SWEET CAPORAL

CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

THE PUPPET CROWN.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

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"Will drain a bitter cup. Madame is playing with him."

"And the king; is he dead?"

"He is dying." Maurice's wonder grew. What part had this strange young man in this comedy, which was rapidly developing into a tragedy?

"And her highness—her royal highness?" eagerly clutching Maurice by the arm; "and she?"

"She does not murmur, though both her pride and her heart are sore. She has scarcely a dozen friends. Her paralytic father is the theme of ribald jest; and now they laugh at her because the one man who perhaps could have saved the throne has deserted her like a coward. Hang him, I say!"

"What do they say?" The tones were hollow.

"They say he is enamoured of a peasant girl, and dallies with her, forgetting his sacred vows, his promised aid, and perhaps even this, his wedding day."

"God help him!" was the startling and despairing cry. . . . He was again seized with the vertigo, and swayed against the tree. For a moment he forgot Maurice, covered his face with his unengaged hand, and sobbed.

Maurice was helpless; he could offer no consolation. This grief he could not understand. He stooped and picked up his revolver and waited.

"I am weak," said the other man, dashing his hand from his eyes; "I am weak and half-starved. It would be better for all concerned if I blew out my brains. The 20th, the 20th!" he repeated, dully. "Curse her!" he burst forth; "as there's a God above us, I'll have revenge. Aye, I'll return to the chateau, Madame, that I will, but at the head of 10,000 men! . . . The 20th! She will never forgive me; she will think I, too, deserted her!" He broke down again.

"An army!" cried Maurice.

"Aye, and 10,000 men! Come," taking Maurice by the arm; "come, they may be seeking us. To the frontier. Every hour is precious. To a telegraph office! We shall see if I dally with peasant girls, if I forsafe the woman I love!"

"You?" Maurice retreated a step. The silver moonshine became tinged with red.

"I am Prince Frederick, and I love her highness. I would sacrifice a thousand kingdoms to spare her a moment's sorrow. I have always loved her."

"What a woman!" Maurice murmured, as the scheme of Madame's flashed through his mind. "What a woman! And she had the audacity to kidnap you, too!"

"And by the most dishonorable device. I and my suite of gentlemen were coming to Bleiberg to make the final arrangements. At Ehrenstein I received a telegram which requested me to visit till the following train a baron who was formerly a comrade of my father. The telegram advised me of his sudden illness, and that he had something important to disclose to me. I bade my gentlemen, save one, proceed to Bleiberg. My aide and I entered the carriage which was to convey us to the castle. We never reached it. On the road we fell into an ambush, a contrivance of Madame's. I was brought to the chateau. Whatever happened to Hofer, my aide, I do not know. Doubtless he is dead. But Madame shall pay, both in pride and wealth. I will lay waste this duchy of hers, though in the end the Emperor crush me. Let us be off."

They stumbled on through the forest. So confused was Maurice that he forgot his usual caution. The supreme confidence of this woman and the flawlessness of her schemes dazed him. So far she had stopped at nothing; where would she end? A Napoleon in petticoats, she was about to appall the confederation. She had suppressed a prince who was heir to a kingdom triple in power and size to the kingdom which she coveted. Madame the Duchess was relying on some greater power, else her plans were madness.

As for the prince, he had but one thought: to reach Bleiberg. The confinement, together with mental suffering, anxiety and forced inaction, began to tell on him. Twice he tripped and fell, and Maurice had to return to assist him to his feet. How ever could they cross the mountains, a feat which needed both courage and extreme physical endurance?

"I am so weak," said the prince, "so pitiably weak! I thought to frighten the woman by starving myself, poor fool that I was!"

And they went on again. Maurice was beginning to feel the effect of his wine-bibbing; he had a splitting headache.

"Silence!" he suddenly whispered, sinking and dragging the prince with him.

A hundred yards in advance of them stood a sentinel, his body bent forward and a hand to his ear. Presently he, too, lay down. Five minutes passed. The sentinel rose, and convinced that his ears had tricked him, resumed his lonely patrol. He disappeared toward the west, while the fugitives made off in an easterly direction. Maurice was a soldier again. Every two or three hundred yards he knelt and pressed his ear to the cold, damp earth and waited for a familiar jar. The prince watched these movements with interest.

"You have been a soldier?" he asked.

"Yes. Perhaps we had better strike out for the mountans. The sentry line cannot extend as far as this."

But now they could see the drab peaks of the mountains which loomed between the partly dismantled trees. Beyond lay the kingdom. Would they ever reach it? There was only one pass; this they dared not make. Yet if they attempted to cross the mountains in a deserted place, they might very easily get lost: for in some locations it was fully six miles across the range, and this, with the ups and downs and windings in and out, might lengthen into 20 miles. They struck out toward the mountains, and after half an hour they came upon an unforeseen obstacle. They sat down in despair. This obstacle was the river, not very wide, but deep, turbulent and impassable.

"We shall have to risk the pass," said Maurice, gloomily; "though heaven knows how we are to get through it. We have ten shots between us."

They followed the river. The roar of it deadened all other sounds. For a mile they plodded on, silent, watchful and meditative. The prince thought of his love; Maurice tried to forget his. For him the romance had come to an end, its logical end; and it was now only a question of getting back to the world to which he belonged and remaining there. He recalled a line he had read somewhere; a deep love, gashes into the soul as a scar is hewn upon the body and remains there during the whole life. . . .

"Look!" cried the prince. He pointed toward the west.

Maurice came out of his dream and looked. Some distance west of the pass, perhaps half a mile from where they stood, Maurice saw the twinkle of a hundred campfires. It was Madame's army in bivouac.

"What does this mean?" asked the prince.

"It means that the duchess is on the eve of striking a blow for her crown," answered Maurice. "And how are we to make the pass, which is probable filled with soldiers? If only we could find a boat! Ah, what would your highness call this?" He pointed to a thread-like line of bare earth which wended riverward.

"A sheep or cattle path," said the prince, after a close inspection.

"Then the river is perhaps fordable here!" exclaimed Maurice jubilantly. "At any rate, we'll try it; if it gets too deep, we'll come back."

He walked to the water's edge, studied the black whirling mass, shrugged and stepped in. The prince came after him, unhesitatingly. Both shivered. The water was intensely cold. But the bed was shallow, and the river never mounted above the waist. However, in midstream it rushed strongly and wildly along, and all but carried them off their feet. They arrived in safety at the opposite shore, weak and cold in body, but warm in spirit. They lay on the grass for several moments, breathing heavily. They might now gain the pass by clambering up the mountain and picking their way down from the other side. It was not possible that Madame's troopers had entered into the kingdom.

"I am giving out," the prince confessed reluctantly. "Let us make as much headway as we can while I last."

They stood up. Now the moon fell upon them both; and they viewed each other with no little curiosity. What the prince saw pleased him, for he possessed a good eye. What Maurice saw was a frank, manly countenance, youthful, almost boyish. The prince did not look to be more than three and twenty, if that; but there was a man's determination in his jaw. This jaw pleased Maurice, for it confided to him that Madame had now something that would cause her worry.

"I put myself in your care," said the prince, offering his hand. "I am not equal to much. A man cannot see his wedding day come and go without him, helpless to prevent it, and not have the desire to sit down and weep and curse. You will see nothing but the unfavorable side of me for the next dozen hours."

"I'm not altogether amiable myself," replied Maurice with a short laugh. "Let us get out of the moonlight," he added; "we are somewhat conspicuous, and besides, we should keep moving; this cold is paralyzing. Is your highness equal to the climbing?"

"Equal or not, lead the way. If I fall I'll call you."

And the weary march began again; over boulders, through tangles of tough shrubbery up steep inclines, around precipices, sometimes enveloped in mists, yet still they kept on. Often the prince fell over ragged stones, but he picked himself up without assistance; though he swore some, Maurice thought none the less of him for that bit of human weakness. The cold was numbing, and neither felt the cuts and bruises.

[To be Continued.]

A sign-painter doesn't think much of a portrait painter's ability as an artist.

If his children listen eagerly for his footsteps, he cannot be such a bad fellow.

Mothers Are Helped

THEIR HEALTH RESTORED

Happiness of Thousands of Homes Due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

A devoted mother seems to listen to every call of duty excepting the supreme one that tells her to guard her health, and before she realizes it some derangement of the female organs has manifested itself, and nervousness and irritability take the place of happiness and amiability.

Tired, nervous and irritable, the mother is unfit to care for her children, and her condition ruins the child's disposition and reacts upon herself.

The mother should not be blamed, as she no doubt is suffering with backache, headache, bearing-down pains or displacement, making life a burden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for this condition. It strengthens the female organs and permanently cures all disorders such as this letter describes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Being a mother of five children, I have had experience with the general troubles of my sex. I was lacerated when one of my children was born, and from that hour I date all of my afflictions. I found that within a few months my health was impaired, I had female weakness and serious inflammation and frequent flowing spells. I became weak and dizzy, but kept on my feet, dragging through my work without life or pleasure. A neighbor who had been helped by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound insisted that I take at least one bottle. I did so, and felt so much better that I kept on the treatment, and it made me a strong and well woman. The few dollars I spent for the medicine cannot begin to pay what it was worth to me."—Mrs. Anna McKay, 326 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

CANADIAN TEAMS WERE WINNERS; TWO SHUT-OUTS IN NATIONAL

Toronto and Montreal were among the winners in the Eastern League yesterday, Toronto securing its second consecutive victory over the champions, and Montreal evening up matters with Rochester for the defeat of the preceding day. Buffalo played without an error, but Toronto batted much better. Extra innings were required in two of the National League matches, Cincinnati playing ten innings with Brooklyn, and Pittsburg needing eleven innings to defeat the Philadelphia team. St. Louis and Chicago were shut out. The scores:

IN THE EASTERN.

At Toronto—		R.	H.	E.
Buffalo	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1	3	4	0
Toronto	2 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 0	6	7	4

Batteries — Milligan and McManus; Currie and Toft. Umipres, Jones and Magee.

At Montreal—				
Rochester	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	5	1
Montreal	1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0	3	9	1

Batteries—Leary and Payne; McCarthy and Gibson. Umpire, Zimmer.

At Newark—				
Newark	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0	2	5	0
Baltimore	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0	1	6	2

Batteries — Moriarity and Latimer; Wiltse and Hearne. Umpires, Conway and Hassett.

At Jersey City—				
Jersey City	0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0	3	10	2
Providence	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0	1	3	6

Batteries — Thielman and McAuley; Nops and Jacklitsch. Umpire, Moran. Attendance, 600.

THE EASTERN.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Buffalo	8	4	.666
Newark	9	6	.600
Toronto	7	5	.583
Providence	7	8	.466
Baltimore	7	8	.466
Jersey City	7	8	.466
Rochester	5	7	.416
Montreal	4	9	.307

IN THE NATIONAL.

At Brooklyn—		R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	2 0 0 0 0 2 0 3 0 1	8	11	3
Brooklyn	4 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	7	11	6

Batteries—Hahn, Ewing and Phelps; Scanlon, Reisling and Ritter. Umpire, Johnstone. Attendance, 2,000.

At New York—				
St. Louis	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	5	1
New York	0 1 0 0 0 0 3 0 *	4	8	2

Batteries—Taylor and Warner; Matthewson and Bowerman. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 4,000.

At Boston—				
Boston	0 0 1 1 3 0 0 0 *	5	10	3
Chicago	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	10	4

Batteries—Young and Needham; Pfeffer and O'Neill. Umpires, Bausewine and Emslie. Attendance, 2,250.

At Philadelphia—				
Pittsburg	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1	4	10	3
Philadelphia	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0	3	8	1

Batteries — Robertaille and Peitz; Sparks, Pittinger and Dooin and Abbott. Umpire, Klem. Attendance, 2,880.

THE NATIONAL.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	15	5	.761
Pittsburg	14	8	.636
Chicago	13	10	.565
Cincinnati	12	10	.545
Philadelphia	10	10	.500
Boston	9	14	.363
Brooklyn	8	16	.300
St. Louis	6	15	.285

ROCKETS KICKED ON COLOR LINE

Objected to McClary Nine Playing Ball—But Ball Will Play.

The executive of the City League held a special meeting last night at the City Hotel to discuss the signing of a colored player named Ball, by McClarys. The Rockets objected to playing against Ball on the score of his color, and a collapse of the league seemed imminent. The subject was thoroughly discussed, at the meeting, and several players registered their objections. It was claimed that because they were playing under National League rules, in which no colored man plays, Ball was not eligible. On the contrary, it is asserted that there is no rule to that effect, it being merely an unwritten law on account of southern prejudice.

In all amateur ball, the color line is not tightly drawn, and even Harvard plays a colored man on its team, because he is the best. It was decided that McClarys could play Ball if they desire; and in all probability the last of the question is heard. Ball is said to be a fast and strong player, and a quiet, unassuming chap.

COLLEGE GAME WENT EIGHTEEN INNINGS

Princeton, N. J., May 11.—The most remarkable baseball game in Princeton annals was played yesterday afternoon with Amherst, and finally won by Princeton with a single run after 18 innings of exciting fielding.

Con Doyle, one of Princeton's less distinguished pitchers held the box for the entire contest,equivalent to two games, and twirled in splendid form. McRae, of Amherst, shared the pitching honors and allowed only one base on balls. The contest was really a fielders' battle, and only three men reached third base, including Reid, who scored the winning tally.

The game was played in championship form and was marked by four sensational double plays. Amherst played more finished ball and Princeton simply won out on their determination.

The score:

Amherst— 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	7	4
Princeton— 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	1	10	5

Batteries—McRae and Dahaney; D. Doyle and Cooney.

INFERNO PICKED AS WINNER OF PLATE.

Toronto, May 11.—As a result of today's trials at Woodbine the critics and railbirds agreed that the placed horses in the King's Plate, to be run a week from Saturday, would be as follows:

1—Mr. Seagram's Inferno.
2—Mr. Hendrie's Heather Jock.
3—Mr. Dyment's Will King.

And Half Seas Over, Capercailzie and Tony Hart as the contenders for fourth place.

Inferno set all doubt at rest as to his ability to hold his speed for the Plate distance when he galloped the mile and a quarter with his head in the air in 2:16 flat, the first mile in 1:50 and the last quarter in 26 seconds. Inferno ran like a racehorse and could have beaten the mark considerably if he had been let down. He is unquestionably a high-class colt, and his looks do not belie his running ability.

Heather Jock also worked well. He started off with Lorne Reel and Jeannie Dick, but they soon dropped out, Land's End broke in at the six-furlong chute, and the Plater was first past the wire, going the Plate distance in 2:16. The fractional time: 26½ 1:05, 1:19¼, 1:34, 1:47¾, 2:01¾.

BASEBALL.

LEAGUE DISBANDS.

The Wholesale Manufacturers' League of last year has formally disbanded. The disputed Beck trophy will be handed over by the McClary team to the donor.

HIGHLANDERS GET GANZEL.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 11. — John Ganzel, first baseman and principal owner of the Grand Rapids Central League Club, has decided to give up his fight against the New York American League Club, and report in New York early next week. When his club closes the series of games with Wheeling, which opened today, he says that he will leave it to join Griffith, who offers to release either Chase or Anderson to Grand Rapids.

NO GAMES IN AMERICAN.

No games were played in the American League yesterday on account of rain.

HARD AND SOFT CORNS cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

TWENTY-ONE LEFT FOR PLATE RACE

Fifteen Withdrawals From Big Event—Horses Arrive Daily at Woodbine.

Toronto, May 11.—The following declarations in the King's Plate race, due May 10, and which will be run at Woodbine on Saturday, May 20, the opening day of the Ontario Jockey Club's spring meeting, have been received:

Alex. C. Andrew—Eveleigh.
Hon. A. Beck—Chateaubriand.
L. G. Bennett—Collision.
Robert Davies—Scotch Cap.
Robert Davies—Fair and Gay.
Robert Davies—Penny Whistle.
D. Evans—Conspiracy.
James Hurley—Tyrstone.
James Meagher—Valaquette.
J. O'Neill—Wallace G.
A. M. Orpen—Teston.
A. H. Roberts—Safe Haven.
Joseph E. Seagram—Have a Care.
Joseph E. Seagram—Spade Guinea.
A. S. Smith—First Robber.

This will leave 21 candidates, from which the list of starters will be drawn on Saturday, May 20. Horses are daily arriving in large numbers. Accommodation for nearly 600 has been provided in and about Woodbine Park, and so great is the popularity of the Ontario Jockey meetings that the secretary has been compelled to refuse almost as many more, owing to every inch of stabling space being taken up.

BECK ENTRIES WIN AT MONTREAL SHOW

Montreal, May 11.—There was a beautiful scene last evening at the Arena, when Lord Grey opened Montreal's sixth annual horse show, and experts and leaders of fashion declare that the incident will surpass all previous records. His Excellency's remarks were very brief, dwelling chiefly upon the progress which had taken place in Canada.

Out of the 27 horses entered in the Corinthian class, judged this evening, 27 appeared in the ring this morning at the Arena to qualify. When the judges were finished it was found that the following named horses had been selected: Pat, br. g., 15.3, 9 years, exhibited by R. A. Allan, Montreal; The Duchess, roan m., 16, 5 years, exhibited by Arch. Allan, Montreal; Donation, ch. m., 16, 6 years, exhibited by H. B. Macdougall, Montreal; Listowel, br. g., 15.3, 5 years, exhibited by Watson Ogilvie, Montreal; Myrtle, br. m., 16, aged, exhibited by B. McLennan, Montreal; Merryfield, b. m., 15.3½, 4 years, exhibited by Hon. Adam Beck, London; Lady Mandal, b. m., 15.3, 6 years, exhibited by Hon. Adam Beck, London; Falkirk, b. g., 15.3½, aged, exhibited by Mrs. Adam Beck, London; Westminster Belle, ch. m., 15.1, aged, exhibited by Mrs. Adam Beck, London; Lady Eileen, b. m., 15.3, 5 years, exhibited by W. R. Miller, Montreal; Sir Robert, ch. g., 15.3, 5 years, exhibited by Gordon J. Henderson, Hamilton; Cloth of Gold, ch. g., 16, 5 years, exhibited by Alfred Rogers, Hamilton; Gold Dust, ch. g., 15.2, 4 years, exhibited by Alfred Rogers, Hamilton; Roxland, ch. g., 16, 4 years, exhibited by Alfred Rogers, Hamilton; Roxana, ch. m., 16, 4 years, exhibited by Alfred Rogers, Hamilton; Dunkirk, b. g., 15.3, aged, exhibited by Joseph Kilgour, Toronto; Diana, b. m., 15.3, 5 years, exhibited by Joseph Kilgour, Toronto; Harkwyn, br. g., 15.0½, 4 years, exhibited by Joseph Kilgour, Toronto.

The western winners were: Gordon Henderson, Hamilton, first and second; Hon. Adam Beck, London, first; J. Kilgour, Toronto, first; G. Wilson, Paris, first; William Hendrie, Hamilton, first and second.

FOOTBALL.

SOLDIERS DEFEATED.

The Collegiate students and the Barracks boys played the third match of their series on Wednesday afternoon. The soldiers were outclassed, and the schoolboys played rings around them. All on the Collegiate team played well, while Wallace, Beales and Gilbert were prominent among the soldiers. J. W. Couse refereed. The final score was 4 to 0.

THE RING.

KICKED THE REFEREE.

Sacramento, May 10.—The fight between Fred Snailham and Dick Hyland ended in a row in which Referee Jack Donnelly was kicked in the stomach by one of Hyland's seconds, knocking the wind out of him and rendering him insensible for a moment. Donnelly gave the decision in favor of Snailham at the close of 20 neatly-fought rounds. There was a general mix-up, and for a moment it looked as if a serious row might ensue, but the police were quickly on top of the struggling mass of scrappers, and by the vigorous use of clubs quelled the disturbance.

HANLON-CORBETT BOUT.

San Francisco, Cal., May 10.—Aleck Greggains, of the San Francisco Athletic Club, has secured the June fight permit and will be able to pull off the match between Eddie Hanlon and "Young" Corbett. Both men went into training today, as the date fixed for the fight is June 2.

OFFER TO FITZ AND HART.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 10. — Marvin Hart, the heavyweight pugilist, left for his home in Louisville today. Before leaving he made the declaration that he had received an offer to fight Fitzsimmons on July 4 in the west. Until these negotiations are settled he will remain in Louisville. "In the event of Fitzsimmons refusing the offer," said Hart, "the club has promised to try to secure Jack Root and the same purse will be offered."

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

Saturday Bargains.

Women's Shirtwaist Suits.

Women's Black, Brown and Navy Blue Shirtwaist Suits, made of Mohair Luster and Russell Cord, pleated skirts, trimmed waists. Values up to $7.50. Clearance price $4.85

Women's Spring Coats.

Black and Fawn English Cloth Coats, tight back, semi-box, fly front, leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Were $8.50 and $9 00. Saturday $5.00

India Lawn, 8½c Yard.

As it was very wet Wednesday, very many customers did not get here to participate in the Lawn bargain. Twenty pieces were on sale, and not more than twelve pieces were sold. To the eight pieces over we will add seven more, and offer fifteen full pieces of fine India Lawn of the best 15c quality at 8½c yard. This will be for tomorrow only 8½c

$1.25 Parasols at 69c.

5 dozen Ladies' Black Parasols, guaranteed fast black silk and wool coverings. These are slightly damaged—a pin hole or two—steel rod, polished bone handles. Worth $1.25, Saturday 69c

All-Over Laces.

A very few remnants of All-Over Laces and Embroideries. To clear tomorrow, per yard 25c

Carpets, Made and Laid, 49c.

Fine English Tapestry Carpets, in choice designs; colors are in fawn, oak, green and red, comprising short and full rolls of 55c and 60c goods at, made and laid 49c

Men's Night Shirts.

10 dozen Men's Flannelette Night Shirts, made with pockets, pearl button, assorted sizes. Regular 75c kind 56c

Men's and Boys' Caps.

15 dozen Men's and Boys' Tweed Golf Caps, sizes from 6½ to 7¼. Ranging in price from 25c to 35c each. Saturday 15c

Men's Cashmere and Merino Half Hose, fine quality and seamless. 2 pairs for 25c

New Fancy Hose.

For Women and Misses. The Latest Imported Novelties.

Women's Tan Lace Hose, fast color, at ... 25c

Embroidered Cashmere Hose, embroidered in silk, at 50c

Plain Black Cotton Hose, seamless, two pairs for 25c

Black Cotton Hose, with natural wool and balbriggan feet, at 25c

Baby Ribbon Snap.

Satin Baby Ribbon, nile, pink, yellow, red, mauve, cream, white, black. Regular 35c bolt, at 20c

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO 126, 128, 128½ Dundas Street,

TERMS CASH. PHONE 791.

LONDON JOCKEYS AT THE WOODBINE

Five of Them Secure Licenses and May Appear in Some of the Races.

At a meeting of the board of the Ontario Jockey Club, the following officials were appointed for the coming meeting: Judge, Alfred S. Post; assistant judge, Francis Nelson; steward, H. O. Tallmadge; starter, W. M. Murray; clerk of scales and patrol judge, Frederick W. Gergardy; timers, R. W. Davies, Fred Deane.

Licenses to train and ride at Woodbine Park were granted as follows::

Trainers — Edwin Whyte, Robert Bunkall, Charles Phair, M. Donovan, Wm. Tyler, J. W. Barbour, G. C. Mattocks, James Meagher, Edward Whelan, A. E. Gates, C. Wise, John Dyment, John Wright, J. S. Flynn, Thos. Cowan, John Nixon, H. S. Wilson (London), W. Shields, James Johnston, James Jenkins, James Malin (London), John O'Neill, sen., Allan Bulcroft, John Graver, J. A. Sykes, John Slocum, F. J. Kittleman, T. E. Auld, John Cherry, James Clay, W. H. Mosby, B. T. Littlefield.

Jockeys—C. Jamieson (London), H. Kingston, John Taylor, G. C. Mattocks, Peter Hagen, Henry H. Fricker, George Finch (London), Benny Oliver, John Crogan, P. Gallagher, James L. Walsh, Wm. Gee, John Malin (London), W. Shields, W. Slocum Albert Crawford, Philip Donovan, D. Armstrong, A. Bulcroft, Albert Songer, George F. Flint, C. R. Wilson, Mike Miles, Wm. Sperry, Harry E. Simpson, W. Murray, W. H. Pryce (London), H. McCann, H. S. Wilson (London), and Gus Bowser.

The London jockeys who will have mounts at the Woodbine are for the most part having their first chance at anything big. Charley Jamieson is a rider well known here, and many are surprised to see him back in the saddle. He is the "jock" who once rode Sage's Yellowjacket, but for some time he had not been heard from. George Finch is a boy who is being given a chance by George Hendrie after several years' apprenticeship in the latter's Hamilton stables. Johnny Malin, son of James Malin, the trainer, will have his first mount, and Billy Pryce will likely ride the Barnes entry, from Pottersburg. "Hughy" Wilson, who is from London, will send Pepper's jumpers over the rails. He is one of the best steeplechase riders in the country.

There is an awful lot of fun in folding yourself into believing you are having it when you aren't.

ORIENTS WILL HOLD A WHIST CONGRESS.

The Thanksgiving Whist Congress, which is to be held in this city will be conducted by the Orient Club. The Union Club usually has held the congress, but the Orient Club, with the Union's consent, will assume responsibility for it this year. Preparations are being made for the greatest event ever held in Ontario. The officials are corresponding with many of the leading whist players of the Province, and many, no doubt, will come to the congress.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At Belmont Park—Zeala, 7 to 5; Jacobite, 11 to 10; Witch Hazel, 20 to 1; Jennie McCabel, 20 to 1; Veribest, 5 to 1; Wizard, 10 to 1.

At Louisville—Miss Jordan, 13 to 10; Two Bills, 8 to 1; Lozell, 13 to 1; Beautiful Bess, even; Savond, 20 to 1; Florence Fonso, 11 to 2.

FOUGHT GIANT COD

Bostonian and Big Fish Struggled for Thirty Minutes.

Boston, May 12. — On the flats at Winthrop Beach on a recent afternoon a lone man and a monster codfish fought and raced and tripped and splashed for half an hour, and it was the strangest duel ever waged on the rock-bound New England coast.

Time and time again the determined man wrapped his muscular arms about the fish in an endeavor to secure a strangle hold, and time and time again the cod merrily wriggled away. At times the fish became vicious and lashed his tail against his human opponent with amazing force. Twice the man was knocked down by the codfish, but still wet and sore, he fought until, after 30 long, wet and exciting minutes, the man was victor and dragged the great fish ashore.

The skill of rod and reel, of casting and playing was missing from this contest, it is true, but no fisherman ever fought a better fight and no fish was ever gamer. Thrashing about in the shallow waters of the flats, the man and the fish dodged this way and that, leaping and struggling together, rolling over and over in the water each determined and vigorous and plucky.

Mrs. William Duquet, of Faun Bar street, Winthrop, saw from Great Head Hill the fish splashing in the shallow waters on the bar. The fish had been caught on the flats by the outgoing tide, and was struggling to work his way into deeper water. Mrs. Duquet called her husband and he hurried to the beach and waded out.

He had never seen a codfish of such size. He was expecting to find a young porpoise or something of that class, and was too surprised to do more than stand and gaze at the struggling fish for a while. Finally seeing endless frys and bakes and stews and chowders in the fish, he carelessly took hold of the cod's tail and started inshore with him.

He started, but that was all. The cod curved his lithe, scintillating body, and with one blow from his tail knocked Duquet flat and floundering in the shallow water. Again and again the man sought to hold the fish, but was unable, and after being knocked down a second time he devoted his energies to driving the fish ashore. Finally, when he had the cod well inshore, he ran ashore and secured a piece of sacking. With this to prevent his hands from slipping he grasped the cod again, and they wriggled and rolled together inshore and upon the sands of the beach, where the struggle was over.

The cod weighed 65 pounds, being nearly twice as large as any cod ever before caught off Winthrop. Mrs. Elmer Chickering, wife of the Boston photographer, was one of the few witnesses of the strange fight. The cod attracted hundreds during the remainder of the day, when it was on exhibition at the office of the Point Shirley Packing Company.

GOOD FOR KANSAS

The Song Birds' Feathers Are Now Barred From Bonnets.

Kansas City, Mo., May 12.—On and after June 16, milliners may display and sell and women may wear only the plumage of the gossipy little English sparrow, the cooper hawk, the chicken hawk, the great borned owl, the crow, the anatidae, and the rallidae, including the mud-hen. The list is a long one, but not an inviting one. To sport the plumage of any other bird will mean a fine and a term in jail, or both. This is all the result of the Walmsley Game Bill, which Gov. Folk signed, and which Walmsley himself confesses he does not know how it got through the Senate, where they are supposed to kill such bills.

The Walmsley game measure was drawn up absolutely to protect all Missouri game and birds for a term of years, but while he was at it the vegetarian statesman from the Eighth Ward fixed the bill so as a put a damper on the killing of plumage birds in other States by prescribing feathers in bonnets.

Get acquainted with any preacher and you will find it his ambition to "reach" the men.

Platonic love is supposed to have been invented by his Satanic Majesty.

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