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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.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

British Land System Results Of Pillage.

How many is the title of many British landlords to the vast areas held by them, is shown by a case which recently arose between the Duke of Argyll and his tenants, in the town of Ioverary, on his estate. The Duke claims the whole town, but concerning one house, there has been a dispute for years. This dispute, says the London Chronicle, has not yet been legally settled, but investigations made in the course of it have shown that the Duke's ownership of the town itself rests on a sort of usurpation. In 1651 his predecessor, the then Marquis, sold all the lands and houses, in and about the burgh to the burghers for £12,000. It does not appear that the town ever sold them back. What seemingly happened was that when the Argyll family became powerful after the Restoration of the Stuarts, they tactily reasserted their ownership, and the burghers durst not resist the usurpation.

The Duke's legal title, therefore, rests only on long undisputed "possession." He has not even the right which real possession would give because the only effective possession is that of the tenants. He has no moral right whatever. That right rests with the tenant. Cases like this will give point and vigor to the land reform campaign which Lloyd George is preparing to inaugurate this Autumn.

HYMEI

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymeoi 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 Hymeoi (pronounced High-o-me).

Hymeoi 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 Hymeoi 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. Hymeoi is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

When the housewife finds herself without cream and nothing but skimmed milk for the coffee let her beat the yolk of an egg to a cream and add it to the milk (one yolk to each cup of milk). This will take the place of cream and add to the flavor of the coffee.

HIS SON

Rebecca N. Porter, in the Woman's Magazine.

Marcia dreaded to open the library door. The suspense of waiting to know how the interview had ended was hard enough but the despair of finding the old misunderstanding still there was infinitely worse. She turned the knob softly, and at the sound her father's voice called to her: 'Come in, daughter. We've finished our talk.'

Marcia entered, closing the door behind her to give herself more time. Then she darted a swift glance at the two men. It was enough. In one brief second she knew that 'Bob' had failed.

The father and son sat facing each other; only the library table separated them; but the girl, reading each proud, strong face, saw aching miles of desert stretching its unconquered waste between them.

'They are both so fine!' she cried, 'They are both so fine! Why can't they understand each other?'

The tension in the air seemed to be suffocating them all. With a sharp twitch Marcia sent up the window shades and let in the last rays of afternoon sunlight.

As she stood outlined against the window, with the masses of her chestnut hair rippling back from her forehead, she looked like an old daguerreotype; but when she turned, revealing delicate, clearcut features, almost too finely chiseled for the lustrous gray eyes, she became again a modern girl, alert, keen, affective.

She pulled the chairs into cozy groups around the reading-table, and for awhile the three sat in the darkening room, talking over the day's affairs. But when Bob snuntered out his father turned suddenly toward Marcia.

'Your brother wants to go to college, daughter,' he said.

'Yes, father.'

'How long have you known about it?' He asked the question almost with a touch of jealousy.

Marcia hesitated. 'He has talked with me about the plan all through the year. He's very eager to go.'

For a moment he said nothing, but sat staring out the window at the shivering maple which seemed to be losing the warmth and protection of its leaves just when it needed them most.

'For a long time I have been looking forward to having him in the office with me as a companion and helper. It has seemed to me that the time would never come when he'd be through with school and we could have an opportunity to know each other. But I suppose all fathers have dreams like that, and, like most dreams, they don't come true.'

The deep straight worry-line that was stamping itself gradually between the girl's eyes, puckered her forehead as she wrestled silently with her problem. She came over and sat down on the broad arm of her father's chair, taking one of his hands in her firm, strong grasp.

'He only wants to go to college in order to fit himself better for what you will expect of him later' father.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' he answered absently. 'All the young fellows seem to want to get away to college these days; and I suppose it's all right. I believe in education, and I've made no objections to your brother's arrangements.'

Then he added with a whimsical smile that held a taint of bitterness:

'He seems to have made them all without consulting me, anyway, so it's just as well that I agree. I can see how he regards me—just a sort of necessary figurehead; all he wants is my signature to his plans.'

Marcia interrupted him hastily 'You don't understand him, father, You're very busy all the time, and he didn't want to bore you, Did he tell you about what he wanted to do to help himself along at college?'

Her father stiffened in his chair. 'Yes, and I won't hear of it!' he cried, 'The idea of his suggesting such a thing as working his own way through!'

'He says that some of the best fellows up there do it, and all that, but I told him I wouldn't hear of it! He goes to college right, or he doesn't go at all. I'm sending him there, to study, and not to be anybody's servant.'

'I shall put several hundred dollars into the bank for him, and he can draw on it as he needs it.' I don't know where it's to come from just now, but it will be there; he needn't worry about that.'

Marcia opened her lips to speak, but one glance at the flush of roused Southern pride on her father's aristocratic face showed her the hopelessness of argument.

That night, when Bob came into her room for the usual good-night chat, she said: 'Bobby, why didn't you tell dad about your plans earlier in the year?'

'Why, I didn't suppose he'd be interested till I had the whole scheme thought out. You know dad's so busy all the time, and he hates details.'

'But he cares for our confidence more than anything else in the world. He's always so ready to sacrifice anything for us, and he feels hurt when we shut him out of our plans.'

The boy's face stiffened. 'Well I did try to tell him about the plan I had for helping myself along up there, and he went right up in the air—said I didn't have the proper ideas of upholding the dignity of the family, and all that.'

'I know dad's hard up for money just now, and I don't want to add anything to the load. but oh, shucks! I never can talk things over with dad.'

The weeks that followed were so filled with preparations for Bob's departure that there was no time to think of the hurt of separation until he was off, and his first letter had set the seal of reality upon the gulf between them.

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Then it was that her father, coming home late from the office one night, found Marcia absorbed in the contents of a four-page newspaper.

'It's the college daily,' she explained, 'I've decided to subscribe for it so that I can keep up with what's going on there. Don't you want to look it over, too?'

He took it from her patiently and scanned the short columns with the intense scrutiny that he gave to everything. There was no mention of Bob's name anywhere, and he handed it back with vague surprise.

'Seems rather trifling sort of stuff to me,' was his only comment.

'Oh, I didn't hope to find the first one interesting. But after a little while I'll come to know who the different ones are, you see, and I'll—well—feel more in touch with Bob, that's all.'

He answered her with a tolerant indulgence. 'Of course, go on and take it, dear, if it interests you.' Then with a change of tone, 'I had a letter from your brother to-day.'

While he fumbled for it among his memoranda, he gave detached fragments of its contents:

'He has another room-mate; fellow who's taking the law course, too; says they have more in common; believe the other chap was a civil engineer wasn't he? Oh, yes, mining engineer. I guess that was it. Says that those old books that I made him take are coming in handy for reference. He'll find out that his old foggy father knows a thing or two after all.'

He spread out the pages before him. Then, instead of reading from them, he looked over his glasses at her, and gave the real import of the letter. It was one significant sentence. 'Your brother wants to go in for football.'

There was disapproval in his every word, and he was studying her sharply. 'Did he write you anything about it?'

'Yes, he—he did say something about it.'

'Well, I don't approve of it at all. If he's going to college to get an education, he hasn't any time to be falling around over a football field with a lot of young animals—for that's all a football player is.'

'He went there to study, as I understand it, and that's what he ought to be doing. Besides, he might get seriously injured, but of course he'd never believe that.'

Marcia did not reply. She was thinking of the chummy, gossipy letter that had come to her from Bob the day before, and of the appeal with which it had ended, to 'use your influence with dad.' He was always so certain that her 'influence' could work any miracle.

'Bob is studying very hard, father,' she began, 'and it's natural that he should want some kind of recreation.'

He interrupted her hastily. 'I know all that, and of course I don't want him to work too hard. But why can't he take his exercise in some other way, and not choose something that will put his life in jeopardy? Isn't there any gymnasium there?'

She looked at him hopelessly. For a moment there was silence between them. Marcia bent over her sewing while her father walked restlessly about the room, occasionally throwing his head far back and running a finger under his collar as though to loosen a tension somewhere.

'What are you going to write him?' Marcia asked at last. Her father stopped before the window and drummed upon the pane with nervous fingers.

'I'm going to tell him exactly what I think of football. I'm going to say that I, for one, do not approve of it, but that if he's set his heart upon it, to go ahead and I'll never say another word about it.'

'Oh, of course he won't do it if you put it that way, father!'

The old man's eyes softened. 'No, Bob's a good boy; I don't believe he would.'

He sat down by the table and shifted uneasily in his chair. 'I don't want to stand in the way of anything that would give him any pleasure,' he said suddenly, speaking as though she had been accusing him.

Marcia waited, well knowing what would come, but he did not mention the subject again until she had gone up to light his room. Then, as she was going away, he called to her. She came back and stood quietly beside him while he wound his watch.

'Marcia,' he said, 'perhaps you'd better write to your brother for me. Tell him that I'm too busy to write just now, and tell him—to go ahead.' Without replying, she bent down and kissed him.

In the months that followed, the little college daily bristled with football items. Marcia read every line, and wrote intimate letters to Bob, referring familiarly to 'Buck' Whitney, 'Soapy' Smith, and others of the Varsity team.

In reply she received enthusiastic accounts of the coach, the training table, and speculations upon the probable outcome of the fall game with B—University.

Under a strict bond of secrecy, he even told her about the new job he had, whereby he was enabled to put most of his board money into the bank. 'It was a little rough on me just at first,' he wrote, 'but I think I'm all over that feeling now.'

In these letters, thrilling with the very soul of the boy, Marcia gloried. Parts of them she read aloud to her father, and in return he read her his. To Marcia fell the task of answering for both.

Daily the worry in her father's face deepened, but only once did he speak to her of finances. 'I'm afraid that I haven't been sending your brother enough money lately,' he said anxiously. 'I don't want him to feel cramped. Will you try to find out if he needs any more?'

'I'm sure he has enough,' she answered readily, and longed to say more, but remembered the bond of secrecy. 'Bob and I would rather see you taking a little more rest, father, than enlarging our allowances. Couldn't you arrange to go somewhere for a little rest? Doctor Blaisdel says you need a change so much.'

Her father shot her a quick glance. 'When did you see him?'

'Yesterday. He was down from Glenwood for they day. I met him on the street, and we had a long talk about you. He says you'll be a nervous wreck unless you let go of things for a while and that he'd told you so over and over.'

(Concluded next week.)

To A Country Church

There thou dost stand, upon the choicest spot
The scattered hamlet owns—a sacred plot,
Defined long since, that noisy Traffic ne'er
Across thy peace should cut her thorough-fare.
Dear little place; men leagues and leagues away
Think of thy haunts of rest each Sabbath Day.
Thither they came, holding a mother's hand,
These twice ten years within the sinless land;
And though they home in crowded cities now,
And in the silence of great temples bow,
Thou hast a place Affection's shrine within
No late-discovered rival'er may win—
Thou art a garden 'mid life's winter snows
From which the rarest, sweetest fragrance blows!

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.
Great Village, N. S.