

tion, and presently, though he hardly expected her after the incident of the morning, she came to him by a different way. He looked at her with a sudden, swift attention as she approached. She was as dainty as any flower of the field, with a bloom which would be easily spoiled. In all her happy life she had known no sorrow, being shielded by the love of the father and mother, the light of whose life she was. But to-day her face seemed to wear a different look. It had grown harder, her flower-like mouth was set as Maitland had never seen it before. "If I had known you were coming so quickly, Nancy," he said, as he raised his cap, "I should have asked you to walk with me."

"I should not have accepted the invitation. I am only here this morn-

ing because I promised. Yes, the picture is very beautiful, but it is sad."

"But, these waste reaches are sad, Nancy; they remind me of life."

"They are not what life should be," she answered unexpectedly. "But it is waste sometimes. I suppose you will never come back to Wareham?"

"I should not like to say that. I have been very happy here—too happy perhaps."

"Is it possible for anybody to be too happy?"

"Well, there is a lotus-land, Nancy. You and I have often spoken of it."

"But it would never content anybody for long, would it? It is very well just for a break or a rest; but it is better to be out in the open, living the big life. I am sure of that."

"What is the big life?" asked Maitland, because he loved to watch the play of her features, the light in her speaking eyes.

"The life among men striving, working, achieving. If I were a man I should be ashamed just to play at it. I should want to grow up."

It was not intended as a rebuke, but Maitland took it as such. He realized in a moment that this child of nature, with her clear vision and her pure heart, had read the whole secret of his existence, and discovered the weak spot in his armour.

"You think I have never grown up, Nancy! I am going away soon. It might be very good for me to hear just for once what you really think."

She laughed, but there was not the same spontaneous sweetness in the sound which had often rung in Maitland's ears.

"When are you going to leave off playing at painting?" she asked abruptly.

"Do you call this playing at it?" he asked, pointing to the great canvas, in which the lights and shadows played.

"It is unfinished, and it will share the fate of all the other pictures you have told me about, that stand with their faces to the wall at your London studio. Poor things, it is very cruel for them; they must want to be taken out, and finished, and shown the light."

"But they are not good enough, Nancy. Not one of them has passed the bar of their creator's judgment."

"That is not it, Mr. Maitland. The real truth is that you grow tired of them before they are finished. It will be the same with this. I knew a week ago that you would go soon, and that if you took the poor thing away it would only be to set it with its face to the wall."

Maitland smiled, but a trifle uneasily.

"You disapprove of me, Nancy! I have offended you," he said humbly. "You think I am a poor creature of moods and fancies."

"You are a man, and you don't realize what you might be—that is really what I think. Go home and paint a picture that will live, finish it, and give it to the world."

"I will do that, if only you give me the theme, Nancy."

"I cannot do that, but I can say put life and hope in it. Don't paint any

### The Facts in the Case

For Constipation, or tightness of the bowels, the simplest—safest—most agreeable remedy to cure the trouble—no gripping or after effects—is unquestionably



25c. and 60c. At all dealers.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I do not choose to answer; but I don't wish you to come back any more to the waste places. They seem even more desolate because you have touched them."

"That is the worst hearing I have had in the course of a useless life, my dear," he said dejectedly.

When he looked at her again her eyes were full of tears, and not another word passed between them. She turned slowly and left him, nor did he follow her or seek speech with her through the rest of the day. But in the afternoon he followed Bertram Power into the orchard and asked a moment's speech with him.

"There is something I want to ask you, Mr. Power. I am leaving you to-morrow, and there is something I find it very hard to leave behind."

The yeoman's bright eyes fixed themselves inquiringly on Maitland's face.

"What be that, Mister Maitland?"

"Nancy."

"Nancy will be sorry, too," answered Bertram Power. "My wife says it has been a mistake—the worst we've ever made—to let you be together."

"May I come back when—when I have the right? I have lived an idle life, Mr. Power. It is Nancy who has awakened my soul. Have I your permission to come back?"

"When you like, Mister Maitland," said the yeoman simply. "Yes, sure, when ye like."

"But you understand if I come it will be to rob you of Nancy."

"If the lass be willin', sir, so be it. It is the way of a man with a maid."

Maitland returned to the cold studio on Campden Hill, and there began to work for a definite object, for the first time in his life.

He painted so that he might have a home.

And when the picture saw the light on the walls of the gallery that had persistently refused so much of his earlier work, it was sold at once at a long price. Maitland took the money, and was a better man for it. With its proceeds he built himself a home, and in fulness of time Flower of the Field came to share it with him.

And from that day he became a great painter. He remains a great painter to this day.—British Weekly.

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All druggists sell Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges, price, twenty-five cents, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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Sometimes it becomes chronic and returns again and again, wearing out its victim.

At other times it develops rapidly into pneumonia—cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Any cold is serious enough when its dreadful possibilities are considered, but when there is soreness or tightness in the chest and a dry hard cough you can look for bronchitis, which is often confused with an ordinary cold.

It is usually known by aching limbs and body pains, chilly feelings, weariness and weakness, pain in the chest and a tight, tearing cough. Fever, dry skin, thirst, coated tongue and constipation are other symptoms.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine seems almost like a specific for bronchitis because it is so successful in loosening up the cough, aiding expectoration and preventing the inflammation from reaching the lungs.

Bronchitis is particularly dreaded because of its tendency to develop into pneumonia and even when this does not result bronchitis is likely to return again and again whenever a slight cold is taken until it wears out even the most vigorous system.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so prompt in affording relief and so thorough and far-reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence.

Mr. James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills, Leeds Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys were so bad with colds on the chest or bronchitis that they coughed all night and could get no rest or sleep. Several cough remedies were tried to no avail until I was told about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and this treatment soon cured them." 25c. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.