SWEET CAPORAL

CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

A SHINING MARK

He drew a long breath.

"I am going now."

She started slightly, and drew her head back.

"Yes?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you why?"

"You are going into the ballroom—to dance?"

"No," he said, and his voice sounded almost harsh in its intensity; "I am not going to the ballroom; I am going home. I have seen what I came for—I have seen you." She made a faint movement with her hand and her eyelids drooped; the gesture might have been an indication of fear, or a request that he should cease, but he went on: "I have seen you, and now I'm going before—I lead you to think that I am mad—"

He stopped and leant his arm on the stone rail beside her, his hand clenched and almost touching her arm.

"Why should I think you mad?" she said in a low voice, from no impluse of coquetry, heaven knows, but because she must say something that the sound of her own voice might give her courage.

"Because a man placed as I am—penniless, friendless, with no prospect of a future before him—must be mad to tell a beautiful girl like yourself what I should have to tell if I stayed—"

She pressed her hand against her heart, and her eyes fixed themselves on the darkness behind him.

She forgot that she was the promised wife of Lord Carr-Lyon; forgot all the ills she had heard of the man who was speaking to her; forgot everything in the delight and joy with which his presence and his voice filled her.

Her silence seemed to rob him of the self-control of which he spoke, and with a sudden movement he put his hand upon her arm and held it in a hot and passionate and yet reverencing clasp.

"No! I cannot go! I must speak! Miss Meddon—Kate, do you know what it is that I must say, what it is my heart has been saying since the first moment I saw you tonight—ah! since that moment when you stopped and spoke to me in the lane—"

"No—no!" she murmured, with a sudden gesture.

"Yes, I must speak now," he said. "Your answer may be what it will, but I must tell you that—I love you!"

She swayed to and fro slightly, like a slender tree bent by the wind, then grasped the edge of the balustrade, and turned a startled, frightened face to him.

"I love you, I love you!" he breathed, "My angel!—my queen! Listen, ah! listen to me—do not go! A moment, only a moment, and then—you shall send me from you into the dark and dreary life I lived before I saw you! Kate, this is the first time in my life that I have ever spoken a word of love to any woman; all my life I seem to have been looking and waiting for the one woman to whom I could say, 'My heart is yours—take it.' I say now to you I love you! Will you take my love—all my heart, my life—" He stopped, and struggled with his voice. "It—it is a poor thing to offer you. I have no money or position—nothing but myself; but if you will give me some hope, if you will tell me that in time—ah, Kate, Kate! if you will let me go on loving you, and will love me, ever so little, in return—"

She could not speak. The stars seemed falling about her, the music drumming in her ears like the wash of the waves.

"I have offended you—frightened you," he said, struggling for calm, and forcing his voice to a gentler tone. "It seems so sudden to you, who have never given a thought to me since we parted on the cliffs; but think! You have not been out of my mind, my heart, for an hour of the day; you have always been present with me, Kate, do not be angry—let my love plead for me—"

She put out her hand as if to silence him, the pain at her heart fighting with the joy born of his words, the knowledge of his love, and yet—too late! too late!

"Stop!" she panted, "No!" for he had seized her hand and pressed a passionate kiss upon it, and still held it. "If I had known—if—but it's too late, too late!"

"Too late?" he said, his face growing paler.

"Yes!" she panted. "I—I am engaged—" she stopped, unable to go on.

He let her hand fall gently and slowly, and his head sank on his breast.

She put her hand to her heart, and stood looking at him with wild grief and pity for him—for herself.

The sound of laughter floated out through the open window, the chatter of voices, and the pitpat of feet.

He turned his head and looked at her, trying to force a smile, thinking of her and not of his own pain and anguish.

"Will you forgive me?" he said, hoarsely.

"Forgive—" she breathed. "It is I—" and she covered her face with her trembling hands.

"No," he said, bravely. "You did not know—how should you?" and he smiled with the bitterness of self-inflicted misery. "How should you know—that the man whom you had seen but twice or thrice, and spoken a few kind words to, should have dared to love you? No, there is nothing for you to forget, much less to forgive, for I have—worried and harassed you, and given you pain!"

"No, no!" she murmured, stretching out her hand pleadingly, with her face turned to him piteously. "It is I—" she stopped.

He took her hand and held it, looking at it, half-dazed in his grief.

"I was mad—I was a fool," he said, hoarsely. "I deserve that you should go without a word more to me than you have spoken. But—but you are still the kind angel my heart has pictured you. I am going now, Kate—Miss Meddon. Don't—don't think of this madness of mine, don't let it worry you. I shall get over it"—he forced a smile—"and I wish you"—he paused, his voice seemed to have forsaken him—"I wish you every happiness heaven can send you. For heaven's sake, don't cry!" he added in an agony.

But she was not crying; it would have been better for her if she had been; she let her fan fall from her eyes and looked at him, a look more eloquent than words; the look a woman wears whose heart is pulling one way, and fate and duty the other.

He touched her hand with his lips, the kiss of a man who is taking farewell of his beloved dead, then laid her hand gently and tenderly down on the cold stone. Another moment he would have gone; but at that instant several persons came out from the room, and a man's voice said:

"Kate! Kate! are you there?"

She started, and drawing her shawl round her, seemed to shrink back from the voice. Clifford dropped from the seat, but stood looking through the space between the pillars of the stone railing. It was not her father's voice, it must be that other man to whom she was engaged.

A fierce bitterness, the fire of jealousy, flamed up in his heart. A desire to see the man who had gained the great prize, for which he would have given his life, kept him rooted to the spot.

"Are you there, Kate?" said the voice again—not a pleasant voice, and strangely enough, one that Clifford seemed to know!

She looked towards the darkness into which Clifford had disappeared, then without answering, moved towards the man.

"Oh, you are here!" he said, holding out his arm. "I've been looking for you everywhere. You'll catch your death of cold with only that thin shawl on."

She put her hand—the tips of her fingers—on his arm, and he was leading her away when a stream of people met them at the door-way and kept them standing for a moment.

In that moment the light from the room fell upon his face, and Clifford, with a start, sprang forward to the rail and looked at him with a stare of amazement.

He had not seen the face for years, but it was—it must be—the face of his cousin Arthur! Yes, there could be no doubt of it!

He grasped the edge of the seat upon which he knelt, and stared with set lips, as cold as the stone itself.

A woman's voice broke out clear and above the rest of the buzz and hum of talk and laughter.

"Oh, Kate; do persuade Lord Carr-Lyon to join this cotillion. I've tried my poor best, but he is absolutely deaf to the voice of my charming. Now, don't be obstinate, Lord Carr-Lyon. I daresay Kate is engaged already; but I'll make peace with her partner, and she shall dance with you. Come, you won't resist that!"

Clifford looked round for his uncle, to whom the woman must, of course, be speaking; but he could see no sign of the old earl, and she was looking at Arthur—what did it mean? Where was the earl? Could it be possible that she was really addressing his cousin Arthur, and why did she call him Lord Carr-Lyon?"

"I'll dance anything with Kate," he said, looking down at her with a smile that sent the blood bubbling to poor Clifford's head.

"Of course you will!" said the lady. "Now, Kate, run your pencil through your partner's name and put Lord Carr-Lyon's in its place!"

They moved away into the room, and Clifford, staring after them for a moment, sank into the seat with a shaky laugh.

Had he gone clean out of his mind? Was it all a dream, and should he wake up in the cottage presently? This man—this cousin of his—Lord Carr-Lyon!

"How the devil can he be?" he exclaimed aloud, as if he were arguing with someone. "Even supposing my uncle were dead, there are two lives between Arthur and the title. Two! No, three! For I stand before him!"

He sprang up, then sank down again, and clasped his head with his hands.

This Arthur Caresford he remembered well, though he had seen very little of him in the old time, and he remembered now that the little he had seen he hadn't liked. Arthur Caresford, even as a boy, had been something of a coward and a sneak. Clifford had some dim recollection of a quarrel between him and his cousin, a quarrel resulting in a fight, in which Arthur got considerably the worst of it. And they were calling this man Lord Carr-Lyon! And he was going to marry Kate!

He got up and paced to and fro in the friendly shelter of the shrubbery, fighting hard for composure and the capacity to reason the matter out.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed; then, in as matter-of-fact a fashion as he could, he walked towards the terrace, and mounting the steps, made his way to one of the ante-rooms.

There might have been some mistake; they might have been addressing his uncle the earl, whom he—Clifford—was perhaps prevented from seeing, or he may have mistaken the title. At any cost he must discover the truth; not that it would matter. What in heaven above, or the earth beneath, could matter now that his angel was lost to him forever?

Crushing down the misery and bitterness that stormed in his bosom as best he could, he went to the door leading to the ballroom, and, leaning just behind the curtains, looked on.

There were several persons in the ante-room, laughing and talking in the gay, bantering fashion which dance music and a plentiful supper produce, and they glanced op rather curiously at the tall young fellow with the square shoulders and pale, handsome face.

"Know him?" whispered one lady to her companion, who shook her head. She was about to turn to a gentleman to pass the question on, when Clifford crossed to them.

"Pardon me," he said, in his deep, musical voice, "Do you see Lord Carr-Lyon—the earl, I mean—in the room?"

"Lord Carr-Lyon?" said the lady, rising, and standing on tiptoe that she might look over the heads of a group on the edge of the dancers. "Yes, that is he—that tall gentleman."

"I am near-sighted," murmured Clifford, resolved that he would settle the question beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"Most people are," said the lady, with a laugh. "It is one of the results of this latter-day civilization of ours; we lose our sight and our appetites, and we gain—the Darwinian theory. But that isn't telling you which is Lord Carr-Lyon, is it?" and she laughed brightly. "That is he, standing beside that palm over there; he is talking to Miss Meddon, the lady he is engaged to. You know her, of course?"

"Yes, thank you," said Clifford, and, with a bow and a smile, he glanced at his watch as if hesitating what to do; then, with a quick step, went out on to the terrace.

So his uncle was dead, and Arthur was the earl! But, if so, what was he—Clifford?

[To be Continued.]

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The best medicine ever made for the coughs and colds of children. Always keep it in the house. Prevents croup. Stops night coughs. Ask your doctor.

BOATS ARE NOW ON EVEN TERMS; EACH HAS WON TWO OF SERIES

Weather Yesterday Favorable to Defender, Which Finished Three Minutes Ahead.

Rochester, Aug. 17. — The fourth race for the Canada cup was won this afternoon by the defender, Iroquois, which crossed the line exactly three minutes in advance of the challenger, Temeraire. The weather conditions were more favorable for the defender. Each yacht has now won two races, leaving the deciding contest to be sailed tomorrow.

When the boats went out today a five-mile breeze was blowing from the northwest, with every prospect of its increasing to seven or eight miles. These were the exact conditions under which the defender won on Saturday last.

The crews of the contesting yachts after the postponement of yesterday went to work at once to put the boats in the best of condition for today's contest. Iroquois has changed her heavy weather mainsail for the sail used in Saturday's light weather. There has been no change in either crew since yesterday. The judges' boat, the Pharamond, at 10:40 went out of the harbor to set the starting line buoy, which during the high seas of yesterday was displaced.

Temeraire went out to the starting line at 10:15, the Iroquois following three minutes later. The boats are under full sail. The Iroquois' sails seemed to draw better. The mainsail of the Temeraire was wrinkled near the center of the boom, and the crew was at work ironing it out. The get-ready gun was fired at 10:30. Both the Iroquois and Temeraire were close to the starting line, the defender on the port tack, the challenger on the starboard, Iroquois to windward.

The race by bulletins follows:

Preparatory gun fired at 10:30.

Start, unofficial time:

Iroquois 11:00:28
Temeraire 11:00:41

Temeraire to windward.

Following is the official time of start:

Iroquois 11:00:22
Temeraire 11:00:38

Mabbett, at 11:05:30, got a bit of a start, and, pointing high, dropped the challenger. The nose of the Temeraire was at the stern of the Iroquois, and then the defender slowly drew away, and at 11:14 was four good lengths to windward and ahead.

The Iroquois showed the same superiority over the Fife boat in light air as her rival had shown over her in the heavy weather. The Iroquois pinched right up to the wind, while Wedd could not, and at 11:23 the American boat was about a sixth of a mile to windward. The wind shifted a few points eastward, and streaks of calm appeared. In one of these both boats appeared to be getting a bit of breeze aloft. The Iroquois, though still maintaining her lead at 11:25, had dropped down toward the Temeraire. Then she made another gain. There was not enough wind to force the boats on fast. At 11:30 the lake outside was almost calm, though along shore or in the river mouth there was a fitful breeze.

By 11:45 the Iroquois, having enjoyed a little breeze which never reached the challenger, started up well, and made a good gain. At 11:46:30 Wedd went in stays and for the first time in the race today went on the port tack. Mabbett, at 11:47:20, with the Iroquois, went about on the same tack. The lead of the Iroquois was more apparent with the yachts now broadside on.

The breeze remains fluky, favoring first one of the boats, and then the other. At 12:07 the cove by the club house was absolutely glossy, and it was little better outside. Both yachts were headed directly for the stake, and at this time it was apparent Temeraire had picked up on her rival considerably.

Iroquois turned the first buoy at 12:25:02, Temeraire at 12:27:28, unofficial.

After rounding the outer mark Temeraire held on this leg a straighter course for the home buoy, while Mabbett dropped off. Temeraire, getting a slightly steadier air, gained considerably for a minute. The spinnaker of the defender did not draw as well as that of the challenger, but neither had enough wind for a decent fill.

1:13—Official time for the outer mark, first round:

Iroquois, 12:25:58.

Temeraire, 12:27:58.

Iroquois turned the home buoy, first time around, at 1:19:14; Temeraire, 1:19:43.

1:30—Official time at end of first round:

Iroquois, 1:19:48.

Temeraire, 1:20:24.

First buoy, second round — Iroquois, 2:03:12, Temeraire 2:05:52.

Finish—Iroquois, 2:35:14; Temeraire, 2:38:14.

M'EWEN DRIVES ROOKER SECOND

London Horse Could Not Beat Out Kruger in Any of the Three Heats.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 17.—After a lapse of two days, due to the rainy weather the Grand Circuit meeting was resumed at the Hudson River Driving Park this afternoon with five splendid races.

Through efficient work of Robert N. Newton, the starter, the whole programme was disposed of in a little more than three hours, notwithstanding that some of the fields were quite stubborn.

Four of the races were won by favorites, all in fact, excepting the last race, the 2:04 pace, which had six starters. The betting at the outset was cut up, although Laconda was made favorite at $25, Nathan Strauss selling for $5, King Direct for $5 and the field for $5. There was the sharpest racing of the day in this event, the first and third heats of which went to Nathan Strauss, while Laconda took the second. In all three heats Strauss, Laconda and Nervolo were one, two, three.

Snyder McGregor's mile in 2:09 flat makes a new trotting race record for the track, being a quarter of a second faster than Kid Shay's fast mile on Monday.

Susie N.'s mile in 2:15, in the 2:30 trot, is a new track record for three-year-old trotters. There will be four races tomorrow, including the free-for-all trot, with Tiverton and Sweet Marie among the entries, and four races on Saturday.

2:17 class pacing, $1,000:

Hal T., br. h., by Marker (Snow)	1	1	1
Black Patchen, blk. g. (Hogan)	2	2	2
Kig Claire, br. g. (Clancy)	5	3	3
Director Joe, blk. g. (Demarest)	3	4	4
Dewey, ro. g. (Dickerson)	6	5	5
Tommy H., b. g. (Ware)	4	ds	

J. B. W., b. g. (Maloney) ..... ds
Time—2:09¾, 2:11¾, 2:10¾.

2:13 class pacing, $1,000:

Kruger, ch. g., by Mercury (McDonald)	1	1	1
Texas Rooker, b. g. (McEwen)	2	2	3
Lula K., br. m., (Maxfield)	8	8	2
Queen of Spades, blk. m. (Snow)	5	3	4
Bison Girl, b. m. (Norton)	3	6	7
High Seven, ch. g. (Stewart)	4	4	6
Jubilee, blk. g. (James)	6	5	5
Jess C., ch. g. (Frankshy)	7	9	ds
Bedford Boy, ro. g. (Brawley)	9	7	ds

Time—2:09¾, 2:08¾, 2:09¼.

2:08 class, trotting, 2 in 3, Oakland Baron stakes, $1,200:

Snyder McGregor, ch. g., by Gilman McGregor (Hogan)	1	1	
Masetto, blk. g. (Dickerson)	2	2	
Norman B., blk. g. (McCarthy)	3	3	
John Taylor, g. (Wilson)	4	4	

Time—2:09¼, 2:09.

2:30 class trotting, 2 in 3, $1,000, for 3-year-olds:

Susie N., b. f., by Moko (Murphy)	1	1	
Directe, br. f. (Daly)	2	2	
Governor Crane, b. c. (Maloney)	3	3	
Silence, b. c. (Thomas)	ds		

Time—2:15, 2:19.

2:04 class, pacing, 2 in 3, $1,500:

Nathan Strauss, b. g., by Director (Thomas)	1	2	1
Laconda, br. h., by Allerton (Snow)	2	1	2
Nervola, b. s. (McDonald)	3	3	3
King Direct, blk. s. (Geers)	4	5	4
Royal R. Sheldon, blk. g. (Downer)	5	4	6
Belle Mc, b. m. (Laird)	6	6	5

Time—2:05, 2:05¾, 2:07¼.

LACROSSE.

HESPELER BLANKED.

Guelph, Ont., Aug 17. — The junior C. L. A. game here today between Hespeler and Elora was won by Elora by a score of 3 to 0.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At Saratoga—Fustian, 4 to 1; Buck O'Dowd, 9 to 2; Calabash, 8 to 1; Cairngorm, 4 to 5; Shrine, 8 to 5; Yalagal, 7 to 1.

At Fort Erie—Lemon Girl, 8 to 5; Carew, 4 to 1; Scalper, 6 to 1; Laura Hunter, 4 to 1; Bonnie Reg, 8 to 5; Ink, 4 to 5.

At Latonia—Stoner Hill, 6 to 5; Scotch Thistle, 8 to 10; Miss Manners, 9 to 10; Bardolph, even; Burnolette, 10 to 1; Dungannon, 7 to 2.

TROPHY MATCH TO LONDON RINK

Finchamp's Four Take Main Event at the Goderich Tournament.

Finchamp's Thistle rink won the trophy at the Goderich bowling tournament from R. Agnew's Clinton rink by a score of 21 to 17. It was a close contest, and the bowling was first-class. The London boys had to hurry to win.

The finals of the association match are between W. H. Thompson's Goderich rink and R. S. Hay's Seaforth rink.

The other London rinks, with the exception of J. S. McDougall's, were just out of the running in the association and consolation matches. McDougall's four are in the semi-finals.

The scores of yesterday:

Trophy Final.

London Thistles.		Clinton.	
P. M. Millman,		J. Taylor,	
A. M. Heaman,		Ed Courtice,	
G. Nightingale,		J. B. Hoover,	
H. Finchamp, skip.	21	R. Agnew, skip	17

Association—Fourth Round.

London.		Goderich.	
S. D. Swift	12	J. D. McConnell	9
Brussels.		Kincardine.	
D. C. Ross	19	W. Harvie	14
Goderich.		London.	
W. H. Thomson	17	J. Smith	8
Seaforth.		Goderich.	
R. S. Hays	14	G. F. Smith	10

Clinton, W. Brydon, a bye.

Fifth Round.

Clinton.		London.	
W. Brydon	16	S. D. Swift	10
Goderich.		Brussels.	
H. W. Thomson	21	D. C. Ross	14

Seaforth, R. S. Hays, a bye.

Semi-finals.

Seaforth.		Clinton.	
R. S. Hays	19	W. Brydon	11

Goderich, H. W. Thomson, a bye.

Consolation—Fourth Round.

Seaforth.		Goderich.	
J. C. Greig	14	C. H. Humber	11
Seaforth.		Stratford.	
Dr. Burrows	13	Dr. L. Robertson	12
Wingham.		Goderich.	
D. Holmes	20	J. L. Killoran	13
Goderich.		Clinton.	
J. D. O'Connell	18	W. P. Spalding	16
London.		Kincardine.	
J. S. McDougall	12	W. Harvie	7

Fifth Round.

Seaforth.		Seaforth.	
J. C. Greig	16	Dr. Burrows	12
Goderich.		Wingham.	
J. D. O'Connell	13	D. Holmes	11
London.		Goderich.	
J. Smith	15	J. G. F. Smith	13
Brussels.		London.	
D. C. Ross	9	S. D. Swift	8

Sixth Round.

Goderich.		London.	
J. D. O'Connell	20	J. Smith	15
Brussels.		Clinton.	
D. C. Ross	17	W. Brydon	12

DR. McNAUGHTON'S FINE SHOT SAVED THE GAME

The choicest and most exciting game of the season in the inter-club bowling series was that played on the Asylum greens yesterday between the Asylum and the London Rowing Club. A phenomenal shot by Dr. J. A. McNaughton was the feature of the game. The score was even on the second last end, and in the last end Skip Brown's men had crowded five bowls around the kitty, and the game looked soft for them. Dr. McNaughton, by a beautiful shot, moved the "shot" out and laid against the kitty for the shot and the game.

The score:

Asylum.		London R. C.	
A. Thrower,		O. O. Benson,	
J. Richardson,		J. A. Beaumont,	
R. B. Heighway,		W. J. Snellgrove,	
Dr. McCallum,		W. H. Phelps,	
skip	13	skip	17
Dr. C. W. Brown,		Jos. Beech,	
Dr. St. Charles,		F. Love,	
Dr. P. McNaughton,		Wm. Lind,	
Dr. J. McNaughton,		J. Harley Brown,	
skip	16	skip	11
Total	29	Total	28

Majority for Asylum, 1 shot.

Oxford Chancellor Range

The oven of the Oxford Chancellor Range is designed for service. It is very roomy—big enough to do the cooking for a large family. The racks or shelves are of pressed steel—guaranteed unbreakable. In the ordinary range the racks are made of cast iron which are very brittle and easily broken by a hard knock or a heavy pan.

The drop oven door is balanced so it will not drop with a bang. When it is down it forms a shelf to rest a pan on when basting. The oven bottom will never warp, and is supplied with a rack, providing a level surface at all times.

The upper warming closet has a balanced drop door, which will raise completely out of the way and remain there while dishes are being placed there or removed.

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GARRISON FINISH BY HIGHLANDERS

Griffith's Men Take Game From Blues in Ninth—13 Innings at Rochester.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Buffalo—		R.	H.	E.
Buffalo	0000020000	2	6	2
Baltimore	0000020130	6	10	3

Batteries—Milligan, Kissinger and McAllister; Hearne and Byers. Umpire, Conway. Attendance, 2,253.

At Rochester—				
Newark	0000020000000	2	7	0
Rochester	0000200000001	3	12	2

Batteries—Moriarity and Connor; Faulkner and Payne. Umpire, Egan. Attendance, 385.

At Toronto—				
Jersey City	0000014400	5	6	6
Toronto	0010000001	4	4	3

Batteries—Clarkson and Vandergrift; Crystall, Currie and Toft. Umpires, A. Moran and F. Moran.

EASTERN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Jersey City	60	34	.638
Baltimore	57	33	.633
Providence	56	37	.602
Newark	46	47	.495
Buffalo	43	51	.457
Toronto	39	57	.407
Montreal	39	61	.390
Rochester	38	59	.392

IN THE AMERICAN.

At Cleveland—		R.	H.	E.
Cleveland	0001000001	1	3	1
New York	0000000022	2	3	2

Batteries—Joss and Buelow; Chesbro and Kleinow and McGuire. Umpires, O'Loughlin and Connolly. Attendance, 4,438.

At Detroit—				
Detroit	0000000020	2	10	3
Philadelphia	0041010006	9	0	

Batteries—Mullin and Warner; Plank and Powers. Umpire, McCarthy. Attendance, 2,500.

AMERICAN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Philadelphia	60	38	.612
Cleveland	57	43	.570
Chicago	53	40	.570
New York	50	44	.532
Boston	49	45	.521
Detroit	48	54	.471
Washington	38	60	.388
St. Louis	34	65	.343

IN THE NATIONAL.

At Philadelphia—		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	0100000000	1	4	1
Philadelphia	0301000*0	4	11	2

Batteries—Thielman and Leahy; Duggleby and Dooin. Umpires, Emslie and Klem. Attendance, 2,906.

At Boston—				
Cincinnati	0112001005	9	2	
Boston	0010001103	6	1	

Batteries—Ewing and Streit; Young and Needham. Umpire, Bausewine.

At New York—				
Chicago	0000000000	0	3	3
New York	0020100*0	3	9	0

Batteries—Wicker and Kling; Matthewson and Bowerman. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 8,000.

At Brooklyn—				
Pittsburg	2020100005	9	2	
Brooklyn	1020100004	10	1	

Batteries—Lynch and Peitz; Scanlon and Bergen. Umpire, Johnstone. Attendance, 2,000.

NATIONAL STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	72	31	.699
Pittsburg	69	40	.633
Philadelphia	60	46	.566
Chicago	61	47	.565
Cincinnati	57	50	.532
St. Louis	41	69	.373
Boston	35	74	.321
Brooklyn	33	73	.311

GOLF.

CHAMPION EGAN BEATEN.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—E. H. Giles, of the Pittsburg golf team, gave National Champion H. C. Egan his first defeat of the season by 3 up and 1 to play in their contest in the second round for the Exmoor championship cup here today.

Egan, who has been playing golf almost continually for the last two months, has apparently gone stale, as his work today was not up to his usual standard. Giles' approaching was particularly fine, while his putting was all that could be asked, and he led by 2 up at the turn.

F. C. Newton, Seattle; W. E. Egan, Exmoor; E. E. Giles, Pittsburg, and G. F. Clingman, jr., Homewood, won their matches today and will contest the semi-finals to morrow.

In the Archipelago of Merguri, off the coast of Lower Burmah, Asia, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts, they own covered boats, in which with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pets they float about on the sea and wander from island to island.

BIG ENTRIES FOR O. J. C. MEETING

Week of High-Class Racing Promised at the Woodbine.

Toronto, August 17. — The coming autumn meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club gives every promise of upholding the reputation of the club in providing a week of high class racing at Woodbine Park for its patrons. Not only have the stakes, which closed on Saturday last, filled excellently from a numerical standpoint, but the several races contain the names of the best known sportsmen in Canada, and horses which have participated in many a stirring finish.

The entry to the Ontario Jockey Club cup, a handicap of two miles and a sixteenth on the flat, is particularly gratifying, the O. J. C. having always made a feature of the long distance event at the splendid drawing card with the public, and the twenty-two nominations include all the best known stayers of the Canadian turf, reinforced by such stout ones as Sir Ralph, Claude and Elliott. Following are the entries to stakes which closed August 12:

Toronto autumn cup, handicap, $1,000, for 3-year-old and up, 1¼ miles, to be run Saturday, September 16 (27 entries)—J. W. B. Lalock's Monster, E. C. Burtshell's Arab, Jas. Carruthers' Ben Crockett, T. Clark's Sir Ralph, J. E. Cushing & Co.'s Hans Wagner, M. J. Daly's Claude, M. J. Daly's Elliott, M. J. Daly's Prince Brutus, Robert Davies' Alles D'Or, N. Dyment's Tongorder, N. Dyment's Will King, J. C. Ferris', jr., Gay Minister, J. C. Ferris', jr., Clausus, J. H. Kane & Co.'s Ruby Ring, Kirkfield Stable's Wire In, Kirkfield Stable's War Whoop, Lamansey Bros.' Henry Waite, Lamansey Bros.' Lat Knight, Lamansey Bros.' Christine A., W. K. Levering's Weirdsome, Mrs. M. C. Lyles & Co.'s Green Crest, E. M. May's Brooklyn, John Meagher's Moonraker, Mrs. J. F. McCarthy's Weyfield, Mrs. L. S. Pangle's Minotaur, Jos. E. Seagram's Inferno, Jos. E. Seagram's Barbarossa.

Dominion Autumn Handicap, $1,000, for 3-year-olds and up, foaled in Canada, 1 1-16 miles, to be run Tuesday, September 19 (12 entries)—R. Davies' Loupania, N. Dyment's Will King, W. Hendrie's Sampan, C. J. Kean's Capersauce, Kirkfield Stable's Wire In, Kirkfield Stable's War Whoop, Kirkfield Stable's Dlicas, John Meagher's Moonraker, J. J. O'Flaherty's Crestfallen, C. Phair's Chatelaine, Power Bros.' Stock Exchange, Joe. E. Seagram's Inferno.

Michaelmas Handicap, $1,000, for 2-year-olds, to be run Wednesday, September 20 (13 entries)—Mrs. Wm. Andrews' Sweet Flavia, J. W. B. Lalock's Fulbert, A. Browne's Little Mike, A. Brown & Co.'s Ohiyesa, A. Brown & Co.'s Peter Sterling, G. W. Cook's Factotum, R. E. Crane's King Havoc, J. E. Cushing & Co.'s Lady Walker, M. J. Daly's St. Joseph, Robert Davies' Zelinda, Robt. Davies' Loud Harangue, N. Dyment's Belle Hamburg, J. C. Ferris' jr., Gamester, J. C. Ferris' jr., Oakgrove, F. Foster's Mamie Foster, Mrs. Elsie Harris' Haughty, Wm. Hendrie's Shine On, W. Hendrie's King's Guinea, Kirkfield Stable's Lady Huron, W. K. Levering's Gravilla, W. K. Levering's Paeon, W. J. Levering's Rocket, A. Molinelli's Mazzoni, A. P. Reid's Armistice, Jos. E. Seagram's Quixote, Jos. E. Seagram's Royal China, Jos. E. Seagram's The Chef, Jos. E. Seagram's Glen Lonely, Fair Havana, S. T. White's Biringham, Humorist.

Pheasant Plate, selling, $1,000, for 3-year-olds and up, the winner to be sold by auction for $3,000, 1 mile and a furlong, to be run Thursday, September 21 (31 entries)—J. W. B. Lalock's Monster, Cataline, E. C. Burtzshell's Arab, J. E. Cushing Co.'s Hans Wagner, M. J. Daly's Claude, Elliott, Prince Prutus, N. Dyment's Will King, J. C. Ferris', jr., Gay Minister, J. C. Ferris', jr., Clausus, E. J. Gildersleeve's Amberita, J. H. Kane & Co.'s Ruby Ring, Kirkfield Stable's Wire In, War Whoop, Lamansey Bros.' Henry Waite, Last Knight, Christine A., Ink, W. K. Levering's Weirdsome, Mrs. M. C. Lyles & Co.'s Green Crest, John Meagher's Moonraker, A. Molinelli's Gay Lizzette, E. W. Moore's Prince of Pilsen, Mrs. J. P. McCarthy's Weyfield, Jos. E. Seagram's Norbury, Irish Witch, George P. Sherman's W. B Fasig.

O. J. C. Cup, handicap, $1,500 added, for 3-year-olds and up, sweepstakes, $20 each, a piece of plate will be presented by the club to the winner, 2 1-16 miles, to be run Saturday, September 23 (22 entries)—Jas. Carruthers' Ben Crocket, T. Cladk's Sir Ralph, M. J. Daly's Claude, Elliott, Prince Brutus, Robert Davies' Alles D'Or, N. Dyment's Will King, J. C. Ferris', jr., Gay Minister, Clausus, W. B. Freeman's Royal Arms Kirkfield Stable's Wire In, War Whoop, Lamansey Bros.' Henry Waite, Last Knight, Ink, W. K. Levering's Weirdsome, E. M. May's Brooklyn, John Meagher's Moonraker, Mrs. J. F. McCarthy's Weyfield, Mrs. L. S. Pangle's Minotaur, Jos. E. Seagram's Inferno, Jos. E. Seagram's Barbarossa, Geo. P. Sherman's W. B. Fasig Mrs. A. Tempest's Harry New.

GAME FINISH IN WHICH FAVORITE WON OUT

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 17.—In as game a finish as could be wished for Sydney Paget's Cairngorm won the Saratoga Derby, today's stage feature, by a head, from Glen Echo.

The starters were at even weights, with Cairngorm favorite in the betting, at 4 to 5. Merry Lark was the first to break to a good start. As they passed the stand Glen Echo was leading with the favorite next.

Von Tromp shaved the rail at the first turn, while the others turned wide. This gave him a lead of two lengths. Cairngorm was a length ahead of Glen Echo, and at the next turn he moved up, and at that point was leading by a head. The advantage was short lived, however, for at the next turn the Keene colt had pushed his nose in front.

Thus they see-sawed. As they entered the stretch Cairngorm was nearly a length to the good, but Von Tromp managed to pass him again. It looked as though the favorite would be beaten, but in the last sixteenth, in a gruelling drive, Cairngorm got up and stuck it out to the finish, getting the decision by a head from Glen Echo.

Woodsaw, the favorite in the first, was left at the post. The start was wretched, Col. White, Celebration and Maritana being practically left. Conover's chance of winning the steeplechase was excellent had he not stumbled over the jump at which Maiden came to grief yesterday, when Callahan was nearly killed.

Cairngorm was the only winning favorite.

BASEBALL.

A SLUGGING MATCH.

Glencoe, Aug. 16. — The Newbury ball team defeated Glencoe here today in a slugging match, by a score of 21 to 13. The visitors are a heavy-hitting aggregation. Batteries—Glencoe, McAlpine, Finlayson and Harris; Newbury, Batchener and Fennell.

A CLOSE GAME.

A good game of ball was played on Carling's Heights on Wednesday evening when the Junior North End Stars defeated the Oriens by the close score of 5 to 4. Batteries—Stars, Waud and Kerr; Oriens, Clark and Page. Umpire, Harry Waud.

KRAPP WAS A PUZZLE.

Sarnia, Aug. 17. — Sarnia shut out Petrolea today in a rather one-sided game. Sarnia hit Vaughn hard, while Krapp had Petrolea completely at his mercy. He held them down to one hit and that came in the ninth inning. This is the fourth game in the series of seven games. Sarnia has won three and Petrolea one. About three hundred people witnessed the game. Batteries—Sarnia, Krapp and Harris; Petrolea, Vaughn and Agnew. Umpire, Bert Sheere, London.

BEAT BRANTFORD.

St. Thomas, Aug. 17.—St. Thomas defeated Brantford in the Western Ontario Baseball League game here today. The score:

| | R. | H. | E. |
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