CROSS PURPOSES

Frank ran forward. It was his mother hurrying down the drive. "What is it?" he said.

"Oh, Frank!" she cried. "Oh, my dear boy! Those dreadful horses!"

"What's the matter? The new horses?"

"Yes. We went up Upton Lane because I wanted to inquire about Barker's wife—by the railway cutting, you know. She likes to see one, if it's only for a minute—at least she did like, poor thing!"

Frank stamped impatiently. "——— Barker's wife!" he said. "Is anybody hurt? Is anybody dead?"

"She's dead—she died yesterday—nobody else."

"Oh, go on! go on! What happened?"

"Why, I went in just to speak to poor Barker——" Barker's final destiny was so nearly settled that Mrs. Leicester gasped and hurried on—"and the express rushed by—at least, I think it was the express—they shouldn't make them scream so, Frank; it isn't whistling, it's a downright scream—and the horses bolted down the lane to the left, and he couldn't hold them——"

"The lane to the gravel-pit!" said Frank, in a horror-struck voice.

"Yes! And Tiny and Mr. South! But they dashed against a bit of wall at the turning, and were thrown out."

"Are they hurt—much?"

"No, nobody hurt, only shaken. But oh, Frank!"

"The horses?" said Frank, greatly relieved.

"Nothing much. Robinson says it's quite wonderful. There's no harm done."

"What then?" Frank grasped his mother's arm. "There's something more. Tiny is hurt—I know she is! Why don't you say so?"

"No, she isn't; she isn't, indeed, nor Mr. South either."

"Well?"

"They are not hurt," said Mrs. Leicester, desperately, "but they're engaged to be married!"

"No, indeed; I was in the cottage when the train came. Oh, it's quite true, Frank. You know I really couldn't help it. Are you angry?"

"Angry?" he repeated; "why should I be angry? I'm dreaming, I think. It isn't a joke?" he said, suddenly, with a threatening frown.

"Oh; no, no. Is it wrong, do you think? What could I do?"

"Tiny and South!" said Frank. "Tiny! Well, if she likes him! I don't see why it should be wrong," he went on, bewildered, yet beginning to perceive how in some ways it might be marvelously right. "That's for her own people to decide. If they haven't any objection. But Tiny and South!"

"You are not angry, then? You don't mind?"

"No; why should I? If Tiny is happy, it's all right. But I don't seem able to believe it yet."

"Well, here is Mr. South," said Mrs. Leicester, more cheerfully. "Perhaps you'll believe him."

Frank looked up, and saw South coming across the grass. He was pale, but there was a peculiar brightness about his face. His eyes were shining; he smiled a little defiantly. Surprise is not the easiest thing in the world to encounter, especially if one is a little surprised at one's self. Gilbert had only just found himself out. Before Frank could take a step to meet him, Mrs. Austin, who had come up during the explanation, went forward swiftly and held out her hand.

"Gilbert, is this true?" she said. "I may congratulate you not only on your fortunate escape, but on your engagement, too?"

(Mrs. Leicester in the background arched her eyebrows and looked at Frank. "I had forgotten her!" she whispered).

South ceased to smile, but he met her questioning eyes honestly enough. "Yes," he said, slowly, "it's quite true." He looked at her as if he would have said more.

"Then I wish you all happiness—I wish it with all my heart," she replied. There was no tremor in her soft, clear, voice. "I think our old friendship gives me the right to be one of the first to congratulate you."

"Thank you," Gilbert replied, confusedly. He still held her hand, and looked anxiously at her as if he feared some hidden meaning in her words. "Mildred!" he said, and there was a world of pleading in his tone, "tell me——" he stopped short. What was he going to say?

"Believe me," she said, and he felt her fingers tighten on his in a kindly clasp as she spoke, "I have always wished your happiness—always. And I am glad to think that you have found it." And with that she nodded a smiling little farewell, and walked toward the house.

Gilbert gazed after her with a throb of regretful pain. He had known that it was impossible to go back to the old days; Mildred had taught him that. And yet, as he looked over his shoulder at the retreating figure, he had a strange fancy that it was the very past itself, the past which he had so long worshipped and from which he had so suddenly awakened, which was at that moment leaving him forever, a stately shape passing silently away, and never looking back. He would not have recalled her, since he could not recall the Mildred who believed in him and looked at him with happy hope in her eyes. It was Tiny who believed in him now. Mildred had no need of him. Tiny had called him "Gilbert!" in their peril that afternoon, and his heart had answered the innocently appealing cry, the name by which she had never called him, uttered as her one word then. Tiny had no need to grudge his old love that one backward glance. It was all over in a moment, and Gilbert drew a long breath, and went forward to receive Frank's congratulations.

They were rather briefly and bluntly given. Frank was eager to be gone; the picture which for Gilbert personified a softly sentimental regret was for him a vision of hope, which beckoned him to follow. He uttered such good wishes as came readily to his lips, and were suitable to anybody who was going to be married. He realized the accident by the gravel pit more clearly than the engagement, but he was too impatient and preoccupied to talk much even about that. "It's a mercy you weren't killed!" he said, shortly.

"Well, I suppose it was a narrow escape," Gilbert answered, with a smile.

"A narrow escape—yes, I should think so! It couldn't very well have been much narrower, as far as I can see. However, a miss is as good as a mile, I suppose."

"So they say," Gilbert replied; "but for my own part, I should prefer the mile next time. And so would your cousin, I fancy."

"Ah, Tiny knew what you were coming to! It's no wonder if she was scared, poor child!" said Frank. "There isn't a nastier place about here. By the way, I haven't seen Tiny yet." And he brushed past Gilbert and departed, as if to congratulate Tiny were the one object of life.

He went by the stable-yard, where he speedily ascertained that the amount of damage done was so absurdly small that there was nothing serious about the whole business, except what might have been. He cut Robinson's explanations short, and hurried to the house, where, as luck would have it, he met Tiny in the hall. She looked a little like Gilbert South, pale with agitation, and yet radiant. Her great brown eyes were shining, and her lips quivered with excitement, which might end either in sobs or smiles. "Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed; and she, too, looked up anxiously to see how the young master received the news.

"Well," he said, taking her hands in his; "this is a pretty afternoon's work! What will your people at home say, do you suppose?"

"Oh, my people at home They'll say what I say," Tiny answered, with a trumulous laugh. "I shall make them."

"And what do you say?"

"Oh, Frank, isn't it strange? I'm so glad, but I want you to say you are glad too. Frank, you do like him now, don't you? You are not vexed?"

"No, I'm not vexed, if you are happy. Oh, I like him well enough. But I think you ought to have had somebody younger," he said, doubtfully.

"Oh, no, Frank," Tiny replied, with great decision. "It doesn't matter the least bit when it's the man. If it were the woman now, it would matter; but not when it's the man."

"Well, you know best." And Frank released one of her hands. "I'm sure I wish you all happiness. It comes rather suddenly," he said, with a laugh.

"So it did to me," Tiny replied; "and I'm not sure he would have told everybody directly, but we were in the Barkers' garden; we couldn't go in, because poor Mrs. Barker is dead, you know, and we were waiting until they got something to bring us home——"

"Oh, that's where it was settled?"

"Yes," Tiny answered, with a conscious little laugh. "No; I think it was settled as we tumbled out, but that was where he said it properly. And your mother came round the corner upon us——"

"I see," said Frank.

"They do grow such a lot of southern wood there," Tiny went on, as the color rushed to her cheeks. "He leaned against the palings, and there was a great bush of it. He smelled like a Sunday school nosegay as we were coming back; but he says he shall always like it now."

The sight of Tiny alive, laughing and talking nonsense with quivering lips, suddenly brought the thought of her peril vividly before Frank. "Oh Tiny!" he said, "you might have been killed!"

"Don't," she said; "I saw it all—the gravel-pit, you know, just as we went into it one day; do you remember? Ever so long ago, almost the first time I staid here. I saw it all, as if there were a terrible light in it, and I said to myself, 'I shall die there!' And then I called to Gilbert, and I remember his face for one moment, and we got to the turning, and before we could jump out it was all over; and there we were, picking ourselves up and none the worse!"

"Thank God!" said Frank.

"Only so dusty; and somehow I felt very small when I found it had all ended in nothing at all."

Frank laughed "Never mind; it was better than being a smashed heroine.'

"And it has ended in something, only a different sort of thing hasn't it?" said Tiny. "Where is everybody Frank? In the drawing-room?"

"Everybody?" No; I left him with my mother on the lawn."

Tiny made a face at him. "Oh, by the way, I know Mrs. Austin isn't there. I met her a minute ago on the stairs, and she kissed me and congratulated me. I say, who told her?"

"She heard my mother telling me, I believe."

"Oh, I wondered if Gilbert had. Do you suppose she minds much?"

"I don't believe she minds at all," said Frank. "Why should she? She told him she was very glad."

"I believe she does mind, though," Tiny nodded. "She was very fond of talking about old times."

"Rubbish!" Frank exclaimed; "you are as bad as my mother!" and he walked off, leaving Tiny happily convinced that it was impossible Mrs. Austin should not envy her the possession of Gilbert's love.

"Now or never!" he said to himself, as he went slowly up the stairs. His life hung in the balance, his heart was beating fast, and every throb brought him nearer the decisive moment. He turned into a little room where Mrs. Leicester and Tiny sometimes sat. He would lie in wait fom Mrs. Austin there; she must pass the door as she went down.

Frank leaned against the window, looking at the dim undulations of the landscape, and vaguely recognizing familiar points. It was strange to stand in that little room which he had known all his life; he could remember learning his lessons there at his mother's knee, waiting for his fate to come to him. At any moment it might come, with a quiet step, and the soft sweeping of her dress in the passage. Before a dozen more of those strong heart-throbs were over, her eyes might be meeting his. She would look him in the face, he knew, but what would she say to him? Frank had never thought less of himself than he did at that moment, and yet beneath all his anxiety he had an unreasoning faith in his good-luck. Fortune had always been kind to him: people had always done what he wanted them to do. Yes, but Mrs. Austin was different. He dared not hope, and yet the mere thought that success was possible flushed him like a draught of wine. Then she would not be Mrs. Austin, but—Mildred; he would not have to count the days and nights as steps toward parting, they would all be his, other people would come and go, but she would stay. When she said "home" she would mean Culverdale. On that last thought he dwelt with exquisite delight, as if he could hear her uttering the word. It was the wildest dream, yet in a few minutes that dream might be his actual life; that was the wonder of it. And was not fortune smiling on him already? He had been afraid of Gilbert South, he had had misgivings about Tiny's troubled eyes, and now just at the right moment all his doubts and fears had vanished away, he was free to go to his love, and she was free to come to him. There could be no shadow of reproach or regret between them.

He heard her footfall in the passage; he called "Mrs. Austin!" it paused, and she appeared on the threshold of the open door.

He had been expecting and watching for her, and yet when she came in answer to his call, he felt as if he were taken by surprise, and had not a word to say. She stood in the doorday, waiting for him to speak, and on her delicate lips was that faint smile which seemed to Frank to be the sum of all the poetry in the world. "What is it?" she said. "Did you want me?"

"Don't go down for a few minutes." he entreated. "I have something to say to you?"

She looked unsuspectingly at him. "Some other time," she said; "I really must go to your mother."

"My mother? Oh, she will wait a few minutes for me!" And, before she could speak another word, Frank, with eager eyes and stammering speech, was telling the story of his love. Even as he looked at her pale, startled face, before she had opened her lips to answer him, he knew that he had failed. And yet failure, now that it had actually come, seemed so incredible that Frank tried to avert it, by repeating what he had already said, as if every second which elapsed before she spoke was something gained. But all at once he stopped short, with a sense of the utter uselessness of any words.

"Oh, I am sorry!" said Mrs. Austin, meeting his eyes with a simple, tender sorrow in hers. She might have looked something the same if she had inadvertently hurt some dumb creature in the Culverdale woods.

"Don't!" said Frank.

"I never dreamed of this—never! I'm more sorry than words can say if anything I have said or done——"

"No!" Frank exclaimed. "You have done nothing wrong. If I'm a fool, I don't know that it's my fault, but I'm sure it isn't yours."

She could not help smiling, so gentle a smile that it could not wound him. "You must not think of this," she said. "It can't be. For one thing, you must remember that you are a young man, and I am an old woman. You will choose better one of these days—you have your life before you." She added, after a moment, "Mine is behind me—at least the best of it."

"Don't talk like that!" said Frank. "What do a few years matter one way or the other? I would be older if I could, of course." (He could wish to be changed, but he could desire no change in her. "But I shall grow older," he said, trying to laugh.

She shook her head. "And so shall I!"

"It that is all," he exclaimed, hotly, "it would be cruel——"

"But it isn't all. Believe me, Mr. Leicester, what you ask is impossible.

"I know I'm not good enough; but isn't there anything I could do? If I tried to get into Parliament, should you like me to do that?" said Frank, desperately. His hurried thought caught any possible advancement that might make him more worthy in her eyes "I'm not clever, of course, but surely a man must be good for something if he tries with all his heart. Tell me what you would like me to do, and I'll do it!"

He stood opposite her; his face was pale and keen with excitement; he looked so roused, so manly, so earnest, that for one moment the thought crossed Mrs. Austin's mind that, if fate had but sent Frank instead of Gilbert into that earlier life of which she had spoken, he might have become such a hero as she had dreamed. But it was only a passing thought. Something told her that Frank, as he spoke, touched the highest point of which he was capable. It might be that he, too, felt that at this moment the flood of passion and resolution reached its limit; but he believed that the wave, if not repulsed, would have force enough to carry him onward through the lower waters of his later life.

"I think you are good for a great deal," he said; "but that isn't the question. You must believe me when I tell you that I am very sorry, but what you ask me can't be."

"You are quite sure? There is no chance for me?"

She paused for a moment, looking at him. Then, as if it pained her to speak that last word, she answered with a little negative movement of her head.

The eager expression died out of his eyes, and his face relaxed. "Very well," he said. "Then I suppose there's nothing to do but say goodbye." He seemed to be making an effort to master himself, and Mrs. Austin looked aside at the window and waited till he should speak again.

"See here," he said, after a brief silence, "I shall tell my mother I have to go up to town on business this evening, but that I'm coming down to-morrow morning. I shall get away so, without any fuss, and to-morrow I shall telegraph that I'm detained, and I shan't come back for a day or two."

"Yes, I understand," she answered. "This is good-bye. And when we meet again, I hope——"

Frank had taken up a pencil which happened to be lying on the table, dropped it, and stooped to find it on the floor. He rose with a slight flush on his cheek. "People don't always meet," he said. "Sometimes it's years first. Perhaps we never shall meet again."

"Perhaps not. That is possible, of course," Mrs. Austin was a little puzzled by his manner.

THE END.

Odds and Ends of Silk.

Look through your bag or box containing odds and ends of embroidery silks and let them prove useful in ornamenting guest towels and other things. It is well to have a few little towels on hand, not only for home use, but to be showered on girls whose engagements have been announced. The most attractive towels can be made by embroidering across their ends little French knots made from the various flowers. These can be filled in with corded silks. The result is really very satisfactory.

The man who buys his friends must guard against the fluctuations of the market.

There are two bores in society—the woman who knows too much and the woman who knows too little.

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A lame back? Quite unnecessary. All you have to do is to rub on Nerviline. It is simply a wonder for backache—relieves after one rubbing. Nothing possibly could care an aching back faster than Nerviline," writes Mrs. Arthur Kobar, of Lower Chelsea, N. S. "I caught cold and was so prostrated with pain that I could not bend over. We always have Nerviline at home, and I had the painful region rubbed thoroughly with this grand liniment. At once the pain departed. The lameness was rapidly reduced, and in an hour I was able to be about my housework. I was rubbed again just before retiring, and awoke as usual in the morning without a sign of my back trouble."

There is no sort of muscular pain that Nerviline won't cure quickly. Thousands swear by it for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. It sinks to the core of the pain—right through muscle, tissue and nerve—it penetrates where no oily, greasy liniment can go, and invariably cures quickly. If you have an ache or a pain anywhere—use Nerviline—it will cure you. Family size bottle, very large, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers.

Get the "Peaches" that are coming to you in the peach season—but be sure to eat them on **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** with cream, a combination that ensures good digestion, health and strength for the day's work. Cut out meat and kitchen worry and serve this ready-cooked, whole wheat food with the choicest fruit that grows—a dish for the up-and-coming man who wishes to keep at top-notch efficiency for work or play. Serve it for breakfast or any meal with milk or cream, with sliced peaches or other fruits.

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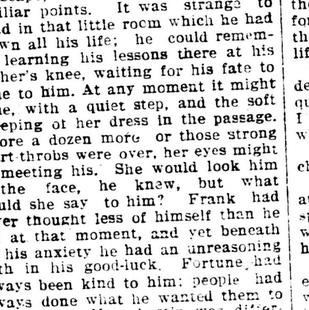

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MYSTERY OF THE MOLE.

He Lives in the Dark, Yet Yearns for the Midday Sun.

There is a great mystery about the moels. They live in the dark underground, but yet they are sun worshippers. Just at the hour of noon, when the sun is at its highest point in the sky, the mole often comes to the surface. It is a habit of the race, a kind of religious observance, one might think.

Seldom does a mole willingly make its appearance in the upper world at any other time of the day, but at that moment they come of their own accord. This fact, which has been observed again and again, has never been explained by naturalists.

But, remembering the common belief that a mole is blind, you may ask: "How can it see the sun?" The myth of the blindness of moles has been brushed away. Some species perhaps cannot see, but most of them can. Their eyes are very small and hidden in the fine hair, but they serve as organs of vision.

Still, they can have very little use for them underground. Any leakings of daylight that may penetrate there must be extremely faint, and if their eyes were meant to enable them to see with so little illumination they ought to be large and free from obstruction, whereas they are minute and thatched with hair. But such eyes may be particularly well suited for an occasional look at the blinding sun.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles or if given occasionally in the well child will prevent their coming on. The tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the new-born babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STORE OR STAGE?

A Word to Ambitious Young People Seeking a Future.

There is just as much demand among store owners and managers for high-class salesmen, buyers and managers as there is among the theatrical and movie producers for actors. Merchants want to employ ambitious young men and women who can raise themselves above the ranks of the ordinary. The work is no harder, hours no longer and pay quite as good in the stores for help of all classes as it is in film or stage productions.

The "stars" in business are just as well paid as are those whose names grace the billboard. Where there is one film favorite who is paid $1,000 a month there are half a dozen mercantile managers who receive as much or more. There are hundreds who receive $200 a month to where there are five movie actors who receive the same. And there are ten dollar a week places among the members of the mob scenes, as there are ten dollar a week jobs among the "mobs" in the stores. Once a year or so some one graduates from the chorus or the "supes" to a place as an understudy or star, while in business many are promoted from the ranks to positons of trust aind good salaries.

There are better opportunities for ambitious people in mercantile fields than as actors. The demand is many times greater. Owners are always on the watch for some one who will justify a promotion. But positions cannot be had without effort. They must be won by hard work, study and an overwhelming desire to get ahead. At all events we say. Stick to the store —Farm Machinery.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

TOMMY'S SLANG.

Some of the Phrases Which Are Current at the Front.

The following are some of the slang words used by the men of the British army on active service given by Thomas O'Toole, in his book, "A Way They Have in the Army.":

Atcha.—All right.

Badg-y.—An enlisted boy.

Baggies.—"Tommy's" name for sailors in the navy—obviously a reference to the sailor's wide trousers.

Blighty.—Home.

Bobtack—Powder mixed into a paste to clean buttons and brass-work on equipment.

Bobygee.—A soldier cook. In India a native one.

Bundook.—A rifle.

Bun-Wallah.—A soldier who drinks nothing stronger than tea, and is, in consequence, supposed to eat voraciously of buns.

Chips.—The "Tommy's" pet designation for the regimental pioneer sergeant, who is usually by trade a carpenter.

Chuckling a Dummy—When a man faints on parade he is said to have "chucked a dummy." The term is also applied to men who report ill without reasonable cause.

Dog's Leg.—The first stripe a man receives on promotion.

Doolally Tap.—When a soldier becomes mentally unbalanced he is said to have received the "Doolally tap."

Gravel Crushers.—Infantry soldiers.

Muckin.—Bitter.

Quarter Bloke.—The irreverent way in which the officer holding the rank of quartermaster is referred to.

Rookey.—A recruit.

Root-y—Bread.

Scrounger.—A man with plenty of resource in obtaining that which he wants.

Slingers.—A meal of bread and tea.

Square-Pushing.—Courting.

Souare-Bit.—A best girl.

Stir.—Imprisonment in a military detention barracks.

Swinging the Lead.—This is the equivalent of the civilian expression, "Telling the tale."

Tin Opener.—This is "Tommy's" light-hearted name for his bayonet.

Vamping—Eating heartily.

Yob.—One who is easily fooled.

"Dost Thou Love Pictures"?

--Taming of the Shrew

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HUNGRY ALL THE TIME.

In Other Ways, Too, the Earthworm is a Curious Feature.

Midnight is the favorite play hour for earthworms. To catch a glimpse of them in the daytime you'll have to dig in the earth, which is their home, or watch for them after a heavy rain, when they can be found on top of the ground. But go out any warm night with a lantern, the close to the ground on a lawn or terrace, and you'll probably see them in abundance.

Probably you've regarded the earthworm merely as a good fish bait and have never taken the trouble to learn his habits. When he's prowling around at night he's usually enjoying a feast on decaying leaves, grasses or animal matter. Before daylight he's back in the ground, burrowing his way in search of more food. His alimentary canal extends from one tip of his body to the other, so it's little wonder he's always hungry.

He has neither ears nor eyes, yet he's senstitive to light, and he knows when night comes just as other creatures with eyes. Another interesting fact is his method of laying eggs. He grows a band around his body like a belt, in which he deposits the eggs. Then he gradually works his way through this belt until he slips it off, when it closes up and forms a capsule to protect the eggs until they are hatched.

Vegetable growers sometimes regard the earthworm as a nuisance. They should be thankful, however, that those of North America are not so large as those in South Africa, where there are earthworms four and five feet long, and as thick as a man's finger.