

Americans are proverbially
wide-awake. That is why they
are buying Manitoba lands and
Blue Ribbon Tea.

LOVE'S EXILE.

"I worked hard for it," she said at last in a very soft whisper, her red lips forming the words carefully, near to my ear. "Good-bye, Mr. Maude," she then said aloud and demurely, but with her eyes dancing. And she gave my hand a warm squeeze as she shook it, and let me out into the nipping Scotch air in the gloom of the darkening afternoon, with a new and old sense of a flash of brightness and warmth into the world.

Then I walked quickly along, devising by what means that cottage, which my guilty soul told me was a very old and comfortable one. And a cold chill crept through my bones as a new and hitherto unthought-of question thrust itself up in my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

I made a hasty tour of the second-hand shops, being well enough to know that if I were to find the cottage too spick and span, Mrs. Ellmer would in a moment discover my pious fraud. Having got together in this way a very old assortment of furniture, I was rather at a loss about kitchen utensils, when I was seized with the happy inspiration of buying a new set of them for my own service and handing over to Mrs. Ellmer. Not knowing much about these things, I had to buy in a wholesale fashion more, I fancy, to the advantage of the seller than to my own. However, the business was got through somehow, the things were sent on the following day, and I sneaked back to Balthasar by the 4.35 train, wondering how I should break the news to Ferguson, and wishing that by some impossible good luck the immaculate one might have come to my absence some slight breach of discipline which would give me for once the superior position. If I could only find him drunk! But his thought would to none in his fondness for whiskey, nobody but himself could tell when he had had more than enough; so that hope was vain.

It was not that I was afraid of Ferguson, but his punctuality, his unflinching, mechanical industry, his many unpromising virtues made him a person to be reckoned with; and it would have been easier to own to a capricious inconsistency than to principles to a more intellectual person than to him.

It was getting dark before the train stopped at Balthasar, a few minutes before I had to go through the village, over the rocky wooden bridge—for the new one of stone was not built then—and along the road which lies on the south side of the Dees. The hills were on my left, their bases covered with slim birch trees, whose bare branches swayed and hissed like whips in the winter wind; on the right, below the road, ran the crooked, turbulent little stream of Dees, now swollen with late autumn rains, swirling round its many curves, and rushing between the piles of the bridge till the wooden structure rocked again. Would those two delicate women be frightened away by the cold and the loneliness of the night? I was building for them. I wondered, as I turned to the right to cross the little stone bridge that arched over the Muick just before that stream runs into the Dees. I stopped and looked around me. There was a faint white light over the western hills which enabled me to see dim outlines of the objects I knew. Just beyond the bridge was the forsaken churchyard of Glismuick, which not even a ghost would care to haunt, where now a cluster of gaunt, bare ash trees thrust up spectral arms from the ground among the milled grave-stones. The lone, leafy manse, a plain, stone house, shaded by dark evergreens, stood back a little from the road on the opposite side. A mile away, with the rushing Dees between, the spire of Balthasar Church stood up among the roofs of the village, flanked by fir-crowned Craigendarrach on the north, and the Pannanich Hills on the south. Straight on my road lay between flat lowland fields to a rugged fringe of tall firs behind which, on a rising ground, the shell of an old deserted dwelling, known as Knock Castle, served in summer as a meagre shelter for the Highland sheep in sudden storms. At this point the road turned sharply to the left, the fringe of trees growing thicker upon the skirts of the forest; a few paces further this road divided into two branches which struck off from each other in the form of a V, the southernmost one leading to Larkhill through a mile of fir-forest. Would the very approach of their new abode through this dark and winding road depress the poor little woman into looking upon the cottage as a prison, after the life and movement they were used to?

The private road which led through my own plantation to the house was divided from the public thoroughfare by no lodge, no gate, but ran modestly down between borders of grass, which grew long and rank in the summer time, for about half a mile, until the larches and Scotch firs grew

ing more sparsely to the south, one caught wider and wider glimpses of broad, green meadows where two or three horses were turned out to find a meagre pasture. Here the drive crossed over a little iron ornamental bridge, which crossed a stream that was but a thread in the warm weather, and leaving the grass and the trees behind, one came upon the walls of the house, flanked to the north by more grass and more trees, which shut out the view of the stables and of the unused cottage; to the south the land made a sudden dip, and the hollow thus formed was laid out as a garden, while the great bank that sheltered it formed a succession of terraces from which one caught glimpses of the rushing Muick between the birches that lined the banks of the impetuous little stream. The house was a most unpretentious building, in the plainest style of Scotch country house architecture, with rough cream-colored walls, a tiled roof, small regular windows, and a meagre porch. It was only saved from ugliness by a growth of ivy over the lower portion and by a freak of the designer, whereby one end was raised a story above the rest, and the roof of this portion made to slope north and south, instead of east and west, like that of the rest of the building. At the back the first and larches rose to a great height, the house seeming to nestle under their protection whenever winter storms burst over the bleak hills around.

Ferguson was glad to see me, and welcomed me back with a cordiality which made my mind easier on the subject of the announcement I had to make to him. I went up to my room and finding everything prepared for me, told him I was ready for dinner. Instead of going downstairs, he only said, "Yes, sir," and came up, and knelt down to pull off my boots.

"All right," said I, "I can do that." "No doubt of it, sir," he answered, but did not stir. "The fact is, sir, that knowing you would come home hungry, and maybe very much fatigued, and that to be in the kitchen serving dinner and up here attending upon you at the same time is a moral impossibility, I made bold to ask an old and very respectable female that was staying in the village to give me a little help—just for this evening, sir. She is very clean in her ways, sir, and a most respectable and god-fearing body."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

For Weak and Sickly Children During the Hot Weather.

Thousands of children die during the hot weather months, because summer complaints and stomach troubles come suddenly, and mothers do not have the means at hand to promptly check and cure them. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used these precious little lives can be saved, and no home where there are infants and young children should be without them. Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and are a great relief to teething children. The Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drugs. Crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Mrs. R. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and I have found them the best medicine I have ever given my children. My baby has always been small and delicate and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. Then he was attacked with dysentery, a feverish skin and cough. As the doctor's medicine did not help him, I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly. I gladly give my experience for the benefit of other mothers." If your druggist does not keep these Tablets they will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

scantly-gracious speech, I humbled myself more than was meet. "By-the-by, Ferguson," I began again after a short pause, during which I helped me on with my coat, "I'm thinking of having the little north room up-stairs fitted up for you, as a sort of office for housekeeper's room, butler's room, and so on." "That's a very nice idea," said Ferguson, "I was not easy to find a designation for any of the apartments, but I wished thus neatly to intimate that if my mayor of the palace had matrimonial intentions in his way, that my household is becoming larger, and I dare say you would like to have some place where you and Tim and Mrs. —Missy—that did you say her name was?—could sit in the evenings." "Neither Mrs. or Miss anything," said I, "was her name," answered Ferguson, with grave deliberation.

"Plain Janet, sir; she leaves titles to her betters. And the kitchen does very well for me, sir, and for Janet, too, if you care to engage her as housekeeper, after due trial of her capabilities."

"None the less I should wish you to see her, that you may understand it was for your better service and for my own pleasure that I introduced her here. I have no opinion of the age for frivolity, and I'm not handsome enough to go courting myself."

Whether this was a warning to me not to be beguiled by a fatal trust in the power of my own beauty, and an obscure hint that in his opinion I was in danger of being a fool of myself, Ferguson's face betokened to betray; but in the manner in which he blinched the eyes towards putting the cottage was unsatisfactory, not to say venomous. He velleed his displeasure under an official and officious zeal for the comfort of the tenants, which made much harder to deal with than stubborn unwillingness to work for them would have been.

I assured him that one was an invalid, and under the care of an only trusted nurse with fresh forces of indirect attack. He was surprised that I did not have one of the two rooms on the ground floor turned into a bedroom, as grounds cannot walk up to the stairs; he was kind enough to place in one of the upper rooms, which he persisted in calling "the nursery," a wooden horse of the primitive straight-back kind, of a red, blue, and a soft, fluffy parrot; and when I impatiently pitched the thing out at the door, he seemed dismayed, and said "he had thought they would please to be 'bairn.'"

That old beast took all the pleasure out of the little excitement of furnishing. On the morning after my return, he took care to present to me the respectable Janet; he had, indeed, invited her magnificent lack of metropolitan refinement in the wooden face and hard blue eyes I recognized at once the features of my faithful attendant, adorned with wrinkles taking the place of the subdued, but lively, and, as a horse, however, neither made an reference to this fact, I treated it as a family secret and made no indiscreet inquiries.

The wonderful Friday came. I was in the cottage for the first time, making for the last time the tour of the two bedrooms, kitchen, and sitting-room, trying all the windows open, and looking over the whole, tight, passing my hands along the walls in a futile attempt to find out if they were damp. In the sitting-room I stayed a long time, moving about the furniture, a second-hand pair of ornate, but very comfortable, and ransacked, but very good, black leather chairs, without much success. First, I reviewed the pictures; a regular bachelor's collection they were, not viewable from a man's point of view, but, taken together, they formed a collection of the exception of huge engravings, "The Relic of Lucknow," and "Queen Philippa Begging the Lives of the Burgesses," which were perfectly innocuous to a young girl's mind, and not exhilarating to anybody's. Besides, they being caught by Ferguson staggering under the burden of these somewhat works of art, I had not known before how meagre were the appointments of my home. My five years of wandering had given me a traveller's indifference to all but necessities, so that as I looked round at the place, where I spent nearly all the time that I gassed indoors, I saw little that could be spared. It was a comfortable-looking room enough, with its three big high-backed smoking-chairs, south over the terrace garden, the wooded valley of the Muick, the remaining one east over the lawn and the drive, and more trees. The west wall of the room was filled from floor to ceiling by book-shelves of the plainest kind; these were filled, not with the student's methodically arranged collection of sonnets and well-worn volumes, but with the "gentleman's" average of miscellaneous "complete sets" in morocco and half-calf, which to remove seems as improper as to scrape off the wall-paper would be; but with the oddest of odd lots of literary warms in all sizes and all varieties of binding and lack of binding. No two volumes of anything together, and not a book that I didn't love, or that I had not read, or that, in dear, dirty paper covers, hanging by a thread, to Thackeray in a beautiful edition de luxe.

On the north wall was the fireplace—high, wide, and handsome, and with a discolored white marble mantelpiece, decorated with fat, be-wigged Georgian cupids. Above it hung an old cavalry sword with which my father had cut his way through the Russians at Inkermann. Close to the fireplace, and with its back to the book-shelves, stood my own special chair—big, roomy, well-worn—covered with dark red morocco, like the rest of the furniture. A reading-table stood in the corner beside it, and on the right hand was a bigger table, piled high with books and papers, cigars, bills and rubbish. There was a writing-table, one corner, at which I never wrote, a table covered with more literary lumber; two cabinets crammed with curiosities collected on my travels, tossed in with little attempt at arrangement, a card-table on which stood a quantity of old-fashioned silver, such as tall candlesticks, goblets, a punch-bowl and a massive last-century urn. A stuffed duck, a Dutch tankard, a pair of elk's horns and a bust of Dante, surrounded by a fox's brush, occupied the top of the book-shelves. A high, plain, four-fold screen, as dark as the rest of the time-worn furniture, hid the door, and close to the screen a dog-kennel, with the front taken out, formed the winter home of a large brown monkey, which I had bought at a sale with the fascinating reputation of being dangerous, but which had belied its character by allowing me to bring it home on my shoulders. To do so called for no better reason than that my collar, whose favorite resting place was now well defined on the goat'skin hearth-rug, was named "Ta-ta," had from our first introduction, treated me with such marked tolerance, that I, in my loneliness, had begun to feel a sort of superstitious fondness for the brute, and fancied I saw more reason and affection in his blinking brown eyes than in any of the Scotch pebbles which served as organs of vision to my Gaelic neighbors.

When I first bought him it was only for the sake of the weather; he grew cold, he was brought into the kitchen, he got on so ill with the powers that I had to take compassion upon him and them, and he justified his promotion by the respect and gratitude he manifested. His only marked foible being a furious jealousy of Ta-ta, whose resting-place was just beyond the utmost of the monkey's chain. Rarely did he opening pass without some skirmish between the two. Perhaps Ta-ta, seeing me smile, or perhaps the book I was reading, and anxious to share my enjoyment, even if she could not understand the joke, would impatiently get up and wag her tail. Whereupon Ta-ta would dash across the hearth-rug and assault her, and much unpleasantness would follow. The dog barking, the monkey chattering, the master swearing—all three members of the menagerie trying to come off conqueror in the melee. Or else Ta-ta would fall from the top of his kennel into the floor, with a loud noise, and would lie stiff and still on the rug, as Ta-ta would walk over to investigate the cause, and then the monkey would seize her ears and twist them round with labbering triumph. I kept a small whip to separate the combatants on these occasions, but I only dared use it very sparingly; as, though its effect upon Ta-ta's coarser nature was salutary in the extreme in reducing him to instant love and obedience, as the boot of the costermonger does his wife, the gentler Ta-ta would top up at me with such piteous protest in her dark eyes that I felt a brute for the next half hour.

From this room, the scene of most of my domestic life, I took a pair of gold fastidious into the Dresden cup and saucer. In the unused drawing-room which I had fitted up years ago in the Louis Quinze style; I just peeped; but there was nothing very tempting in white and gold curly-legged furniture tied up in brown paper on a cold polished floor so I locked the door again, and carried away my prizes to the cottage, where they certainly improved the look of the sitting-room mantel-piece.

(To be Continued.)

HAD HIS VIGIL FOR NOTHING.

Landlord Thought His Guests Intended to Commit Suicide.

Arthur Farwell, the musical composer, whose development of American Indian music is attracting attention, tells a story of how he had once been taken for an intended suicide.

"While living in Boppart a few years ago," he said, "I went to Coblenz to attend a concert. A German lady, a young woman, accompanied me and this would be no story if we had not missed our train home after the concert. We waited in a cafe until 3 o'clock for a later train, only to find that it did not stop at Boppart."

"There was a strange reluctance on the part of the innkeeper to whom we applied for quarters to admit us, but he finally gave us rooms at the opposite end of a long hall. For opposite ends of the hall, he tramped the length of the hall, listening first at my door and then at hers. We were laughing over this in the morning, when the proprietor entered the breakfast room and this would be no story if we had not missed our train home after the concert. We waited in a cafe until 3 o'clock for a later train, only to find that it did not stop at Boppart."

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"Then you are not Lebensmude?" he said. "Ach Gott! I watched all the night for nothing."

"He finally explained that Coblenz was just then in the midst of one of the periodical epidemics of suicide. Three couples had taken their lives within a week and he had taken us for another life-sick pair."

God helps the early riser.—Spanish proverb.

ON CALF FEEDING.

"For a number of years I have had most of my cows drop their calves in the late fall or early winter," says Duncan C. Anderson, of Rugby, Ontario, "and I have come to the conclusion that there is a decided gain in so doing. The milking season is lengthened, cows coming in fresh before Christmas, by liberal feeding in winter, milk nearly as well in the early summer when the pastures are at their best, as cows that come in fresh in March. We milk ten months, giving the cows two months' rest. They are rested in the early fall when the pastures are at their poorest. At that time the grass is generally dry, trampled, and burned up. As we raise on the skim milk one calf to each cow, it is very important that the cows come to fresh in two months' rest out of the twelve. When the cows are milked to within a couple of weeks of calving they get no chance to recuperate. The calf generally comes weak.

A Weakened Vitality
and does not make as rapid or satisfactory a growth in the first two months, as when the cow has had a fair period for rest and recuperation. After a long term of experience I have come to the conclusion, considering the increased price of winter butter, the long milking season, resting when the grass is poor, that in winter dairying, cows give at least 25 per cent. more milk in the season than if they came in fresh in the spring months. Again, an early winter or fall calf is quite as heavy at two and one-half years as a spring calf is at three years old. There is a gain of six months in the age of the calf, the reason for this being that it is weaned off the milk in June, goes on to grass, is fed a little grain or meal all summer, and in the fall it is a good strong, lusty yearling.

Removal of the New Born Calf
Without allowing the mother to lick the calf with a wisp of straw, the separation does take place there is always a disturbance in the cow stable; the mother gets excited, and some nervous cows remain so for the best part of a week. Better results are obtained by

When a calf is dropped it is not good practice to allow the cow to fondle and lick her offspring. When the separation does take place there is always a disturbance in the cow stable; the mother gets excited, and some nervous cows remain so for the best part of a week. Better results are obtained by

A FEW SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Drugs Which should be Kept on Hand in the Household.

Things which one should have ready at hand in case of need are, first and foremost, essence of cinnamon. When exposed in a sick room it will kill the bacilli which are floating round. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended as a drink to be taken feverishly in localities where malaria or fevers prevail, for cinnamon has the power to destroy all infectious microbes.

Peppermint is an old friend, but not on this account to be snubbed. Nothing is better for a bee stung than the application of a drop of peppermint.

In case one is near the premises or apartments where there is diphtheria, the simplest yet effective mode of fumigating is to drop a little sulphur on a hot stove or on a few hot coals carried through the rooms. In this way the spread of the disease may be stopped.

A disinfectant to use in different parts of the house, which will sweeten the whole place, may be made for ten cents or less. Take one pound of common copperas and eight ounces of crude carbolic acid and dissolve in one gallon of water. Use frequently. A little carbolic acid added to the water in which brushes, brushes and sponges are washed greatly lessens the soreness.

After applying iodine to the skin, if it smart too intensely to be borne, it is well to know that it can be washed off with ammonia.

That there is a royal remedy for seasickness one is inclined to doubt, but shutting the eyes at once when lying down in the cabin is a hint to the wise. Never look in the opposite way to that which the boat is going in an excellent plan. Nibbling a dry biscuit or an apple from time to time is recommended. French prunes, figs and lettuce are good articles of diet.

ing about three quarts of skim milk twice a day. By this time the stomach will be strong enough to assimilate and digest other food. The normal should then be palped, roots chopped oats and well saved over hay. If a separator is not used and the milk is set in shallow pans or deep setting cans, it

Should Always be Warmed
up to new milk before being fed. If it is fed cold or too hot it is apt to produce bloating and scouring. When through careless feeding, scouring is allowed to become chronic there is no remedy. When a calf is not doing well, break an egg into its milk; this acts as a tonic, and adds strength to its ration.

To supplement the loss of butter fat in milk, take for 12 calves over two month old, four cups of flax seed, put it into a common stove pot and fill up with water. Do this after dinner and allow it to simmer all afternoon and evening. Next morning boil smartly for about one hour, stir in some wheat flour, until the mixture is about the consistency of thin porridge. A calf three months old will take a cup full of this flax seed tea porridge in its skim milk. The flour is used to counteract the loosening effects of the flax seed. Care must be used at first not to over-feed but to work up gradually to what I have mentioned, with skim milk, flax seed tea, roots, chopped oats, and clover hay, kept clean and well bedded. Calves can in this way be raised much more profitably in winter than in summer. When a separator is used it is best to sking the milk to produce skim milk and not feed it to the young calves, especially those under three months. It has a tendency to disturb the normal action of the stomach, and set up scours. Whenever a calf is scouring

Reduce the Quantity of Skim Milk.
Be careful to have the pail from which the calves are fed as clean as possible. With skim milk at the right temperature, fed out of pails as clean as your milking pails, in regular quantities, there will be little trouble from calves scouring.

In warm weather calves should be kept in during the day time, and turned out in the evening. Thus they will avoid the hot sun and flies. Rabbits with a wisp of straw, a mixture of dry, warm, chopped oats, and a cupful twice a day for an ordinary sized calf on good pasture will be sufficient.

For fat feeding, until the roots are harvested, there will be equal to green corn run through the cutting box and mixed with some chopped oats.

The main point in calf feeding is to never allow them to stop growing, and in the case of a stalling, keep them in good flesh. In feeding calves, as in every system of feeding, the extremes of over and under feeding are to be avoided.

WORLD'S OLDEST BRIDE.

Almost a Centenarian, Mrs. Samuel Decker is a Bride.

At the age of 98 years a woman of Waterloo, N. Y., has just taken upon herself the vows of matrimony, and is proud of the fact that she is probably the oldest bride in the world. In 1832 she was first married to Thomas Preston, with whom she lived happily for many years, and in 1873 she was widowed, when in 1873 she was widowed by Albert Brainard. The union was not altogether a happy one, but she was not put an end to her life's misery about a year ago by dying. Then Samuel Decker appeared upon the scene and immediately fell in love with the gay and festive widow, and a few days ago Rev. Pulaski Smith, of the Masee Baptist Church, drove up to the little brown dwelling. There was a simple but touching ceremony in the parlor. The Widow Brainard was again a bride. When the clergyman had gone Samuel Decker went out to work in the garden. He was working there next day when a correspondent called. The bride called him in. When he learned of the mission he hastened to put on his Sunday clothes. When asked about her health the bride said: "I have rheumatism some, but otherwise I'm pretty smart." The bridegroom said that he, too.

Regretted It Too Late.

Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mamma—You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?

Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party.—Eam's Horn.

A GREAT CURE IN WELLAND

An Old and Highly Respected Resident Cured of Kidney Disease and Liver Troubles By Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Willson, a retired carpenter, who has lived in Welland, Ont., for 30 years, writes:—"Some years ago I was attacked with kidney trouble, and I became so run down and enfeebled that my entire appearance was suggestive of physical decline. As time went on the complaint grew worse and became complicated with liver trouble. I had bad pains across the back and up the spinal column, bad spells with my heart, pain under the right shoulder, bilious headache about half the time, indigestion, fever and restlessness at night, and depression of spirits."

"At times I was incapacitated for work, and had spent probably one hundred dollars in different medicines with no perceptible results. Doctors' advice proved likewise of no avail."

"Finally, on the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and in a short time the bad symptoms began to gradually disappear, and by the time I had used five or six boxes I was enjoying better health than I had in many years, all of which is due to the virtues of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

"Since my recovery I have advised others to profit by my experience. Some have done so and are well, while others did not and have succumbed to this dreadful disease. I am a living witness to the value of this great medicine, and I am full of enthusiasm in imparting the good news to others who are afflicted as I was."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Elmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.