

# 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?" "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 down-right 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."

"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 marvellously right. "Tiny'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."

"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.

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## Lame Back Strengthened Stiffness Taken Right Out

### WAS RELIEVED IN AN HOUR AND CURED OVERNIGHT.

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 cure 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.

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 feel 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, isn't it?' said Tiny. 'Where is everybody?' '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."

were taken by surprise, and had not a word to say. She stood in the doorway, 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 Culterdale 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!"

## MYSTERY OF THE MOLE.

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

There is a great mystery about the moles. 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.

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 cure 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.

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.
- Bad-y.—An enlisted boy.
- Baggies.—Tommy's name for saliors in the navy—obviously a reference to the sailor's wide trousers.
- Bilgity.—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.
- Chucking 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.
- Rooty.—Bread.
- Scronger.—A man with plenty of resource in obtaining that which he wants.
- Slingers.—A meal of bread and tea.
- Square-Pushing.—Courtship.
- Souare-Bit.—A best girl.
- Str.—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  
In addition to our large stock of Antique Furniture, China and Glassware, we have a very choice collection of paintings of more than ordinary merit, which we are always pleased to show to lovers of art. When in Hamilton you will enjoy spending some of your time looking over our collection of Bric-a-Brac, Paintings and Antique Furniture.

Robert Junor  
62 King St. East, Hamilton, Ont.  
The House for Gifts.

## 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, lie 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 sensitive to light, and he knows when light 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.