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t can exist intact within 2.44

he radius of the planet. This spoken of as "Roche's Limit." plying it to the planet Satura hin this limit. It does not no follow from this that the particles of which the rings mposed are the shattered reone small satellite but rather hey are the material from satellite might have been were it not so close to the Within "Roche's Limit" the attraction of the various paror each other that would tend ily to gather them into one overcome by tidal forces that om such close proximity to the anet. The stress and strain forces is so great that no g of particulars can take place. plains possibly, why the rings e to exist in their preesnt con-The total mass of the rings n to be very small, for they do turb the motions of any of the and smaller satellites, though mas, six hundred miles in diais only thrrty-one thousand eyond the outer edge of the

interesting observation was year or so ago of the passage rings of the planet between us tar. Though the light of the is diminished to one-fourth of mal brightness when the rings before it, at no time was its ntirely eclipsed by any of the It was computed that if meters of one of the adividual had amounted to as much as r four miles the star would en temporarily eclipsed. limit for the size of the moonthus obtained. The average r of the particles is probably es than three miles.

FOUR FEET CALLOUSED?

to remove lumps by applying e Corn and Wart Extractor. urely vegetable remedy acts esty and is guaranteed. "Putnam's" only, 25c per bot-

D EGG. GOOD MONEY.

ain't nothin' in the world od fer somethin' " is one of orite sayings of Slim Buckley.

ley is a thrifty soul. He in summer and traps in wind between wheat and furs he wing rich. One morning his was cooking breakfast. She a rotten egg into a skillet and arting toward the door to it away when Buckley stopped

man, don't throw that egg! said Buckley.

it's rotten," protested his kes no difference," declared the

other. "Thar ain't nothin' in orld but—" a les Buckley," exclaimed bis T've heard that a thousand

wolt never sniffs at the doors prosperous farmers of the river country. But foxes are nt animals-here is something n't know-rotten eggs are rat an epicureau tidbit in vulpine

night Buckley set a truo in a grove near his home and baitvith the rotten egg. He hoped sh a red fox or perhaps a cov-But when he went out to his ext morning, what do won think nd? The biggest silver for y ever had clapped eyes on. He e pelt in Peace River the other

ight nice lot o' money to hatch rotten egg," remarked Buckhe stuffed the money in his "I've allers allowed that than othin' in the world but is good ethin' -Chicago Post

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ht red coats rdown embroidery.

lis frocks.

of plaid, real or sham.

of leather and buckle trim-

le coats of seal, squirrel or

wness as to Candlesticks.

w idea in that of white candie-We used to have silver candle-

or colored pottery candlesticks vaite candles. Now behald the porcelain candlestick with the d candle. Blue candles are ofed, with a centrepiece of white s in a blue dish. The result is. very attractive.

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SIR WILLIAM'S

CHAPTER XVII.

One afternoon, a few weeks after Hesketh Carton had locked up the vial in his safe, Clytic rode down the winding road to Withycombe. She had started by herself-quite by herself, for she had sent the groom back with e message to Mollie not to wait tea: and it was rather singular that she had not taken this way to Withycombe until after some consideration and hesitation at the crossroads.

And now, as the sure footed mare, graceful and confident steps. wound her way down the steep and uneven road, she was wondering whether she was acting wisely in going; for she was conscious, painfully conscious, that her object in visiting Withycombe was to see Jack Doug-

He had scarcely been out of her had tried to forget him, had told herself a thousand times that it was almost her duty to blot him from her memory; but it is easier for the leapard to change his spots than for a girl to forget such an incident in her blow his nose; but he's miser'ble'nuff;

And she knew that she wanted to see him; she had waited, with more or less patience, for him to avail bimself of her offer and visit the Hall: but day after day passed, and he had had not cared to come, that he had had not done so. Was it pride that I hope he won't, don't you, Miss was keeping him away? She knew that he was proud, as proud as he was fearless; and if it were pride then -- Ah! well, he was right; but still she wanted to see him, to hear the deep, musical voice, now grave and almost stern, now gentle and a'-

most tender. A faint blush stained the ivory of her cheek as she looked dreaming at the now leafless trees, the beech and proach pine towering above the road and casting sombre shadows in the mellow glow of the winter sunlight.

How happy she had been in those weeks which seemed so long ago? She had almost forgotten the miserable problem of the will, and her own responsibility and cares in connection with it; and felt almost as free as the fisher-girls who laughed and played on the jetty, the girls she was inclined to envy: for they were free to live and marry whom they would, and were

the mistresses of their own lives. Presently she came to the bend of the road, and a child ran out from among the trees calling joyously to her. It was Polly, and Clytie pulled up with an answering note of welcome

"Why, Polly, is it you? How lucky to have met you; for I was coming to "Was 'oo?" said Polly, her rosebud

mouth stretched in a delighted grin. What a boo'ful horse!" ike to come up? There is plenty of room for you. See, now, put your foot in the stirrup come to the bank where

you can reach it—and give me your "Do you think he'll bear me?" asked

started on the road to health.

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sthing different; no burning or nerve wrecking drugs, but two

iffic mixtures that will conquer any of the above ailments.

with Clytie's arm protectingly round "Yes, I think so," said Clytei, pressing the curly head to her bosom. "And

"Velly well," replied Polly, as matter of course. "An' I'm veily well; it's only Mr. Jack what's bad." "Oh, is he bad?" asked Clytie, the smile vanishing from her face and her voice lowered.

how is mother?"

Polly nodded solemnly. "Yes, he's been velly bad; so muvver says, but ity. he says no, not at all, that there's muvver knows, cos he don't eat like what he did. She says he pretends to, but he don't really."

"So he hasn't seen a doctor?" said Clytie, in the same low voice. Polly shook her head. kite angry when muvver said he mind since the eventful day when she cold. A cold does make 'oo misshould, and 'clared that it was only a es'ble, doesn't it?"

"It does," assented Clytie. "And you think that it is only a cold that is the matter with-Mr. Jack?"

"I don't think so," said Polly, shrewdly, "'cos he don't cough or girl to lorget such an interest part to lorget such and he doesn't come home till late, an' walks about by hisself when it's too wet to work, an' he don't laugh no more when he carries me about." "Oh, he still carries you, Polly?" said Clytie.

"Yes; he isn't too bad for that," said not come. It was possible that he Polly, in a tone of thankfulness; "though muvver often tells him to forgotter her—and yet something far put the brat down—I'm the brat. I back in her heart whispered that he think he's going to leave Withycombe;

Clytic felt as if a weight had suddenly fallen on her heart. "I-I don't know. Polly." she said. speaking rather to herself than the

child. "If it is better for him to Mrs. Westaway came out of the cottage at this moment and eyed the pair

with a mixture of pleasure and re-"Lor' bless the child! if she ain't allus in mischief, and makin' a noo-

a cup of tea " She took the child, giving at a violet now.

loving shake, and called to a boy to take the horse to the stable, and Clytte followed her into the cottage.

"The kettle's boiling, miss. I put it on, thinking that Mr. Jack might drop in for a cup; but there's no dependin' on him these days. The best o' men are a worry an' a fret, and he's no better than the rest at botherin'.

They're a trying lot, miss." "Polly tells me that Mr. Douglas has been ill," said Clytie, as she cut know," she said. As she spoke; her the bread and butter, and surrepti-Polly. But Mrs. Westaway's eyes

were sharp. "You'll spoil that child, miss, same as Mr. Jack does," she said, with mock severity. "Yes; he's been ill, leastways, I think so, or I don't know what's the matter with him. Sometimes I've thought it was the complaint most young men get."

"What's that, Mrs. Westaway?" "Love," responded Mrs. Westaway sententiously. Clytic bent over her teacup and stirred the tea carefully. Polly, gravely, as she nestled down! "An' so I kep' a watch on the young

set their was at him, and little was der, for he's well favored and more more of a gentleman than the Withycombe lads; but I've seen that he dou't take no notice of 'em. P'r'apait's some gal in furrin paris."
"Perhaps it is," assented Clytis.
"Well, be it as it may, he's changed

a deal lately," said Mrs. Westaway with a sigh. "He's lost his hearty ways an' his laugh an' his spirits, for we scarcely ever hear him laugh now; and he seems like a man in a dream. And he's more careless than ever; gets wet through and don't come home to change; and no builying as I can give him have any effect on him, as it used

"And the jetty at Pethwick?" asked

"That goes on amain, miss," replied Mrs. Westway, with a shrug of impatience. "He seemed wrapped up in it. I don't see the sense of givin' your soul to a thing and letting your body go starve, Miss Clytie; and that's what Mr. Jack is doing."

"I am sorry to hear such a bad account of him," said Clytie, after a pause, and as casually as she could. He was very kind to us-when we were staying here, you know." Mrs. Westaway nodded. "He's kind

to everybody miss, 'ceptin' himseif." she said laconically. "How beautiful the sea looks. think I will stroll down to the beach," Clytie said, after another pause.

Polly would have followed, but Mrs. Westaway called her back, and Clytic went on alone. The beach was deserted, for the men had not come tack from fishing; and she stood and looked at the sea pensively and sadly. There seemed to be something missing in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked toward the wooded cliff, and saw a figure seated at the foot of a tree, its face turned from

She knew it at once. It was Jack Douglas. He was sitting with his not quickly but in a tone he was comchin in his hands, his pipe in the pelled to answer. corner of his mouth; and there was something so solitary, so melancholy as if the words were wrung from him. in his attitude, that it appealed to her "Most men are when they want some-

Well, she had seen him, heard of tionless figure gazing out to sea. That was the worst of it; her visit had done her no good, had only increased the restlessness, wistfulness, which had entered into her life.

She climbed the beach, looking straight up the road before her; then she hesitated, and, with a consciousness of weakness, turned to the left and entered the wood. Her step was so light on the dead bracken and pineneedles that he, lost in thought, did not hear her until she was close upon him; and he turned quickly, as she spoke his name, and, springing to his feet, stood and looked at her as if she were a vision rather than a real-

"Miss Cly--- Bramley!" he said. nuvving the matter wi' him. But The color had started to his tanned face, and he gazed at her with a sudden light in his eyes, as if he halfdoubted the fact of her presence.

"How do you do?" she said she could, and she fought with and mastered the blush that responded to his sudden flush. "I saw you from the beach down there; and I came-I thought I would come to ask you if you caught cold that-in the storm." "No." he said almost calmly, for he also was fighting. "No." He laughed grimly. "I never catch cold.

you? Were you not-hurt?" She smiled. 'No; oh, no. There was a tiny bruise on my forehead where I struck it; but it has gone; at

least, I think so." She brushed the hair from her brow lightly, as if to show him; and he nodded, his eyes fixed on the spot.

"I'm glad." he said. She seated herself on the bank, an motioned to the spot from which he had risen.

"Won't you sit down again? please smoke, or I shall think I've disturbed you at your rest."

He put his pape in his mouth, and sat down. Every moment was precious, and he feared to cut it short; and yet he was almost sorry she had come; for, quite erroneously, he had been telling himself, even as he sat there, that he was getting used to her absence, that he should in time come to forget

"And how does the jetty get on?" she asked, clasping her hands round sense of herself! Give her to me, Miss her knees and looking down at him Clytie, and do 'ee come in and have with a half-smile of interest in her eyes, which were, he told himself,

"Oh, very well," he said. "No doubt Lord Stanton has told you that we're waiting for stone. That's why I'm mooching here. There'll soon be nothing much to do till the early spring; so I can go away with a clear conscience "

He spoke in a careless tone, and even smiled; and Clytle nodded assent-

"You have earned a holiday. eyes wandered dreamily to the sea; tiously covered a slice with sugar for she was wandering vaguely why she should suddenly feel as if the spirit of rest and contentment, of a happiness too nebulous to be called happiness, had fallen lightly, soothingly, upon her like the descent of a wooddove with outstretched wings.

"Holiday? Oh, I shall find some work," he said absently. "And will you be long away?"

re turned his face from her as h "I-don't know. I'm half inclined to leave for good."

She did not start; but her hands gripped each other, and her lids drooped so that her eyes were hidden if he should chance to turn. "What would Lord Stanton do?" she asked lightly.

"Engage a better man." he replied. "Of course, I know that it is his kindness that keeps me on. He could get a dozen men to-morrow who know the business better than I do."

"He doesn't think so," she said, in a low voice. "He is always talking of you-he appreciates you, Mr. Douglas. But pernaps you are tired of this quiet place, of the people."

He half-rose, then fell back, smoked furiously.

"A main started all own my little girl's body, and she had maken his fine. It started in a phase that was fall of water, and at got red and hely. She criedforhours. This trouble butted a year.

(Signed) Mrs. Dorn Langly, 1002 Gertrade Ct., Verdan, Que., August 11, 1018 The Catioura Toilet Trio Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum is an indispensable adjunct of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health.

the people," he said almost fiercely. "Ah! well; then there must be some other reason, no doubt," she said, with

The smile, the words spoken with a lightness, through which he could not see the genuine distress, stung him. He bit hard on his pipe to keep the retort back; but it forced itself from his lips.

reason," he said, in a low, stern voice, "and I've got mine; and it's best for me to go."

thing they can't get." She smiled. "I should have thought him; and now she could go back—to you were one of those men who always think of him, to dwell upon that mo- got what they wanted," she said, with

> He was silent; and she went on, quite calmly, though her heart was beating fast.

of light in the sky there." He pointed with his pipe, and then stuck it fierce-

most unconsciously. under its tan as he shook his head.

She was silent a moment; then sh said, as if with a polite interest in the man, the fisherman, who had been so kind and attentive to her:

"Can no one help you? Lord Stanton—he is your friend, I know, and he would help you." He sprang to his feet and stood al

grimly. "Luck is against me; I have cut the ground from under my feet; there is a barrier-"

of her habit-skirt as if she were go-"It sounds so strange to hear you

talk like this," she said, with a smile: in these democratic days when men have cast down nearly all the barriers between them and wealth and fame. Why, one hears, reads, of men rising from the lowest rungs of the ladder to the highest positions, to all kinds of honors."

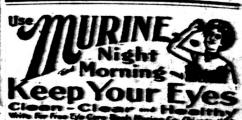
He looked at her. peated, as if he were puzzled, bewildered. "Who cares for them? I meanno, no: that's not what I want." He made a gesture with his hand, a movement of impatient contempt: then his face changed, and his eyes grew wistful. "I wish I could tell

to been silent, threaten to unlock. "No, no!" she said. "I mean," and she blushed now. "I am not anxious -that is, I- Oh, I seem to have been trying to force your confidence!" She

He took a step toward her, then

"No: Lean't tell you, Miss Bramley," right, honest, fair. I should be a meeting possesses an environment and a mean hound! I've cut the ground from under me: I told you au. forfeited the right to speak; have closed my own lips. And I'd give"his voice broke, with a laugh-half

my life to be able to tell you." She had risen, and had half-turned way from him, her face pale, her eyes downcast, as if his only partially restrained violence frightened her as, indeed, it did; and yet it was not all fear that made her heart throb with



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and Ointment. I hought more, and I used four cales of Soap and three boxes of Ointment which healed he."

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"Yes; there is always some other "You are unhappy here?" she said.

"Yes, I'm, unhappy," he admitted,

the same deceptive, misleading light-

"I mean that I should think you are

a very ambitious man." He stared at her. Ambitious! Well, perhaps you're right, Miss Bramley. But it's only been lately. Yes, I see now! I'm ambitious, that's what I am: but worse luck for me, I've set my mind, my heart, on something beyond me. something as far away as that streak

ly in his mouth again. "Then you will get it," she said al-He looked at her, and his face paled

"I think not," he said curtly.

most with his back to her. "No one can help me," he said.

She raised her brows and took hold

from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

"Wealth, fame, position?" he re-

you," he said, in a low voice. She did not blush but something like fear came into he reyes, the fear which thrills every pure maiden when love's lips, the lips which have hither-

broke off in distress CHAPTER XVIII.

stopped and gripped his hands behind

an exquisite pain.

"But I can't," he went on, desperately. "Not now, at any rate. Perhaps some day-" He was silent a moment; then, in a quieter, calmer tone, he continued; "Some day, if—if luck But vanished now like mist away. Changes, if"—he laughed with selfment: then, in a quieter, calmer tone, mockery-"if it is not too late." He thought for an instant swiftly, and added: "Yes, that's it. I must wait! If-if, when the proper time comes, will you care will you be so gracious



She was gilent; and his me

lev?"

the was silent; and his moon changed, as if he had suddenly remembered that he, Jack Douglas, Lord Stanton's man of all work, was addressing Miss Bramley, of the Hall.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "I've no right to speak to your bay. like this, to esk you to take an interest—"Then his voice grew deeper and seemed to ring with the assertion of a right. "But let that pass, if you will, and tell me"-he made a rapid calculation—"if I ask you to hear my. story in some months in the spring-will you care to hear it, Miss Bram-

(To Be Continued). EUROPEAN ARMY UNIFORMS

Until the great war broke out France had never adopted any official field uniform for its army as a whole. Troops on duty in Africa had been supplied with khaki, while several experimental uniforms had been tried in sections of the home army. When the war broke out in 1844 the troops went into service in their historic red and blue. The impracticability of this uniform was soon discovered, and a colored cloth of light grayish blue was adopted. This was said to blend better with the sourroundings in the field in Northern France than the khaki worn by the British.

The British army was first entirely equipped with a field service uniform in the South African War of 1896-1992. The color adopted was the same as the khaki-colored uniforms which had been used in India and the same uniform is still used. Though varying in color and details this type of uniform has been practically copied by all nations.

The uniforms of the Italians have been

copied by all nations.

The uniforms of the Italians have been rather French in character, particularly alone. since the Napoleonic conquest of Italy, since the Napoleonic conquest of Italy, but an endless variety of colors. Previous to the unity of the country in 1851 cach separate kingdom and state maintained and dressod-its army as it saw fit. It was not until 1870 that the entire Italian army came under one dress regressive.

ieus to. Ine unity of the country in 1851 cache separate kingdom and state maintaimed and dressed, its army as it saw fit. It was not until 1850 that the entire Italian army came under one dress regulation. These regulations were changed in 1860, at which time the present uniform was adopted. The field uniform is brownish gray in color.

In Germany experiments with a field service uniform were begun immediately after Britain's war with the Boers, but is was not until 1860 that a definate uniform was decided upon. The army since that time has been equipped with field uniforms of brownish gray. Military critics of the war of the nations agreed that it was the most practical of the uniforms now in the field as far as adaptability for concealment is concerned, though the tight-fitting tunics and beautiful to the words had hardly late to late."

The words had hardly late to the people war assembled it was amnounced that the first of dress and arms to the man who first reached the first of the competitors and the first of the competitors reached the base of the hill when a young man be to late, but the youngster, for he was too late, but the youngster, for he was too late, but the youngster, for he was interest and beautiful to the king and begged to he the hill when a young man be too late, but the youngster, for he was too late, but the youngster, dility for concealment is concerned. hough the tight-fitting tunics and heavy selemets are unsuited for modern warfare.

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"If people would only attend to their wood, instead of worrying tnemseives ill," said an eminent nerve epecialist, "we doctors would not see our consulting rooms crowded with nervous wrecks." More people suffer from worry than anything else."

we deter Macgregors with the younger brother, his late start notwith nervous wrecks. More people suffer ster cried—"Halves, brother young ster cried—"Halves, brother stop?" from worry than anything else."

The sort of thing which the specialist spoke of is the nervous run-down condition caused by overwork and the many anxieties of to-day. Sufferers find themselves tired, morose, law-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of to the prother, and to him again he made to last appeal:—"Halves again, brother, and I'll yield?" They are full of groundless fears, and do not sleep well

at night. Headaches, neuritis and other nerve pains are part of the msery, and it all comes from starved misery, and it all comes from starved Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. Therefore to cure of rich, red blood. Therefore to cure cry of rage, bounded forward as natched at his brother's kilt, falling (Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves. improves the appetite, gives new strength and spirits, and makes hitherto despondent people bright and the same time. "I have yielded all to you have the same time." If you are at all "out of hitherto, take that all "out of hitherto, take that all "out of hitherto." cheerful. If you are at all "out of hitherto; take that also." sorts" you should begin curing your self to-day by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

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Brockville Ont

The Braemar Highland gathering. which was on September 4th, is the greatest and the oldest of Scottish gatherings. For five years the gathering has been allowed to lapse, but this year the King, who is the patron of the Braemar Highland Society, by whom the gathering is he.d, intimated that September 4th would ne.d, intimated that September ith would such his convenience to attend. The bald announcement "set the heath-er on thre" as soon as it was made in June. Royal Deeside became the mecca-

to which all feet were turned. In a very far ahead, and though Deeside had had many great seasons since 1848, when Queen Victoria discovered and made it. 1919 has sent all records by the board. "No; I can't tell you, Miss Bramley,"

Though royalty made the Braemar be said, hoarsely. "It—it wouldn't be gathering when it made Deeside, the history no other event of the kind can claim, and in its muster of the clans stands unrivalled. The gathering is a games meeting where the national—at least the once national—sports pred ate. Putting the stone, throwing the ham-mer, and tossing the caber did at one time flourish in Scotland, but nowadays the sports have changed as well as the people. In Braemar and the surrounding people. In Braemar and the surrounding era who still delight in these old sports, wha practice them in their lessure hours. and can, when the occasion arises, hold their own and more with the traveling

The muster of the Clansmen, however, is the great feature of the gathering. Farquharsons, the Duffs and the Forbes, men from Strathdon, and the picture they present is reminiscent of the 45 when the clan mustered under

respective clan tartans with plaid and The clansmen are the Balmoral men, the broad bonnet, and carry their ancient Lochaber axes. With banners flying, to the skiri of the war pibrochs, and headed by their respective chiefs, their march round the arena of the Princess Royal park stirs the enthusiasm of the specta-Even the Sassenach feels a thrill akin

to that which our French an dItalian Allies are said to have experienced when Allies are said to have experienced when they first set eyes on the Jocks, only there is no khaki, nothing but the full Highland dress as sported in the '15 and '5, and worn by the descendants of those men who flocked to the Jacobite standard when it was unfuried on the Draces of Mar.

The restriction of the process of the standard when it was unfuried on the Braces of Mar.

... YEAST CARE Royal Yeast has been the standard yeast in Canada for over 50 years, and it is a well known fact that bead made with Royal Tonat amount of name ment then that

Malcolm had a scheme to distant parts of his kingdom by means of foot runners. Accordingly, he su on the plain where the present castle of

The words had hardly left the Royal lips ere the youth was off like a deer. His was a marvellous turn of speed Malcolm made inquiries of his suite as two the young man was, and was informed he was Macgregor of Ballock-bhuis' youngest son, and that his two elder brothers were in the race. Young Macgregor made such good progress that the King, intently watching the race, exclaimed, "Faith, that springal will beat them all!"

On the hill positions were rapidly changing, and many competitors had all ready thrown up the sponge, for the page

changing, and many competitors had already thrown up the sponge, for the page had been killing. Among the leaders had been killing. Among the leaders were the two elder Macgregors with their "Gain what you can, you get; I'll do the san brother, while the other

to reply. 'Never," was the labored reply. "Kee

the ground as he did so, but still retuing his hold on the tartas.

The competitors immediately in

hitherto; take that also."

Then, bounding forward, he covered the intervening yards, seized the fine-staff, flung it in the air and sank prestrate on the ground. The race had here eagerly watched by the people on the plain and a mighty shout rent the air when it was seen that waters have when it was seen that young Macgregor had won. The time occupied in the receipt said to have been "something"

three minutes.

The race, which marks the generic of the Braemar Gathering, was conting right down to 1850, when it was discentinued owing to the injury caused to competitors. Queen Victoria, in her Leaves of a Journal in the Tighlands, gives a description of the race and the reasons for its discontinuance. The Queen, writing under date of September 12, 1850, says: "We lunched early and then went at 2.30 with the children and all our party ... to the Castle of Braemar. ... There was the usual games of 'putting the stone,' 'throwing the hammer,' and 'caber,' and racing up Craig Choiraisith which was accomplished in less than 6.1-1 minutes, and we were all the stone of the stone which was accomplished in less than 6 1-f minutes, and we were all much pleased to see our ghillie, Duncan, who is an active, good looking young man, win. He was far before the others the whole way. It is a fearful exertion. Mr. Farquharhon brought him to me afterwards, Eighteen or nineteen stayted and it leavest een or nineteen started, and it looked very pertty to see them run off in their different colored kilts with their white shirts (the jackets or doublets they take off for all the games) ald scramble us through the wood, emerging gradually at the edge of it and climbing the hill."—London Times.

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