und arries almonter out out and and

WOMAN'S PERFIDY A A A

standing near them, behind the shrub-bery. I heard every word."
"What passed?"
She moistened her lips, but her eyes did not move, nor her voice faiter.

"He made love to her. He wanted her to break off with the marquis and promise to marry nim."
"Med she refused?"
"For a time, yes. Then he threatened her, and she yielded; she consented to break with the mar-

ened her, and she yielded; she consented to break with the marguis."

"Go on. Give your account of what followed. Did you hear more?"

"Yes, but not so distinctly; they spoke in lower voices. Miss Delaine was agitated; Captain Sherwin, I think, threatened her."

"Do not tell us what you think, speak only of what you are sure,"

"I am sure he threatened her."

"I am sure he threatened her. She stemed desperate and hard-driven, and in the midst of the words I saw her raise her arm and something flash in her hand. (The captain cried out"—the voice, almost monotonous, grew hoarse suddenly—"and I saw him fall backward over the rail of the bridge."

The crowd could not restrain its pent-up excitement longer, and a cry of amazement, incredulity, and then horror, rose and filled the court-house. That beautiful, sweet-tooking girl—Elaine, the major's daughter, had committed the crime! Gerald Locke sprang to his feet, white with excitement, a shriek rose from the group of ladies by the bench, the usher yelled for silence, the policemen roughly pushed and elbowed the seething people swaying to and frofor a full minute, under the shock created by the few quiet words of the small, white-faced woman, every person present lost his head.

And yet not every one. One man alone stood calm and watchful, and it was the prisoner. As if he had been expecting this statement, he stood, his eyes Tixed upon Fanny Inchley's wax-like face, his hands clinching the dock rail. He beckoned to Gerald sternly, and as Gerald pushed his way toward him, leaned over the front of the dock.

"She lies!" he said, in a voice audible to those near him. "Watch watch! Be careful! Look at her!

pushed his way toward him, leaned over the front of the dock.

"She lies!" he said, in a voice audible to those near him. "Watch, watch! Be careful! Look at her! She is lying!"

"Silence!" shouted the usher.

The judge held up his hand, his thin, cadaverous face as stern as it had ever been in the moment of passing sentence, and at the uplifted hand and before the terrible face the tumult died away. The sergeant bent down and whispered to Saunders, then raised himself, and eyed the white, set face with grim inwhite, set face with grim intensity.
You saw Miss Delaine stab Cap-

tain Sherwin?"
"I did," came the reply, slowly, unflinchingly.
"Where did she stand-before or

Benind him-at the side."

"At once."
"You heard him cry out twice?"
"No! Once! Once only! I said

once."
The sergeant nodded.
"Yes, you said once. What did you do" Hush!" for a movement was heard near the entrance.
"My lord, I must ask your lordship

He stopped, for he saw that the He stopped, for he saw that the povement among the crowd was caused by the entrance of Elaine and May and the major. He stopped and looked at the pale, sorrow-atticken face of the girl who had just been accused of the hideous crime, and fattered. In all his experience—and how marvelous and varied it had been!—he had never known of a case to equal this.

Fanny Inchley's eyes wandered

Fanny Inchley's eyes wandered from the wall at which she had been from the wall at when she had been staring, and followed Elaine as she went to her seat at the solicitors' table: followed her with an expres-sion of hate and malevolence which, though it was as fleeting as a passing shadow, was seen and noted by

"After you had seen Miss Delaine stab the deceased, what did you do?"
A cry, a faint cry of horror, broke
in upon the question. It came from
Elaine; and she looked round, and then at Fanny Inchley, as if she doubted the evidence of her own

Fanny Inchley fixed her eyes on

ranny Inchesy liked her eyes on the old spot on the wall.
"I ran away."
"You ran away? You saw the de-ceased stabbed—you saw him fall— there was only another woman— a woman like yourself—and you ran

did. I-I was frightened."

"I did. I—I was frightened."
"Where did you go?"
"Home—to the castle, to my room."
Elaine sat, both her hands tightly clasped in May's, her eyes fixed with wild amazement and horror on the white face of the witness, her breatn coming and going in painful gasps.

The sergeant sat down. As he did so, Saunders whispered to his fellow detective, Brown, and he quietly

## BABY'S FIRST TOOTH

Every mother knows how much baby suffers while cutting teeth. Swollen, tender gums cause a fever-ish, fretful condition, sometimes ser-iously affecting baby's health. This ously affecting babys neath. This can be evercome, and ah teething process made easy by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. J. Peckover, New Liekeard, Ont., who says: "Lam the mother of six children, and I can' mother of six children, and I can truthfully say that Baby's Own Tab-lets is better than any other medi-cine/I have ever used for the ills of little ories. I can especially recom-mend them for teething children, and advise all mothers to us

Tablets cure all the minor ills which infants and young children suffer, and are guarante contain no oplate or harmful drug.
Sold by all medicine dealers or by
mail at 25 cents a box by writing
direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine
Brockville, Ont

"I did. And heard them. I was standing near them, behind the shrubbery. I heard every word."

"What passed?"
She moistened her lips, but her eyes did not move, nor her voice laiter.

"He made love to her. He wantad her to break off with the marquis and promise to marry nim."

"At did is refused?"

"For a time, yes. Then he threatened her, and she yielded; she con-

"I did. I saw her. She cannot deny it!" came from the thin lips, and the gray eyes, like a wolf's now, dropped on Elaine's face.
"Attend to me, please," said Gerald, sternly. "And you went home and told no one of what you had seen?"
"No."

"No."
"Why not? An innocent man was accused, wrongly accused according to your account. This that you have said in court to-day would have tended to clear him, save him. Why did you not speak out at the examination before the macking tracks? "Ah, why?" said a voice in the

Fanny Inchley's thin lips set

tightly.

"I—I did not want to be mixed up in it. I didn't want to send a fellow woman to death."

"You bore ne grudge against Miss Delaine?"
"I? No."
"You and Captain Sherwin were friends?"

"Yes—friends."
The slight hesitation gave Gerald

"It's—it's not true!" she exclaimed, panting. "It's a lie, whoever says so! I—I—"

od, panting. It's a ne, whoever says of I-I.—"
"It is? Then why should Captain Sherwin come to the bridge at your bidding? You say you did not know that he was in love with Miss Delaine and had proposed to her?"

The sharp gray eyes looked round the court cunningly, just as those of a fox look round at the moment the cry of the hounds breaks on his ear.

"Answer, please. But take your time."
"I don't know. When I gave him
the letter—"
"The letter! What letter?" de-

manded Gerald, swiftly.
She looked round again.
"The letter—the letter she stabed him to get."
Elaine leaned forward as if about

The marquis leaned forward, his "Ask her!" broke from him stern-haggard face set hard and stern.

"Silence!" cried the usher warn-

ingly.
"Come!" repeated Geraid.
She glanced down at him.
"I don't know. I—I made a mis-"I have no doubt you did. But I let

it pass, for the present. You away when you saw Miss Delaine you say—stab Captain Sherw Which way did you go?"

She looked down, and seemed to be for the present our secret "Round by the long walk by the lawn."

main a sccret still, but I tell you fankly that I am getting tired of this mystery and concealment. I "It is a lie!" said a voice.

Gerald Locke moved his head in the direction whence the voice had come, and saw that the denial had sprung from the white lips of Luigi Zanti. The bind man had not uttered a single word, had scarcely moved, since he had entered, but had sat, his head leaning on his hand, his sightless eyes turned to the person who might be greatling instance in

who might be speaking, listening in-tently, breathlessly.
"Who uttered that improper exclamation?" said the judge, sternly. The blind man rose, pale, but singularly composed.

gularly composed.

"It was i, my vord," he said, respectfully. "I beg pardon. The words were wrung from me."

"Leave the court," said the judge. Luigi fumbled for his stick, and the marquis bent down and touched his shoulder nityingly, tenderly.

the marquis bent down and touched his shoulder pityingly, tenderly. "The poor gentleman — a great friend of the prisoner's— blind, my lord," whispered the clerk. "Stay," said the judge. "Resume your seat, sir."
"No, my lord," said Luigi, with profound respect. "It is better that I should retire, for I, too, shall be a witness," and he let Ingram Jead him from the court.
Fanny Inchley had watched this incident under her half-lowered lids, and those near her noticed that she was breathing quickly, and in a con-

incident under her half-lowered lids, and those near her noticed that she was breathing quickly, and in a constrained fashion, but she turned at once to Gerald as he resumed:
"You cannot have forgotten the way you went from the bridge to the Castle. Do you still say that you went round by the lawn?"
"I'do."
"Now, then, for the letter, What "Yes" said Elaine, almost inaudibly.

Now, then, for the letter. What letter was it that you gave Captain Sherwin, and for the possession of which, you say, Miss Delaine asked

which, you say, Miss Delaine asked him?"
Fanny Inchley was silent for a moment, then she said:
"I refuse to answer."
The judge looked up.
"What?"
"I refuse to answer," she repeated, and in her face was clearly revealed, hard as she tried to mask it, her inward fury at the silp of the tongue by which she had mentioned the letter.
"You must answer the question," said the judge, "unless you think that it will incriminate you."
She was silent, and looked under her lashes from side to side.

the letter from Captain Sherwin?"
"Yes," sullenly.
"Yery good," said Gerald, "Now.
Miss Inchley, one question and I
have done. Had Captain Sherwin
promised to marry you? Be careful. Take your time."
She hesitated. It was evident to
all that pride and caution were
battling together in her bosom. At
last she raised her white face, and
flashed her gray eyes round the
court.

flashed her gray eyes round the court.

"He had!" she said. "He would have married me, but—" she stopped, but her glance at Elaine finished the sentence as plainly as if she had added—"but for her!"

Gerald motioned that he had done with her, and she turned and left the hox. The people were massed close up to it, but she forced her way through them.

"Let me pass," she panted, "I am

And they made way for her.

The sergeant rose.

"That is my case, my lord," he said. "After the evidence of the last witness I should not he justified in calling upon Miss Delaine to continue her evidence..."

calling upon Miss Delaine to continue her evidence—"
"No." said the judge, gravely, but Gerald sprang to his feet.
"My lord, without exchanging one word with Miss Delaine, and notwithstanding that Fanny Inchley's statement has taken me as much by surprise as it has my learned friend, I am convinced that Miss Delaine is willing—yes, and anxious, to continue her evidence."
Elaine rose. The marquis, after a look of doubt and terrible distress, raised his head and looked at her. The judge frowned in deep thought. "The decision lies with Miss Delaine," he said, solemnly. "No one will expect her to say one word more."

Elaine drew her hands away from

more."

Elaine drew her hands away from May, and stepped to the place in which she had stood when she was giving her evidence, and though her face was still pale, there was light in her eyes which made the poor old major's aching heart throbustly mide.

"Yes—Triends."

The slight hesitation gave Gerald the clue. 
"More than friends?"

She hesitated again, and her eyes hid behind the long lids. 
"Answer! You knew Captain Sherwin intimately, did you not? You had brought him to the bridge, you know. You—" the inspiration came in a flash—"you were lovers?"

She started, and her small hands clinched. 
"Ight in her eyes which made the poor old major's aching heart throb with pride. 
"I wish to tell all I know, please," 
The judge sank back, and folded his hands with an air of resignation. There had been so much informality already that it is to be presumed he thought that to insist upon strict legal form now would be inconsistent. The sergeant shrugged his shoul-

ders.
"When interrupted by the indisposition which we all regret. Miss position which we all regret, Miss Delaine, I was asking you what it was that Captain Sherwin had told you which induced you to consent to his proposal that you should break off your engagement with the prisoner. I repeat that question."

tion."
Elaine looked steadily at h.m.
"It was a letter which Captain
Sherwin gave me," she said,
"Then there was a letter!" murmured the crowd.
"A letter Can you tell me the contents? Perhaps you have preserved it?"

"I have."

She put her hand in the bosom of her dress, and took out the letter and handed it to him.

As she did so the marquis bent forward eagerly and saw it; and as he recognized it an exclamation broke from him which electrified the Elaine leaned forward as it about to rise, but May held her down.

"This is the first time you have spoken of a letter," said Gerald. "What was this letter?"

"I—I don't know."

"I—I did not!"

"Yes! You did. What letter was it? Come?"

The war was leaned forward his to the marquis ben forward eagerly and saw. It; am as he recognized it an exclamation broke from him which electrified the whole court.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "I se it als!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All eyes were turned from the let

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All eyes were turned from the letter which the sergeant held in fis hand to the marquis as he uttered the sfgnificant words, "I see it all!" and the judge looked across at him keenly and with a grim smile as he

"It may be all plain to the prisoner, but it is anything but plain to me and the jury!"
"I will read the letter," said the

arrived here quite safely, but very tired. I quite agree with you that her didn't bargain for all this duliness can expect me to endure it much longer. Please send me some more moncy—I know you will wonder what I've done with that you gave me, but money and I are soon parted; besides, it was a bargain that I should have as much as I wanted; and I mean to keep you to that part of the contract, anyway. My cough is just the same as ever. I don't tancy I shall like this place; it seems a dull hole. I'd rather have gone to I'aris, where one can buy decent things and amuse oneself. I hate being bored, as you know. You'd better send me a cheque for two hundred pounds while you are about it. Did you buy me that pearl ring I fancied? There was a necklace went with it, I think; if so, you might get that at the same time. And don't forget the shawl I saw at the Oriental place in Regent street. Your affectionate wife. Pauline.'" I'd rather have gone to Faris, where Your affectionate wife, Pauline."

A profound silence followed the sergeant's reading of the letter. It was a day of surprises, and the amaze-ment of the audience was too great to admit of utterance.

The marquis, with pale face and now flashing eyes, bent forward and seemed about to speak, to address Elaine, who stood with tightly-clasp-

"Yes" said Elaine, almost inaudibly. "Let the jury see the letter," said the indge.

The letter was passed to the jury, and then to the judge, who handed it

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

even the Most Stubborn Cases of this

Rheumatism is caused by acid in the blood. That is an undisputed medical truth. Liniments, outward applications, and alleged electric applications, and alleged electric treatment can never cure what is rooted in the blood. A blood disease like rhenmatism must be cured through the blood. That is why rheumatism always yields like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they actually make new, rich, red blood. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, sootles the recves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism from the case of Mr. Charles Leatherdale, a popular young drugg'st's assistant, of Tilbury, Ont. He says: "I know from personal experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheuma-

of Tilbury, Ont. He says: "I know from personal experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, because they cured me of a severe attack that for months caused me many sleepless nights and painful days. I had tried a number of other medicines, but they falled. Then I decided to give the pills a trial. Before I had finished the second box the pains began to leave me, and by the time I had taken two more boxes a twinge of rheumatism since. It is like a new man. That is more than six months ago, and I have not had a twingle of rheumatism since. It is a twingle of rheumatism since. It is my belief that a fair course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills will drive the most stubborn case of rheumatism out of the system, and as a result of

out of the system, and as a result of my own experience I cheerfully recommend them for this trouble."

The pills cure all blood and nerve troubles, such as rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, leadaches, backaches, kidney troubles, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of almost constant misery. Imitations and substitutes are sometimes offered, and the buyer should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

think I fainted in the shrubbery. It was dark, and I lost my way. I remember that the thorns cut my hand—"

The marquis started.

"And then I must have fainted an "How long did you lio in a faint?" sked the sergeant. Sho shook her head. "I do not know."

"Did you hear anything, any cry, ach as was spoken of by the other

"You knew nothing of the death of Captain Sherwin?"
"Not until I read it in the paper at Lucerne, before my illness. I wish to speak of the—dagger," she added, in a low voice."
"The dagger?" said the sergeant.
"Had you seen it before or after the

"Before: On my first visit to the castle; and on the day of the murder I found it behind the settee in the hall. Signor Luigi will remember—I showed it to him."

The court listened breathlessly.

Was she going to convict herself?
"What did you do with it?" asked

"What did you do with it?" asked the sergeant.
"I laid it on the top of the glass case in the hall," answered Elaine.
"And I have not seen it since—until now," and she glanced with a shudder at the horrible thing, as the sergeant held it out to her to identify.

The sergeant paused. "I have no more questions to ask you, Miss Delaine," he said, gravely.

laine," he said, gravely.

Gerald rose, the letter in his hand.

"Will you tell us why you believed this letter to be genuine, Miss Delaine? Did it not occur to you that the winth have been a forcer. own purposes?"
"It did. But—" she hid her face in

her hands for a second—"the mar-quis admitted that it was genuine."
"You saw him, then, that evening?"
"Yes," she replied, almost income "Yes," she replied, almost inaudi-bly. "I saw him in the drawing-room, and—and—" her voice broke into a and—and—" her voice broke into a sob, "he admitted it all!" "Never!" burst from the marquis, in passionate demial and entreaty.

'Elaire: Look at me——"
"Silence!" cried the usher.

"Elaire: Look at me—"
"Silence!" cried the usher.
The crowd swayed to and fro.
Elaine raised her eyes to his with
sad reproach in them.
The regular leaned forward and
touched Gerald.
"There is a hideous mistake!" he
whispe ed hoarsely, all his calm
gone, his manuer now agitated and
passionately earnest. "See the date
of the letter?"
Gerald handed it to Elaine.
"Will you read me the date of the

"Will you read me the date of the letter, Miss Delaine?"
"July the 17th, 1888," she read. The marquis raised his hand.
"No." he exclaimed. "It is 1883,"

was too astounded to speak for a moment. Then the judge motioned for the letter to be handed to him. (To be Continued.)

A Sultana's English

The ladies of the Levant, it would seem, are not afflicted with the "cacoethes scribendi." They do not worry the book reviewer. They seldom write a letter, and when they do their style is naive, and their technique almost a matter of private enterprise. Here, for example, is a note from a sultana to her commissioner: "Constantinople. The marquis reamed again about to speak, but Gerald Locke held up his featherses sent. My sout, my no-hand, he friend are there no other for ble friend, are there no other featherses leaved in the shop besides these featherses? And these featherses remains, and these featherses The judge looked up.

"What?"

"I refuse to answer." she repeated, and in her face was clearly revealed, lard as she tried to mask it, her inward fury at the slip of the tongue by which she had mentioned the letter.

"You must answer the question," said the judge, "unless you think that it will incriminate you."

She was silent, and looked under her lashes from side to side, "You say that Miss Delains got."

The letter was passed to the jury, and these featherses are silky. They are dear, who buys dhese? And, my noble friend, we want a noat from yourself. Those you brot last tim were beautiful. We had searched. My soul, I want featherses. Again of those featherses. In Kalada, there is ination.

"Tell us what happened after you had read this letter, Miss Delaine."

Elaine raised her sad eyes.

"I left the bridge then, left Cap, the lady is cautious, and only signs herself, "You Know Who."—London Daily Chronic

No Demand for Stockers Out There at Present.

VARIOUS REASONS FOR THIS

Mr. F. W. Hodson, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, says that at present the trade in stockers between the older provinces and the Northwest Territories is in a very unsatisfactory condition, and many of those who have been shipping young cattle to the Northwest this season have been very much disap-

Another reason for the present unsatisfactory condition of the stocker trade, not only in the Northwest, but also in the older Provinces, is the poor quality of a lagge number of the young cattle that have been placed on the market during the last few years. Many of these were as far from the right kind of raw material from which to make finished beef as they well could be. During a period of high prices, markets are not so discriminating in the quality of the goods offered, but when prices are low, markets are more sensitive; they are more easily overstocked; buyers are more careful in waking their selections; and it besensitive; they are more careful in making their selections; and it becomes a case of the survival of the fittest only. A high class product of any kind will always command a fair price; but on a depressed market inferior stuff must be sacrificed at pelces for below the cost of produc-

the selection of their bulls than heretoforre, and Ontario breeders will do well to make a note of this. heretoforre, and Ontario breeders, will do well to make a note of this. During recent years every bull-calf, that was eligible for registration was saved with a view to selling him at some sort of price for the ranches; but the ranchers have discovered that they must pay more attention to quality and breeding, and that first-class bulls are cheaper at a good price than registered scrubs as a gift. It is safe to predict that in a very short time it will not be possible to sell inferior bulls to the ranchers at any price. W. A. Clemens, Publication Clerk.

FEATS OF NOTED WALKERS

Remarkable Achievement of a Woman 84 Years Old.

of history repeating itself. Barely a century ago the feats of Captain Barelay and others attracted sufficient attention to send the town almost mad with excitement. Even royalty itself has been num-

Even royalty itself has been numbered among the exponents of pedestrianism, and that much-abused monarch. Charles II is certainly entitled to respect as a fine specimen of an all-around sportsman. Apart from enjoying perhaps the unique distinction among English sovereigns of riding his own horses to victory at Newmarket, Charles it of Scotland, a decree which, as even-berd among the apyroal and a decree which, as even-berd among the control of the stands the tower in which the warning notes of the war bell were rung to denote the approach of an enemy, an object naturally of great interest to all visitors to the town.

was also noted for his waiting powers, and it has been stated that none could excel him in his favorite waik from Whitehall to Hampton Court.

The earliest long-distance walker whose performances were authenticated appears to have been fester Powell, a limb of the law with a penchant for walking from London to York and back. His first journey was made in 1773, when he covered the distance of 394 miles in six days, with nearly six hours to spare.

in six days, with nearly six nours to spare.
At the close of 1808 Capt. Barclay fairly electrified the whole country by undertaking for a wage of 1,000 guineas to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, a mile in every hour, such a performance being then unprecedented. The match was much discussed, a start being made over Newmarket heath on June 1, 1809, lasting until July 12, or nearly fortytwo days in all. No performance was ever better authenticated and so thoroughly did the judges perform their task that the state of the weather was recorded and an pointed in the prices realized.

Under date of September 22nd, Mr.
Chas. W. Peterson, Secretary of the
Territorial Live Stock Association,
writes: "Within the past week from
four hundred to six/hundrod stockers have reached Calgary alone,
and the demand here is absolutely
nil. These people must either take
it their stock elsewhere or lose heavlily."
There are several reasons for this
condition of affairs. Finished cattie have been selling at unprecedent
dely low prices. It is stated on good
authority that the entire output, of
one of the largest ranches in
Southern Alberta was sold at \$32.50
per head, for three-year-old and four
year-old cattle. Naturally, therefore, men that paid \$22.00 per head
for yearlings two years ago
and
have sold them this season as threefore, men that paid \$22.00 per head
for yearlings two years ago
and
have sold them this season as threeyear-olds for prices in the neighborhood of \$32.00, are not anxious to
buy stockers this fail at anything
like the prices prevailing for the last
two or three years.

Again, winter feed is scarcer than
usual on the reaches thi sfall; and
as a consequence many of the cattiemen that usually purchase a number of stockers at this season of the
year have scarcely hay enough to
carry their breeding stock through
the winter.

Another reason for the present unsatisfactory condition of the stockert rade, not only in the Northwest,
but also in the older Provinces, is

for the winter in their task that the state of
the weather was recorded and an
elaborate diary writtens at each sale
leading writtens was the feat the meath only came within
an ace of losing the most determined courage that he succeeded
in overcoming the painful exhaustion
resultant from the loss of regular
selegation of the largest ranches in
Southern Alberta was sold at \$32.50
per head, for three-year-old and foursouthern Alberta was sold at the finish, after taking a bath and
norishment and sleeping almost contilles as a roast fowl, washed down
with a pint of strong a

pedestrian having, we are told, con-sumed five or six pounds of animal food during the twenty-four hours, garnished with such vegetables as

were in season.

After 1817 the crase for ling-dis-After 1817 the craze for ingular tance walking seems almost to have died out, only to appear again a quarter of a century ago, although in the interval two members of the fair sex were credited with equaling Captain Barclay's great walk, truly remarkable instances of feminine enremarkable instances of feminine endurance if properly authenticated. In 1851, also, a sprightly country dame, wanting barely sixteen years to become a centenarian, suddenly resolved to see something of the world, and, accordingly, Mary Callinack, a Cornish fishwoman, actually succeeded in walking from Penzance to London, a distance of nearly 300 miles, in order to view the wonders of the great exhibition in Hype Park, Mary oreated a great sensation there, being noticed by Queen Victoria,—Strand Magazine.

In days of old, when might was right, the cities in the cold World that was walled about was common enough, but there are very few enough, but there are very few towns in Britain to-day which pretowns in Britain to-day which preserve their wands. Of these few, undoubtedly the most unique is Berwick Upon-Tweed, the old border town which has occupied many a page of the history of England, and which to this very day enjoys the distinction of special mention as a place apart from the United Kingsom in every royal proclamation in sued.

Here the old battlements built in cient gateways, and even in some The present interest in long-distance walking, first aroused by the stock Exchange's little jaunt to Brighton, is but another instance side and the old one, of which now only some fragments remain standing, dating back to the far off times of Edward the First, who, in the great hall of Berwick Castle—only a small part of which now remains—decreed that Baliol should be King of Scotland, a decree which, as every schoolboy knows was soon sat

## Are You Bilious? Blame the Liver

Scores of the Common IIIs of Life Due to Disorders of the Liver are Curable by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY LIVER PILLS

If you are billous, blame the liver. If your digestion is impaired and you suffer from headache and dizzy spells, blame the liver. If your bowels are irregular, constitution and looseness alternating, blame the liver. If you have pain under the shoulder blades, feelings of fullness after meals, aching limbs, a yellow muddy complexion, blame the liver. Torpid, dagg sh action of the liver is responsible for all these symptoms and while you have a right to blame the liver, it may be well for you to set about to help the liver out of difficulty. Though bile, which the healthy liver filters from the blood, is nature's cathartic, and is necessary to healthful and regular action of the bowels, it is poison when left in the blood and gives rise to many distressing symptoms. The use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills promptly cures torpid liver and biliousness, and because of their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels. There is no medicine objection on liver, kidneys and bowels. There is probably no one organ responsible for so many il's as the only signs system.

There is probably no one organ receipt book author, are on every goneible for so many its as the box.