

**\$100 Reward \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is, Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Red Clover.**

One reason for the great popularity of the red clover plant is the ease with it lends itself to the rotations which have been practised in the sections to which it is adapted.

The fact that it "lives" but two years necessitates a rather short rotation on the farm, a peculiarity when the clover is seeded alone.

Meadows and pastures containing clover and grass mixed are usually held three or four years, even though very little clover may remain during the last year or two. The value of red clover on the farm makes it usually desirable that a considerable area of the farm be at all times seeded to this crop.

The possibility of obtaining a grain crop during the season when the red clover is making its early growth making the utilization of this legume in maintaining soil fertility a thoroughly practical one not calling for an undue amount of special preparation of fertilizers to maintain successful stands upon the ordinary farm. If the land be in a somewhat depleted condition as regards fertility, a three-year rotation with clover is best, although on better soils a four-year or even a five-year rotation may be practicable.

The Illinois Experiment Station has shown as a result of a 30-year test that corn on land continuously has produced 25 bushels to the acre; corn, alternated with oats, 43 bushels; while corn, oats and clover in a three-year rotation gave a yield of 59 bushels for the corn.

An Irishman once was travelling in a train with a friend, when two very stout ladies entered the carriage. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat. "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?" the friend asked. "Sure I haven't much room to grumble," was the reply.

**Hyomei**

**The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh**

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**His Son!**

(Continued from last week.)

Her father sat down and drew her to him. "Shucks!" he said banteringly. "Has that old fogey been trying to make you think that your daddy's getting feeble? Why, if he dares to repeat that prescription I'd put on Bob's boxing-gloves and go down there and lay him out!"

His light words did not deceive her, "I do wish you could go South this spring, daddy," she said, "and just visit around among your own people. They're crazy to have you come, and it would make you all over."

"I don't propose to be a made-over," he answered gaily. "Now don't you worry about it any more."

Mercia did worry about it until far into the night, yet all her worrying and planning only brought her up against the high, ugly wall of finance. "It would cost two or three hundred dollars at least," she sighed, "and no one is likely to will it to us just now."

Toward the end of the term came a letter from Bob to them both, announcing the date of the freshman game, and urging that they both come up for it. "Be sure to let me know what train you're coming in on," the letter concluded, "and I'll meet you at the station."

"You must go," her father said to Mercia as she folded the letter. She shook her head.

"No, father. You're the one to go."

"Oh, I can't go!"

"Who not?"

He leaned over and kicked a smoldering log into flames. "Well—I don't see how I can afford it. I'd need a new overcoat and some other things if I went away from home, and—well, you see, things haven't been going very well down at the office lately, dear."

"I know, father, but—oh, you must go! It's you Bob really wants, and he'll be so disappointed."

"Do you think he would?" He asked the question almost breathlessly.

"I know he would. He's been looking forward to this for months."

"But I don't know anything about this new Ruby game."

"Oh, pshaw! You'll learn easily enough. I did from just reading about it, and Bob will explain the main points."

"I can't go. It's impossible."

Mercia smiled, well knowing that the words were but the sharp decision of one on the verge of surrender. She was not surprised when, the next morning, he spoke of his prospective trip quite as a matter of course.

Before he went to the office she pointed out to him on the front page of the college daily the portraits of the football team. "Now, this fellow, Tad Meadows is the captain, you see, and great things are expected of him, because last year—"

Her father's eyes had leaped down the page to a familiar figure in no familiar garb, with his position on the team printed below. "Pretty good picture of the

lad!" he cried, hastily adjusting his glasses. "But why hasn't he told me all about what part he was to play? He's never even mentioned the thing to me."

Marcia, looking up quickly, saw the mist of hurt affection in his eyes.

But when, the next day at the station, he bent to kiss her good-bye, there was only happy anticipation in his face. He drew her to one side on the station platform.

"I had a good idea about my coat," he said. "It occurred to me just this afternoon that perhaps a new velvet collar would freshen it up so I had the tailor put one on. I think it improves it a good deal, don't you?"

Marcia nodded, looking away from him down the glistening lines of track. Her father brushed the new collar with nervous fingers.

"I— I don't want your brother to be ashamed of me up there among his friends, you know. I don't want him to be embarrassed that way. Do you think I look all right?"

The train thundered in with a deafening roar, and Marcia waited to wave him good-bye when he appeared at his window. You see I'm getting my vacation after all!" he cried gaily. "I'll be away two days, and that ought to set me up."

"Yes," Marcia replied "Two days ought to work wonders after only twenty years of steady labor."

It was on the following afternoon that the game came off and when, that evening, Marcia telephoned to a newspaper office and learned that the "Varsity had been victorious by a big score, she was almost as exultant as the winning captain could have been.

The next day a thick letter in Bob's own handwriting filled her heart with happiness. Here was her reward for the patient work of years. Slowly, and with infinite care, she had built up his confidence in her, and now in the first flush of his triumph he had thought of her.

Sitting in the bay-window of the library, with the last rays of autumn sunshine falling aslant over her hair and lighting up the rich blue-jay of her gown, she settled herself to read.

His account of the game was vivid, and he used football terms confidently, well knowing that she was "up on the game" and would understand. She appreciated this subtle compliment and his referring to the members of the team by their nicknames. In bubbling phrases he described dad's excitement and triumph at the game, and then the tone of the letter.

"And now I want to tell you, sis, about what happened when dad first came. You know, I told him to be sure to let me know what train he was coming in on, for I'd planned to get one of the other fellows to take my job while he was here."

The training rules are not strict for the freshmen, so I've been keeping right on with my work. I was going to meet him at the station in proper style with a machine, and take him to the Delta Rho house, where he'd get a glimpse of Easy Street right at the start.

"Alas, and alack! He didn't let me know. He came in on that noon local and somebody directed him to the Inn."

"So it happened, while I was flying around in my white coat and apron, with a big tray balanced skillfully on the palm of one hand—you see I'm an expert now—the cashier came over and said there was somebody to see me at the desk."

"I thought of course it was one of the fellows I know at B—, so over I sped, tucking my tray under my arm. There at the desk was dad! That doctor friend of his was with him he'd picked him up at Glenwood."

"I don't remember what I said, and I'd not be able to punctuate it if I

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 Try a Packet of this delicious Tea this very day. The pleasure will be all yours—  
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did. I think I made a few motions in the direction of the reception-room, and then I found myself in the kitchen again.

"In the little pass-entry which we performers use as a dressing room, I had parted with my tray, apron and coat before I came to my senses. Then all of a sudden, it came to me that this little show in which I'd been performing for three months, wasn't over yet. My role had only been shifted, and now I was cast for the part of a real thoroughbred."

"I didn't feel big enough for the part just then, but by the time I'd put on my coat, apron and tray once more, and repeated carefully to myself the charm, "This is honest labor, and its right for me to do it while dad is hard up," I was able to make my entrance with my tray loaded."

"When I'd finished serving my tables, I went over and told dad I was through, and we'd all have lunch together. I expected a scene then and there, and I braced myself for it. But you know, sis, I was so absorbed in my job of being a gentleman, that for a minute, I forgot that dad is one, too."

"My, but he is a thoroughbred! Do you think he said or looked anything? He only gripped my hand pretty hard, and then, "Doctor Blaisdell, I want you to meet my son," just as though I'd appeared in my evening suit."

"Things were pretty rushed after that, and I didn't see any more of dad until after the game. Then I took him over to the Delta Rho house for dinner."

"Right here let me tell you, sis, that every one of those fellows stood by me like the brothers they have sworn to be. If I have ever enough money to join them. I didn't explain the situation to them, either; didn't have time, and I suppose it wasn't necessary after they'd seen dad. Not one of them let slip a word that would have given away the secret of my little attic room over the Inn."

"Dinner was particularly good that night, as there were quite a lot of guests. After it was over, George Waste said to me in an offhand way, that he'd had a fire made up in his room, and dad might enjoy it up there. So we went up."

"It's really two rooms, and has the kind of Morris-chair furnishings that every one else of the campus just dreams about."

When he was seated in one of those luxurious chairs in front of the open fire that he always loves, some of the constraint between us seemed to melt."

"You've shown very good taste here, son," dad said. Then he asked me how long I had been doing that."

"I tried to explain about it a little; told him that some of the finest fellows in college were doing it, and that no one looked down on them, and that I was determined not to let him support me up here while times were so hard and I had my health."

"But you know how it is with dad. He's awfully hard to talk things over with; he doesn't understand, you know."

Marcia laid down the letter that she had been straining her eyes through tears to read. "It's awfully hard to talk things over with dad. He doesn't understand you know."

The girl, closing her eyes, saw again the figures of a bent old man shabby overcoat and mended gloves, with the mist of hurt affection in his eyes.

"Oh, when there is so much love in the world—" she cried, "when there is so much fine, self-sacrificing love, how can there be so little understanding!"

She heard her father's step on the porch, and forced away the worry lines in her forehead as she went to welcome him. He answered her eager questions wearily.

Before the library fire he sat down and drew off his gloves. She took them from him, and then an embar-

assed silence fell between them—a silence broken only by the bare maple, tapping with spectral finger against the window-pane.

"I suppose you know of your brother's situation at the college restaurant, daughter. Well, he left me to find it all out for myself: couldn't risk taking his old father into his confidence, I suppose." Then abruptly he changed the subject.

"By the way, your brother sent you something; said for me to deliver it as soon as I got here; didn't tell me what it was."

From an inside pocket he drew out a large envelope and handed it to her. She tore it open. There was another sealed envelope inside, and a single scrap of paper fluttered into her lap. She took it up and read:

"Dear Sis: Please hand the enclosed to dad. I meant to give it to him, but just at the last minute I couldn't. I had a long talk with Doc. Blaisdell after the game, and he told me just what he thinks of dad's condition."

"He must go South right away for a change. The two hundred that I enclose are what I've saved out of the money he put into the bank for my board. Don't tell him, sis, about my putting off joining the Delta Rhos for another year, will you? He wouldn't understand, you know."

Hastily, Bob.

"P. S.—See that dad goes first-class, of course—diner, Pullman and all the extras."

Marcia drew out the envelope marked "For Dad," thrust it with the little note into her father's hand, and stole softly from the room.

Fifteen minutes later she went quietly to the library door, opened it and looked in.

Her father was sitting at the reading-table, the loose sheets of Bob's letter lying in confusion all about him. His gray head was buried in his arms, and the words that he whispered to himself seemed to Marcia like the essence of a prayer. "My little boy! Oh, my little, little boy!"

THE END.

**Rod and Gun**

The October number of Rod and Gun in Canada published by W J Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont., has been received and justifies its reputation as Canada's leading sportsman's magazine. The cover cut this month is worthy of special comment, depicting as it does "A Madonna of the Marshes," a cow moose and her calf, photographed in their natural habitat. "Moose, the Swamp Hog of the Canadian Forest" is the leading article, being a study of moose in Henry Braithwaite's country in Central New Brunswick, with photographs of live moose in their natural environment.

"When Fortune Smiled in Moose-land" is the story of a big game hunt in Northern Ontario and is brimful of interest to every sportsman. "The Game Trails of Canada by S E Sangster is a resume of the variety and character of game to be found in the different Canadian provinces and includes an estimate of the approximate outlay involved in a big game hunt, for a non-resident, in each of these provinces. Other stories there are of out door interest and the regular departments are well maintained. Under Alpine Club of Canada appears the story of the "Cathedral Camp" held this summer in the Canadian Rockies and under The Trap department there is a special write up of the 13th Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association.

TREASON doth never prosper, what the reason?  
 Why if it prosper, none dare call it reason,  
 —Sir John Harrington.