

# Sweet Miss Margery

"Make Margery Daw your wife!" The earl started, and his color deepened.

"If she consents," he answered, after a moment's pause, "I will."

"She is so good—ah, Nugent, you do not know how good! I have grown to love her as my sister. She will watch over you for my sake when—I am gone!" She lay back silent for a minute, then turned her eyes on her maid.

"Ask Miss Daw to come now."

The earl moved away and buried his face in his folded arms on the mantelpiece. Margery came in softly, then, with one deep sigh, crouched beside the bed and put her lips to the thin hand.

"Margery," whispered Lady Enid—"my dear Margery!"

"You are better—oh, tell me you are better. Enid!" faltered Margery.

"Darling, listen to me. I am dying. My poor Margery, be brave. I have known it a long time; the shock today has—has—only hastened it. But I want you to do something for me. Margery, do not promise till you have heard what it is. Nugent!" The earl came to her with slow steps. "You shall not be left alone. Margery, when I am gone, Margery, you have loved me—you know all; I want you to be my brother's wife!"

Margery drew back for an instant, and stood with her hands pressed against her bosom, her mind distracted, the words just uttered ringing in her ears.

"Could she link herself to one who she could never love, though she deeply respected him? Could she give herself to another while she believed herself pledged to Stuart Crosbie forever? Her eyes met the sweet brown ones, already dim with pain, turned wistfully upon her. A flood of pity filled her; she dropped upon her knees, and breathed:

"Yes, my lord."

Lady Enid waited a moment, then, grasping Margery's hand, she held it to the earl, and across her bed the compact was sealed.

"There is one—thing more," she whispered, with difficulty; "the—the end may be soon. I could die—happier if—if you were made man and wife now."

The earl was silent; but Margery raised her head, her cheeks as pale as those dying on the pillow.

"It shall be so," she said, clearly; "be comforted."

The earl stooped, and pressed his lips to his sister's; a sigh burst from his overcharged heart.

"As Margery says, I say; we will be married here in the morning. I will arrange it."

Then, without another word, he passed out of the room.

Margery hardly moved all through the long, terrible night that followed. Lady Enid held her hand within her own, and, fearful of disturbing her few moments of slumber, Margery did not stir, though she grew faint and stiff as the hours passed. What were her thoughts during the interval. She could not have told; but the dominant feeling was one of bitter grief, an agony of regret and sorrow as she looked at the pale young face with the seal of death upon it. The promise she had given—! It had come home to her in those silent moments; she was striving to gauge the depths of Enid's great and noble nature. How brave, how strong she had been, with the knowledge that she was doomed ever present in her breast! What courage she had shown, what a noble frame, what an infinity of love that feebly beating heart! Ah, what a lesson was it to the girl crouched in that sick room to bury self and live for others!

Toward early dawn the girl was worn out with fatigue and sorrow—Margery's eyes closed; and, with her wealth of red-gold curls spread over the coverlet, she slumbered peacefully. Lady Enid woke early. She was faint, even weaker than the night had left her; yet, as she saw the daylight creep into the room, her heart almost leaped with joy—her mind was at rest. Her eyes lingered with tenderness on Margery's tired head; and, as the first rays of the morning sun touched the luxuriant tresses of hair, making them as a ruddy-golden halo, she murmured, "Nugent will be content by and by," and lay back, waiting till her maid or Margery should awake.

The sun was well up before Margery roused her limbs with fringed eyelids; but, once aroused, she was angry with herself for sleeping.

"My sweet Margery," whispered Lady Enid, "my poor tired darling!"

"Forgive me," murmured Margery. "Forgive you! You were worn out. Listen, darling! Nugent will be here soon. Go to your room, and put on a white gown. She smiled faintly. "I wish it; you shall have my dress as at your wedding. Margery, Pauline, attend me—Miss Enid!"

Margery hesitated, and then obeyed silently.

"Heaven give me strength!" prayed Enid, as she felt herself growing faint. "But this one thing, this marriage over, and I shall die content."

Margery went to her room, and listlessly allowed the maid to wash her hair and adjust the simple white cambric dress; but her hands were trembling and her senses numb. A wedding! It seemed like a dream. The prayer-book the maid handed her recalled her to the reality; and with faltering steps she went back to the dying woman.

Three men were in the room as she entered, but she was scarcely conscious of their presence. She went straight to Lady Enid, and sat down beside her, her hand clasped in hers, her head bowed.

Then she felt herself raised to her feet, she saw Dr. Fothergill bend and put a vial in Enid's rigid lips, and the next minute a solemn voice sounded through the room, and the marriage-service began. Margery felt her hand clasped in a firm hold; she uttered her responses in a voice that sounded far away, but her eyes never left the pale face lying back on the pillows, with a gleam of joy in the sweet eyes.

The ceremony was over, the blessing was spoken, and together Lord Court and his wife knelt beside Enid's head to catch the faint whispers that fell from her pallid lips; they saw her eyes gaze

into theirs with a glow of heavenly radiance, they saw her hand move feebly toward them, they seemed to hear the prayer uttered for their happiness; and then the dying girl's eyelids drooped, a fluttering sigh escaped her lips, her head fell forward, and—Margery knew no more.

Nugent, Earl of Court, saw the servants bear his wife from the room; but he remained kneeling by his sister's body gazing on the calm, marble-like face, the still form of her he had loved so well.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vane Charteris was astonished by the words when she found that the assertion she had made regarding Margery's voyage to Australia in company with Robert Bright and her so-called father was absolutely confirmed by fact. Nothing could have been more opportune, no more satisfactory denouement to the whole affair could have taken place had she arranged it herself. It had needed only jealousy to finish what she had begun; and its poison now rankled in Stuart Crosbie's heart. He was stunned, almost overwhelmed by Margery's apparent treachery and heartlessness. He did not know, he had never fathomed till now how greatly he had loved, what a flood of passion had overtaken him. Margery had been the sun of his existence, and she was gone—gone—gone—she was faithless!

Vaguely he repeated the words over and over; again and again he sat listlessly in a chair looking out over the fair landscape, but seeing it not. Faithless! The girl who had kindled the glow of all earthly bliss, the girl who had seemed a very angel of purity and beauty, was false! While he held her clasped in his arms and breathed his earnest sacred vows of love, she was false! As she smiled in radiant tenderness and whispered back her own, she was false! Through it all she had been false! It was inconceivable; it was maddening!

A fortnight wore away, but Stuart's mood did not alter; he sat silent and morbid, trying to understand it all, to get at the truth. Vane grew a little troubled in manner; she had not imagined the wound would have been so deep. Her own shallow nature could not comprehend the depths, the intensity, the passion of love. To her it had appeared that Stuart would be angry. As a proud man, that was but natural, and she had expected to see him defiant, hard, reckless. This strange silence, this quiet misery amazed and annoyed her. But she was outwardly at her best all this time. She never spoke to her cousin respecting their former confidences. She made him feel rather than know the depths of her womanly sympathy, thus making her worldly tact appear as innate refinement and tender delicacy. She moved about as in harmony with his gloomy thoughts; her laughter never jarred; her voice often soothed him; and, last, but not least, she warded off any attacks from Mrs. Crosbie, whose brow contracted in many an ominous frown because of what she termed her son's folly and want of dignity.

It was tedious work sometimes, and Vane often grew vexed and weary, but this gloom could not last, she told herself; there would come a day when Stuart would rouse himself and cast aside all thought of his dead love, tramping on the memories of it as on a vile and worthless thing. She must not fail now; she had succeeded so well hitherto. But a little patience, she would win; she must win, not only for her love's sake, but for her ambition. News had reached her of the marriage of one of her most detested rivals, a girl younger than herself. She could not face the world again without some weapon in her hand to crush the woman she had hated and being back her last power. It was as Stuart Crosbie's wife that she set on, and her triumph should come. He was no title; but his name was as prominent as any in the land, his wealth was untold, and, as a descendant of Crosbie's Castle and Boscawen Park, her social position would be undeniable. Even Mrs. Crosbie did not look the first that burned beneath Vane's calm exterior; but her desire for the marriage was certainly as great as one way as her niece's, Lady Charteris, who had by this time recovered from her surprise at her daughter's strange freak in staying so long at the sick-room away her days placidly enough, content to know that Vane was happy.

Sir Douglas Gerard had disappeared as strangely and as suddenly as he had arrived. Two days after the eventful drive to Chesterham he took his departure, greatly to Miss Charteris and Mrs. Crosbie's satisfaction. There was something in his dry cynical manner which made them singularly uncomfortable, and their strict ideas of etiquette were greatly disturbed by his many another dox acts. Stuart, at any other time would have regretted his cousin's departure; but now it made but little impression on him, and while he exerted himself to bid him farewell, his mind was without his trouble, and as Sir Douglas walked away, he gave himself up again to unhappy thoughts.

A fortnight passed uneventfully, and then Sir Douglas reappeared as suddenly as he had left. Mrs. Crosbie met him with profuse but insincere words of welcome. She was just enough to recognize how much he had done for Stuart. Sir Douglas put aside all her gracious speeches.

"It is only a flying visit," he said tersely. "I want to have a few words with Stuart."

"Oh, I am so sorry you will not stay," Mrs. Crosbie responded. "I had hoped you had come down for the shooting; should expect a few guns down. We should have had a party for the twelfth of August, but for Stuart's accident. Can I persuade you?"

"I should yield to your persuasion, cousin," answered Sir Douglas, with an old-fashioned bow and a gleam of merriment in his keen gray eyes—he knew right well he was no favorite with madame, "but unfortunately time does not wait for us now, and I sail for the Antipodes at the end of this week."

"The Antipodes!" cried Mrs. Crosbie;

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and she would have questioned him further but that he ended the interview by walking away in search of Stuart.

He found the young man standing listlessly about the grounds attended by all his canine pets. There was no doubt as to the sincerity of the pleasure on Stuart's face when he saw his cousin; but Sir Douglas was quick to notice the worn look and the gloom that almost immediately settled again on his features.

"How is the arm?" he asked quietly.

"Mending rapidly," Stuart answered. "I shall have it out of the splints in another fortnight."

"Don't hurry it," said Sir Douglas, as he turned and strolled beside the young man; "it was a nasty fracture, you know."

They walked on in silence until they reached a quiet spot, and then Sir Douglas halted.

"Stuart," he said, "I have come down here on purpose to see you. I want you to give me a promise."

"It is already given," Stuart answered, roused from himself for a while, and stretching out his hand.

"You know that I have made you my heir, that I have willed all I possess to you with certain conditions."

"Yes, I know," Stuart answered, his face flushing a little. "Do not think me ungrateful if I say I wish it were not so. I do not want your property; I—"

"I am aware of that," interrupted Sir Douglas dryly. "If you had wanted it, you would not have had it. But it is not of that I want to speak; it is of the conditions. They are more to me than any fortune you could name."

"Whatever they are, I accept them willingly, with all my heart, and, if it be in my power, they shall be fulfilled."

Stuart spoke firmly, his eyes as steadfast as his words.

"Thank you, Stuart," responded Sir Douglas quietly. "I felt I knew you would answer me so. He paused a little, then went on slowly. "I leave you again at the end of the week on a search that has lasted my life-time—hopeless, alas, in the years that are gone, but touched now with the blessedness of hope! Yes, thank Heaven, I have a clue!"

Stuart looked in wonder at his cousin's face; it was illumined with color, and there was an unusual glow in the eyes.

"I cannot bring myself to speak to you now, Stuart, on this subject; but if I am successful, I will open my heart to you—if not, and anything should happen to me, this letter—taking an envelope from an inner pocket—will tell you all—will give you the secret of my life. Guard it well, and, if the time should come soon, swear to do what I have asked you to do."

"I swear," said Stuart, solemnly, his hand closing over the letter.

"Now I start with a lighter heart than I have had for years. The days will pass quickly, and when I reach Australia, you know—"

"Australia!" broke in Stuart, his face drawn and pale. "You are going to Australia?"

"I said at the end of this week. What is it, Stuart?"

"Oh, that I were free to go with you," muttered Stuart.

"Like a flame of fire, the word 'Australia' had set the passion of jealousy running through his veins, calling up the dormant longing for revenge that had found a resting place in his heart. Could he not leave all that distressed and oppressed him and rush away to that distant land, to face him, who had stolen the most precious jewel of his life to bring shame on her who had deceived and tricked him? The picture of Margery's loveliness rose before him and made his heart beat wildly with the rush of wrath and love that came over him.

"Stuart," Sir Douglas said quietly, almost tenderly. "I would ask you to go with me gladly; but for one thing—you are not free—your father needs you. He could not live without you; go from him, and he will sink before your return. He is not strong; this summer, he has told me many times, has tried him terribly, and your accident was a shock."

"Yes, you are right," responded Stuart gloomily, after a moment's pause. "I will stay here. And yet it is hard."

Sir Douglas did not catch the last words.

"I have always loved Sholto," he said, "and to rob him of you would be cruel. No, Stuart, your place is here."

They moved on and approached the

house; but before they entered Sir Douglas stirred out his hand.

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said tenderly. "We may never meet again. May you have all the happiness and sunshine in your life that a man such as you ought to expect! Remember your promise."

"I have sworn, and I will keep it."

They returned to the castle; and, soon after that, Sir Douglas Gerard left for London.

His cousin's visit broke the spell of Stuart's morbid inactivity. The monotonous quiet of Huratley seemed to appall him. He could no longer sit and nurse himself; he was restless, almost feverish in his movements. He went out early in the morning and did not return till the day was spent; and, although he tried to banish every memory of his life's dream from his mind, Vane detected the nervous restlessness still in his face. In her heart she rejoiced at these signs of awakening; they were but the forerunners of that proud contemptuous mood which she longed to see reveal itself. Life was dull at the castle, but, though she yawned and was inexpressibly bored, she did not intend to give way; and at last, the satisfaction of feeling that success was hers when her aunt announced that Stuart wished the whole party to leave, Crosbie and go to London.

If he remained much longer at Huratley, Stuart said to himself, the monotony and inactivity would drive him mad. So, to Vane's and his mother's delight, he proposed a fortnight's stay in town, and a round of the theatres, and such gayeties as a slack season offered, and then a return to the castle with a large party for the shooting.

It was then that Vane began to reap her reward. Stuart seemed to have remembered all she had done for him, all her thoughtfulness, gentleness, womanly kindness; and it was to her he turned in a frank friendly fashion which at once delighted her and deceived her by its ring of apparent genuine forgetfulness.

To London they all went, save the squire, and in leaving him, Stuart thought of his absent cousin's words: "It was only for a fortnight, and then he would be back again, brave in a frank friendly fashion which at once delighted her and deceived her by its ring of apparent genuine forgetfulness."

It was a delightful time to Vane; she rode, walked, went sight seeing, and, though few of her acquaintances were in town, she noticed with pleasure that some of her "dear friends" were passing through London on their way from the Continent to the country, and she left them to draw their own conclusions as to her relationship with Stuart Crosbie. As for Stuart, he lived for the moment in a whirl of forced excitement and pleasure. He determined with reckless swiftness to give way to sorrow no more; he buried the memory of Margery and set his feet, as he thought, firmly on the ground of his love; he even thrust recollection from him; he laughed, roared, chatted with Vane, and gradually her influence made itself felt. If, in the night, visions of his lost love floated through his dreams, pride in the morning, dispelled his weakness by recalling her faithfulness; and he turned to Vane as a woman whom, though he could never love, he could respect and trust. To the world his devotion had but one name, that of a squire; and, heedless of people's tongues, heedless of Vane's triumphant eyes, Stuart went on his way, living for a time in a dream of reckless excitement that would soon pass and leave him blind and deaf as deep an abyss of despair as before.

(To be Continued.)

# NO LAND TOO HOT OR TOO COLD FOR MAN.

Man inhabits about every part of the earth except a few island groups in the interior of continents and immediate vicinity of the poles. It is from dread of cold that man has found no more than a temporary resting place in some of those far distant spots. The highest temperature of heat is not as high as the lowest degree of cold of any of the unexplored regions of the globe has a greater range of temperatures than any other region now inhabited.

Science reasons that the lowest temperatures at the earth's surface are not found directly at the poles, but at some distance to the south of the north pole and to the north of the south pole. Likewise the highest degree of heat is not as high as might be supposed, to be found at the equator, but prevails at some distance to the north and to the south of that imaginary line.

The coldest place on the earth's surface of which there is authentic record is in Siberia. The lowest temperature ever recorded in the open air was 90 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) at Verkhansk, Central Siberia, on January 19th, 1885.

The highest temperature of which there is authentic record is 124 degrees above zero (Fahrenheit) in Algeria, northern Africa, on July 13th, 1892. These places of extreme heat and extreme cold give a range of temperature covering the whole inhabitable world of 214 degrees.

In the United States the lowest temperature ever recorded in the open air was 67 degrees below zero in North Dakota, and the highest ever recorded in summer is 119 degrees above zero in Arizona. This gives a total range of 186 degrees within about 1,000 miles.

It is an unauthenticated report from Algiers, an outpost of the Algerian empire, which gives a temperature record in the open air of 124 degrees above zero (Fahrenheit). This, if correct, exceeds by 48 degrees that of the highest temperature ever recorded in the United States. At this place rarely gets down to 10 degrees. On one or two occasions it has fallen to 12 degrees below zero, and at more northerly places having equally equable temperatures.

Places of extreme heat and extreme cold are exceptionally healthy and live to a ripe old age.

While men in all parts of the world makes their homes in those exceptionally hot and cold places, life as a general rule is without any apparent physical discomfort, it is found that animals and plants that survive the winters of the coldest climates are not so hardy as those that survive in the milder parts of the north.

The greatest extremes of heat and cold are found in the Western States, from the Dakotas and Montana southward to Texas and Arizona. The temperature in the North during the winter months frequently drops to 20 or 30 degrees below zero, and in the South during the summer months the heat of summer in the central west and southwest touches 100 degrees.

It is, therefore, regardless of such extremes the climatic conditions throughout the entire Rocky Mountain range are delightful from the month of the year.

The most equable temperature throughout the year in the United States is found on the coast. Nearly two-thirds of the entire population lives in seacoast cities. People may complain of the cold and dryness and unusually cold days in winter, and a few sweltering hot and humid days in summer, but with all things considered the Atlantic seacoast from Florida to Maine, is about as desirable a place of residence as any part of the world.



# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Never any failure or disappointment when used. COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. MADE IN CANADA.

Interesting Relics Which Were Recently Offered for Sale at Auction.

A Greek codex of the four Gospels, laboriously indited 1,000 years ago, and a fan scarcely a quarter of a century old, inscribed with historic signatures, make a strange company, yet auction juxtaposes these curious antiques, and on July 27, at Sotheby's, there were offered, along with the true account of the relation between Dickens and Dora, venerable illuminated manuscripts and flippancy letters by Wilde and Whistler. The fan is indeed a memento mori. It is that "Jubilee fan" sold for the benefit of the memorable Charity Bazaar at the luncheon party given by the Duke of Edinburgh on June 20, 1887. Signed by the royalties of the time, it now remains in the hands of those who have passed away. Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, the Emperor and Empress Frederick, King Christian, Leopold II, Albert, King of Saxony, Carlo, King of Portugal, and the Duke of Clarence. The signatures of the King, then Duke of York, Queen Alexandra, the Emperor William, as son of the Crown Prince, the King of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and many others, combine to give the fan an extraordinary historic interest.

The Dickens letters, privately printed for the Boston Bibliophile Society, prove the labors of Mr. Stonehouse and Professor Baker in elucidating the love story of the novelist and Marie Beaumont. The first set of letters, written in 1853, show the dramatic intenseness of an attachment doomed to disappointment. Over 20 years afterward Dickens reopened the correspondence. In a touching letter he then wrote: "Whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, inspiration and determination belong to me, I never have separated and never shall separate, from the hard-hearted little woman—you whom it is nothing to say I would have died for with the greatest alacrity. You may have seen in one of my books a faithful reflection of the passion I had for you, and may have thought it was something to have been loved so well, and may have seen in little bits of 'Dora' touches of your old self sometimes, and a grace here and there that may be revived in your little girl, years hence, for the bewilderment of some other young lover—though he will never be as terribly in earnest as I and 'David Copperfield' were." Mr. Stonehouse's M.S. notes help to identify many of the originals of Dickens' characters, notably Mr. Winkle.

Last year the manuscript of Wilde's "Decay of Lying" realized \$211. A remarkable series of other articles were equal bait to collectors. The original manuscripts for portions of "Dorian Gray" and of "The Florentine Tragedy," and the draft of "The Sphinx" need only be mentioned. Then there is such a poignant note as that written by Wilde as a boy at school, thanking his mother for a hamper. We have, too, a sonnet in his hand, "On the Sale by Auction of Keat's Love-Letters," the beginning of which sums up the whole matter: "These are letters which Endymion wrote To one he loved in secret and apart: And now the brawlers of the auction mart, Bargain and bid for each allotted note, The letters from Whistler to Wilde restore us a little. Seeing his friend in Chelsea wearing a coat 'befrogged and wonderfully befurred,' Whistler wrote, 'How dare you? What means this unseemly carnival at Chelsea? Restore these things to Nathan, and never let me see you again masquerading the streets in the combined character of a degraded Kosuth and Mr. Mantalini.'"—London Daily Telegraph.

**This Medicine is Breathed.**

That is why it is sure to cure Catarrh. You see it goes direct to the source of the disease—its healing vapor repairs the damage caused by catarrhal inflammation. "Cattarhose" always cures, because it gets into those tiny cells and passages that ordinary remedies cannot reach, goes where the disease actually is. Impossible for "Cattarhose" to fail, as any doctor will tell you. Don't be misled into thinking there is anything so good as Cattarhose—use it and you'll soon say good-bye to cattarh.

"G. N. R."

A traveller on the Great Northern Railway, having entrusted his luggage to the care of the porter, proceeded to make himself comfortable in the corner of a first-class smoking carriage. The porter having performed his duty, visited the compartment for the reward of merit.

"Well," said the passenger, "I see by the letters 'G. N. R.' on your cap 'Gratuities never received.'"

"A little mistake, sir," replied the porter. "It should be 'Gratuities never refused.'"

**MORE PROFITABLE.**

(Life.)

Miss Rocksey—But, papa, George is a hard working man.

Old Rocksey—That's it exactly. The man I wish you to marry must be able to make money without working.

**GIVES UP LEISURE.**

(Smart Set.)

Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?

Wedderly—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.

True love never lets him sit on a chair while she holds down the sofa.

# A TERRIBLE RECORD OF CHILDREN'S DEATHS

As every mother knows the death rate of little ones in Canada during the hot summer months far exceeds that of any other season of the year. The reason for this is that the excessive heat brings on those dreaded troubles, clearing, diarrhoea, dysentery and other stomach and bowel complaints. These come on so quickly and with such little warning that the mother realizes he is ill. During the hot summer months the mother must be continually on her guard to see that baby's bowels are working regularly and his little stomach is kept sweet and pure. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the home as they are the mother's greatest friend. A dose now and then will prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly they will be quickly banished by the Tablets. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A black nose, a naked moor, A silvering pool before the door, A sixteen acre of flowers and fruit And poplars at the garden foot; Bleak without and bare within, Yet shall your ragged moor receive The incomparable pomp of eve, The cold glories of the dawn behind your shimmering trees be drawn; And when the wind from place to place Darts the unnumbered cloud-galleons chase, You garden gleam and gleam again, We'll leap up with a dancing rain. Here shall the wizard moon ascend The heaven in the crimson end Of day's declining splendour here The army of the stars appear, The neighboring hills, dry or wet, Spring shall with tender flowers beset; And of the morning muser see Larks rising from the broomy lea, And every fairy wren and thrush Of cob-web bedded hummed. Silver the simple grass with time, An eternal frost enshroud the pool And make the air as beautiful, And when snow-bright the moor expands, How shall your children clap their hands?

To make the earth our hermitage, A cheerful and a chancel page, God's bright and intricate device Of days and seasons suffer.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

# A Succession Horseman

Never allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nervine, which is noted for curing stiffness, rheumatism, swellings and strains. Nervine is just as good inside as outside. For cramps, colic and internal pain it's a perfect marvel. In the good racing stables Nervine is always used, because it makes better horses and smaller veterinary bills. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle of Nervine; try it.