had had charge of a lunatic at Naples, and was a deserter from the Austrian army. Plain to begin with, deeply marked with smallpox, and disfigured by a sabre-cut across the nose, he was even uglier than I, a fact which seemed, from the frequency with which he alluded to it, to gratify him as much as it did me. His name was John Ferguson, but it did not occur to me to connect his name with his origin until the time came to prepare for my fifth annual visit to Scotland.

"I should have though one plain countenance about you was enough sir, without your wanting to see them at every turn," he said, ill-temperedly, when told to pack up.

"I suppose you come from auld Reekie, yourself, then, since you're so reluctant to go back to it?"

"Well, sir, and where's the harm of being born there, provided you get away from it as early as you can, and never go back to it till you can help!"

"Why Ferguson, that's spoken like a true patriot."

"Indeed, sir, I hope I am wise enough not to hold a place the better for having produced such a poor creature as myself," said John, who could always give a good account of himself in an argument.

But, once established at Larkhall, Ferguson found himself so comfortable that, at the end of the fortnight's visit of my friends, he again made objection to packing up, which I was in the mood to listen to indulgently.

"It seems a pity like to leave the place till the shooting season's over, don't it, sir?" he hazarded, one morning.

"Yes, Ferguson, perhaps it does."

"The continent wouldn't run away if it was left to look after itself a few weeks longer, would it, sir?" he went on.

"'No, Ferguson, perhaps it wouldn't," said I.

"Shall I leave the packing till to-morrow, sir?" he then asked.

"Well, yes, I think you may."

From which it is clear that Ferguson had already been shrewd enough to assume a proper authority over his nominal master.

I had become a little weary of wandering, and although I by no means intended to give up the nomadic life which I had led for five years, I thought that a couple of months' rest would be a very pleasant change; I could be on the move before the cold weather set in. But September passed, and October and November came, and it grew very bleak; and still I stayed on, finding a new pleasure in the changed aspect of the gaunt hills, in seeing the snow patches grow larger and larger on Lochnagar, in outstaying the last of the late visitors, and in finding a spot where solitude needed no seeking.

The railway runs from Aberdeen to Ballater. One morning arriving at the little station for my papers, I found a train just starting, and was seized by an impulse to pay a short visit to the granite city. A feeling left by my wandering life made it always difficult for me to see a train or boat start without me. So I sent a boy to Larkhall with a message to Ferguson, who, with a lad under him, constituted my entire household, took my ticket and started. It was past five when I reached Aberdeen; after a sharp walk to the brig o' Balgownie and back, I hired a private room at an hotel, and dined by myself. Making inquiries about the theatre, I learnt that the entertainment that week was very poor, and further, that it had been so badly patronized that it was doubtful whether the unfortunate players would get their meagre salaries. I was glancing at the yellow bill which advertised "Rob Roy" as a Saturday night attraction, when I read the names of Miss Bailey and Miss Babiole Bailey.

I got up at once and walked quickly down to the little theatre.

CHAPTER V.

I remember very little of the performance that night, except the painful impression produced upon me by the sight of the effort with which a tall, spectre-like woman, with sunken, hollow face and feeble voice, in whom I with difficulty recognized pretty Mrs. Elimer, dragged herself through the part of Diana Vernon. Babiole I utterly failed to distinguish. Looking out as I did for my little eight-year old fairy, with gold-brown hair curling naturally in large, loose rings over her blue eyes, I could not be expected to know that an awkward, sparrow-legged minion of the king, wearing high boots, a tabard, and a parson's wideawake pinned up and ornamented with a long white feather, was what five years and a limited stage wardrobe had made of the lovely child.

(To be Continued.)

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Keep Little Ones Well During the Hot Weather Months.

If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles; first, because it always does good; and, second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from opiates. Mrs. W. E Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says: "I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly, and although she had an apparently ravenous appetite her food did her no good and she was very thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, but after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

AUSTRIA'S GREAT CANAL SCHEME.

Of exceptional importance is a measure for a new system of canals which has just been adopted in Austria. According to Mr. Carl B. Hurst, United States Consul-General at Vienna, "this undertaking will do more than anything yet enacted in Austria to promote the commerce of the country. It will not only bring the various provinces into closer touch, but will also afford the cheapest freight connections with Germany and Russia."

The measure provides, first, for a canal from the Danube to the Oder; second, for a canal from the Danube to the Moldau, near Budweis; third, for a canal from the Danube-Oder canal to the Upper Elbe; and fourth, for a canal from the Danube-Oder canal to the Vistula and to some navigable portion of the Dniester. There will be about one thousand miles of navigable waterways, which will be constructed by the State with the co-operation of the provinces, districts and towns, and especially of Vienna and Prague. The contributions of the municipalities and provincial auuthorities can be made either by single payment or in annual instalments, or through the erection of certain works, such as harbors, docks or streets leading to them, or through the cession of land or water rights.

The work of construction will begin at the latest during 1904, and the entire system will be finished within twenty years. The cost of construction, in so far as it will not be covered by contributions, is to be met by an issue of four per cent. tax free government bonds, redeemable within ninety years. The government is empowered to issue these bonds to an amount not exceeding $50,750,000 during the period of construction from the year 1904 to 1912, and the money thus raised shall be used only in building the designated waterways. For the expense after 1912 due provision will be made by law. The entire cost of construction is estimated at $152,150,000, and the canals will be designed to admit boats up to six hundred tons burden.

Importing Pure-bred Stock to United States.

Breeders of pure bred stock, desirous of sending animals to the United States, frequently write me for information in regard to the regulations governing the importation of Canadian stock into that country. For the benefit of such breeders the following summary of these regulations is given:

1. All animals imported into the United States from Canada must be accompanied by an affidavit made by the owner or importer, declaring clearly the purpose for which said animals are imported, viz., whether for breeding purposes, for milk production, for work, for grazing, feeding or slaughter, or whether they form part of settlers' effects, or whether they are horses entered for temporary stay, as provided by the regulations. Said affidavit must be persented to the Collector of Customs at the port of entry, who will decide whether the animals are entitled to entry under these regulations, and who will notify the inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry in all cases where the regulations require an inspection to be made.

Horses, 2. Horses for breeding, racing, show and sale purposes, for grazing or for work must be inspected at the port of entry.

Cattle, 3. Cattle for breeding purposes, milk production, grazing or feeding must be inspected, and must be accompanied by a certificate signed by a Canadian official veterinarian, stating that no contagious disease affecting cattle, excepting tuberculosis and actinomycosis, has existed in the district in which the animals have been kept for six months preceding the date of importation. The owner must present an affidavit that said certificate applies to the animals in question.

4. A certificate for cattle over six months old for breeding purposes, and for milch cows must also show that they have been submitted to the tuberculin test and found free from tuberculosis, giving the date of testing, with the chart of reaction and a description of the cattle with age and markings.

5. Any animals may be required to be inspected at the port of entry and any animal showing symptoms of tuberculosis may be subjected to the tuberculin test, upon instruction from the chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

Sheep, 6. All sheep imported into the United States for breeding, grazing or feeding must be inspected and must be accompanied by a certificate signed by a Canadian official veterinarian, stating that no contagious disease affecting sheep has existed in the district in which the animals have been kept for six months preceding the date of importation. The owner or importer must present an affidavit that said certificate refers to the animals in question.

Swine. 7. All swine imported for breeding purposes, grazing or feeding shall be accompanied by an official veterinary certificate stating that no contagious disease affecting swine has existed in the district in which the swine have been kept, for six months preceding the date of importation, and the owner or importer must present an affidavit that said certificate applies to the animals in question.

Quarantine. 8. All cattle, sheep and swine for breeding purposes, grazing or feeding, when not accompanied by the required affidavits and certificates, must be detained in quarantine for one week at the expense of the owner or importer, under the supervision of the inspector in charge. Animals found to be free from disease at the end of this time will be released.

Transportation. 9. All cars used in the transportation of animals must be first thoroughly cleaned and then disinfected by whitewashing with a mixture of lime and carbolic acid before the animals are placed therein. Shippers must see that this is done before the animals are loaded, as unless these regulations are complied with the cars will not be admitted to the United States.

A Treasury Regulation.

The regulations of the Treasury Department of the United States direct as follows:

Registration. 10.—No animal for breeding purposes shall be admitted free of duty unless the importer furnishes a certificate of the record and pedigree in the form hereafter given, showing the animal to be pure bred and that it has been admitted to full registry in the American book of record established for that breed, and that its sire and dam, and grandsires and grand-dams were all recorded in a book of record established for the same breed. An affidavit by the owner, agent or importer that such animal is the identical animal described in the said certificate of record and pedigree must be presented.

Unless the certificate of record and pedigree is produced the animal shall be considered dutiable. In case such certificate is not at hand at the time of the arrival of the animals, duties shall be estimated thereon and deposited, and the animals delivered to the importer, who may within ten days file a written stipulation with the collector to produce the requisite certificate within six months from the date of entry; whereupon final liquidation of the entry will be suspended until the production of the certificate or the expiration of the six months. Upon the production of the certificate in due form within six months from the date of entry the amount deposited shall be refunded.

Form to be Used.

Form of Record and Pedigree to be used for imported animals:

Pedigree of .....Sire.....Sire.....
No. ....No .....No.....
Dam.....
No.....
Dam.....Sire.....
No .....No.....
Dam.....
No.....

I hereby certify that the above is a correct pedigree of ..... No. ..... That this animal is pure bred and has been duly registered in the .... which is the book of record, controlled by this Association for the ..... breed of .....
Dated at .....
.....190 Sgd..... .....
Sec'y of .....

None of the Canadian stud herd or flock books are recognized by the United States Government, and in order to secure free entry for breeding purposes, all animals must be registered in the American books or in the European books of record. F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner.

HER GOOD TIME.

Mother Knew All About Life at the Seashore.

"I have concluded not to go anywhere this summer," calmly announced materfamilias at breakfast to the astonished family.

"Whatever do you mean, mamma?" exclaimed her daughters, while the pater looked over the top of his newspaper, with interrogation expressed by his eyebrows.

"Yes," she answered, "I have decided to be comfortable for once. I have a nice, big, cool house, and why should I leave it? I hate getting into smart clothes in hot weather, to say nothing of the cost of getting them, and the cost of them also, so I shall just wear a nice clean house gown all day and take it easy. In the morning when papa goes down town I will take a hansom, drive up to the park and walk about for an hour and then return home. In the evening we can dine out somewhere and go to the roof garden or take an automobile drive, or something of the kind. There is always plenty to do in New York. What about the girls? Oh, they may go away if they want to; they can always find people to chaperon them, but if they will take my advice they will stay right here. When I was a girl we did not leave town for the entire summer and shut up our house as we do now. Do you remember, Richard (this to her husband) how you used to happen to go by nearly every evening, and when you found us sitting on the stoop, how you always came up and joined us, and how we two used to stroll off afterward to the park opposite or to some nearby soda water fountain to get a cool drink? Do you suppose if I had been out of town that summer that we would ever have fallen in love with each other? I doubt it. Another reason why I want to stay in town for the summer," she continued, laughing, "is because I want fresh country food—fresh eggs, thick cream, newly picked vegetables—fish just from the salt water, etc. And it is in New York one can get these things in perfection, not in the country, where the supply is quickly exhausted, and where they are obliged to send to the city for everything.

"The number of people who have discovered that they can be quite as comfortable in New York as anywhere else, seems to be increasing, and, after all, when one considers that Manhattan is an island swept by sea breezes, the imperative necessity of a summer exodus does not seem obligatory, while it is certain that big cool rooms, thick walls and luxurious bathrooms must add materially to one's comfort in the dog days."

Bark and Bite.

(Montreal Star.)

"Just as the dog grabbed me by the ankle the old man came out."

"What did he do?"

"Took the bark off my shins."

HAD BLEEDING, ITCHING PILES

And Now Claims That the Best Thing in the World for Piles is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The doctors are wrong. They usually claim that an operation, with all its risk, pain, and expense, is the only cure for piles. We can prove by the statements of thousands of good, honest men and women that Dr. Chase's Ointment not only promptly relieves the suffering from piles, but also positively cures this dreadful ailment. It frequently cures after the knife has failed.

Mr. J. F. Miller, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy and Davis Milling Co., Lindsay, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing in the world for piles. I say this because it has positively and thoroughly cured me of itching, bleeding piles, and this after all other remedies I could procure had failed. I can recommend this ointment to anyone suffering from piles, knowing that it will certainly cure."

Mr. F. Mann, machinist, with the Canadian Locomotive Works, and who lives at 24 Dufferin street, Kingston, Ont., states: "Dr. Chase's Ointment is, I believe, the most effective treatment for piles that is to be obtained. I have used it and it cured me of bleeding piles of a most aggravated form. Only sufferers from piles can understand what I went through. The misery caused by them was something awful, and I don't believe I could endure the same torture again. At nights especially I suffered dreadfully and could not get rest or sleep. I found a positive cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment, and gladly recommend it to others."

There is no disputing the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment and its effectiveness as a cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. In nearly every community are to be found people who have been cured of this wretched disease by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is for sale by nearly all dealers at 60 cents a box or will be sent post paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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