CROSS PURPOSES

"All women are match-makerssome for themselves, and the rest for other people," said Mr. Francis Leices with his back to his own chimneypiece, and surveyed the subject comprehensively from that advantageous position. And he was entitled to have an opinion of his own about it, for he was nearly three-and-twenty.

Two ladies were present. "Which am I, pray?" said the younger, instantly accepting the challenge. She looked up at the speaker with great bright brown eyes, like those of some sylvan creature. "Which am I-for myself or for other people?"

Frank laughed, and turned away a little, gazing at a golden effect of September sunshine on an old family portrait. "Oh, I am not going to be girl attachment, you know; I don't personal," he said; "you don't catch me so. I mean women in general."

"Oh, woman in general! I don't care for women in general," said Miss Vivian; 'and I don't much be-Heve that anybody else does." "I may say what I like, then?"

She nodded gravely. "Yes: on the understanding that it doesn't apply to anybody in particular." "I'm afraid, perhars, that won't be

very interesting," said Frank, doubtfully. "Im quite sure it won't be: it makes

me yawn only to think of it." "But this does apply to somebody." said young Leicester's mother, smiling from her easy-chair. "Frank means me. Whenever he wants to make rude remarks about anything 1 do, he always calls me women in general. But this time he ought to be ashamed of himself, for-thank goodness!—whatever I may be, I am not a match-maker." "Say that again!" Leicester exclaim-

ed. "To-day of all days." 'Well, I am not!" she repeated, firm-

"I don't want to make a match of it, I'm sure. Only it seemed hard that they shouldn't meet somewhere and have another chance.' "Just so," said Frank. "Let's hope

they'll profit by it. I should think they might know their own minds by now; they are getting rather elderly, these lovers of yours, aren't they?"

"Elderly-well, they are not so young as Tiny here; but they are a good deal younger than I am. I don't see why they shouldn't have their feelings as well as other people."

"Oh, I've no objection," said Frank, with his hands in his pockets and his your concern, and I'm sure I wish you all success. Give them their weddingbreakfast, if you like. I'll throw old shoes after them, and go in for all the rest of the foolery with the greatest pleasure." He turned to Tiny Vivian. 'Will you be bridesmaid?"

Tiny nodded. "If it's a pretty dress." "That's settled, then. You shall support the elderly bride; I'll be best man, and my mother shall be the rest of the affectionate relatives. Why, we ando it all in the family! No. though! who's to give her away? The best man can't, can he?"

"It doesn't sound quite proper. wouldn't have the best man give me away." said Tiny

"Better have the best man to take you," Frank suggested. "Well, it's awkward, but for such a little amateur performance I think I might double the parts."

"Couldn't you manage a slight change of costume as you dodged from one side to the other?" "Do not be so silly," said Mrs. Lei-

cester. "And do remember that it is a secret—that nobody knows anything about this old love affair. It is quite-"You hear?" said Frank, turning

his head a little, and looking down at "I don't see why you say 'You hear?"

to me. I'm sure you're quite as bad, or worse," said the girl, smartly. "Oh, but it isn't that. I wasn't doubting your discretion or my own; but I thought you might have a few spare secrets about you, and not have known where to put them for safekeeping. I wanted you to observe that you might bring them here."

"Now, Frank, you know I always do keep secrets," said his mother. shall keep this one," she added, vir-"I'm only afraid you and Tiny won't."

"I should keep it better, I think." said Tiny, "if I knew a little more

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about it. One is so apt to let out half a secret while one is hunting about for the other half-don't you think so?" She laid her hand coaxingly on Mrs. ter. He stood at his own nearth-rug, Leicester's. "Do tell me. If nobody knows'it, how do you know it?"

"My sister told me-my dear sister. who is dead." Mrs. Leicester replied, in a slightly altered voice. Tiny's brown eyes dilated for a moment, and the corners of her eager, smiling mouth went down a little. It was just the attention which any mention of he King of Terrors ordinarily receives in the course of conversation.

"But there's hardly anything to tell," the elder lady went on; "Caroline knew something of young South when he was really little more than a lad, and he liked to talk to her about Miss Fairfax. It was quite a boy-andthink it was ever allowed to be a regular engagement; but Caroline used him, poor boy."

"He went away," said Tiny. "Yes, but why didn't they marry after-

ward? "Well, I don't know. After Caroline died, I never heard any more about four or five and twenty she married young Austin, and he was a friend of my husband's; so I saw something of her then, of course. We gave them a pair of candlesticks, pink and gold, very pretty; Mr. Leicester bought them in Paris. But I suppose they would be quite wrong now."

"Never mind; most likely they are broken," Frank suggested, in a consoling voice. "It was Miss Fairfax who didn't

wait for Mr. South, then?' said Tiny, pursuing the story. "And did he get married, too?" "Oh, no; he never married. He wasn't in the army long; he sold out, and went to live with an uncle, who

died some years ago, and left him a nice little property. No, he never married." "Why didnt she wait for him? I sha'n't like her! Was Mr. Austin

rich?" "Pretty well, I think. He was a barrister, but he had money of his chin a little higher than usual. "If I own. She is left very well off altogewanted to make a match, it should be ther. But I had quite lost sight of her a new one while I was about it, not a for a long time till we happened to rechauffe afafir like this. But that's meet at the Stauntons' place a month

"I sha'n't like her," Tiny repeated, softly. "But you haven't accounted for Mr. South, now." she persisted, with pitiless interest.

"Oh, that was rather funny; it was at Mr. Lane's-Minna Wilkinson she used to be. Some one spoke of Mr. Gilbert South, and I was curious. I asked to be introduced to him, and we had quite a long talk about poor Caroline and old times. Wasn't it odd I should meet him just after I had seen Mrs. Austin again? He mentioned her, and told me he used to know her, and began to ask so many questions that I invited him to come and meet her here. And he jumped at it quite jumped!" said Mrs. Leicester, sinking back. "He is in love with her still," she

Tiny, penisvely; "but she doesn't deserve it.'

Frank settled his shoulders against the carved wood-work of the chimneypiece. "But how long ago is it since these young affections were blighted?" he inquired. "That's what I want to know."

Mrs. Leicester sat pondering the question. "I don't quite know," she said. "What year was it that young South went out to India? I could find out-I must have got it down somewhere, for it was just when you had

Frank uttered a very impatient ejaculation. "I wish to Heaven there was something you 'couldn't calculate in that fashion!" he said. Then he began to laugh, and turned half apologetically to Tiny, "Haven't you noticed? My ailments, whooping-cough and mumps, and that kind of thing-" "Frank, you never had mumps! You

are thinking of-" "- have infected all history. In fact, nothing has happened but my ailments ever since I was born. Ask my mother."

Mrs. Leicester, who had risen to take her knitting from the table. laid her hand on his sleeve. "They haven't been very bad, luckily," she said, looking up at his handsome, healthy

"If they had been, the world would have come to an end, wouldn't it?" "Yes," she said, "it would for me.". Frank bent his head and touched her smooth forehead with his lips. "For sentimental folly," he remarked, as he disengaged himself, "there is nothing like-like-women in general!

Well, good-bye for the present." "Where are you going?" "Why, your superannuated lovers can't be here, either of them, for the next hour, and I promised Huntley I'd go and look at those cottages by the river they say ought to come down. It's a shame to spend such an afternoon indoors." He looked at Tiny. 'Won't you come, too? You haven't had a walk to-day."

"Not had a walk! Well, you were, playing lawn-tennis for hours-I should like to know what you call that!" Mrs. Leicester exclaimed. "I call it lawn-tennis." said Frank. "It wasn't a walk." Tiny chimed in. "I'll get my hat; I should like to go."

She was at the door in a m



looking back with an eager, glowing little face as Mrs. Leicester called after her, "Mind you are not late com-

ing home." Frank Leicester was a fine young fellow, good-looking, good-hearted, good-tempered, and the owner of Cultensely conscious of the fact that he was a landed proprietor, and family tradition had impressed him with the it altogether, was the most desirable spot on the surface of the globe. Any trifling drawbacks were honorably tate, which had belonged to the Leidifficult. In his own house, on his was really fond of the girl, yet in her to tell me about it till I felt as if 1 there was the requisite knowledge of have sacrificed her any day, body and knew him. She said it was quite the importance of Culverdale, he was soul, for Frank. Tiny must take care touching to see how the young fellow fearless, outspoken, and perhaps a lit- of herself. If Frank wanted her, well worshipped the very ground Mildred the conceited, with the happy and and good, but if the young prince Fairfax trod on. And then he got his harmless conceit of a young fellow should chance to discover a more commission, and was ordered off to who has been petted all his life, and suitable princess elsewhere, his little India. Oh, it's a long while ago! 1 thinks the world at once better and cousin must go back to her own peoremember Caroline coming in to tell easier to deal with than most of us ple, heart-whole or heart-broken as me that she had just said good-bye to find it. But in any society where she might chance to be. Culverdale counted for nothing, he would have been shy and humble, Frank and Tiny to her expected viswith a very moderate opinion of his own abilities. Briefly, it may be said which they belonged. How well she that Frank was Culverdale. It was a remembered the dull autumn asterprosperous, well-managed, wealthy, them. But when Mildred Fairfax was and sheltered estate, beautiful after a certain trim and English ideal of beauty, but with nothing wild or original about it. It was just so much placid contentment lying in a ring fence. Frank was one with Culverdale when Culverdale was at its best, with while her eyes filled at the thought of the airy and hopeful freshness of spring about it, and the beauty of promise in copse and meadow. Whether he would ever be one with Culverdale when it was at its worst, an expanse of sodden and heavy acres lying drearily under a dull November sky, was a question which might suggest itself to a chance observer more

readily than to those who knew and loved him as he was. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that Frank was essentially a country | reached India; and Mrs. Leicester, gentleman. There was a pleasant harmony between the young squire and his surroundings which would demand a pleasant word to describe it. It is true that he had traveled as much or more than his neighbors, making the most of a limited knowledge of that tongue which is neither Gilbert South a chance of being hap-English nor French, though it has py after the fashion that Carrie had rule of solvitur ambulando would apaffinities with both those languages. planned so long ago. It was a late and ply in most cases, we imagine, for the The fact that Culverdale was not unsatisfactory conclusion. perhaps, way of escape for a submarine is easy much known on the Continent did ago, and I asked her to come and stay the natives of other lands (compre- it which appealed to Mrs. Leicester's not depress Frank. He was sorr foyr there was a sentimental charm about hensively described as "foreign beggars"), who, owing to misfortunes in her easy-chair, thinking it all over, of birth and training, could not ap- till the figures of the old story-Caropreciate the position he held at home. | line, Gilbert South, and Mildred Aus-As he feit himself unable to explain | tin-came and went in something of it with any degree of precision, he a confused and softened vision before acquiesced in their ignorance with the her half-closed eves, while the wingood-humored tolerance of a young dow near which she sat became a calities, could find his way, with a of wheels passed through her pleassense of old acquaintance, through the ant dream, which was hardly so much streets of Paris, and would have been dispersed as a little more defined greatly surprised if any one had told than his cousin Tiny Vivian, who had of hours earlier. He spoke in soft, denever crossed the Channel and had liberate tones, and looked round the only enjoyed an occasional week in room with a covert inquiry in his town. It was true, nevertheless .Tiny, glance. with her bright, innocent brown eyes and eager youthfulness, was so evidently undeveloped that it was impossible to classify her. The budding plant might open in the old garden where it had grown, or might be transferred to a conservatory to blossom more delicately there. But Frank had carried that slight rusticity of



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Atlantic Sugar Refineries Ltd. Power Bldg., Montreal , 43 tals, and brought it back to the peace-ful English home where the rooms were cawing in the elms outside his windows, and the doves cooing in the tangled copses.

Mrs. Leicester went back to easy chair when Frank and Ties ad

left her that afternoon, and gave herself up to drowsy meditation. match-maker, indeed!" she said to herself, as she leaned back, suffering her knitting and her plump white hands to lie idly in her lap. "As if I shouldn't make a match for Frank, if did for anybody! And no one can say I ever tried that." It was quite true. Mrs. Leicester had perceived verdale Manor. Had he described him-self, he would have given that last or, which was much the same thing, clause the formost place. He was in- in an eccentric fashion, and she had determined that if Frank would but choose some one fairly unobjectionbelief that Culverdale Manor, taking in spite of many little flirtations, he had escaped the snares laid for him at garden parties and county balls, and had returned from all his wanddisposed of in the limitation "taking erings apparently unscathed. So far it altogether." Frank could not part as he showed any real preference it himself in his own mind from the es- was for Tiny Vivian, who received his attentions in a very guileless and cesters for so many years. He was simple manner. It would be great young Leicester of Culverdale, and, promotion for Tiny to be mistress of if he had not been Leicester of Culves the old Manor house, which was a dale, he would hardly have known paradise to her girlish fancy, but what he was or what he could be. It Frank's mother was quite ready to may be questioned whether it would welcome here there, and was very have been possible to make provision good meanwhile in the matter of infor Frank anywhere else in the uni- vitations. Mrs. Leicester was an amiverse. It would certainly have been able, kindly, easy-going woman, and own land, or in any company where fierce motherly fondness she would Mrs. Leicester's thoughts turned from

itors, and drifted idly in the past, to noon when Caroline came in to tell her that Gilbert South was gone, and how he had done his best to preserve a manly demeanor to the last. "Poor boy! poor boy! I only hope Mildred Fairfax will be true to him," said the kindly, sentimental Caroline, his sorrow. The sisters were excited over the love story, but naturally it failed to interest the fretful little tyrant who had the measles. Poor Aunt Carrie had to wipe ner eyes and relate a wonderful story about soldiers who went away in story, but who were all coming home again very soon. Mildred Fairfax was not required in Frank's version of the romance. Aunt Carrie told no more stories; she was dead before the young lover looking back across the long years which parted her from her favorite sister, a sad pieasure in taking up the unfortunate love story of whose earllest beginning she had been the confidante. She had a vague feeling that it yet the best that she could see, and prince in disguise. He had read his great sunset picture of darkly tower-Murray in a good many historic lo- ing trees and yellow sky. The sound when Mr. South stood on the hearthhim that he was more countrified rug where Frank had stood a couple

Mrs. Leicester made an effort, and was glad that he had a pleasant drive. You find me all aione," she said: Frank is out somewhere, and so is Miss Vivian, who is staying with us. They were playing lawn-tennis all the morning, and they have been

walking all the afternoon.' Mr. South expresed his admiration his to two or three European capi- of such unflagging energy. "It wouldn't suit me," said Mrs. Leicester, candidly: "but I have a sort of recollection that when I was young I used to think I would run about all

> "Ah, when one was young!" said Gilbert South, with a smile. "And so der and promote the gayety of natyou are all alone?" he repeated, still ions.-New York Times. looking round with questioning eyes. Mrs. Leicester awoke to a sudden comprehension of her companion's anxiety. "I shouldn't have been alone long, even if you hadn't come," she said. "I am expecting Mrs. Austin-I teld you she was coming, if you remember. She was obliged to put her visit off for a few days, and she arranged to come this very afternoon-

in fact, I have sent to meet her." "How does she come, then?--by a later train? You need not have sent twice, Mrs. Leicester-I would have waited."

(To be continued.)

Scolds Gagged With Iron.

In the seventeenth century erring inhabitants of Newcastle used to undergo far more trying ordeals than that of the drunkard's cloak. Ralph Gardner, in a work entitled "England's Grievance in Relation to

the Coal Trade," published in 1655. records having seen "in Newcastle six months ago one Ann Bridlestone drove through the streets by an officer of the same corporation holding a rope in his hand, the other end fastened to an engine called the branks, which is like a crown, it being of iron, which was muzzled over the head and face. with a great gag of iron forced into her mouth, which forced the blood out. and that is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scolding women."-London Ex-

"One good turn deserves another," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but unfortunately, perpetual motion as never fully materialized," added the SHOES

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Some Interesting Points Her Arrival Creates.

The claim is distinctly made for the Deutschland that she is a merchant vessel, "armed only for defence."

This raises interesting questions of law. For the most part they are simple enough. Assuming that the craft carries no torpedoes and no war equipment save perhaps a single gun, Daugerous Throat Troubles can rule of defensive armament, she is a merchant ship. Therefore, if her papers are found to be in due form, she may enjoy the use of our ports at her pleasure, may take on cargo and set out on her return trip. Peaceful use removes her war character. So she will not be obliged to leave in twenty-four hours or remain

interned during the war. Recrossing the ocean she will be subject to capture by British or French cruisers. But here arises questions of interest entailing possible communications. She may not be sunk without warning or without providing for the safety of her passengers and crew. She must be stopped and if there is doubt about her character she must be visited and searched. Then, after her company is made safe she may be sent to the bottom. All that is plain. But must British

cruisers hereafter observe these formalities with all German submarines, lest perchance they commit a Lusitania crime on a much reduced scale? And is it possible that the Germans have sent this U-boat over with deliberate attempt to veil their entire submarine operations in a protecting cloud of ambiguity, putting their enemies under obligations to visit and search every U-boat before opening fire? That would bring an unwonted element of comedy into the grave domain of international law. might please Carrie if she could give | We should have to credit the Germans with a delightful sense of humor. The and promising. If the attempt were made the attacking snip would be blameless whether the U-boat went easily touched feelings; so she sat clear to the bottom under fire or only so far down as it pleased her to go under her own control.

But provocative or amusement and worthy of applause as the plan may be for its ingenuity it could serve no practical purpose. Encountered in mid-ocean a German U-boat might hereafter have comfortable ground for presuming that an enemy ship would give her some benefit of doubt. In the North Sea the presumption would lie all the other way and she would be sunk on sight. Nor could Germany complain overmuch if mistakes were made. The pretense that submarines sent out with cargoes and passengers for a 4,000-mile voyage are primarily and exclusively engaged in commercial ventures would not deepy impress a court of law. It would be only too evident that the real purose was to create a saving presumption of merchant character for every U-boat, a mere ruse of war enjoying no title to respect after detection, in like case with a flag of truce repeatedly used to mask military strategy. The disguise would take fatal taint from what it sought to conceal. If that be the German purpose, no practical or legal end will be gained. At best the achievement of this bold craft will serve only to stir the won-

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everywhere-25c per bottle.

My Town.

I know my town, and I love my town And I want to help it be As great a town to every one As it seems to be to me. And I try to spread its fame;
And I know what a splendid
'twould be
If you would do the same!

I trust my town and I boost my town And I want to do my part To make it a town that all may praise From the depths of every heart! like my town and I sing my town, And I want my town to grow; If I knocked my town or blocked my

town, That wouldn't be fair, you know. I think my town is the very best town

In all the world—to me; Or if it's not, I want to get out. And try to make it be! I falk my town and I preach my town,
As I think a fellow should
Who has more at stake than to win or

For the love of the common good! I bet on my town, and I bank on my

And I think it fine to feel-When you know your town and you love your town-That it's part of your honest seal!
I'm proud of my town, I love my town,
And I want to help it rise—
And that's the way to help a town—
Not curse it and despise!

Their Digestibility and Value as

The peanut is remarkable among the legumes for its large proportion of fat and its resemblance in taste and use to the true nut, and indeed it is popularly with the nuts.

At present there is a good deal of instant in purious and food ad perhaps on terest in nuts as a food ad perhaps on this account peanuts in the form of pea-nut butter and in other forms are used to

this account peanuts in the form of peanut butter and in other forms are used to a greater or lesser extent as articles of diet by many families.

That it is perfectly possible to provide a diet in which the bulk of the protein is furnished by peanut or other nuts is shown by recent experiments carried on by Professor Jaffa at the University of California.

The men studied lived in health on rations composed largely of fruits and ruits, peanuts being used in several cases, it should be remembered, however, that experience does not indicate that a diet restricted to such food possesses the marked advocates have claimed.

It is worth noting that in the Southern United States and other regions where the peanuts have long been cultivated they have not become a staple article of diet, but have remained food accessories for occasional use.

There are many persons who find that roasted peanuts eaten in large quantities are indirectible in a server.

roasted peanuts eaten in large quantities are indigestible, in a sense of producing pain or distress in the abdomen.
This is probably on account of their rich,, concentrated character, though this distress seems to be due to eating treamuts which are roasted till they are very brown. It seems to be a fact that when peanuts are eaten in connection with other food, as bread, the ill-effects are less noted.

Furthermore, peanuts should thoroughly masticated.—Exchange.

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THAT LAWN-MOWER.

How You Can Keep It in the

You have heard of palmists, pedists, physiognomists and phrenologists, but have you heard of the "lawn-mowerist? The latter tells all sorts of things about one's character by the condition of one's lawn mower, and the first count on the wrong side of the fence is based on the noise it may make that

indicates neglect. Now every one knows that when a lawn-mower rattles it means that it is being abused, but every one doesn't know what caused it to rattle. The first thing to do is to tighten up all the screws that control the bearings. and a few minutes with a good screwdriver will enable you to do this. Then examine the position of the blades sharp blades badly placed are a far worse fault than dull blades well adjusted. If necessary, take out the screw and adjust the lower blade. This is done by gently tapping the blade, either backward or forward, so that it finally comes in proper contact with the revolving brade. When you have it in this satisfactory position tighten

the screws. Not many persons understand what is to be done when it is desired to lengthen or shorten the cut of grass. All that is necessary is quickly and very easily done by adjusting the bolts that hold the roller in place, and either lowering (for shorter grass), or raising the roller.

Use good oil on the mower, and at least once or twice a season remove the wheels and free them and the cogs of the accumulated grime. Al-Never known to ways oil the mower well-even grease fail; acts without it-after thoroughly cleaning it and pain in 24 hours. Is preparing it for winter storage. It should be kept in a dry place.

Never drag a mower after you, making its blades whirr usele-sly, and always either lift it over rough places or turn it over and push it, so that it bears along with blades noiseless and inactive. These hints will not only enable you to keep your mower in perfect condition and to lengthen its life, but when the lawn mowerist sits on a neighboring porch and hears your operation of cutting the grass, he will be justified in commenting to listeners: By all the authority of lawn-mowerst science, that man is most efficient and of a high order of intelligence."

Avoid Harsh Pills! Doctors Condemn Them

Most Pills unfortunately are harsh and drastic; they cause inflammation and great discomfort. Rather like nature is the way a pill should act, mildly, but effectively. Science has established nothing more satisfactory as a family pill than the old reliable pills of Dr. Hamilton's, which for forty years have had a premier place in America. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are very mild and can be effectively used by the aged, by children, and indeed by men and women of all ages. No stomach or bowel medicine is more reliable. No remedy for indigestion, headache or biliousness is to effective so mild, so certain to quickly cure a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills