

# CROSS PURPOSES

"All women are match-makers—some for themselves, and the rest for other people," said Mr. Francis Leicester. He stood at his own hearth-rug, with his back to his own chimney-piece, 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 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 believe 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, perhaps, that won't be very interesting," said Frank, doubtfully.

"I'm 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 I 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 exclaimed. "To-day of all days!"

"Well, I am not!" she repeated, firmly. "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 chin a little higher than usual. "If I wanted to make a match, it should be a new one while I was about it, not a rechauffe affair like this. But that's your concern, and I'm sure I wish you all success. Give them their wedding-breakfast, 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. "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 can do 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. I 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. Leicester. "And do remember that it is a secret—that nobody knows anything about this old love affair. It is quite a secret."

"You hear?" said Frank, turning his head a little, and looking down at Tiny.

"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 safe-keeping. I wanted you to observe that you might bring them here."

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

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

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. 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 the King of Terrors ordinarily receives in the course of conversation. 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-and-girl attachment, you know; I don't think it was ever allowed to be a regular engagement; but Caroline used to tell me about it till I felt as if I knew him. She said it was quite touching to see how the young fellow worshipped the very ground Mildred Fairfax trod on. And then he got his commission, and was ordered off to India. Oh, it's a long while ago! I remember Caroline coming in to tell me that she had just said good-bye to him, poor boy."

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

"Well, I don't know. After Caroline died, I never heard any more about them. But when Mildred Fairfax was 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 didn't she wait for him? I shouldn't like her! Was Mr. Austin rich?"

"Pretty well, I think. He was a barrister, but he had money of his own. She is left very well off altogether. But I had quite lost sight of her for a long time till we happened to meet at the Stauntons' place a month ago, and I asked her to come and stay a few days. That's all."

"I shan'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, pensively; "but she doesn't deserve it."

Frank settled his shoulders against the carved wood-work of the chimney-piece. "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 the measles."

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 face.

"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 moment,

**ROYAL YEAST**  
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

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

Frank Leicester was a fine young fellow, good-looking, good-hearted, good-tempered, and the owner of Culverdale Manor. Had he described himself, he would have given that last clause the foremost place. He was intensely conscious of the fact that he was a landed proprietor, and family tradition had impressed him with the belief that Culverdale Manor, taking it altogether, was the most desirable spot on the surface of the globe. Any trifling drawbacks were honorably disposed of in the limitation "taking it altogether." Frank could not part himself in his own mind from the estate, which had belonged to the Lecesters for so many years. He was young Leicester of Culverdale, and, if he had not been Leicester of Culverdale, he would hardly have known what he was or what he could be. It may be questioned whether it would have been possible to make provision for Frank anywhere else in the universe. It would certainly have been difficult, in his own house, on his own land, or in any company where there was the requisite knowledge of the importance of Culverdale, he was fearless, outspoken, and perhaps a little conceited, with the happy and harmless conceit of a young fellow who has been petted all his life, and thinks the world at once better and easier to deal with than most of us find it. But in any society where Culverdale counted for nothing, he would have moderate opinion of his own abilities. Briefly, it may be said that Frank was Culverdale. It was a prosperous, well-managed, wealthy, 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 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 gentleman. There was a pleasant harmony between the young squire and his surroundings which would denote 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 English nor French, though it has affinities with both those languages. The fact that Culverdale was not much known on the Continent did not depress Frank. He was sorry for the natives of other lands (comprehensively described as "foreign beggars"), who, owing to misfortunes of birth and training, could not appreciate the position he held at home. As he felt himself unable to explain it with any degree of precision, he acquiesced in their ignorance with the good-humored tolerance of a young prince in disguise. He had read his Murray in a good many historic localities, could find his way, with a sense of old acquaintance, through the streets of Paris, and would have been greatly surprised if any one had told him that he was more countrified than his cousin Tiny Vivian, who had never crossed the Channel and had only in his bright, innocent brown eyes and eager youthfulness, was 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 his to two or three European capi-

tals, and brought it back to the peaceful English home where the rooks were cawing in the elms outside his windows, and the doves cooing in the tangled copse.

Mrs. Leicester went back to her easy chair when Frank and Tiny had left her that afternoon, and gave herself up to drowsy meditation. "A 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 I did for anybody! And no one can say I ever tried that." It was quite true, Mrs. Leicester had perceived that important young men were falling all to fall in love in a wrong, or, which was much the same thing, in an eccentric fashion, and she had determined that if Frank would but choose some one fairly unobjectionable she would ask no more. Hitherto, 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 wanderings apparently unscathed. So far as he showed any real preference it was for Tiny Vivian, who received his attention in a very guileless and simple manner. It would be great promotion for Tiny to be mistress of the old Manor house, which was a paradise to her girlish fancy, but Frank's mother was quite ready to welcome her there, and was very good meanwhile in the matter of invitations. Mrs. Leicester was an amiable, kindly, easy-going woman, and was really fond of the girl, yet in her fierce motherly fondness she would have sacrificed her any day, body and soul, for Frank. Tiny must take care of herself, if Frank wanted her, well and good, but if the young prince should chance to discover a more suitable princess elsewhere, his little cousin must go back to her own people, heart-whole or heart-broken as she might chance to be.

Mrs. Leicester's thoughts turned from Frank and Tiny to her expected visitors, and drifted idly in the past, to which they belonged. How well she remembered the dull autumn afternoon when Gilbert South came in to tell her that Caroline 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, while her eyes filled at the thought of 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 her eyes and relate a wonderful story about soldiers who went away in ships, 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 reached India; and Mrs. Leicester, looking back across the long years which parted her from her favorite sister, a sad pleasure in taking up the unfortunate love story of whose earliest beginning she had been the confidante. She had a vague feeling that she might please Carrie if she could give Gilbert South a chance of being happy after the fashion that Carrie had planned so long ago. It was a late and unsatisfactory conclusion, perhaps, yet the best that she could see, and there was a sentimental charm about it which appealed to Mrs. Leicester's easily touched feelings; so she sat in her easy-chair, thinking it all over, till the figures of the old story—Caroline, Gilbert South, and Mildred Austin—came and went in something of a confused and softened vision before her half-closed eyes, while the window near which she sat became a great sunset picture of darkly towering trees and yellow sky. The sound of wheels passed through her pleasant dream, which was hardly so much dispersed as a little more defined when Mr. South stood on the hearth-rug where Frank had stood a couple of hours earlier. He spoke in soft, deliberate tones, and looked round the room with a covert inquiry in his glance.

Mrs. Leicester made an effort, and was glad that he had a pleasant drive. "You find me all alone," 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 expressed his admiration 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 my life."

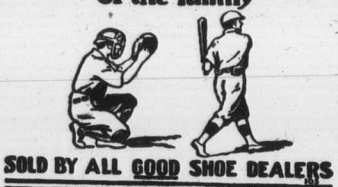
"Ah, when one was young!" said Gilbert South, with a smile. "And so you are all alone?" he repeated, still looking round with questioning eyes.

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 told 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.)

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## THE DEUTSCHLAND.

**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, coming under the English and American 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 as she 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, lost 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 unwelcome element of comedy into the grave domain of international law. We should have to credit the Germans with a delightful sense of humor. The rule of solvitur ambulando would apply in most cases, we imagine, for the way of escape for a submarine is easy and promising. If the attempt were made the attacking ship would be blameless whether the U-boat went 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 be all on the other way and she would be sunk on sight. Nor could German complaints 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 deeply impress a court of law. It would be only too evident that the real purpose 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 nations and promote the gaiety of nations.—New York Times.

## PEANUTS.

**Their Digestibility and Value as Food Tested.**

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 interest in nuts as a food and perhaps on 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 a ration composed largely of fruits and nuts, 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 advantages have claimed.

It is worth noting that in the Southern States and other regions where the peanuts have long been cultivated they have not become a staple accessory for occasional use.

There are many persons who find that 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 peanuts 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 be thoroughly masticated.—Exchange.

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## THAT LAWN-MOWER.

**How You Can Keep It in the Best of Trim.**

You have heard of palmists, pedists, physiognomists and phrenologists, but have you heard of the "lawn-mower-ist?" 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 screw-driver 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 blade. 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 from them and the cogs of the accumulated grime. Always oil the mower well—even grease it—after thoroughly cleaning it and preparing it for winter storage. It should be kept in a dry place.

Never drag a mower after you, making its blades whir uselessly, 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-mower-ist science, that man is most efficient and of a high order of intelligence."

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## My Town.

I know my town, and I love my town  
And I want to help it be one  
As it seems to be to me  
I praise my town and I cheer my town,  
And I try to spread its fame;  
And I know what a splendid thing '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 quietude of every heart!  
I 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 talk my town and I preach my town,  
As I think a fellow should  
Who has more at stake than to win or make  
For the love of the common good!

I bet on my town, and I bank on my town.  
When I think it fine to feel—  
When you know your town and you love your town—  
That it's part of your honest zeal!  
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!

—The Baltimore Sun.

## 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 Garner, 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 Bridestones 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 Express.

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

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