

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES STANDARD OF THE WORLD

A Shining Mark

The major started. A thief fears an officer in every bush, and everything connected with Desmond Carr-Lyon had a terrible interest for the major.

"A woman—not a lady—someone he seemed to know! That's strange—I mean I didn't think he knew anyone here in Sandford. What sort of woman?"

"Rather a young woman," said Kate, "with black eyes and dark hair."

The major started, and a queer look came into his cunning eyes. He detected under Kate's quiet, suppressed manner a certain sadness. Did she suspect anything in connection with this meeting between Desmond Carr-Lyon and this woman? Black eyes and dark hair—hadn't he been the woman with whom he had talked in the Lydgate drive that morning? If so, he could turn this incident to account. It seemed to him that Kate was taking a very strange—but keen interest in Desmond; if so, the sooner he stilled that interest the better.

"Ah! Dear me! That's true," he said, shaking his head with an air of outraged virtue. "So that's the business, is it?"

"What do you mean, papa?" she asked, raising her eyes to his face with a strange look of dread and apprehension.

The major shook his head again. "I don't like to convict anyone on mere suspicion. Judge not, in case you should be judged. You know, I'm afraid things look rather black against Des—against Clifford Raven."

"What things look black?" she asked, her face growing paler, her lips set, and her eyes meeting his with a painful intensity.

"Well, I put it to you, Kate: you are pretty quick at putting two and two together. You say you saw the woman and Clifford Raven talking together—a dark woman. But wait, shall I tell you what she was like?"

"Have you seen her too, papa?" Kate asked.

"Judge for yourself. Was this woman of yours rather tall, with jet-black eyes, with a hard, wildish, kind of look in them? Did she wear a black hat with a red wing in it, and a brown jacket with fur on it?"

Kate started.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

The major shook his head again. "Then it is as I expected and feared. Kate! I met this woman this morning. He went on, gravely, and altering his tone without moving a muscle, "just after I left the house. She stopped me, and asked me if I knew of anyone called Clifford Raven here in Sandford."

He stopped, and his cunning eyes shot a glance at her face, which had grown painfully intent. "I did answer her at once, Kate, for I naturally wanted to know something about her before I gave Clifford away, so to speak, and I'm sorry to say, I'm afraid, but I'm afraid my friend Clifford is a worse man even than I took him for."

There was a chair standing near her, and Kate dropped into it and crossed her hands on the table. Her heart was beating painfully; she could not speak.

"A very bad lot," said the major, impressively. "You don't know much of the world, Kate, but goodness! but you know enough to form some idea of the state of the case. Here is a man wandering about the place, evidently trying to find out about me, and here is a woman—er—this woman's type in pursuit of him. I say it looks bad, very bad!"

There was silence for a moment, then Kate forced herself to speak.

"Do you think that this—this poor woman is Clifford Raven's papa?" she asked, trying to speak indifferently.

The major shook his head. "I can't say. But, at any rate, she must be very closely connected with him, poor woman! Yes, I'm afraid Clifford Raven is an out-and-out bad lot. I'm sorry to say this, Kate, for I've half an idea that—ahem!—that you were rather interested in him last night."

Kate raised her truthful eyes and met his small, cunning ones steadily.

"Yes, papa," she said in a low voice, "I was interested in him. He looked so poor and—ah—and seemed so friendly."

"All his own fault, my dear," said the major, solemnly. "All his own fault. Depend upon it that when a man is—er—poor and friendly, as you describe it, that he has only himself to thank for it."

There was silence for a moment, the major, while apparently looking hard at a decanter, kept his eyes fixed on the pale, beautiful face.

"I'm sorry to tell you all this, Kate, but—er—I feel that it is my duty, and now that you know the kind of man this Clifford Raven is, I hope you won't waste any more pity on him."

Kate rose and put back a wisp of hair that had strayed on her forehead, and with the action she seemed to put away from her the subject.

"No, papa. Any pity I may have I shall expend on the poor woman. I never want to hear Clifford Raven's name again."

"Quite right, my dear Kate; quite right! Just what I should have expected you to say, said the major. "We won't talk of him again, and I'm very sorry that he should ever have turned up."

Which was about the truest word the

major had ever spoken! Kate finished arranging her dress in silence, and when it was done, went up to her own room.

She had said that she never wanted to hear Clifford Raven's name again; but notwithstanding the assertion, she could not prevent her mind from recurring to him.

She thought of him all the afternoon. While she was discussing the dinner with Ann, the cook, and while she was dressing, the young man's face would flash before her, his dark eyes gazing at her sadly, as if in reproach for her judgment of him. His voice—so gentle and grave, and to all seeming so true—rang in her ears; and it was almost with a sense of relief that she heard Ann knock at the door and announce the arrival of Lord Carr-Lyon.

She had paid little attention to her dress, for Kate, notwithstanding her beauty, was not a vain girl; but if she had spent hours in anxious thought concerning her toilette, she could not have looked more beautiful than she did in her plain dress of black lace, with its two or three bows of helio-

hope and the white Christmas rose in her bosom as an ornament.

With a dull, half-numbed feeling, she went down to the little drawing-room, unconscious of her loveliness, and only anxious that the evening should be got through quickly.

Lord Carr-Lyon was leaning against the mantel-shelf, his eyes fixed on the door with half-suppressed eagerness.

He was a tall, well-built man, and a vicious manner, but even tools can fall in love, and Lord Carr-Lyon had fallen in love with Kate with all the strength—

or weakness—of his nature. Some instinct told him that Kate was not the girl to be caught with outward glitter, and tonight he had dressed himself carefully. He had discarded the heavy gold chain and instead of the diamond solitaire which usually beamed in his shirt-front, were plain pearls.

His manner, too, was much quieter than usual, and, as he had, with a great effort abstained from alcohol for the last few hours, the bold and offensive manner which ordinarily belonged to him was displaced for a quieter air.

He loved Kate with the whole strength of his weak nature; and if it had been necessary for him to choose between an earldom and her, he would have chosen her without a moment's hesitation. I am anxious to give the Right Honourable Earl of Carr-Lyon his due, and I give it.

He started up as she entered, and took the little hand she gave him in his big paw, and actually forgot to hug her, as he would her good-evening.

And Kate, strange to say, felt less repugnance to him than usual. Her belief in Clifford Raven's baseness and unworthiness had, in some mysterious fashion, raised Lord Carr-Lyon in her estimation.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORIC STAKE MERELY GALLOP FOR TRADITION

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The Alabama, one of Saratoga's historic stake races, and today's feature, was merely a gallop for Sidney Paget's 3-year-old filly Tradition.

Tradition was a prohibitive favorite at 1 to 15. Gold Ten and Klamesha, the only other starters, were each quoted at 15 to 1 to win, but the latter was a bit better liked for place at odds of 7 to 10.

What things look black? In the lead as they passed the grand stand the first time, Tradition soon made up the distance, however, and at the six-furlongs pole was 2 lengths to 1 to win, but the latter remained in second position the rest of the way and could not overcome Tradition.

When he came off Gold Ten, Tradition was winning, and she was fifteen lengths away at the finish.

The day opened with an upset, in which Dandelion figured as the upset, and Oarsman as the 20 to 1 winner. Adriatic threw her jockey in this race.

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BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE CONTRACTS.

New York, Aug. 3.—President Pulliam, of the National League, today issued the following contracts and re-contracts: With St. Louis, H. Arndt, for 1935; with Chicago, John L. Arndt, 1935 and 1936. Released—By Cincinnati, Frank G. Hahn, unconditionally.

KINSELLA SOLD TO PITTSBURGH.

Bloomfield, Ill., Aug. 3.—Pitcher Edward Kinsella, of the local Three-I League team, was today sold to the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League team for \$1,000. He will report at the end of the season.

LACROSSE.

GUELPH WINS FROM HESPERIA.

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 3.—The Junior C. Lacrosse team, which this afternoon defeated Hesperia, 8 to 2, won the championship of the state of the case. Here is a man wandering about the place, evidently trying to find out about me, and here is a woman—er—this woman's type in pursuit of him. I say it looks bad, very bad!"

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SAULT STE. MARIE, PORT ARTHUR AND DULUTH.

Delightful way. Leave London, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11:10 a.m. and go on board fine steamers, Monarch, Saratoga or Home, of the Northern Navigation Company, at Sault Ste. Marie. Full information at Grand Trunk City Office, Mr. De la Hooke, city ticket agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized, also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furnaces, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 505 Richmond St., Phone 997.

It's a well known fact that knows its own father. The June bride now occupies the center of the stage.

He who wears a long face doesn't necessarily live the longest.

You can drive a boy to school, but you cannot make him learn.

Every time a young man's liver gets to acting up he imagines he is in love.

Hair Vigor. Losing your hair? And doing nothing to stop it? Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly checks falling hair? It certainly does. And it restores color, also. 4-2-2-2-2.

PAT POWERS FOR PULLIAM'S PLACE

SWEET MARIE WON \$5,000 FOR OWNER

Rumor That Eastern President Will Succeed Head of National League.

Pittsburgh, Aug. 3.—A rumor is current that Pat Powers, president of the Eastern League, has been talked of as a probable candidate to succeed Harry Pulliam next year as president of the National League. How the rumor was started is not known, but it is thought the story seems to have some foundation for the reason that it came from a gentleman who is in a position to hear such matters discussed. This gentleman said that he heard of Pat's name in connection with the National League presidency, though, as he was unable to say positively that Powers was a candidate, but he got it from another gentleman that the head of the Eastern League might succeed President Pulliam.

"It's news to me," said Barney Dreyfuss yesterday, when he was asked if he knew anything of Powers being a candidate.

"That's the first I have heard of it," he said. "I don't think there is anything in the report. In fact, I don't think there is much chance of Powers' name being put forward as being elected National League president, as I have, and from the tone of his conversation he considered himself an all-around player in the race, were the presidential bee buzzed in his bonnet."

"No, I don't think there is any foundation at all for connecting the name of Pat Powers with the presidency of the National League," continued President Dreyfuss.

"Would you be for Pulliam were he to be a candidate for re-election?"

"I don't know," said Dreyfuss. "President Dreyfuss has nothing to say in his reply to President Pulliam's hot retort of last week relative to the National League and the American League on account of alleged unfair treatment."

"You never heard me say anything against Harry, did you?" he asked, not going to say anything now. He knows that I couldn't go into the American League if I wanted to."

"What do you know regarding the story of a possible consolidation of the National and American Leagues?"

"Nothing except what I read in the newspapers. The first I heard of it was when I received a clipping from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which said that the American League was asking me if I knew anything about it. I was in the east at the time."

"I don't think two clubs can make money in the same city, and I don't think four clubs in the National League will not make money in the American League."

President Dreyfuss thinks that Pittsburgh has a mighty good chance to beat out the Giants for the pennant, and he banks a whole lot on the team. He thinks Muggsy McGraws have to play with Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, not to mention those they have with Chicago. The Giants have ten games with Pittsburgh, and thirteen with Philadelphia, which will keep them stepping some to win.

MISS MARY LOVE IS AGAIN CHAMPION.

Miss Mary Love is again the champion of the lady tennis players at the Thistle Club, winning the final game against Miss Hayes by the score of 6-3, 6-1.

The men's series is still unfinished. Miss Love's handicap was minus 40, and Miss Hayes' was minus half 40.

DECIDING GAME IS TO BE PLAYED HERE

The deciding game in junior district No. 1, between St. Thomas and Chatham, will be played in Tecumseh Park on Aug. 11. President Allen, of the C. L. A., has ordered it.

The teams of the district have been seen-sawing all year, and there has been a great deal of excitement. St. Thomas and Chatham have each won three games and lost one.

Chatham won last year with almost the same team. Frank Babcock was then manager. This year Babcock has had the St. Thomas team, and they have improved wonderfully.

Both teams are expected to play special trains, and large crowds are expected. Chatham will bring a thousand people, and St. Thomas will bring a thousand.

It will not be far behind that number.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At Saratoga—Oarsman, 20 to 1; Calico, 15 to 1; Military Man, 15 to 1; Tradition, 1 to 15; Military Man, 20 to 1; Mohawk, 7 to 1.

At Port Jervis—Conjurers, 3 to 1; Lena Jones, 10 to 1; Conjurers, 10 to 1; Monochord, 12 to 1; Depends, 2½ to 1; The Guardsman, 5 to 1.

At Laticonia—Capt. Bush, 12 to 1; Early Boy, even; La Pucelle, 7 to 1; Orleans, 3 to 1; Happy Jack II, 4 to 1; Aureverest, 5 to 1.

At Glencoe—To HAVE MATINEE.

Glencoe Driving Club it is ready to hold a race matinee on Glencoe's Civic Holiday, Aug. 16. There will be three classes—A, B, and C, and all are open to the people of the surrounding country.

THE RING.

TO TAKE RUHLIN IN TOW.

San Francisco, Aug. 3.—James J. Jeffries, retired champion of the world, will be a spectator at the fight in Colma, Cal., between Gus Ruhlin and Jim McCormick on Aug. 11. His friends say that Jeffries is anxious to see the Akron giant win from McCormick and fight Hart for the heavyweight title. Jeffries will be in Ruhlin's corner in the McCormick fight, and will coach the Akron pugilist. Gus has been training near San Francisco, and is in the best of condition. An interesting phase of the fight is that while Jeffries is with Ruhlin, John L. Sullivan will act as McCormick's adviser.

GOLF.

LADIES' TOURNAMENT.

Ottawa, Aug. 3.—The fourth annual ladies' tournament of the Royal Canadian Golf Association will be held on the Links of the Royal Golf Club, Dixie, P. Q., commencing Monday, Sept. 8. The open ladies' championship will be competed for, besides a consolation for the runner-up. An informal match between Quebec and Ontario.

TRIGGER.

BEST SHOT IN THE ARMY.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—All records for marksmanship in the United States Army were broken at Fort Sheridan today by Corp. Jos. C. Smith (colored). Smith is a member of Company G, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Fort Reno, Oklahoma. He made a score of 181 out of a possible 200 in slow shooting. In rapid fire shooting he made 97 out of a possible 100.

Defeated Tiverton in a Matched Race on the Readville Track.

Readville, Mass., Aug. 3.—In one of the finest speed contests ever seen on the Readville track, Sweet Marie defeated Tiverton out of three heats at the Readville track today, thereby winning for her owner a purse of \$5,000.

William Garland, of Los Angeles, owner of Sweet Marie, 2:04½, and J. B. Gathway, of New York, owner of Tiverton, 2:04½, the two crack trotters of the year, had matched their steeds for \$5,000.

It was 2:30 o'clock when Alta McDonald, behind Sweet Marie, and John Howell, with Tiverton, appeared for the first heat, the latter getting the pole on the loss. After a couple of preliminary scores all was in readiness, the first heat was won by Sweet Marie, with Tiverton a saddle girl in the lead. This advantage he increased until he swung down the stretch for home, when Sweet Marie reached his wheel, but the gelding won handily by half a length. Sweet Marie was under a hard drive.

The time, 2:05½, was the trotting record of the year.

In the second heat McDonald had Sweet Marie right to her stride and went away with Tiverton at a whirlwind pace. Sweet Marie was in the lead, but the gelding won handily by a length. This time McDonald made his horse jog home, winning the race by an open length. Time, 2:06½.

From there to the wire was witnessed one of the most desperate finishes ever seen on a track, and when Sweet Marie flashed under the wire by a neck the applause was deafening and continued until the drivers had disappeared and weighed in. The time, 2:04½.

In the third and final heat Tiverton led to the front, but Sweet Marie yoked him, and won the race. Howell, who was second in the first heat, then he realized that he was beaten and considerably eased his horse, the Baire jogging home winner of the race by an open length. Time, 2:06½.

The time of the three heats was within the exception of the Crescens-The An-lott race at Brighton Beach the fastest ever trotted. In the opinion of experienced horsemen the time made today was superior, as The Abbott was with a 2:15 pace, second heat and Crescens won the mile, accompanied by a runner for a pacemaker. Summaries:

Match race, trot, purse \$5,000.—Sweet Marie, 2:04½; Tiverton, 2:04½.

2:14 trot, purse \$500.—Directum Lass won second, fourth and fifth heats and led to the front in the sixth heat. Kid Shay won first and third heats in 2:11½, 2:09½. Bingham and Aley also started.

2:15 pace, purse \$500.—Billy Walter, Jun., won in straight heats, Time 2:12, 2:13½, 2:12½. Dewey, Little Miss, Bobby Nye and Messina also started.

2:15 trot, purse \$500.—Albert C. won in straight heats, Time 2:15½, 2:15½, 2:15½. George M., Composer, Queen of Melody and Sporty also started. Silk Weaver, Gustro and Beck Sargent were distanced.

Against time to beat 2:14 trot—Admiral Dewey won. Time, 2:09½.

HIGHLANDERS HIT A WINNING GAIT

Are Now In Fourth Place in the American—Giants Lose to Pirates.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Baltimore.—00014352-10 R. H. E. Baltimore.....00014352-10 R. H. E. Toronto.....01100010-6 2 6

Batteries—Adkins and Heame; Crystall and McGraw. Attendance, 5,000.

At Newark.—021010000-4 8 3 Baltimore.....03100010-5 8 1 Montreal.....01100010-6 2 6 McCarthy and Raub. Umpire, Conway. Attendance, 5,000.

At Jersey City.—000001000-1 7 2 Rochester.....000203010-6 8 3 Batteries—Panniller, Merritt and Vandenberg; Payne and Criger. Moran and Hassett. Attendance, 500.

At Providence.—Providence-Buffalo game postponed to Friday, on account of the Eagles' loss.

EASTERN STANDING.

Jersey City..... Won. Lost. P. C. Baltimore..... 52 36 .588

Providence..... 52 36 .588