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If a referendum was taken on—  
"Which is the best packet tea?"  
there would be a unanimous vote  
for  
**Blue Ribbon**

## LOVE'S EXILE.

I waited for them at the stage door a long time after the performance was over, saw the rest of the little company come out in twos and threes, one or two depressed and silent, but most of them loudly cursing their manager, the Scotch nation in general, and the people of Aberdeen in particular. Then the manager himself came out, with his wife, a buxom lady who had played Helen Margreth with a good deal of spirit, but who seemed from the stolid forbearance with which she received the outpourings of her husband's wrath at his ill-luck, to be a disappointingly mild and meek person in private life. "But what will they do, Bob?" I believe the mother said. "Can't help that. We must look out for ourselves. And Mary will make a better juvenile at half Miss Bailey's screw," said her husband, gruffly. Last of all came Mrs. Elmer, thinner and shabbier than ever, leaning on the arm of an overgrown girl a little shorter than herself, whose childish meagre skirts were in old contrast with the protecting, old-fashioned manner in which she supported her mother, and whispered to her not to cry, they would be all right.

I made myself known rather awkwardly, for when I raised my hat they only walked on a little faster. The case was too serious with them, however, for me to allow myself to be easily rebuffed. I followed them with a long and lame speech of introduction.

"Don't you remember—five years ago—in the Strand, when you were acting at the Vaudeville—Mr. Fabian Scott?"

Babole stopped and whispered something; Mrs. Elmer stopped, too, and held out her hand with a wan smile and a sudden change to a rather effusive manner.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, I remember perfectly Mr. Scott introduced you to me as a very old friend of his. You will excuse me, won't you? One doesn't expect to see gentlemen from town in these uncivilized parts. Babole, my dear, you remember Mr.?"

"Maude," said I, "it is very good of you to remember me at all after such a long time. But I couldn't resist the temptation of speaking to you; one sees, as you say, so few beings up here whom one likes to call fellow creatures. Miss Babole, you've grown out of knowledge. I suppose you haven't seen much of our friend, Fabian, lately. Mrs. Elmer?"

"No, indeed, I went on tour at the end of the season, when I first had the pleasure of meeting you, and we have been meeting ever since."

"Don't you get tired of the incessant travelling? I suppose you seldom stay more than a week at each place?"

"Sometimes only two or three nights. It is extremely fatiguing. In fact, I am going to take a rest for a short time, for I find the nightly work too much for me in my present state of health," she said, with a brave attempt to check the tremor in her voice, which was unexpectably piteous to me who knew the true reason of her rest.

"If you are going to stay in Aberdeen, I hope you will allow me to call upon you. I live near Bailator, forty miles away in the country, so you may guess how thoughtfully I am at a chance of seeing a little society."

At the word "society" Mrs. Elmer laughed almost hysterically.

"I am afraid you will find solitude livelier than our society," she said, with a pitiful attempt to be brightly.

"Well, will you let me try?"

Really, Mr. Maude, when we are in the country we live in such a very quiet way. Of course it's different when one is in town and has one's own servants; and these Scotch people have no notion of waiting at table or serving things decently."

"I'm used to all that myself. Why, I live in a tumble-down old house with a man and a soldier for my household, so you may judge that I have got used to the discomforts of the North."

I saw Babole stealthily shake her mother's arm, and move her lips in a faint "Yes, yes." Reluctantly, and with more exasperation, I first let the agent-in-advance take lodgings for them which they would not have looked at had they known what Mrs. Elmer at last consented that I should call and take tea with them next day.

I went back to my hotel and engaged a room for the night. The poor woman's sunken face haunted me even in my sleep; and I grew nervous when half past four came, lest I should hear on arriving at home that she had already taken care to send out that she was dead. However, my fears had run away with me. On my knocking at the door of the top flat of the little house, Babole opened in a simple dress of some sort of brown stuff, with lace and a red necktie round her fair, slim throat. She had not seen me by before by daylight; and I saw, by

the flash of horror that passed quickly over her features and was gone, how much the sight shocked her.

"Was afraid you would forget to come, perhaps," she said, in the prim little way I remembered, as she led the way into a small room, in which no one less used to be surrounded by me, after my long exile from everything fair or gentle in the way of womanhood, the bare little room was luxurious enough with that pretty young creature in it, for Babole, though she had lost much of her childish beauty, and was rapidly approaching the "gawky" stage of a tall girl's development, had a softness in her blue eyes when she looked at her mother, which now seemed to me more charming than the keen glance of unusual intellect. She had, too, the natural refinement of all gentle natures, and had had enough stage training to be more graceful than girls of her age generally are. So that I cast about in my mind for some way of effectually helping them, without destroying all chance of my meeting them soon again.

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### HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

Careful Mothers Should Keep at hand the Means to Check Ailments that Otherwise May Prove Fatal.

When the weather is hot the hands of the little life are apt to glide away before you know it. You can't watch the little one too carefully at this period. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the hot, moist weather of the summer months. At the first sign of any of these, or any of the ailments that afflict little ones, give Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will speedily relieve and promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Keep them in the house, for this hot time may save a precious little life. Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and gas at death's door. I was advised me to use Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly. I have used the Tablets for other ailments of children since, and always with the happiest results. I can sincerely recommend them to mothers as a medicine that should always be kept in the house."

Little ones thrive, are good natured and grow plump and rosy in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Children taken them as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with the best of results. Sold at drug stores or you can get them by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

### HOW MANY CHILDREN IN A FAMILY?

Wise of English philosophers is he who has said that no man has lived the ideal life who has not done these things:

Become the father of a child.  
Built a house.  
Planted a tree.  
Written a book.

The first of these duties prescribed to ambitious men has led a curious inquirer to ask whether a limit should be attached to its fulfillment.

The Sunday Herald has secured opinions on the subject from readers largely variant in age, nationality and social degree. They may be tabulated as follows:

A man who has a family of four or five children is a man of a unit in saying that children are " hostages to fortune." The Dutch, looking upon the stock as the harbinger of good fortune, are opposed to the practices of the elder nations in the east, where, from the times of Sparta on through the horrors of the Ganges, the child, as being father to the man, must be boy indeed.

The Latin races no longer look upon their progeny as "jewels," as did the famous Roman matron. With all the religious safeguards to prevent, it is a fact that illegitimacy of birth stands in the countries which medical annals hold notorious for their records in the suppression of legitimate birth. In this respect Paris leads the world. In this country Boston is not far behind.

In answer to the question, How many children should constitute an ideal family? a Herald writer was perplexed by the differing views of different men and women to whom he propounded the query.

"Three," said a woman in Brook-

### An Unhappy Wife on Love.

"It seems to me that if we could go back and try all over again, we might be happy yet. Love does not die. Love is the life everlasting. It suffers maladies and agonies, and it may be healed better, and have to fight for its life—but it is alive, Dana, and it must be cherished like any other living thing. We have laws and penalties for the slayers of men. What court sits in judgment on the murderers of love? Somewhere in the spaces and silences there must be such an inviolate bar. Shall you and I go there, hand-cuffed together, waiting judgment? Oh, my darling, what can we plead? Mighty joy was in our power, and we slew it, between us. We were the happiest lovers, ours was the maddest, gladiolus, brilliant, and overcast, and ecstasy, and our real went so far to outrun our ideal that we left our ideal behind us—and now the feet of our real move heavily, and the race is spent. We covered the face of delight with our marriage pillows, and smothered it till it breathed no more. So we buried it, for it stared upon us. We two, man and woman, elected to a great fate, slayers of supreme love, recreant to a mighty trust which will take our brief?—From a letter in the "Confessions of a Wife," in the July Century.

## Indications of Nerve Trouble

Study These Symptoms and See if You are in Need of the Great Nerve Restorative,

### DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Restless, languid, weak and weary, no life, no energy, tired all the time, throbbing, palpitating heart, heart asthma, sleepless nights, sudden startings, morning languor, hot flushes, brain fog, inability to work or think, exhaustion on exertion, general numbness, dead all over, cold hands and feet, flagging appetite, slow digestion, food heavy, easily excited, nervous muscles twitch, strength fails, trembling hands and limbs, steady gait, limbs puff, loss of flesh, loss of muscular power, irritable, despondent, hysterical, cry or laugh at anything, sexual maladjustment, complete prostration.

McClure, 49 Canada street, Hamilton, states: "For a number of years I have been a great sufferer from nervous headache and nervous dyspepsia. I had no appetite, and my whole nervous system seemed weak and exhausted. I have found Dr. Chase's Nerve Food very helpful. It seemed to go right to the seat of the trouble, relieving the headache, improving digestion and toning up the system generally."

Mrs. Symons, 42 St. Clair street, Belleville, Ont., states: "Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly troubled with nervous exhaustion and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart bothered me I would have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing. By means of this treatment my nerves have become strong and healthy, and the action of my heart seems to be regular. I can recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent medicine."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.