

"Oh, and before I forget it, there's that flat. It'll be no good to you now, will it? If you like the same person would take that over."

Mr. Payne sat staring at Miss Gregson. "Who—who is it wants the flat?" he asked.

"Well—I do for one," she answered brightly.

"And the other—the other's your precious 'Leonard,'" he faltered, "you're going to marry him?"

Miss Gregson glanced down at the tip of her shoe.

"I don't see what concern that is of yours," she said coldly.

"Scarcely a week since you broke off with me, too—I wonder at you, indeed, I do."

"Well, perhaps you'll think those prices over and let me know," said Miss Gregson, rising.

"Good-day, Mr. Payne."

She walked towards the door and was just going out when Mr. Payne awoke from his coma.

"Hi! wait a bit," he begged anxiously, "got something I want to say!"

Miss Gregson returned a few paces.

"Look here, Cissie!" he burst out wildly, "I apologize! I apologize humbly. I own I was in the wrong on Saturday. Don't say its too late. Overlook it this time—give me one more chance! It shan't occur again. I swear. Let's go back to the old footing and tell the other chap to go and hang himself."

"Oh, I can't do that," said Miss Gregson demurely.

"But you must! I'm so miserable without you, Cissie; I'm more in love than ever and I can't do without you. Give me another chance," he pleaded.

Miss Gregson appeared to be considering the matter. Mr. Payne, emboldened by her hesitation, placed his arm around her waist.

"Please, Cissie!" he whispered.

"Very well, then," she conceded, smiling, "but you won't be silly again, will you?"

"Not if I know myself," he declared vehemently.

"By the way," he said presently, "who is this Leonard chap?"

Miss Gregson shook her head.

"There isn't any Leonard," she confessed softly.

"But the letters—the flowers—the taking over the flat?"

"I can't help it if you jump to conclusions, can I?" she asked a little anxiously.

For a moment the enlightened Mr.

Payne gazed at her doubtfully. Then he laughed.

"It's all right," he assured her in boisterous good temper, "I'm not going to make a silly of myself twice. Why," he declared stoutly, "I knew you were only having a game with me all along. I knew it would all come right in the end."

"So did I," murmured Miss Gregson. "Now let's go and have another look at the flat and see about wedding invitations."

#### One-sided Generosity

Constance coming downstairs met Katharine coming up with an English flower-basket heaped with pink and violet sweet peas.

"I was just bringing you these," she said. "Juliet Reynolds sent them over for you."

Constance, with a little cry of ecstasy, dropped down upon the stairs, and abandoned herself to the delight of the flowers.

"They are the loveliest things I ever saw!" she exclaimed. "How in the world did Miss Reynolds come to send them to me?"

"She knew that I had a friend coming. Juliet is very generous—with her flowers."

Although Katharine hated herself for it, she could not help making the little pause. She hurried on quickly to cover it. "She is always so lovely about sending flowers and doing things for people! She will give you glorious rides in her car."

If Constance noticed the pause she did not speak of it; she pulled Katharine down beside her, and tucked a spray of sweet peas into her dark hair. "I didn't need a thing in the world except the thought of three whole weeks with you to make me happy," she declared. "But, O Katharine, isn't it lovely to find such dear, generous people everywhere?"

"Lovely," Katharine replied, and this time she said it promptly; she made no more pauses.

As the days passed, Katharine's prediction came true. Juliet Reynolds was constantly sending flowers and fruit, and inviting the girls to motor rides and luncheons and musicales. Once or twice when she swept aside Katharine's modest plans for picnic or tea, and substituted her own lavish ones, Constance looked curiously at Katharine; but her friend said nothing.

During the last week of her visit, Constance began working upon an exquisite handkerchief with fairylike initials surrounded by a tiny garland of rosebuds.

"It isn't anything really," she said to Katharine, "but I want to give Juliet some little trifle just to show her how much I have appreciated her kindness, and this is the only thing I can do."

The handkerchief was finished the day before Constance left, and she carried it when she went to say good-by to Juliet. "It is only a trifle," she explained, "but I wanted to do something for you myself."

Juliet looked at it carelessly. "What beautiful work!" she said. "But you really shouldn't have done it. You know I don't want any return for the few things I could do for you."

Constance, hurt and embarrassed, met the warm sympathy in Katharine's eyes. And then she understood.

"I never before realized that one could be as generous in receiving as in giving!" she cried, on the way home. "I'm just going to watch myself after this, Katharine Day!"

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor, says the Bristol Times and Mirror.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!" she cried.

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" And expectantly she watched the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I think so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off!"



## Backache

The artist sketched this picture from life in a Toronto blacksmith shop, in order to get the correct pose of the smith at the anvil and shoeing a horse. Is it any wonder that the blacksmith's greatest troubles are backache and derangements of the kidneys? The constant strain on the muscles of the back and kidneys interferes with the filtering action of these organs. The uric acid poisons left in the blood cause pains and aches, backache and rheumatism, and such serious diseases as Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries result.

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