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A Game for Three

By A. W. PEACE

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Betsy Norcross, waiting in the den for the return of her lover, knew by the expression of his face that he had met with disaster. He had gone into the library where Mr. and Mrs. Norcross were reading, and there he had asked permission to wed the girl of his choice, who happened to be their bright-haired, blue-eyed daughter.

"No luck, Ray?" Betsy asked. He sat down glumly. "Not a bit. Your mother did the talking, and informed me that under no circumstances was I to have you. She was willing that we continue as friends, but as for marriage—not a bit of it! And she made no bones of saying so. Then your father agreed with her!"

"I can't understand father!" Betsy said explosively. "He likes you, I know; and all mother has against you is—well, dear, she thinks you aren't blue-blooded enough, while I think—" She snuggled herself beside him by way of completing the sentence.

"I'm not blooded enough just now," he answered, smiling faintly down into the petal-like uplifted face. "Betsy, how can I ever, ever give you up?" Pain and longing were in his voice.

She looked up at his worried, hungry eyes, and the rose deepened in her cheeks. Mischief was in her glance and meaning.

"Do you have to?" she questioned. He started as he caught her meaning, and she felt his firm shoulder quiver. "You mean?" he asked, hope, doubt and love mingled in his eyes.

"Why, my dear, I do not intend to let my mother's prejudice come between me and you; so I say, 'Let's pack up and get it!'"

He sprang to his feet and caught her to him in a bearish hug. "And I can't! I simply can't give you up! We'll skip—when?"

"Tonight," she said, wriggling loose from his arms.

The quick brain that had made him a valuable man in one of the downtown broker's offices turned the possibilities over once. "Betsy, can you manage to get out—say, about nine o'clock? That will give me time to make arrangements." The fire died in his eyes. "We can do it. I'll telephone Mr. Judson, an old minister friend of mine, who lives about 20 miles out. But is it right by you?"

She drew his face down to hers and kissed him. "Everybody trusts you except mother; so folks will be with us. As for me, I am willing to give myself to you and your care; and if you don't take me—grab me now you have a chance—I'll begin to believe you are something of a coward!"

It was a challenge. Ten minutes later Elder was on his way to make the arrangements, and she was sauntering serenely into the library, where her mother sat reading, and where her father came a moment later. Betsy wondered if he had been in a position to overhear the conversation in the den.

"My dear, I am sorry, but Mr. Elder will not do. I have better hopes for you," her mother said in her firm way. "I am sure your father agrees with me."

Her father peered over his paper. "Elder has a fine reputation among the men, but I am inclined to think he lacks something the right sort of a man should have, and that is nerve," Mr. Norcross said unsmilingly.

"Oh, is that so?" Betsy said, smiling. "Mother, do you agree?"

"Well, I have always thought he was lacking in stamina," her mother answered.

Betsy went out, hiding her smiles. "I wonder what they will think after tonight?"

At nine o'clock she was ready, a slight, eager, joyous figure, just where the tall trees on the corner threw their heavy shadows.

Elder's quick, steady stride caught her ear as he came up the almost deserted street. In a moment he was at her side.

"Betsy, the den is to pay. Your mother telephoned Novell's garage, and Novell, afraid he'd lose her trade, wanted me to promise I was not up to anything. It's enough to drive a man mad. Now I've got in touch with some downtown garage. It's a—"

A car rolled softly to the curb. "Pardon me, sir, but is this Mr. Elder? I am from Novell's garage. He told me to tell you that he had changed his mind, and that I am under your orders, sir," the husky voice of the driver said.

One moment for thought and Elder acted. He lifted Betsy into the car, gave the directions to the driver. The powerful motor whispered a little, and they rolled off into the dusk on their adventure.

Elder gathered the slight figure beside him into the shelter of a protecting arm, and he whispered into one small ear: "Betsy, we are on the way. Novell evidently had a change of heart. But if anywhere along you have the least doubt, say the word and we will turn back."

She pressed a cool cheek against his. "I am with you, dear, to the very end of this ride and all the years!"

The big car whispered rapidly through the quiet residential streets, picked up speed as the country roads were reached, and soon was speeding

to its destination bearing with it two serenely happy hearts, who, because of the love between them and the happiness, had no question of the future.

Only one fear remained with Elder. Mrs. Norcross in her determined, tenacious way might have reached out in some other way to wreck the plans she had sensed might be formulated. But as the lights of Camton showed faintly in the distance and the car sped toward them the fear passed.

In half an hour the fear had gone, for Elder found himself in Mr. Judson's library, the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired girl beside him.

Mr. Judson smiled at them. "We shall have to locate another witness. Mrs. Judson was called away suddenly. My housekeeper will serve as one. I will see if—"

"We don't want to wait, Mr. Judson, really. Why—why not ask the chauffeur?" she queried, turning to Raymond.

"I'll call him," the housekeeper said, hustling out.

A moment later the door opened and the driver stepped in, his low-fitting cap off, revealing grayish hair, and—Betsy screamed: "It's father!"

Raymond stared, beyond speech. Mr. Norcross grinned with delight. "Yes, it's the old man. Now, you youngsters get busy before your mother finds out what we are up to!"

"But—but—what—how?" Raymond tried to say something.

"Simple enough, my boy. Mrs. Norcross is quite set sometimes—as you may find this young lady to be—and must be handled with care. I sympathized with you, and made up my mind to help you. When she called Novell, I listened. Novell called, saying that you wanted a car at 8:45. She told him not to let you have it. Then I took a hand—I got it. Then, too, Doctor Judson happens to be a friend of mine and he telephoned to find out if everything was all right. It certainly is. Now let's get busy, and we'll motor back, and all three of us will break the news to mother. I don't want to do it alone—and, Betsy, here's something you don't know—your mother and I eloped! I want you to use that as a clinching argument. Now, Judson, your turn!"

ROYALTY AS A "SIDESHOW"

On Payment of Small Sum All Who Wished Might See British Monarch at His Devotions.

George III was the last of the British monarchs to live in regal state at the palace where the prince of Wales has taken up residence, says the Manchester Guardian. After George had abandoned St. James' in favor of Buckingham palace, he continued to attend the services at the chapel royal. It was here, as Fanny Burney relates, that the king stayed so long over his prayers that "the queen and family dropped off one by one, used to leave the king, the parson and his majesty's equerry to freeze it out together." An eighteenth century guide book to London informs visitors that "at the St. James' chapel royal, by knocking at the side door and slipping a shilling for each person into the hand of the verger, who opens it, you may have admittance, and stand during divine service in the presence of their majesties. For one shilling more each person you may sit in the royal presence, not in pews, but on turn-up seats on the outside of them."

RATED OXEN ABOVE HORSES

Good Reason Why the Early Settlers Preferred the Slower but Safer Method of Locomotion.

The first horses imported into the United States were brought to New England in 1629. One horse and seven mares survived the voyage. Horses were not highly esteemed nor much needed in America at that time nor for a hundred years afterward. There were no race courses nor trotting parks and the roads generally were so poor that speed was not desirable had it been possible with safety. Oxen were found to be much better for all farm work.

Most of the land was rough, rocky and full of stumps, so that oxen, being strong, patient and slow, made much the better team for agricultural purposes and lumbering than did horses, and they were cheaper kept, needing but little grain even when at hard work and none at all when in pasture. They required no expensive harness like horses, only cheap yokes and chain, and were quickly yoked.

Snakes.

"I had been losing eggs for some time, and had been laying the loss to some hounds of a neighbor, which were frequently around," writes L. E. Holmes in Boys' Life. "Perhaps some of the loss was justly laid to them."

"One night I found only one egg in a house where I thought there should be quite a number, and was just leaving the house when I discovered a black snake about six feet long, with a knot or bunch in his middle that looked as if it might be an egg. I killed him and carried him to the dwelling house, where I opened him to get the other egg. It proved to be a glass nest egg. It had probably prevented his escaping through the hole he entered the hen house by, and so proved a snare for him."

Jobless Expert.

"Can't you find work at your trade?" "No, ma'am." "Why not?" "Well, you see, just as I had qualified as a handwriting expert everybody went and bought a typewriter."

NEARLY 3,400 KILLED.

In Ontario last year, the lives of 3,380 persons were claimed by consumption. This is all the more terrible because most of them might have been saved had they been helped in time.

Here is a case in point. Several years ago a man came to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. He had been on Active Service in Africa, where hardship and exposure had broken down his health. Suspicious of his symptoms he sought our aid. A short time ago he wrote:

"Through your Hospital a soldier of the South African War regained his health and a family a happy home."

This is not an isolated case, for many others have been restored to health and anxious families. It takes much money to carry on the work. Your gift, for whatever amount, will be gratefully received.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The following Winter train service now in effect provides excellent connections to and from Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Intermediate points.

LOCAL TIME TABLE

to and from BROCKVILLE.

Departures.	Arrivals.
5.40 a. m.	7.25 a. m.
*8.10 a. m.	11.45 a. m.
3.15 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
6.20 p. m.	*10.10 p. m.

*New Sunday train for Ottawa and return.

For rates and particulars apply to,

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A. J. POTVIN, City Ticket Agent
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The Churches

Methodist Church

Rev. T. J. Vickery, Pastor

Sunday Services:
Morning at 10.30 Evening at 7.00
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.

Through the week Services:
Monday: Cottage Prayer Meeting 7.30
Epworth League 8.00 p.m.
Wednesday: Mid-Week Prayer Service at 7.30 p.m.

Christ's Church

(Anglican)

Rev. George Code, Rector

1st and 3rd Sundays in month 8.30 p.m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays at 11 a.m.
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
Service every Friday evening at 7.30.

Baptist Church

Pastor—Rev. Nichols

Plum Hollow 2.30

Athens 10.30 a.m. Toledo 7 p.m.

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