

boy must be kept out of the game, no matter what it costs!"

At length the Rev. Mr. Hadley fell asleep and dreamed of gridiron fields, frozen harder than Pharaoh's heart, upon which lay uncountable young fellows injured in uncountable ways, and all of them precisely alike and all of them resembling Lonnie Eastbrook.

If a curly head would insist on appearing between the lines of the hymn-book next day, and if the Rev. Mr. Hadley prayed with fervor for those in peril on land and sea, it was not greatly to be wondered at. But the afternoon must have brought a solution to the problem which perplexed the young preacher, for his evening service was unchallenged by wandering thoughts and his night's rest was undisturbed.

On Monday afternoon the canvas-clad elevens dashed out of the gymnasium with whoop and hurrah, and in a moment were passing a half-dozen halls swiftly from one to another, or were falling about on the huffy ground like so many frolicsome puppies. Just before the call, "Line up," Pa Hadley appeared in full football toggery. He was received with a welcoming shout as he walked over to the captain and called him one side.

The captain's face was a study as the sturdy freshman spoke, paused, and then, after a little hesitation, added another terse sentence. The first shade of perplexity was lost in a smile of delight as the captain seized Pa's sweater and nearly pulled it over his devoted head, dragging him over towards the group of players.

"Say, fellows," he shouted: "Pa is going to play after all."

What more he might of said was drowned in a roar of delight which tested the lungs of every player in the crowd.

Every one? Not quite, for Lonnie Eastbrook stood very still, with whitening face and quivering lip. No one seemed to notice him: and he had that merciful moment, which comes to all of us at times, in which he could pull himself together and clap indifference over the wound.

"Now boys, line up!" ordered the captain. "You go to full-back, Pa, and Lon, and you play in the scrub-to-day. We'll find you some place in the 'varsity later."

Said with the best intentions, but barbed so poisonously to the high-spirited, self-centred lad who had been the pet of the team! "Some place." Ah, that was an unkind cut. The captain meant that he could not spare Eastbrook from the team, but had no time then to change the positions. As it came to Eastbrook's ears, it seemed to mean, "Now we have Hadley on the team we don't care for you."

Lon tossed aside the football he had been holding, and walked over to where Hadley stood stripping his sweater over his head.

"Mr. Hadley," with what was intended for biting sarcasm, "do you intend to run me out of full-back?"

"That's about the size of it, Lon." It sounded harsh, but that was part of the plan.

"Then you are a mean contemptible sneak!"

Lon's face was working into a hundred wrinkles, and his lips were twitching and out of his control. He attempted to say more, but realized his condition and turned away abruptly.

Shaking off one or two friends who tried to soothe him, he went into the dressing-room, changed his clothes without another word, and returned to his own room.

There was consternation among the players at the turn affairs had taken, but Pa Hadley never noticed the incident by word or look. He simply turned to the captain and said "I am ready, sir": and in two minutes the practice was proceeding as if all had been calm as a May morning.

* * *

During the week following Eastbrook turned a deaf ear to all the boisterous urging of his classmates to try for the team, and to the more earnest appeals of

his closest friends to make peace with Pa Hadley. As if to escape even from himself, he had attacked his preparation for the prize examinations with a fierceness that served to make the hurts he had received seem less painful.

He resolved to remain away from the game entirely; but the desire to see the contest overmastered his pride, and when time was called he was seated close to the corner where the Haldberg College team had their temporary quarters.

As the game drew toward the end of the first half-hour the enthusiasm of the Haldberg collegians and their friends rose to fever heat, and Granby's supporters were correspondingly silent.

Hadley was outdoing himself. Every plunge he made into the opposing line seemed good for a gain. Every time he sent the ball hurtling down the field it was a winning punt.

Six to nothing. Then ten to nothing. The score was in Haldberg's favor, and the remotely aggressive freshmen on the topmost tier never ceased hoarsely to question the sophomores at their right, "What's the matter with Hadley?" And for once in a year the lordly sophs could smother their natural antipathy to a freshman sufficiently to answer, "He's all right!"

The first half was closing. The visiting eleven were playing desperately in an effort to score before time should be called. The ball was passed to Hadley, and he started around one end. In some way he missed his interference, and in an instant was buried under half the opposing team. A quick, sure kick was placed with cruel force, a double blow from clinched fists, a pair of knees ground into his back,—that was all. And, when the pile resolved itself into its individual parts, Hadley lay white and motionless on the ground.

As the injured player was born on a stretcher past the corner of the stand, Lon found himself looking, with a piteous tugging at his heartstrings, after the unconscious hero of the day. Then he seemed to let down a steel shutter over his better self and guard it against all approach. The bitterness of his injury was still uppermost.

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It was a long battle with pride and obstinacy that Lon fought during those days before and after the examinations. He captured the prize. But its possession brought him no comfort.

News reached him from the college infirmary to the effect that Hadley was still no better; yet it was not until December's earliest snow covered the ground that Lon conquered himself.

It was almost evening when the victory was won, when pity and love for the wounded man flowed over all the shame and resentment of that one black-letter day.

Eastbrook rapped at the infirmary door, and the president of the college answered the call in person.

"How is Pa—Mr. Hadley, I mean? and can I do anything for him?" stammered the boy, overawed by the presence of the reverend doctor.

The president smiled with sober eyes, and said: "The crisis comes to-night. I think you had better be with him. Come in."

Lon followed into a room where the fever-wasted man lay.

"Yes, he is still out of his head, and likely to remain so until towards morning," said the nurse in reply to the president's question. And then the three sat in silence—to wait for the coming of life or death.

As the night grew deeper, the patient became more restless, and snatches of sentences showed that his mind was wandering back to the events of the football season. At first the signals of the game were puzzling the fevered brain. Then, after a moment, "No, they shall not kill Lonnie."

At the sound of his name Lon started towards the bed, but Hadley was unconscious of all surroundings.

Bit by bit the story of cruelty and sacrifice came out in the words of delirium. All through the long night a lesson of true love and unselfishness was

deeply graven on a boyish heart; and in the morning, when Pa Hadley took his eyes wearily, the gaze of intelligence took on a brighter and holier light as it fell on a curly head buried in the bed-clothes.—C. E. World.

Literary Notes.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February contains a well illustrated and readable article on "The Fighting Boers," "An Army Career," by Major General Nelson A. Miles, gives many interesting points on the subject. The place of honor is given to "Centennial Anniversary of the Death of Washington." In a lighter vein is a story by Bret Harte, and a short sketch called "The Fate of an Olive Ring." Altogether it is a very bright number. Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

"The First Night of a Play," "Through the Slums with Mrs. Ballington Booth," "What it Means to be a Librarian," by Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and "The Pew and the Man in It," by Ian MacLaren, are among the features of the February Ladies' Home Journal. An American mother answers conclusively "Have Women Kibbed Men of Their Religion?" and there is an interesting article on Mlle. Chaminade, the famous composer and pianist. Another article describes "Frank Stockton's New Home in West Virginia." The opening chapters of "The Parson's Butterfly," a new serial by Mrs. Charles Terry Collins, are also presented. Molly Donahue discusses woman's rights with Mr. Dooley, and "Edith and I in Paris," "Her Boston Experiences," and "The Autobiography of a Girl" continue with increasing interest. The pictorial feature, "In honor of St. Valentine," by Alice Barber Stephens, will recall some happy bygone days. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

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