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Chicago's First Heavy Snowstorm of The Season

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Chicago awoke this morning to witness the first heavy snow storm of the season, which at times was almost a blizzard.

Snow fell heavily through the early hours of the forenoon. The storm is unprecedented, according to weather bureau officials...

TO GREET GOVERNOR GENERAL AT QUEBEC

Ottawa, Oct. 21.—Premier Borden, Hon. Mr. Hazen and other ministers leave to-night to greet the Governor General and the Duchess of Cornwall...

International Fleet at Hampton Roads 1915

London, Oct. 21.—Great Britain, to-day accepted the invitation from the United States government to send representative vessels of the British Navy to the gathering of the international fleet in Hampton Roads early in 1915...

The foreign office has turned over the arrangements as to the vessels to be sent to Hampton Roads for decision by the Admiralty...

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WILD OATS.

(By Aldis Dunbar, in the "C. E. World.")

'Home?' scouted Colonel Ayres bluntly. 'You never had a home, Lucretia. You'd scarcely know what to make of a real one if you stumbled into it.'

'Small wonder you treat yourself as already elderly, with no especial object in life, Alterbury looks after business matters for you when you need any help of that sort; and Mary Brady runs that graven image of a house, — Luke Rodd fasion, with never a book on the library table not set foursquare...

'I was never permitted,' she reminded him.

'I know. Luke was rigid there. It came of the hard years when he was a boy, and had to see his mother and sisters drugging their hearts out — and your young mother, too, Lukey — until he struck oil, and she went all within a few months. As he saw it, he was making up to you for all the hardships none of them lived to see come to an end.'

Miss Rodd stood still, letting her eyes question the bluff cavalryman, her father's own friend.

'I want to understand,' she said. 'You never will until you get outside of yourself, Lukey,' was the brusque reply.

'How! laconically. Transplant yourself. Drop out sixteen or so of those red-tape-ridden, charity doled at arm's length philanthropic schemes, and do something real yourself. Come out to Arizona; and rough it, army style. One grows old in a set groove, and young on the new trail. Sow some wild oats, Lukey, before it's too late. The right was born in you.'

'Wild oats. But that means—'

The colonel twinkled still more. 'Dissipation, you think? Not the real Wilbraham kind. They're unique. Run up to Tolchester, where your mother was born. You ought to see that fine old homestead, neglected though it is before some alien buys it, and tears it down, and ploughs under what still remains of an English garden that was once worth a hundred miles to see. Tell some of the older generation up there that you are Rachel Wilbraham's daughter, and hear them predict that the blood will show in you, and have its way soon or late. Hear them tell of your great uncle, Archer's sudden voyage to Oregon, or how his father-select-man and local dignitary, came to climb up Tolchester steeple and gild the vane. Or how Professor Martin Wilbraham spent his sabbatical year tramping with gypsies, no one dreaming that he wasn't solemnly Cook-touring Palestine and measuring Nineveh's ruins. No two of you ever sowed the same crop, and the sowing may last only a day; but every Wilbraham hears the call to it once in a lifetime, and leaves the beaten track to answer.'

'Even—my mother?' Or had she no chance?

He sobered at once. 'They'll tell you that she married Luke Rodd against her family's warning, reckless of his being a dour man, as the Scotch say, even then.' Suddenly he pulled out his watch. 'Whew! Later than I thought! Lucretia, I'll board that car. It will get me to the station quicker than your fat bay nags, and

I can't let recruits and baggage start westward without me.'

In another moment, her hand still aching from his grip, she saw him nod back significantly, and learn to strew a fistful of imaginary seed out over the tail-board of a receding trolley car.

In the shade of a tall elm tree her 'fat bay nags,' awaited her, a livered coachman drowsing on the box of 'the dowager,' as Colonel Ayres had irreverently dubbed the low, hung open barouche; but Miss Rodd made no move toward them.

'I always wanted to do things, when I was little,' she said aloud. 'My mother would have understood. She was a child on a farm. But I was drilled into believing that it was not fit for me even to think of such a thing. Fit! It was my birthright. And Mary Brady never once let me come into the kitchen to watch her after the time 'ather saw a flour-mark on my dress, All that wanting is pent up inside of me still, I know; and I am free to come and go. Why didn't I think of it before?'

Impelled, half consciously, to restless motion she had crossed from the avenue into the short blind street of 'adode huts.' In same odd fashion it answered her present mood.

'People do things, themselves, real things, in houses like that,' she mused, quaintly marking the contrast of the ambigulous sign, Manning McLeod, Landscape Gardener, with a meagre bit of grass plot enclosed by the picket fence whereon it hung. 'Not much of an advertisement for — gracious!'

From the gate, banged suddenly aside, something soft and pink and very chubby flung itself against her knee with a gurgle of delight. Miss Rodd gasped. Such a tiny morsel of manhood, in such a scanty single garment! 'Uppy,' he demanded of her, clinging to the black dress with bare, dimpled arms. 'Uppy.'

Glancing furtively along the deserted sidewalks, Miss Rodd lifted him, with a swift-beat of amaze at her own daring. Luke Rodd's 'formulas' had included neither pets nor playmates for her, and never before had her arms held anything so radiantly alive so satiny warm to touch. He kicked lustily, not for freedom, but with sheer glee at his position, as she carried him awkwardly along the gravel path to the shabby porch. The door was open, and on the narrow stair within the girl's figure was descending slowly.

'Manny! Manny-boy, where are you?' called a sweet, anxious little voice.

'Don't come. I'm bringing him,' cried Miss Lucretia, noting at once the green shade covering the girl's eyes, the hand reaching forward in groping uncertainty, as well as in the relief of the young face at her words. 'O, I'm so glad you have come! You caught him at the gate. O, Love's Manny-boy, how could you slip out and away in just that minute,' she went on without waiting for Miss Rodd's puzzled 'Why—yes.'

'You will sit down, please,' urged the gentle tone, as the girl felt her way across the simply furnished living room, and drew forward a chair. 'I'm not entirely blind; but the medicine will keep me like this, with everything a blur, for at least a week; so I very much need some one with eyes you see. Manning—that is, Mr. McLeod, my husband, explain it to you?'

'Why, I don't think I—'

'It's only for the week, you understand. The house is small, and so far I've managed the work, but—I was not sure that anyone would be willing to come for what we could afford to—to pay.' The childish face flushed a little. 'We're just beginning, you see, and even three dollars counts with Manny-boy and insurance and—you don't object to children?' she asked hesitating. 'But of course you wouldn't be here it—O, there is Manning!'

Miss Lucretia W. Rodd, of the stiff black-silk world that 'creaked,' and of many organized charities, by merest accident a locker-on at this most modest household, with makeshifts, openly home-made, and nothing set foursquare, faded suddenly to a myth as Rachel Wilbraham's daughter rose to encounter the owner of certain quick masculine footsteps that sounded on the porch.

'Love, no one would come; and Andrews has wired for me to take the 5.30 train to Merton Woods to oversee the grading of those terraces. I've ransacked the very highways and hedges, but I'm afraid you'll have to let neighbors come in—' He paused, seeing for the first time that a stranger was present.

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'I wasn't sent here from an intelligence office,' Lucretia heard herself calmly explaining. I just—happened I've never even done the kind of work you want; but any woman with average sense ought to be able to use it one way as well as another, and I'd like to try this, for the change. Where I've lived, at Miss Rodd's, in Vancouver Terrace, there is not anything for me to do just now. Miss Rodd knows all about me; and I can bring a reference from her,' she concluded, meeting the keen, boyish scrutiny, and inwardly smiling at the casual survey with which Manning McLeod passed over her seemingly simple black dress.

'You can come—when?' he asked eagerly.

'Not later than four,' returned Lucretia as if catching exhilarated breath after a dip in the foaming sea surf.

Two hours later, as she was unpacking a satchel in a tiny white-plastered bedroom, Manning McLeod's voice reached her.

'Bearer, L. Wilbraham, not experienced in housekeeping, but entirely reliable,' Signed, Lucretia W. Rodd. So that's all right. A steady, motherly sort, I guess.'

But 'bearer,' slipping into a new print housedress, felt more absurdly young and venturesome than ever before in her thirty-six years.

'Mr. McLeod may be away for the whole week,' Love explained presently in the sunny doll's kitchen, it seemed after Mary Brady's imposing domain. 'I don't think I asked your name.'

'It's Lucretia, the same as Miss Rodd's returned L. Wilbraham.' 'Not being a boy, my father chose a name that he could shorten into Lukey. I wish he hadn't. It sounds so hard.'

'If I should say Lucy?' suggested Love sympathetically.

'Do!' agreed Miss Rodd. 'And now if you'll tell me just how to get your supper.'

'I'd like to buy the whole thing, McLeods and all, just to play house with,' she told herself that night, fascinated by the very plainness of the wee home-place, transfigured from bart plaster and pine boards by so much young joy in it by each and every triumph in buying, by over new delights of fashioning 'something out of nothing,' to surprise each other, as Love McLeod recounted them, and, above all, by Manny-boy, an incarnate sun-ray.

Whether it was the 'capable' strain, coming to her from generations of housewives for whom dish-pans, and dusters egg-beaters, and over-dampers had held no mysteries, or the 'setness' that had made Luke Rodd a rich man; Lucretia found average sense' rise victorious, even from Manny-boy's bath, where he splashed her as a chosen comrade, between little gusts of bubbling laughter. When had her 'groove' yielded her so keen satisfaction as was hers on drawing from the oven two loaves, brown and fragrant, and carefully tilting them from the pan to cool as Love bade her, leaning forward eagerly from the wide-armed kitchen rocker?

'Miss Rodd lives all alone, expect for servants, in that big house,' she told Love in answer to a timid question. 'She's an orphan.'

'Oh! pitied the child, seriously. I know how lonesome that is. I used to be one. That sounds funny, but I haven't ever felt like one since—since I've had Manning—and home—and Manny-boy. And some day, when Manning gets contracts all of his own, instead of working for Mr. Andrews, we'll have—country to live in! Flowers, Lucy, and fields, and trees! Poor Miss Rodd!'

'She is,' agreed Lucretia. 'She hasn't any relations—that she knows—belonging to her.'

From the strip of gay rag-carpet Love McLeod suddenly caught up her small son, and hugged him. 'Think of it!' she whispered into his riotous yellow curls. 'O, I'd so much rather be me!'

Lucretia agreed with her only too well. Before three days had passed

she knew beyond peradventure that never again could she fit herself back into the personality of Miss Rodd as Miss Rodd had been. On the fourth day, a convenient, though not an intimate neighbor, having come with a story to read aloud to Love, she meekly suggested an 'afternoon out' and reached Abraham Atterbury's office in season to set telegraph-wires humming, special delivery messengers flying, and typewriters clicking in more than one busy city and quiet village. Thereafter she returned, great peace in her heart to stir up a pan of muffins, feather-light, that 'Mary Brady never equalled, if I do say it,' she confided to Manny boy, who quite agree

That she would have been willing to defer indefinitely Manning McLeod's return, even with the next chapter opening in her fairy tale, did not occur to her until the moment when Love, radiant, hurried out into the kitchen, and found her there with hat, gloves, veil, and satchel, ready to depart.

'Oh Lucy! I'd forgotten that you were going—away.'

'But you're to have your eyes in a few more hour,' reasoned Lucretia.

'I know, but—you seem to—belong! Lucy, the wonderful thing has happened. It's—country! Miss Rodd, your Miss Rodd, wants Manning to restore—is that the word?—the old, old farm place where her mother was born. Mr. Andrews told her that Manning would be able to do it. And it's just the work Manning most loves.'

'I'll come there, perhaps, and see it all,' suggested Lucretia.

'Miss Rodd will bring you!'

'I shouldn't wonder.'

'Well if 'she shouldn't we will! cried Love, half sobbing with happiness. And, Lucy, you've been so good to me—with a little choke she pressed a tiny packet into the other's hand, then turned and fled up the stairs. Miss Rodd looked soberly at the three dollar bills, wrapped carefully around some bits of silver.

'The children! she said, a trifle unsteadily, closing the kitchen door behind her and reaching the little back gate, with bent head.

All at once the door was flung back. 'O, Lucy!' called Manning McLeod.

'Yes, sir?'

'Do you know, have you any idea, what Miss Rodd means to call that place up there. It may help me with some ideas if I knew.'

The zest of the 'new trail' came back over her with a rush, and the heart laughed up within her.

'Wild Oats!' she nodded back to him significantly strewing a handful of imaginary seed across the empty lot between her and the avenue. 'Wild Oats!'

CURIOUS FISH

Remarkable fish have been captured in depths of from one thousand to two thousand fathoms in the Atlantic, and brought to the surface. The majority of those living at great depths were jet black. Their luminous portions which light up the dark regions which they inhabit are marvellous.

These fish plough through the dark waters like flaming torches. Some have elongated snouts, with luminous tips emitting great volumes of light. Others have rows of luminous cells on top of and below their bodies, with reflectors and lenses which serve the function of projecting light in definite directions. This light serves the purpose of illuminating the surrounding water to avoid foes, to recognize their own kind or to capture prey.

The greatest depth found by soundings was until lately 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet—nearly six miles. This is a point in the Pacific ocean off the coast of Guam, about 100 miles or so. But a surveying ship of the German navy has recently discovered a deeper spot in the ocean, near the Philippines, about forty sea miles off the north coast of Mindanao.