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The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

"I did. And heard them. I was standing near the bushes. I heard every word."

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

"He made love to her. He wanted her to break off with the marquis and promise to marry him."

"And she refused?" "For a time, yes. Then he threatened and she yielded; she consented to break with the marquis."

"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 of." "I am sure he threatened her. She seemed desperate. He raised his arm and raised her hand. The captain cried out—the voice, almost motionless, grew hoarse suddenly—and I saw him backward over the rail of the bridge."

"The crowd could not restrain its pent-up excitement longer, and a shout of amazement, incredulity, and then horror, rose and filled the court-house. The marquis, sweet-looking girl—Elaine, the sweet daughter, had committed the crime! Gerald Locke sprang to his feet, white with excitement, a shriek rose from the group of ladies in the benches the usher yelled for silence, the policeman roughly pushed and elbowed the seething people swaying to and fro."

"For a full minute, under the shock created by the few quick 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, Miss Delaine's eyes fixed upon Fanny Inehley's wax-like face, his hands clinching the dock rail. He beckoned to Gerald, who came 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."

the letter from Captain Sherwin? "Yes," sullenly. "Very good," said Gerald. "Now, Miss Inehley, 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."

"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 court. The people were massed close up to it, but she forced her way through them. "Let me pass," she panted, "I am ill!"

And they made way for her. The sergeant rose. "That is my case, my lord," he said. "After the evidence of the last calling upon Miss Delaine to continue her evidence—"

"No," said the judge, gravely, but Gerald sprang to his feet. "The lord, without exchanging one word with Miss Delaine, and notwithstanding that Fanny Inehley's statement has taken me as much by surprise as it has my learned friend, I am convinced that Miss Delaine is willing, 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 and the jury looked at her. "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 May, and stepped to the place in which she had stood when she was giving her evidence, and though her face was white, there was a gleam of light in her eyes which the poor old major's aching heart throbs with pride.

"I wish to tell all I know, please," she said, in a low, distinct voice. "The judge said, 'I see it all.' 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 a legal form now would be inconsistent."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "When interrupted by the indisposition which we all regret, Miss Delaine, it was that Captain Sherwin had told you which induced you to consent to his proposal that you should bring off your engagement with the prisoner. I repeat that question."

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Even the Most Stubborn Cases of this Painful Malady Can be Cured.

Rheumatism is caused by acid in the blood. That is an undisputed medical truth. Liniments, outward applications, and alleged electric treatment can never cure what is rooted in the blood. A blood disease like rheumatism 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 acids, soothes the nerve, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism from the system. Proof of this is found in the case of Mr. Charles Leatherdale, a popular young druggist's assistant, of Tilbury, Ont. He says: "I know from personal experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, because they cured my severe attack that for months caused me many sleepless nights and painful days. I had tried a number of other medicines, but they failed. 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 I was cured of rheumatism since it is like a new man. It is more than six months ago, and I have not had a twinge 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 my own experience I cheerfully recommend them for this trouble."

The pills cure all blood and nerve troubles, such as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, neuritis, 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 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 and fallen." "How long did you lie in a faint?" asked the sergeant. "Do not know."

"Did you hear anything, any cry, such as I have spoken of by the other witnesses?" "No." "You know nothing of the death of Captain Sherwin?" "Yes, 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 murder?" "Before. On my first visit to the castle; and on the day of the murder I found it behind the settee in the drawing-room. I remember—I show it to you." "The court listened breathlessly. Was she going to convict herself? "What did you do with it?" asked the sergeant.

"It did not," she hid her face in her hands for a second—"the marquis admitted that it was genuine." "You saw him, then, that evening?" "Yes," she replied, almost inaudibly. "I saw him in the drawing-room, and—and—" her voice broke into a sob, "he admitted it all!"

"Never" burst from the marquis, in passion before her indignation. "Elaine! Look me in the eye, and say—'Silence!' cried the usher. The crowd swayed to and fro. Elaine raised her eyes to his with a look of intense pain. "The marquis leaned forward and touched Gerald. "There is a hideous mistake," he whispered hoarsely, "all his calm, his passion, his earnest. See the date of the letter?"

Gerald handed it to Elaine. "Will you read me the date of the letter, Miss Delaine?" "July 15th, 1885," she read. "The marquis raised his hand. "No," he exclaimed, "it is 1885." No one cried silence; every one was too astounded to speak for a moment. The judge motioned for the letter to be handed to him.

(To be Continued.)

CATTLE FOR NORTHWEST

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 disappointed 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 hundred stockers have reached Calgary alone, and the demand here is absolutely nil. These people must either take their stock elsewhere or lose heavily."

There are several reasons for this condition of affairs. Finished cattle have been selling at unprecedentedly low prices. It is stated on good authority that the entire output of one of the largest ranches in Southern Alberta was sold at \$22.50 per head, for three-year-old and four-year-old cattle. Naturally, therefore, meat that paid \$22.00 per head for yearlings two years ago and have sold them this season as three-year-olds for prices in the neighborhood of \$22.00, are not anxious to buy stockers this fall at anything like the prices prevailing for the last two or three years.

Again, winter feed is scarcer than usual on the ranges, and it is a consequence many of the cattlemen 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 stock-trade, not only in the Northwest, but also in the older Provinces, is the poor quality of a large 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 their quality of the goods offered, but when prices are low, markets are more sensitive; they are more easily overstocked; buyers 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 good price; but on a depressed market inferior stock is sacrificed at prices far below the cost of production.

The ranchers have also discovered that they must be more careful in the selection of their bulls than heretofore, 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 rancher; 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.

The present interest in long-distance walking, first aroused by the Stock Exchange's little jaunt to Brighton, is but another instance of a history repeating itself. Barely a century ago the feats of Captain Barclay and others attracted sufficient attention to send the town almost mad with excitement. Even royalty itself has been numbered among the exponents of pedestrianism, and that much-abused 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

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

The earliest long-distance walker whose performances were authenticated appears to have been Foster 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.

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 forty-two 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 elaborate diary written up each day setting forth the pedestrian's condition. As nearly every one knows Capt. Barclay proved successful in his lengthy undertaking. This interesting diary, however, discloses the fact that not only came within an ace of losing, but it was only by exercising the most determined courage that he succeeded in overcoming the painful exhaustion resulting from the loss of regular sleep for such a lengthy period. His weight at start was substantial, being 13 stone 4 pounds, while at the finish, after taking a bath and nourishment and sleeping almost continuously for seven or eight hours, he was able to turn the scale at 11 stone. The pedestrian's bill-of-fare during this walk was no less gigantic than the task accomplished.

Breakfast consisted of such trifles as a roast fowl, washed down with a pint of strong ale, and followed by two cups of tea, with bread and butter. After what appears a very lengthy interval lunch followed at 12, either from beefsteaks or mutton chops, of which latter commodity his chronicler guardedly remarks that the captain ate a considerable quantity. Dinner at 6 consisted either of roast beef or more chops, with which he drank porter and two or three glasses of wine, and to wind up the day as he commenced, supper at 11 consisted of a cold fowl, the pedestrian having, we are told, consumed five or six pounds of animal food during the twenty-four hours, garnished with such vegetables as were in season.

After 1817 the craze for long-distance 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 endurance if properly authenticated. In 1871 also, a sprightly country dame, wanting barely fifteen years to be 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 Hyde Park. Mary created a great sensation there, and in every royal proclamation issued.

Walled Town in Britain.

In days of old, when might was right, the cities in the Old World that was walled about was common enough, but the few that are very few towns in Britain to-day which preserve their walls. 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 Kingdom in every royal proclamation issued.

Here the old battlements built in the time of Queen Elizabeth remain intact with all but one of the ancient gateways, and even in some cases the very ponderous gates themselves on their old rusty hinges. In reality there are two walls, one on the 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, was a great part of which now remains. Scotland, a decree which, as every schoolboy knows, was soon set at defiance by Bruce and his hardy warriors. On this outer line the ramparts still stands the tower in which the warning notes of the approach of an enemy, an object naturally of great interest to all visitors to the town.