"IT HAS VITAL POINTS"

of superiority over and above all Japan Teas on the market. Give your teapot an opportunity to prove this.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea possesses the same good points as the famous "SALADA" Black Tea.

Sold only in Lead Packets. Never in Bulk. By all grocers. 25c and 40c.
HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

THE PUPPET CROWN.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

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Bleiberg; he was to reach Bleiberg. He repeated this thought over and over. Bleiberg, to warn her. Why should he go to Bleiberg to warn her? What was he doing here, he who loved life so well? What had led him into this? . . . There had been a battle, but neither army had been cognizant of it. He endeavored to move his injured arm, and found it bereft of locomotion. The tendons had been cut. And he could not loosen his grip on the saber which he held in his right hand. The bridle rein swung from side to side.

Rivulets of fire began to run up and down his side; the cords in his neck were stiffening. Still the blood went drip, drip, drip, into the dust. Would he reach Bleiberg or would he die on the way? God! for a drink of water, cold water. He set his teeth in his lips to neutralize the pain in his arm and shoulder. His lips were numb, and the pressure of his teeth was as nothing. From one moment to the next he expected to drop from the saddle, but somehow he hung on; the spark of life was tenacious. The saber dangled on one side, the scabbard on the other. The blood, drying in places, drew the skin as tight as a drumhead.

On, on, on; up long inclines, down the steeps; he lost all track of time, and the darkness thickened and the stars stood out more clearly. . . . He could look back on a clean life; true, there were some small stains, but these were human. Strange fancies jostled one another; faces long forgot reappeared; scenes from boyhood rose before him. Home! He had none, save that which was the length and breadth of his native land. On, on, on; the low scuffle of the horse sometimes aroused him from the stupor.

"Why you do this I do not know, nor shall I ask. Monsieur, my prayers go with you!" . . . She had said that to him, and had given him her hand to kiss; a princess, one of the chosen and the few. To live long enough to see her again; a final service—and adieu! . . . Ah, but it had been a good fight, a good fight. No fine phrases; nothing but the lust for blood; a life for a life; a game in which the winner was also like to lose. A gray path in the white of the road attracted his attention—a bridge.

"Water!" he murmured.

Mottled with the silver of the stars, it ran along through the fields; a brook, shallow and narrow, but water. The perfume of the grasses was sweet; the horse sniffed joyously. He stopped of his own accord. Maurice had strength enough to dismount. The saber slid from his grasp. He staggered down to the water. In kneeling a faintness passed over him; he rolled into the brook and lay there until the water, almost clogging his throat and nostrils, revived him. He crawled to his knees, coughing and choking. The contact of the cold with the burning wound caused a delightful sensation.

"Water!" he said, and splashed it in his face.

The horse had come down from the road. He had not waited for an invitation. He drank thirstily at the side of his master. The water gurgled in his long, black throat.

"Good boy!" Maurice called, and dashed water against his shoulder. "Good boy!" he remembered that the horse in biting the white one had saved his life.

Each handful of the cold liquid caused him to gasp; but soon the fever and fire died out, leaving only the duller pain. When he rose from his knees, however, he found that the world had not yet ceased its wild reeling. He stooped to regain his saber, and fell into the dust; though to him it was not he who fell, but the earth which rose. He struggled to his feet, leaned panting on his saber, and tried to steady himself. He laughed hysterically. He had dismounted, but he knew that he could never climb to the back of the horse; and Bleiberg might yet be miles away. To walk the distance; was it possible? To reach Bleiberg before Madame. . . . Madame the Duchess and her army! He laughed again, but there was a wild strain in his laughter. Ah, God; what a farce it was! One man dead and another dying; the beginning and the end of the war. The comic opera! La Grande Duchesse! And the fool of an Englishman was playing Fritz! He started down the road, his body slouched forward, the saber trailing in the dust. . . .

"Voici le sabre de mon pere!"

The hand of madness had touched him. The Mecklenberg followed at his heels as a dog would have followed his master.

Less than a mile away a yellow haze wavered in the sky. It was the reflection of the city lights.

Maurice passed under the town gates, the wild song on his lips, his eyes bloodshot, his hair dank about his brow, conscious of nothing but the mad, rollicking rhythm. Nobody molested him; those he met gave him the full width of the road. A strange picture they presented, the man and the troop horse. Some one recognized the trappings of the horse; half an hour later it was known throughout the city that the king's army had been defeated and that Madame was approaching. Students began their depredations. They built bonfires. They raided the office of the official paper, and destroyed the presses and type. Later they marched around the Hohenstaufenplatz, yelling and singing.

Once a gendarme tried to stop Maurice and inquire into his business. The inquisition was abruptly ended by a cut from the madman's sword. The gendarme took to his legs. Maurice continued, and the Mecklenberg tramped on after him. In to the Konigstrasse they turned. At this time, before the news was known, the street was deserted. Up the center of it the man went, his saber scraping along the asphalt, the horse always following.

Voici le sabre de mon pere!
Tu vas le mettre a ton cote!
Apres la victoire, j'espere
Te revoir en bonne sante. . . .

The street lamps swayed; sometimes a dozen revolved on one post, and Maurice would stop long enough to laugh. How easy it was to walk! All he had to do was to lift a foot, and the pavement would rise to meet it. The moon, standing high behind him, cast a long, weird shadow, and he staggered after it and cut at it with the saber. It was only when he saw the lights of the royal palace and the great globes on the gate posts that sanity returned. This sanity was of short duration.

"To the palace!" he cried; "to the palace! To warn her!" And he stumbled against the gates, still calling "To the palace! To the palace!"

The cuirassiers who had been left behind to protect the inmates of the palace, were first aroused by the yelling and singing of the students. They rushed out of the guard room and came running to the gates, which they opened. The body of a man rolled inside. They stopped and examined him; the uniform was theirs. The face they looked into was that of the handsome young foreigner who, that day, had gone forth from the city, a gay and gallant figure, who sat his horse so well that he earned their admiration. What could this mean? And where were the others? Had there been a desperate battle?

"Run back to the guard room, one of you, and fetch some brandy. He lives." And Lieut. Scharfenstein took his hand from the insensible man's heart. Pulsation was there, but weak and intermittent. "Sergeant, take ten men and clear the square. If they refuse to leave, kill! Madame is not yet queen by any means."

The men scattered. One soon returned with the brandy. Scharfenstein moistened the wounded man's lips and placed his palm under the nose. Shortly Maurice opened his eyes, his half-delirious eyes.

"To the palace!" he said, "to the palace—Ah!" He saw the faces staring down at him. He struggled. Instinctively they all stood back. What seemed incredible to them, he got to his knees, from his knees to his feet, and propped himself against a gate post. "Your life or mine!" he cried. "Come on; a man can die but once!" He lunged, and again they retreated. He laughed. "It was a good fight!" He reeled off towards the palace steps. They did not hinder him, but they followed, expecting each moment to see him fall. But he fell not. One by one he mounted the steps, steadying himself with the saber. He gained the landing, once more steadied himself, and vanished into the palace.

"He is out of his head!" cried Scharftenstein, rushing up the steps. "God knows what his happened!"

He was in time to see Maurice lurch into the arms of Captain von Mitter, who had barred the way to the private apartments.

"Carewe! . . . What has happened? God's name, you are soaked in blood!" Von Mitter held Maurice at arm's length. "A battle?"

"Aye, a battle; one man is dead and another soon will be!" A transient lucidity beamed in Maurice's eyes. "We were betrayed by the native troops; they ran to meet Madame. . . . Marshal Kampf, Prince Frederick and the cuirassiers are prisoners. . . . I escaped. Beauvais gave chase. . . . Wanted to kill me. . . . He gave me this. I ran him through the throat. . . . Knew him in South America. . . . He's dead! Inform the archbishop and her highness that Madame is nearing the city. The king—"

"Hush!" said von Mitter, with a finger on his lip; "hush! The king died at 6 o'clock. God rest his soul!" He crossed himself. "A disgraceful day! Curse the scheming woman, could she not let us bury him in peace? Prince Frederick's father refused to send us aid."

"I am dying,' said Maurice with a sob. "Let me lie down somewhere; if I fall I am a dead man." After a pause: "Take me into the throne room. I shall last till Madame comes. Let her find me there. . . . The brandy!"

[To be Continued.]

Fatalities From Diarrhea

Could often be avoided if Nerviline were used promptly. It is prepared specially for stomach and bowel troubles—acts swiftly and thoroughly—relief is immediate and the cure permanent. Doctors say no prescription could possibly be more efficient than Nerviline, which is a protection against cramps, colic, pain or gas in the stomach. For nearly 50 years all druggists have sold Nerviline in large 25-cent bottles.

ELEVEN BOATS HAVE STARTED IN THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE

Bad Weather to Begin With—The American Schooner Atlantic in the Lead.

New York, May 17.—A superb fleet of ocean-going sailing yachts swept across a starting line at Sandy Hook lightship at 12:15 p.m. today, and with the queenly American schooner Atlantic leading the way headed out into the broad Atlantic Ocean on a race of 3,000 miles to the English coast for a $5,000 cup offered by Emperor William.

When last seen as they vanished through the misty horizon they were strung out in a line six miles long, heading southeastward and pointing as nearly as possible to a wind that was dead ahead. A quarter of a mile west of the Atlantic was the 90-foot American yawl Ailsa, which was having a hot brush with the German schooner Hamburg, while all three of the leaders were slowly dropping the Philadelphia schooner Hildegarde. Next was the Endymion, holder of the trans-Atlantic yachting record.

Almost a mile astern of the swift Atlantic and more than half a mile behind the Endymion were the Thistle and Fleur-de-Lys. Strung out behind were the American barque Apache, the British topsail schooner Sunbeam, and five miles astern of the leader was the American three-masted schooner Utowana. Bringing up the rear was the British clipper ship Valhalla. The two latter had been delayed by a bad start. In such weather as prevailed tonight it was clear that the race lay between the Atlantic, Ailsa and Hamburg, with the odds largely in favor of the Atlantic.

BAD WEATHER.

Leaden skies, low-hanging, mist-laden clouds and a moderate east wind were the unfavorable conditions under which the great ocean race was started, and handicapped by the three big square rigged vessels at the start, for at beating to windward in a light air, spreading courses and bulging topsails were not to be compared with the hard-fighting fore and aft canvas of the trim schooners. Weather prophets declared it not unlikely that the racers were in for a day or two of moderate head winds. If the forecast be fulfilled nothing but half a gale of wind from astern will save the big Valhalla from defeat.

The committee boats anchored an eighth of a mile east of Sandy Hook lightship and established the starting line between them at 11 o'clock. A fleet of spectator yachts and tugs assembled to see the racers off. As the racers arrived they were towed to the north and windward of the starting line. Most of the schooners soon after reaching the line dropped their tows, set their head sails and began to wheel about in and cut through the fleet like a high stepping horse displaying its paces for the admiring spectators.

Meanwhile the wide topsails of the Valhalla were unfurled and sheeted home and one after another the tall topsails, top gallant sails, royals and stay sails of the square-rigged craft were spread to the soft breeze. It was an inspiring spectacle. Near the line the small Ailsa was engaged in a jockeying match with the Hildegarde, and to avoid being forced across the line prematurely performed some startling maneuvers. Behind them to the north and east the fleet was spread out in fan shape. Close astern of the leaders was the Atlantic, where Capt. Charles Barr had placed her in well-timed position. The Endymion, Hamburg and Thistle swept down toward the line from a windward position, and crowding close upon the quarter of the latter was the majestic Valhalla, whose every mast was a leaning spire of towering canvas, gently bellying before the breeze and sweeping her toward the line. Still further away were the Sunbeam and Apache, taking plenty of sea room to get under way.

THE START.

Almost at the flash of the starting gun the Ailsa and Hildegarde went across the line, with the yawl slightly in the lead and in the windward position. Crowding close behind them came the Atlantic, Endymion, Hamburg, Thistle, Utowana and Valhalla in that order. As the vessels crowded together at the windward end of the starting line, each captain anxious to secure the position, the schooners in the lead crowded the Utowana and Valhalla so badly that they were unable to cross the line without a collision. They approached the line from such a direction that the other yachts were crossing their bows, yet they held to their course so long that the Utowana, the leader of the two, became pocketed, so that she could not turn about. Both she and the Valhalla bore down upon the schooners threateningly. Passing between a tug and the committee boat it looked as though they were going to smash into the Atlantic and Endymion, and an order came from the committee to go about and cross the line properly. Barely in time to prevent a collision the fleet made an opening for them, and they went through them and swung into line. Warning whistles and signal flags recalled them, but not until they had gone more than half a mile on their course were they able to get clear of the fleet and return and cross the line.

THE ATLANTIC LEADS.

In the meantime the little schooner Fleur-de-Lys, the smallest of the fleet, on which Miss Candace Stimson, the owner's daughter, and J. B. Connelly, the writer of Gloucester stories, were passengers, slipped across the line and quickly overtook the Thistle. All the leaders got away within a minute of the starting gun at 12:15, but the Fleur-de-Lys crossed at 12:27, the Sunbeam at 12:30, Apache at 12:35, Utowana at 12:57, and Valhalla at 1:25. The latter was in irons in tacking at the line, and thus badly delayed. Among the leaders the yawl Ailsa clung to the windward position, and drew away from the Hildegarde.

The Atlantic, with Capt. Barr at the helm, slipped by them both like a keen greyhound, and at her stern clung the Hamburg, which in the first five miles had almost overhauled the Ailsa and had dropped the Endymion astern of her. It was evident that the German was hot after the flying leader, more than a quarter of a mile ahead, and that Capt. Barr was wasting not a moment in claiming nor any effort to hold the position in which he has so often placed the American craft in the lead. It was then that a royal battle took place between the Yankee by adoption, and the Teuton, with Capt. Lemuel Miller, of the Ailsa, and the Gloucester fishing skipper, Capt. Bohlin, of the Fleur-de-Lys, each eager for the lead, and wise in ways to get it. Strung out behind was the long fleet.

In the order named above they faded into the dim horizon and were gone

HEATHER JOCK IS A DISAPPOINTMENT

Jockey Martin Refuses to Ride Him After Giving Him Poor Trial.

Woodbine Track, May 17. — The track at the Woodbine was very fast this morning, and the field was in good shape. There were no very fast workouts, as the horses are now ready for the races. Nearly all of the platers were given exercise, some of them being let down as a last preparation. The work of Heather Jock was somewhat of a disappointment today. He was ridden by Jack Martin, and went the mile and an eighth in 2:04½. Martin will not stay here to ride him. He is disappointed in the horse's work and will leave for the east tonight. The first mile of Heather Jock's trial was done in 1:49.

The Seagram plater, Inferno, was worked out alone today. He went the mile and a quarter in 2:16½. The first mile was done in 1:48. The other Seagram platers, Rhino and Half Seas Over, went the journey in 2:17½. The fractions were :26⅛, :53⅜, 1:20, 1:49. The Kirkfield stable plater went the mile and an eighth, with First Born, in 2:04½. The fractions were :25¼, :52, 1:20 and 1:49.

Ben Crockett worked with Kilogram for a mile and an eighth in 2:05. The mile was done in 1:51.

Cloten was given three-quarters in 1:18 2-5 this morning. The fractions were :25 3-5, :50 2-5, 1:18 2-5.

Cricklade went a mile in 1:48½. The fractions were :26½, 52¼, 1:21½, and 1:48½.

The Hockey Rink and Have a Care worked together in 1:52 for a mile. The fractions were :26½, :55, 1:24½, and 1:52.

Caper Sauce was given a trial this morning and finished well out. He went the first part of it too fast. The fractions were :12 3-5, :25, :38 1-5, :51 2-5, 1:04 1-5, and 1:19 1-5.

SLUMP STILL ON WITH TORONTO

Lost to Providence Easily—Rain Stopped Many of the Games in Big Leagues.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

		R.	H.	E.
At Toronto—				
Providence	10000100 6	8	9	1
Toronto	00000010 0	1	5	2

Batteries—Poole and Thomas; Applegate and Tott. Umpire, Zimmer.

At Montreal—				
Montreal	00110010 0	3	8	3
Jersey City	00000001 1	2	4	1

Batteries—Leroy and Gibson; Lyndman and McAuley. Umpire, Haskell.

At Buffalo—Buffalo-Newark game postponed; rain.

At Rochester—The Baltimore-Rochester game was called in 4th inning; rain. Score: Baltimore 1, Rochester 0.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

		R.	H.	E.
At St. Louis—				
St. Louis	20110015 *	10	10	1
New York	00110000 6	2	5	3

Batteries—Pelty and Sugden; Hogg, Clarkson and Kleinow. Umpire, Kelly. Attendance, 1,400.

At Cleveland—Boston-Cleveland game postponed; wet grounds.

At Detroit—Detroit-Washington game postponed; rain.

At Chicago—Philadelphia-Chicago game postponed; wet grounds.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

		R.	H.	E.
At New York—				
Chicago	01001000 0	2	7	1
New York	30000010 *	4	7	0

Batteries—Lundgren and Kling; Wiltse and Bresnahan. Umpires, Klem and Emslie. Attendance, 1,000.

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia-St. Louis game postponed; wet grounds.

EASTERN LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Buffalo	11	6	.647
Toronto	9	7	.562
Baltimore	10	9	.526
Providence	10	9	.526
Jersey City	9	10	.482
Newark	9	10	.482
Rochester	7	8	.466
Montreal	5	11	.312

NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	21	5	.807
Pittsburg	17	10	.628
Chicago	14	14	.500
Cincinnati	12	13	.480
Philadelphia	11	13	.458
Brooklyn	12	18	.400
Boston	10	15	.400
St. Louis	8	17	.320

AMERICAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Cleveland	12	9	.571
Chicago	12	10	.545
Washington	13	11	.541
Philadelphia	11	11	.500
Detroit	10	11	.478
St. Louis	11	13	.458
New York	11	13	.458
Boston	10	14	.416

STANLEY TOURNEY HAS OPENED

B. W. Glover Only Local Marksman at Shoot—Very Large Attendance.

Toronto, May 17.—The annual trap-shooting tournament of the Stanley Gun Club of Toronto commenced today at the exhibition grounds with a large attendance of marksmen from all over the country. The tournament is in charge of the following committee of the club:

Thomas A. Duff (chairman), J. H. Thompson, Ald. Robert Fleming, Geo. M. Dunk, Fred W. Martin, George W. McGill and Alex. Dey (secretary).

The handicap committee consists as follows:

Harry D. Kirkover, of Buffalo; W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; Dr. McMackon, of Highgate, Ont.; Dr. J. E. Overholt, of Hamilton; F. A. Heney, of Ottawa; J. H. Thompson, of Toronto.

The prizes are the best ever offered at a shoot in Toronto. The shoot will continue for three days. Over 50,000 clay birds will be used during the tournament.

The traps were set in front of the grand stand, the contestants shooting south from the race track. There were ten events on today's programme. The weather was magnificent for shooting, and all the visitors were delighted with the background. Among the contestants is Mr. B. W. Glover, of London.

GEERS IS BACK IN THE SULKY

After Being Laid Up With Broken Leg, Veteran Driver Able to Start Training.

Memphis, Tenn., May 17. — After many weeks of inactivity caused by the broken leg sustained during the last day of the last meeting of the Grand Circuit at Memphis last fall. Veteran Ed Geers, the popular, silent man of the harness world, is now to be seen taking his daily rides in the sulky and as active in mind and action as he ever was in administering the Geers prep to candidates for the big stakes down the grand circuit.

Geers still limps, but is walking without support of crutch or stick and is as happy as any child just being able to go it alone. Geers has always maintained that walking canes and sticks were made for dudes or cripples, and as he does not profess to be a dude and has no desire to be a cripple, the change in his behavior since he lost his stick would make merry many of his admirers were they able to see the veteran handling many promising green pacers and trotters.

NELSON CONFIDENT OF BEATING BRITT

Philadelphia, May 17.—Battling Nelson, accompanied by his manager, Billy Nolan, arrived in town at an early hour today from San Francisco. After a Turkish bath Nolan and the Dane went to Fairmount Park Inn, where Nelson will do his training for his three contests in this city.

Speaking of the coming contest with Britt, Nelson said he would return to San Francisco as soon as he filled his engagements in the east. "It's the one chance I want," he said, "and when I get Britt in the ring I'll make it mighty interesting for him. I beat him fairly and squarely in our last bout, and I am certain I can do it again."

Willie Fitzgerald, the local lightweight, has accepted an offer to fight Jack O'Keefe at Indianapolis, May 29. "Fitz" received a telegram today, offering him the match for ten rounds at 125 pounds. He at once wired an acceptance and prepared to start west.

CHESBRO IS AT POINT OF COLLAPSE

Premier Pitcher Taken Suddenly Ill—Doctors Fear Breakdown.

Chicago, May 17.—"Jack" Chesbro, generally regarded as the premier pitcher in professional baseball, and the mainstay of the New York Americans, was taken suddenly ill at the Lexington Hotel yesterday, and later in the day was put aboard a train for New York and sent back home to recover from a general collapse. Physicians who were summoned agreed that he should go directly to a hospital here, as he was suffering from a high fever, but the big twirler refused and said he would return to his home in New York.

Chesbro has not been in the best of shape this year, but Manager Griffith, of the New Yorks, thought his condition was improving until his attack yesterday. The famous twirler contracted a heavy cold a few days ago, and rheumatism developed. The doctors now fear a general breakdown, and say he will be lucky if able to pitch again within six weeks. Manager Griffith takes a less pessimistic view of the case, though, and hopes Chesbro will be able to take his turn in the box within two weeks.

LACROSSE.

THE ST. KITTS MEN.

St. Catharines, Ont., May 17. — The following is a list of those whose certificates have been duly returned as members of this season's Athletic lacrosse team: Donald Cameron, Wm. J. Elliott, P. Barnett, Lorne Tufford, John Richardson, Charles Lowe, Geo. Kalis, John O'Gorman, Geo. Downey, Corey Hess, J. Forrester, Edward Hagan, Edward Harris. There is still one vacancy to be filled on the team, and it is said this will be supplied in a few days.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO. "THE BUSY STORE"

A Shower of Friday Bargains

PERHAPS the bargain of most importance is women's full-length Cravenette Raincoats reduced, from $5.00 to $3.95. These are the most up-to-date garments of the season, made in collarless style with capes, postillion back. Colors are in blue, Oxford gray and castor. All sizes. Regular $5.00. Never reduced before. Tomorrow at $3.95

WOMEN'S TAILOR-MADE SUITS.
Made of fancy tweed and cheviots, the cheviots are in black, both collarless and with collars. Regular $10 50 and $12 50. TOMORROW AT $6.50

WRAPPERS.
Perfectly made Summer Wrappers, percales in every color, reds, black and white, blues, grays and light colors, all sizes. Our $1 25 Wrappers, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 85c

KIMONOS.
Short Wash Kimonos, white lawn and colored muslins. Choice, TOMORROW. 50c

GIRLS' RAINCOATS.
Navy and Fawn Rubber Raincoats, full length, velvet collar, sizes 33 to 45. Special TOMORROW, $1.50

LADIES' SHIRTWAIST SUITS
Unusually special offer of Ladies' Luster Shirtwaist Suits, regularly selling up to $8 50. All colors. FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, $4.85

HANDSOME LUSTER WALKING SKIRTS.
In the latest styles; panel front, pleated and stitched gore pieces. Reduced, FRIDAY TO $4.25

READY-TO-WEAR HATS.
For young women and misses, in popular large shapes, leading colors of white, cream, brown, blue, castor, green and black; pretty trimmings. Regular $1 50 and $2 00 Hats, TOMORROW 75c

Friday Lace Curtain Snaps.

Three lots—and twenty-five pairs in each lot. Special snaps for tomorrow, and the remainder (if there is a remainder), for Saturday.

25 pairs Fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, and 60 inches wide, overlock edges, worth $2 25 pair, Friday and Saturday, $1.75

25 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, fine net in all-over pattern, outside border, full 3½ yards long and 60 inches wide. Regular price $2 00 pair, at $1.50

25 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, overlocked, corded edges, all-over designs, full 3½ yards long and 56 inches wide, worth $1 00 pair, 75c

CLEARING UP OF ALL DRESS GOODS REMNANTS.
One big counter of Dress Goods Remnants for Friday and Saturday, all lengths of desirable weaves—Panamas, Crepe de Chine, Mohair, Sicilian, Broadcloths, Tweeds and novelty goods in black and colors.
Special Reductions for Friday and Saturday.
ALSO BARGAINS IN LINING ENDS.

NEW MOHAIR SICILIAN.
In handsome color effects, the newest and most popular shades of green, blue, brown and gray; also black and cream, at 55c Yard

NECK RUFFS.
Ladies' Liberty Silk Ruffs, with long ties, tucked and hemstitched, in black, white and cream. Regular $1 50, TOMORROW AND SATURDAY AT 59c Each

VEILING.
100 yards Black Silk Net Veiling, with and without dot, worth 15c yard. TOMORROW 5c Yard

MEN'S BARGAINS.
10 dozen Men's Fine Negligee Shirts, pleated bosoms, plain white and white and black; body of extra fine white cambric; $1 50 was the regular price. We're making a holiday special of this line at $1.00 Each
Men's Balbriggan Underwear, sateen finished shirts and drawers, worth 50c, on sale at 37½c a Garment

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO 126, 128, 128½ Dundas Street,
TERMS CASH. PHONE 791.

WITH CITY AMATEURS

The Oriens and the Beavers met last night, and the former won in a fast game by a score of 11 to 7. The teams which contested were made up as follows:

Oriens—Roblin, Spry, Gillbank, Chapman, Page, Martin, Rotherwill, Dixon. H. Roblin.

Beavers — McLeod, Ruddy, Burks, James, S. Wilson, C. Wilson, Sage, Ferguson and Gillies.

EASY FOR DUFFERINS.

A game of ball was played last evening between the Dufferins and the Pastimes, in which the former scored a signal victory. Result:

	R.	H.	E.
Pastimes	13	15	0
Pastimes	0	1	3

Batteris — Donovan and McKenna; Kelly and Callahan, Kearn and Prodgers.

SEND IN YOUR GAMES.

Send a complete account of your game to the sporting editor as soon after it is played as possible, and it will be printed. Don't forget to put down the position of each player and any feature of the game.

BOWLING.

THREE-CLUB TOURNAMENT.

A schedule is being drawn up by the three local bowling clubs for an inter-club series. The proposal for the matches was made by Mr. J. S. Macdougall and is being taken up in earnest.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.

At Belmont Park — King Pepper, 9 to 2; Leonard Joe Hayman, 9 to 5; Gallavant, 11 to 5; Littlewoods, 5 to 1; Hylas, 7 to 5; Kenilworth, 1 to 2.

At Louisville — Stoessel, 8 to 1, Miss Doyle, 16 to 5; Garnish, 11 to 10; Martin Doyle, 12 to 5; Hazel Morpe, 7 to 1; Florence Fonso, 5 to 1.

THE GUN.

FOR THE BECK SHIELD.

The contest for the Beck shield, which is offered for the best shooting in Ontario schools will be held on June 1, this year. A cash prize is offered to the boy making the highest score. The entries are: London Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, St. Thomas, Ridgetown, Arthur, Mount Forest, Galt, Woodstock, Strathroy, Seaforth and Ingersoll.

BASEBALL.

COLLEGE BASEBALL.

At Providence—Brown 2, Harvard 1.
At New York—Pennsylvania 0, Columbia 10.
At Hartford—Trinity 1, Syracuse University 0.
At Worcester—Holy Cross 5, Bowdoin 0.
At West Point—Lafayette 10, West Point 4.
At Princeton, N. J.—Princeton 12, Lehigh 3.

NAPOLEON INJURED.

Cleveland, O., May 17.—While sliding to second in the latter part of the game with Washington on Tuesday, Manager Lajoie, of the Cleveland club, severely wrenched his left arm and shoulder. The injury has become extremely painful and the great batsman will be compelled to keep to the bench for at least a week. Today the pain refused to yield to frequent rubbings.

THE RING.

TORONTO ENTRIES CLOSE.

Toronto, May 17. — Entries to the city boxing tournament closed tonight with 51 in all classes. The list includes Fred Gilmore, of Chicago, a son of the veteran, Harry Gilmore, the Austins and Regan, of Ottawa, and Chapman, of Hamilton. The preliminary bouts take place next Saturday night.

Half-Sick People.

The world is full of them. Just sick enough to be lazy and listless; to have no appetite; to sleep poorly. Quite often you're half-sick yourself. Chances are the trouble is in the stomach and bowels. Best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They tone up the entire system, strengthen the stomach, elevate your spirits and make you well in one night. Dr. Hamilton's Pills work wonders with people in your condition. Mild in action, effective and easy to take. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today, 25 cents per box at all dealers in medicine.

Do not go too much into details in your conversation. If you touch only the high places you can get over more ground.

THE NEVER-FAILING medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

It is wonderful how much easier it is to tell your age to one who is older than yourself than to one who is younger.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution today owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Did you ever have your way? And doesn't it seem to you that there is really no reason why you shouldn't have it?

CUCUMBERS AND MELONS are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Score one for Rockefeller. An Atchison man was threatened with pneumonia last night, but is all right today. He rubbed coal oil on his chest.