

troubles, and was sleeping the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased, but Daisy was very happy as she sang softly in the shade.

"Oh, Daisy, I can never thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she awoke, rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks! And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried," she added, confidentially. "You see, it costs so much for us to stay here, and I was afraid the money was all thrown away—baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner bell!" said Daisy. "Let me take care of baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, colouring a little. "I'd have to dress first—and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant little girl, and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne, in her worn dress, had shrunk from observation; she did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said demurely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook laughing.

"Mrs. Verne's baby sick, and she doesn't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know she could eat a nice lunch under the trees."

For answer the cook loaded a tray with roast lamb and green peas and raspberry tart, and gave it to Daisy.

What a delightful picnic dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl, so she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure; and then the young mother lay down in the hammock with her baby on her arm.

Daisy waited until they had both slept again, and then she ran back with the tray and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner.

A little boy came to the door, crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until his nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch for mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn—tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing had finished his work, and was lying on the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You don't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it isn't," said Daisy, earnestly. "It's lovely—ever so much nicer than play. Ah, there's mamma! I must carry her parcels upstairs!" And the little helper ran away.

—Experience has been called the most eloquent of preachers; but unfortunately she never has a large congregation.

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LOOKING AHEAD.

It was hard to get help that fall, and Mr. Morton, who carried on a large flower and seed business, was wondering how he was to get the bulbs set that he wanted for the next spring's blooming.

"Couldn't I help, father?" asked Jack one evening. "I have a good deal of time after school, you know."

"I don't know but you could, Jack. And it would be a help if you could take hold. I'm going to put in three fields of bulbs this fall. You might take the small one, and Jones and I will take the other two. The other men will have all the work they can attend to. Will you be responsible for the small field, Jack?"

Jack agreed that he would. "I'll give you your instructions about the planting, Jack," his father said, "and you can suit yourself as to the time when you work. But you must have them all in by a week from Saturday night. That is the only condition I shall make."

"That will be easy enough," Jack said lightly.

Jack began his work the very next afternoon after school. His father showed him how deep and how far apart the bulbs were to be planted, and then left him to arrange the work for himself. The next afternoon Jack came home full of excitement.

"The boys are all going to Lane's woods next week Saturday," he said. "They're going to take their lunch and stay all day and have a jolly time. Will it be all right for me to go with them if I finish the bulbs by Saturday morning?"

"If the bulbs are in, Jack, I am perfectly willing that you should go. That is all I care for, for the rest of us are so busy that it would be very inconvenient to have to finish up your work."

"You won't have to, father," Jack answered joyfully. "I'll get them in all right."

He worked very well that afternoon and the next, but on the following day, as he came out of school, the boys begged him to come and play a game of ball with them. At first Jack said no, but as the boys insisted on his coming, he began to think that perhaps he would. "Father didn't say I must work every single day," he reasoned with himself, "only that I must have the work done by a certain time. I can work extra hard to-morrow to make up for it. A fellow has to have some fun once in a while." So Jack decided the matter, and went and had his game of ball, which lengthened itself out into so many games that it was supper time before he got home.

The next afternoon he hurried home from school and went to work in his small field. He worked with a right good will, but did not get ahead as he had hoped to do. He found that it was not so easy to catch up with yesterday's work as he had thought it would be.

There came another afternoon, and still another, when Jack did not go into his field at all, because there was something going on among the boys that he did not want to miss. And each time he reasoned very much as he had done that first afternoon, ending by saying to himself, "I don't believe father expects

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A new catarrh cure has recently appeared which so far as tested has been remarkably successful in curing all forms of catarrh, whether in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, or in stomach and liver.



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The safe and effective catarrh cure may be found at any drug store under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

Whether the catarrh is located in the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or stomach, the tablets seem to act with equal success, removing the stuffy feeling in head and nose, clearing the mucous membrane of throat and trachea from catarrhal secretions, which cause the tickling, coughing, hawking and gagging so annoying to every catarrh sufferer.

Nasal catarrh generally leads to ulceration, in some cases to such an extent as to destroy the nose entirely and in many old cases of catarrh the bones of the head become diseased. Nasal catarrh gradually extends to the throat and bronchial tubes and very often to the stomach, causing that very obstinate trouble, catarrh of the stomach.

Catarrh is a systematic poison, inherent in the blood, and local washes, douches, salves, inhalers and sprays can have no effect on the real cause of the disease. An internal remedy which acts upon the blood is the only rational treatment and Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is the safest of all internal remedies, as well as the most convenient and satisfactory from a medical standpoint.

Dr. Eton recently stated that he had successfully used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in old chronic cases, even where ulceration had extended so far as to destroy the septum of the nose. He says, "I am pleasantly surprised almost every day by the excellent results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. It is remarkable how effectually they remove the excessive secretion and bring about a healthy condition of the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and stomach."

All druggists sell complete treatment of the Tablets at 50c. and a little book giving the symptoms and causes of the various forms of catarrh, will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

me to work every single day. I want to have a good time like the other boys, and I can get the work done."

By Friday afternoon, Jack was wondering why his father had called it the "small" field. It seemed to him that he had planted bulbs enough to fill an ordinary field, and yet there was a great square patch still unplanted, which made Jack's face take on a very serious expression. To-morrow was the outing to

PATTON TO Cathedral, Qu' A 1901, by the Re Talbot, fourth Talbot, Qu'Appe of Carters, Call son of Alfred M son of the late and of the late

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