

GIVEN
USE GUNS.
the Militia at
bandooah
TO TROUBLE.

Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome
morning noon and night.
Are you drinking it?

LOVE'S EXILE.

I had no sort of carriage more convenient than a Norfolk cart, so on my way to Aberdeen I ordered a fly to be at Ballater Station on my return with my new tenants. Both the ladies were already dressed for their journey, and were waiting at the door. Mrs. Elmer hastening to inform me that she had sent most of her luggage to some friends in London, leaving only one shabby trunk and two stage baskets. Babble sat very quietly during the railway journey, looking out of the window at the new scenery and bleak landscape; and I spoke so little that any one might have thought I would rather have been alone. But, indeed, I was only afraid, from the happy excitement which glowed in the faces of both the mother and her silent daughter, lest their bright expectations should be disappointed by the simplicity and desolation of the place they persisted in regarding as a palace of delights.

"It's a very homely place, you know," said I solemnly, after being invited to sit down by Mrs. Elmer upon my arrival in building myself a fortress up in the hills where, like the knights of old, I could indulge in what lawless pranks I pleased. "And I assure you that nothing could be more simple than my mode of life there. Whatever of the bold handiwork there may have been in my composition ten years back has been melted down into mere harmless sentimentality long ago."

"Ah! you are not going to make me believe that," said Mrs. Elmer, with a giddy shake of the head. "Why the very name Larkhall betrays you."

I believe the dear lady really did think that the name had been given in commemoration of "high jinks" I had held there; but I hastened to assure her that "Lark" was simply the Highland pronunciation of "Larch," a tree which grew abundantly in the neighborhood. However, she only smiled archly, and seeing that the imaginary inquiries she seemed bent on imposing to me in no way lessened her exuberant happiness in my society, I left my character to her, and cast only a glance at Babble, who seemed with her eyes fixed on the moving landscape, to be deaf to what went on inside the carriage. I was rather glad of it.

When we got to Ballater the little shed of a station was crowded by rough villagers, all eagerly enjoying the splendid excitement of the arrival of the train. A dense, wet Scotch mist enveloped us as we stepped on to the platform, chilled by cold currents; still, they both smiled with persistent happiness, which grew rapturous when we all got into a roomy fly which Mrs. Elmer called "your carriage." They were charmed with the village which looked through the veil of fine rain, a most depressing collection of stiff stone and slate dwellings to my biased eyes. They were delighted with the color and dreary drive, and Mrs. Elmer even went so far as to admire the "fine rugged face" of Ferguson, who was standing at the hall door scowling as we passed. I did not risk an encounter with him, but let the ladies straight into the cottage, where a peat fire was glowing in each of the lower rooms. We went first into the sitting-room; a lighted lamp was in the middle of the table, the tea-things were at one end, and glanced from mother to daughter, trying to read their first impression of their new home. Mrs. Elmer's eyes, sharpened by sordid experience to every keenness, took in with a detail at once with critical satisfaction, while her lips poured forth commonplaces of vague delight. The climax of her pleasure was the discovery of the cup and saucer on the mantelpiece. By the way in which her thin face lighted up I saw she was a connoisseur. In looking at it she forgot me and for a moment gazed in her enraptured monologue.

Babble took it all differently. She seemed to hold her breath as she looked slowly round, as if determined to gaze on everything long enough to be sure that it was real; then, with a little sob, she turned her head quickly, and her innocent eyes, soft and bright with unspeakable gratitude, fell on me.

You must have been for years an object of horror and loathing to your fellow-men, to know what that look, going straight from soul to soul, with no thought of the defects of the bodily envelope, was to me. Perhaps it was because my life had so long been barren of all pleasures dependent on my fellow creatures that I could not bear to see later than Mrs. Elmer, when I was alone, recall any sensation skin to its effect in sweetness or vividness except the glow I had felt after Babble's girlish confidence to me at the door of the Aberdeen lodge. I suppose I must have stood smiling at the child with grotesque happiness, for Mrs. Elmer, turning from contemplation of the cup and

out in a fortnight, at the end of which time I began to think it was I who was the idiot, to nourish resentment against a pair of helpless creatures who, too poor to fight their natural enemy—man. Besides, my solitude had grown ten times more solitary now that, sitting alone in my study at night, with To-to languidly stretching himself on the kennel in front of me, paying no attention to me whatever, and Ta-ta, who really had no business to be in the house, on the rug at my feet, I knew that, not a hundred yards away, there were slender women's forms flitting about, and girlish prattle going on, by a little modest fireside that was a household.

So I suddenly remembered that I ought to call and ask them if they found their new home to their liking. Anxious, for the first time for five years, to make the best of a bad business, so far as my person was concerned, I exchanged the coarse tweed Norfolk coat usually worn for a black coat and grey trousers, I used to wear in town, which, though doubtless a little old-fashioned in cut, might reasonably be supposed to pass muster in the wilds. Besides, my solitude was no longer so comfortable, as I did not. It showed me on the contrary, how far I had slipped away from civilization. My hair was too long, what complexion I had left too weatherbeaten, while the setting room looked so dreary, my face looked more hideous than ever. I changed back quickly to my usual coat, scarcely acknowledging to myself that some sort of vague wish to live once more the life of other men was disappointed.

I found Mrs. Elmer and her daughter in their outdoor dress; they had been driven in by a snow shower, one of the first of the season. The sitting room looked so dreary, so habitable, if a little untidy, the habits of the touring actress being still manifest in a collection of unframed cabinet photographs—not all uncalculated to bring a blush to the Presbyterian countenance of Babble on the mantelpiece, it occurred to me that old Janet might have let out the fact that I turned back with her to the cottage and, with a great air of indifference, she overheard something to my disadvantage, for Babble looked frightened and shy, and Mrs. Elmer's manner was almost apologetically humble. There was constant huddle upon us all for me to make my visit very short, but I left I formally invited them to dine with me on the following evening. With what shamefaced nonchalance told Ferguson that day to have the drawing room cleared up for me at breakfast, he entered the room in his usual clockwork manner, but with a glow of pleasurable feeling in his old eyes.

"If you please, sir, Janet would be obliged if you would step into the drawing room and see if you would still wish to have it prepared for the party this evening."

Party? I could have broken his neck with my own hands in an easy manner into the hall. It was full of blinding smoke, which was pouring forth from the open door of the drawing room. I dashed heroically into the apartment, only to be met by a woman, who, in a moment which rushed into my mouth and made my eyes smart and burn. Some winged thing, with a bird or a bat flapped against the wall and fell into my arms. I was clanking at the fireplace, in great danger of being smothered.

"What is all this?" I choked angrily, getting back into the hall.

"Nothing, sir," answered Ferguson with grim delight. "Nothing but that Janet lit the fire to air the room in obedience to your orders, and that the chimney smokes a little. Would you wish to have the room got ready, sir?"

"Oh, had gone too far; he had roused the lion."

"Come in here," I said, in a tone which subdued his happiness; and he followed me back into the room.

"Now, sir, I would not let him be obeyed, and dust, dry twigs and blackened snow, he pulled down upon himself a sack, a couple of birds' nests and other obstacles, which, some from the chimney, and some from the hearth, had been deposited in the unused chimney."

"Now," said I, purple in the face, but content, "you can re-light the fire."

And, satisfied with this moral victory and the prestige it gave me in the eyes of the whole household—for Tim and the out-door genius who guarded twelve acres and looked after four horses, had been in the house, I marched back to my cold coffee and congealed bacon.

There were no more difficulties, though, at least, none worth mentioning. It is true that on returning from my morning's ride, I found the hall so stuffed up with furniture that I had to enter my residence through one of the study windows, five feet from the ground; and that I had to picnic on a handkerchief on the study instead of dishing decorously in the dining room; but these discomforts might be necessary to a thorough cleaning, and could be borne with fortitude. As I closed my eyes, I remembered, and having left their cloaks in a spare-room opened for the occasion, they were led to shiver in the drawing-room, which still smelt of smoke and soap and evident distress. I was with chattering teeth, admired the painted ceiling, the white satin chairs bright with embossed roses, the pale screen, and all the fanciful glories of the room, the magnificent and delighted her. Babble seemed unable to take her eyes off two paintings, both portraits of the same lady, which, in massive gilt oval frames, occupied a prominent position at the end of the room opposite the fireplace.

"Babble is fascinated, you see," Mrs. Maude, said her mother, with

THE FRUIT MARKS ACT.

What the Act Means and how it is Operated.

After the Parliament of Canada passed the Fruit Marks Act in 1901, the Minister of Agriculture directed that every opportunity should be afforded the fruit growers and packers of the Dominion to meet its requirements and to fulfil their obligations to the public; and for a year the work of the department in this respect was informational and educational. This year some amendments were made to the Act as originally passed, and to-day the Act in all its provisions is "as plain as a pike staff," and every clause of it so simple that "the who runs may read." No farmer or fruit grower or packer who is honest in his endeavors and straightforward in his trading need fear any of its clauses. The Act is being enforced, and the inspectors appointed to execute its requirements have been instructed to do their duty. They are the servants of the crown; Parliament has definitely pronounced its judgment upon the false and fraudulent packings, and the marking of fruit consignments; and these have been selected to carry out the regulations placed in the statute book for the purpose of protecting honest traders from unprincipled dealers, and to prevent inviolate the fair commercial frame of Canada from unscrupulous packers. In other words, the Act will insure to the public of the Dominion and the public generally in Great Britain and elsewhere, that fruit is correctly marked and honestly packed.

The principal sections of the act are:

Section 4. Every person who, by himself or through the agency of another person, packs fruit in a closed package, intended for sale, shall cause the package to be marked in a plain and indelible manner, before it is taken from the premises where it is packed.

(a) With the initials of his Christian name, and his full surname and address;

(b) With the name of the variety or varieties; and

(c) With a designation of the grade of fruit, which shall include one of the following six marks: No. 1, or XX; for fruit of the second quality, No. 2, or XX; and for fruit of the third quality, No. 3, or X; but the said mark may be accompanied by any other designation of grade, provided that designation is not inconsistent with, or marked more conspicuously than, the one of the said six marks, which is used on the said package.

Section 5. No person shall sell, or offer to sell, or have in his possession for sale, any fruit packed in a closed package and intended for sale, unless such package is marked, as required, by the next preceding section.

Section 6. No person shall sell, or offer to sell, or have in his possession for sale, any fruit packed in a closed package, upon which package is marked any designation which represents such fruit as of No. 1, or XXX, finest, best or extra good quality, unless such fruit consist of well-grown specimens of one variety, of nearly uniform size, of good color for the variety, and not less than 90 per cent. free from scab, worm holes, bruises and other defects, and properly packed.

Section 7. No person shall sell, or offer to sell, or have in his possession for sale, any fruit packed in a closed package, upon which package is marked a false representation of the contents of such package, and it shall be considered a false representation when more than 15 per cent. of such fruit is substantially smaller in size than, or inferior in grade to, or different in variety from, the faced or show surface of such package.

Some Explanations.

Explanations of its application may be taken thus: On packages packed or marked contrary to the provisions of the act, inspectors may, after notifying the packer by letter or telegram, place the word "falsely packed" or "falsely marked"; and a fine of \$40 may be imposed for illegally removing the inspector's brand.

It will be noticed that only "closed packages" are marked. A closed package is defined to be a box or barrel, the contents of which cannot be seen or inspected when such is closed. Baskets, berry crates or berry boxes even, with veneer covers, are not considered "closed packages," and therefore do not require marking. Cranberries and all wild fruit are not subject to the provisions of the act.

Merchants are held responsible for the truth of their offer for sale, or fruit in their possession for sale, but the original wrong doer, if found, will in every case be prosecuted.

The penalty for a violation of the law in reference to packing and marking is not less than twenty-

five cents and not more than one dollar per package; for removing an inspector's brand, forty dollars; for obstructing an inspector \$25 to \$500. The fines are divided equally between the informant and the Crown.

Inspectors are given large powers under the act to enter premises for the purpose of making an examination and to detain shipments of fruit for the same purpose. The packer, however, is amply protected by the stipulation that immediate notice must be given by the inspector to the packer when fruit, which at all times is at the risk of the owner, is branded or detained, and the inspector who exceeds his authority is subject to a heavy penalty.

The Summary of the Act.

The main points of this act may be summed up as follows:

1. The face of all fruit packages must fairly represent the fruit throughout.
2. Closed boxes and barrels must be marked with the name and address of the packer, the variety of the fruit and its grade.
3. It is an offence within the meaning of the act to sell, to offer for sale, or to have in possession for sale, fruit, whether packed or marked, fruit, even when the buyer and seller are ignorant of the fact, as well as when one or both have knowledge of the fact.
4. The act does not prevent the packing or selling of any grade of fruit that is properly packed and marked.
5. The act does not provide for the inspection of particular lots of fruit at the request of the buyer or the seller.
6. Commission merchants who, after notice, handle fruit put up contrary to the provisions of the act, will be proceeded against.
7. There is no definition of grades marked "No. 2," "XX," "No. 3," or "X."

Already the beneficial effect of this act is being felt, and it is fully known that dishonesty in packing and describing Canadian fruit does not exist, an enormous impetus will be given to our fruit industry in all the markets of the world. At present inquiries are being made concerning the trans-Atlantic shipments of early Canadian apples. The Department of Agriculture will not take any responsibility, but through the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying will assist in securing cool or cold storage space on ocean steamers if early information be given as to the probable quantity, the date of shipment, and the destination desired. It will pay to send only selected apples of choice individual quality, and packed in boxes rather than in barrels. It will be necessary to have the apples packed and stored on the green or firm side, so that they may be delivered in the United Kingdom in such a state that they may be handled with a very small percentage of bruised or decayed ones by the retailer. The destination desired.

MEN BEDMAKERS.

Employed in Lodging Houses, a Trade of Their Own.

Making beds is commonly considered a woman's work; but there is, nevertheless, in New York, quite a bunch of men who follow bedmaking as a calling, finding regular, steady employment at this work in the many great lodging houses for men, established in this city.

For many years all the bedmakers in these places of many beds were men. Within the last six or eight years there have come to be employed at this work in many of the downtown lodging houses Italian women; in most, if not all, of the great lodging houses uptown men bedmakers are still employed.

In a big lodging house, with from 400 to 500 beds, there would be a bedmaker to every floor, having perhaps ninety beds to make daily. Incidentally he sweeps this floor and keeps it clean and in order.

The bedmaker goes on duty at 6 a. m. and works till 6 p. m. The bulk of his work, however, is over by 3 p. m. The scattering beds to be made after that are so few in number as to call for little labor.

Some men bedmakers make a sponchy bed, and some are not only quick but careful, and with an eye to appearance withal, making a bed that looks inviting and is comfortable to sleep in; in short, good bedmakers.

The pay of the man bedmaker is small. Commonly he sleeps in the lodging house where he is employed. The man who follows bedmaking for a living has, if he is capable, a good worker, and sober, a chance to rise in the house. His next step up in a lodging house would be to the post of watchman. From that he might get to be the day clerk, and then, if he kept on advancing, night clerk. The night clerk holds the most responsible post and gets the most wages of any man employed in the lodging house.

HE WAS TORTURED BY ECZEMA 30 YEARS

A Dreadful Case—Itching Almost Unbearable—The Flesh Raw and Flaming.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed to eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

Especially during the summer months children are tortured by itching skin disease, causing sunburns, and a score of ailments that are relieved and cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. J. Goss, mail carrier and stage driver between Port Elgin and Kincardine, Ont., states: "I can testify to the worth of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema. My sister, Mrs. J. Dobson, of Underwood, Ont., has a boy who was a great sufferer from this dreadful skin disease. He was then only four years old, and though she took him to several doctors and tried a great many remedies, all efforts to effect a cure seemed in vain.

"This little fellow was covered with itching sores, and his hands and face were especially bad. The way he suffered was something dreadful, and my sister had been disappointed with so many preparations that she did not have much faith in Dr. Chase's Ointment. I can now testify that Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure in this case, and there is not a mark or scar left on his body."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.