

Remarkable For Its Absolute Purity and Most Delicious Flavor.

TEA

Ceylon Tea, the World Preference.

Sold only in sealed tea packets, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. By all grocers. Black, mixed or green. Highest award, St. Louis, 1904.

A Shining Mark

"Forget it! No!" she exclaimed between her teeth. "I couldn't if I tried, and I wouldn't if I could. There isn't a day, nor an hour, that I don't think of the girl I was and—the woman I am. She caught her breath and bit her lip. 'I'll tell you, Des, because, because, somehow I feel as if I must, and, besides, perhaps you can help me. Who knows? You have been about and may have met—'"

"Des, when you left Cambridge, I was going to marry Ned. The day wasn't fixed quite, but it had been talked of, and it was understood directly he got a rise, we were to be married."

She paused again, and her eyes grew softer as she looked out to sea, then she roused herself.

"One day, while I was getting my things ready—I was sitting in the shop at work—and a gentleman came in. He was a young fellow, not good looking, but—stylish; a little too stylish for one of your set, besides, I knew he wasn't a Cambridge man; didn't I know 'em all? He bought a cigar and stopped and talked a bit, and then he went and I thought no more of him. He came the next day and stayed and talked a little longer, and the next day he told me his name—'Claude Hamilton.' Did you ever hear the name, Des?" she looked at him for a moment with anxious expectancy.

"Hamilton—Claude Hamilton? No, but Hamilton is not uncommon, Jess," he said. "Not a Cambridge man?"

"No, no, I should have known him else. No, he was a stranger to me and the place. He was staying at an hotel, and he said he was rich. He wore heavy jewelry, and—he came one day and took off a diamond ring and gave me."

"You took it, Jess?" said Desmond Carr-Lyon, with mingled surprise and reproach.

"Yes," she said, bitterly. "I who used to refuse everything except a bunch of flowers from the rest of you, took his ring, Des. I don't know what made me do it. I—I was mad!"

She caught her breath, and beat the seat with her fingers.

"It wasn't the only thing I took. He was free enough—then. There was scarcely a day then he'd bring me something, and I took them all, and—him and them from—"

Her voice broke, and she lowered her head, and kept it lowered as she went on.

"It's the old story, Des, and you've guessed it. I expect. He never let me alone. He was always telling me that I was too good to sit all day in a patty, selling him cigars to a parcel of cads. I ought to be a lady, and a lady," she repeated, bitterly. "To cut it short, Des, he offered to marry me, to make me Mrs. Claude Hamilton!"

"Jess!" exclaimed Desmond, almost sternly.

"Yes, that's right! But you won't say anything, think anything so bad of me as I say about myself, and Ned and I wouldn't have consented, but Ned and I had a fling! It was all about nothing, but he flung himself out, and said he wouldn't be played with by a lady, and that he'd never come back to me."

She stopped and cleared her throat.

"But he did come back the next day," she went on, hoarsely. "Come back to find that I'd gone."

Desmond Carr-Lyon looked at her with grave apprehension.

"That wasn't like you, Jess," he said in a low voice.

She laughed, bitterly.

"No, was it? But I was mad, I tell you, clean mad. His talk and grand promises had turned my head, and I was no more like the sensible girl that used to keep all you young fellows in your place, than—a fool is like Solomon."

She dashed her hand across her eyes and went on.

"I went off with him, Des, and then—then I found what his fine promises were worth. He didn't make a lady of me, and he left me a week afterwards. Left me in London, a stranger, and friendless, with nothing but a few shillings for the story of his being rich was as big a lie as the rest, and he'd borrowed all my own savings, Des."

Desmond Carr-Lyon did not shrink from her as a self-righteous person would have done. The same manly sympathy which had prompted him to feed the tramp and the two little children while he went hungry, did not desert him now.

He put his hand on the girl's hand with a gentle, comforting pressure, but she shook it off.

"Don't—don't pity me, Des, or I shall break down," she said, hoarsely. "I was in a bad night—just what I deserved!" she went on. "I ought to have starved outright, but I didn't. It's always the people who want to die that have to live on. But I very nearly managed it. I was down to my last copper when I heard of a chance. There must have been some of the good looks left that you fellows were so ways telling me about. It was hard work," she sighed, "standing for hours at a time, with nothing to do but think, think, think, but it kept the wolf from the door. It did more than that, for after a time I got to be known as one who would stand without speaking or moving longer than the rest of them, and I made money. I didn't tend more than I could help. I saved it. Can you guess what for, Des?"

He shook his head.

"She drew a long breath."

"All the time I was standing so still and silent I was making a vow. I used to say to myself that for the very first day I had money enough—I'd start on the search for him!"

Desmond Carr-Lyon looked at her, with the tone of her voice. There had, at no period of the recital of her story, been any tears in her eyes; but

her voice had softened now and again. Now, however, it was hard, and rang like steel struck against steel.

"I said to myself that if I waited for fifty years I would find him, and once I found him—I was never like other girls, Des. You used to say, all of you, that I had the luck of two twice my age. For the work I've got in hand I've got the luck of ten—twenty—a hundred!"

"Her teeth clicked, and her eyes blazed."

"I am on the search, Des, and I shall find him some day. When I do—she paused, and he watched her with grave intensity—"when I do we shall see which is the strongest, the cur whose every word was a lie, or the girl he deceived and deserted! I know the way of the world, Des. It's a very pleasant way for your sex, but a hard and cruel one for the women. It isn't good enough for me! No! I shall meet with him some day, and then—she stretched out her hand and her fingers opened and shut—"then I'll say to him—"

"She stopped, and the hand fell to her side almost as if she had suddenly become conscious that she had a list—"

"She wiped her face, upon which the perspiration had started, and drew a long breath."

"That—that's my story, Des! I don't know why I told you! You're the very first person I've opened my mouth to about it! I suppose it was meeting you so suddenly, and remembering the old times, and the good friends we used to be. But I'm not sorry I've told you! You won't tell again, I know that!"

Desmond Carr-Lyon nodded.

"No, my poor Jess," he said, gently. "I won't say how sorry I am—"

"No, there's no need. The rocks out there on the beach might be sorry for such as me," she said, "and I know your kind heart of old."

"Is there anything I can do," he asked.

"No, no, nothing. No one can do anything for me—excepting it's to tell me where to find him. No one can help me. I must do what I've got to do myself. All I'm afraid of—she paused and her hands clenched—"all I'm afraid of is that I may find him too late; that he may be dead—or married." She caught her breath, and then somehow I feel as if that couldn't be. Something seems to tell me that I shall meet him face to face, and have him at my feet."

"I hope so, with all my heart, Jess," he said. "If every scoundrel like him were hunted down in the same manner the world would be a better and happier place. And you are here at Sandford on this errand, Jess?"

She nodded.

"Yes, I saw him the other day, quite by accident. He was getting out of a cab at the railway station. I followed as soon as I could; but he'd got into the train, and they wouldn't let me on to the station without a ticket. The train was going down this line, and the next day I came down to Bexford—that's the biggest sea-side place. But I couldn't find him without a ticket, and I came on from water-landing place to water-landing place. Nothing seems to tire me, nothing seems to knock me up; every day I keep myself going by saying to myself that I shall find him, perhaps tomorrow. And the tomorrow will come some day. But that will do about me. Tell me about yourself, Des. You—she paused—"you don't look as if the world had treated you well."

He smiled.

"As well as I deserve, I daresay, Jess," he said, lightly.

"If—if—" she said, falteringly, "it you are hard up—Oh, Des, don't be afraid with me. I know you're a gentleman, and I'm only a poor girl, you used to be kind to; but I've got money, and it would make me happy—happy, Des—if you'd let me help you—"

In her eagerness she put one hand on his arm; the other she slid into her pocket.

He took her hand and pressed it with greater friendliness than he would have shown to a duchess.

"Spoken like the old Jess," he said. "And you said you had altered. I follow you. What! Take the money you've saved for your great purpose! Come, come—we won't think of it. But all the same—there's a poor girl, you've made me blush; think of that, Jess."

Though there was not a blush on his face, there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"Of course, you couldn't. I might have known that," she said, resignedly. "But what a strange world it is, Des. You—a gentleman—should be down on your neck; you, a real old-fashioned man! Why, there's a Lord Carr-Lyon, isn't there—a regular earl?"

"Yes, Jess," he said, laughing; "but that doesn't make any difference for me. The old gentleman and I were never good friends, and there are two sons of his between me and the title. Besides, I was a youngster at school, and now, know nothing about them. No, Jess, I've cut out my own way, and a good thing, too. It's been pretty hard to cut, presently, but it will run into something smoother directly. I've no doubt."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"A broad one more—over the herring pond. England seems rather a cold place when you've no friends, Jess."

"You know no one?" she said. "I met a young lady, a very beautiful girl on the path just now, and she said she had been talking to you, as she appeared quite suddenly."

Desmond Carr-Lyon hesitated a second, then he said quietly:

"She is not a friend of mine, Jess. He could not tell her of the meeting with Desmond Meddon without going into the whole story. 'Barring yourself, I may say that I haven't a friend in

England, so that I am wise in getting out of it, don't you think?"

He rose and spoke. He had spent quite enough time idling, and there was a long tramp before him.

"Good-bye, Jess. I can't tell you how glad I am that I have seen you, and I only wish you had better news to tell me."

"Perhaps I shall have when we next meet. You'll give me your address, won't you?"

[To be Continued.]

BELDAME AND ORT WELLS BEATEN BY STAUNCH OLD CAUGHNAWAGA

Saratoga, N. Y., July 31.—Staunch old Caughnawaga captured the feature event of the day, the Saratoga handicap, for her owner, John Sanford, in easy style, outfooting such cracks as Ort Wells, Beldame and Knyta. There was a gap of nearly a length between Caughnawaga and Waterlight as they passed the judges' stand. Waterlight beat Beldame by half a length, and these finished in a division by themselves. Knyta, who finished fifth, closed at 4 to 1, the same price that ruled against Ort Wells, who finished seventh.

After the breakaway Knyta took the lead and held it to the second turn, where Wild Mint picked it up. Waterlight moved up on the far turn into second position. As they turned into the home stretch Caughnawaga came through the bunch and thereafter was not headed.

The Saratoga handicap is one of the more recently inaugurated of the big handicaps of the racing world. It was first run in 1890, and the distance was placed at 1½ miles, but was changed the following year to 1½ miles. The course was again altered in 1903 to 1¼ miles, where it has since remained. The event is for 3-year-olds and over, and attracts the entries of high-class handicap horses. The winner of the race has been beaten three lengths separating him and Gallant, who finished the same distance ahead of Venter.

Only two horses finished in the Ballston steeplechase out of a field of four starters. The Piedmont stable's Claret Knot (ed. Claret) shot, fell, Call, Callan, the 7 to 10 favorite, threw his rider on the first round.

Broadcloth, favorite in the first event, won by a length and a half from the second choice, Cranberry.

The fifth was easy for Mad Mullah, the 9 to 10 favorite.

The real race in the sixth was for second money, Adonis finishing a head before Sandy D. Blair Athol, the favorite, was eased up at the finish.

Year.	Winner.	Jockey.	Wt.	Value.	Time.
1901	Rocketon	N. Turner	116	\$6,800	1:53½
1902	Crane	H. Michaels	97	\$6,800	1:59
1903	Waterboy	Odum	127	\$8,800	2:05½
1904	Lord of the Vale	Lyne	112	\$8,800	2:05
1905	Caughnawaga	Burns	119	\$10,000	2:07½

Burgomaster, Belmont being three lengths separating him and Gallant, who finished the same distance ahead of Venter.

Only two horses finished in the Ballston steeplechase out of a field of four starters. The Piedmont stable's Claret Knot (ed. Claret) shot, fell, Call, Callan, the 7 to 10 favorite, threw his rider on the first round.

Broadcloth, favorite in the first event, won by a length and a half from the second choice, Cranberry.

The fifth was easy for Mad Mullah, the 9 to 10 favorite.

The real race in the sixth was for second money, Adonis finishing a head before Sandy D. Blair Athol, the favorite, was eased up at the finish.

CLEVELAND MEET WAS CALLED OFF

Tom Johson Would Not Permit Pool Selling—Races Canceled.

Cleveland, O., July 31.—Following an order from Mayor Tom L. Johnson to Chief of Police Koehler to stop all pool selling and gambling at the Cleveland race track, where the Grand Circuit meeting opens this afternoon, it was announced that the race track will be abolished after the present meet graded down and divided into city lots.

Just a short time ago there was but little doubt that pool selling would be permitted, but as the village of Cleveland, in which the track is located, has in the past few days been annexed to the city of Cleveland, Mayor Johnson has control over the situation.

The track has been open since the past 25 years, and has had as its main feature Saturday matinees, which have been free to the public.

The action of the mayor, called forth many protests from both the officers of the Cleveland club and the horse owners, and every possible means were taken to induce him to relent, but to no use.

A meeting of the officers of the association was called and it was decided to finish the M. and M. Consolation race, which was unfinished at Detroit, and then to abandon the meeting. This was done.

It was at first intended to transfer the races to Buffalo, but telegraph quiry revealed the fact that Buffalo would not permit the transfer because of interference with the regular racing meet there. The horse owners, however, have scattered, some of them going to Buffalo and elsewhere and some of them remaining here to work out.

The third race of the M. and M. Consolation purse, 2:24 trot, unfinished at Detroit, was won by Miss-in-Law, Time 2:11½, Getaway second, and Emily Letcher, third.

THE PIRATES GET ANOTHER SETBACK

Beaten By Brooklyn in a Ten-Innings Game—Giants Still Winning.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Baltimore—R. H. E. 10 0 0 1 0 10—3 8 1
Marshall 10 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 4 2
Batteries—McNeill and Myers; Batters and Raub. Umpire, Zimmer. Attendance, 1,200.

At Providence—Providence-Rochester game postponed; wet grounds.

At Jersey City—Jersey City-Buffalo game postponed; rain.

At Newark—Newark-Toronto game postponed; wet grounds.

EASTERN STANDING.

Jersey City	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Baltimore	50	39	.562
Providence	47	33	.588
Newark	40	40	.500
Buffalo	37	41	.474
Toronto	34	46	.425
Rochester	32	47	.406
Montreal	32	55	.368

IN THE AMERICAN.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E. 10 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 6 1
Philadelphia 10 0 0 0 1 0 0—4 10 1
Batteries—White and Sullivan; Plank and Egan. Umpire, Connor and McCarthy. Attendance, 6,532.

At Washington—R. H. E. 10 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 6 1
Washington 10 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—5 7 2
Detroit 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 3
Batteries—Patten and Heydon; Kilson and DeLo. Umpire, O'Loughlin. Attendance, 3,121.

At New York—The New York-Cleveland American game was postponed today on account of team games. The teams will play one game tomorrow and two on Wednesday.

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

AMERICAN STANDING.

Chicago	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Cleveland	53	25	.682
Philadelphia	49	35	.581
Boston	48	36	.569
New York	39	41	.488
St. Louis	39	43	.476
Washington	32	52	.384
Washington	31	54	.365

CLIPPERS TRIM DUNDAS SCOTS

Footballers From Little Town Win Championship of the Province.

Markham, July 31.—Locust Hill Clippers are champions. Before a crowd of 2,500 people on the athletic grounds here tonight the Locust Hill Clippers football team met the Scots, of Dundas, in the final home-and-home game for the championship of Ontario. The Scots, who were the holders of the championship of Ontario last year, thought would mitigate against the home team, but the little fellows succeeded in holding their heavy opponents down to a score of 1 goal each, which, with the score of 2 to 0 at Dundas, makes the final score of 3 to 1 for the Clippers, and gives the holders of the Stratton cup the interprovincial championship of Ontario also. The play certainly demonstrated the superiority of the Clippers, and shows them to be the better of the two teams, and the capable of going the distance in a game as they had all the best of the play in the last half. The first goal was scored after eight minutes play in the first half by Bill Maxwell. The Scots scoring theirs in the second half, Caldwell went the trick after 12 minutes, in which the Clippers looked to have all the best of the play. Mr. Brown, of Berlin, Ont., made a most satisfactory referee. The teams: Dundas Scots—Jack Fletcher, Jim Fletcher, Schwartz, Walker, Stock, Reid, Caldwell, Campbell, Lyon, Chalange, McCauley. Forest Clippers—Mackay, P. Spofford, Tebman, Simpson, Robinson, Resor, Maxwell, Resor, Maxwell, Rouley.

The Clippers now intend to try for a game with the Seaford champions.

ONLY RUNNING RACES; KINGSTON TRACK HEAVY

Kingston, Ont., July 31.—There were only running races at the day's sports today, the track being too heavy for the other events, which resulted.

First race—Charles Fair, Toronto, 1 2 2; My Honey, J. F. & F. Haynes, Toronto, 5 4 1; Marston Moore, J. Smith, Montreal, 4 1 2; Golden Cockade, J. J. Peterson, Kingston, 2 5 5.

Time—55½, 56, 56½.

In the second heat of the fast race, Golden Cockade was disqualified for a foul on the stretch.

J.H. CHAPMAN & CO.

Our August Clean-Up Sale Begins Today

Every hour today will be busy—each and every department will be rushed from opening until closing. Such deep, strong bargains have never before been offered by this enterprising store.

Tomorrow is as important a day as today—new goods will be added—lines replenished—everything will be done to increase the "dollar-stretching" forces of this sale.

About tomorrow—how much do you want to spend? Well, leave half of that at home and you will fill your needs with the remainder most satisfactorily. Come and try it.

- \$4.50 Shirtwaist**
Dresses at \$2.95.
- 30 only Ladies' Wash Shirtwaist Dresses, made of fine linen suiting, in colors of pale blue, navy and reseda, stylish cut, pleated waist, full sleeves, regularly sold at \$4.00 and \$4.50. Sale price that will soon finish them...**\$2.95**
- Wash Skirts, 98c.**
Colored Petticoats, 49c.
- Clearing lot of Ladies' Stylish Wash Skirts, linen, percale and duck, some are trimmed, all lengths, worth \$1.50 and \$2.00. Tomorrow, choice...**98c**
- 23 dozen Women's Percale Petticoats, deep flounce with frills, worth \$1.25. A good Petticoat at...**49c**

Be Here Tomorrow—These Silk Waists at \$1.95.

You'll pay the price gladly for these Cream Silk Waists, which are regular at \$4.00. Made of washable Habutai Silk, lace insertion and tucks, full sleeves. All sizes for first comers. Tomorrow...**\$1.95**

Buy Whitewear For Next Season.

If you have all the White Undergarments you need for present use—these bargains are worth picking up for another season.

- Women's Fine White Cambric Nightgowns, two designs of embroidery trimming and two of lace trimming, full ample sizes, worth \$1.25. Clean-up Cut Price...**85c**
- 10 dozen White Cambric Drawers, tuckered frill (one pair to a customer). Tomorrow...**19c**
- 10 dozen White Lonsdale Cambric Cusker Covers, full front, lace and ribbon trimmed, worth 35c. Tomorrow...**19c**

White Silk.

Suitable quality for making wedding and bridesmaid's gowns, evening waists and dresses and for children's wear. White Habutai Wash Silk, 27 inches wide, 500 yards until sold 18½c yard.

18½c

Pink and blue, medium bust girdles, worth 75c. At...**39c**

HALF-PRICE CHINA SALE CONTINUES.

Dress Goods.

23 pieces Fine Wool Dress Goods, for Shirtwaist Suits and Girls' Dresses, all colors, worth 50c yard. At...**23c**

12 pieces Black Dress Goods, including some new autumn weaves. Reduced from 65c, 75c and \$1.00 to...**50c**

J. H. Chapman & Co.
126, 128, 128½ DUNDAS ST.,
Terms Cash. Phone 791.

UMPIRE UPHELD BY EXECUTIVE

City League Dismisses the Protest Entered By the Blue Labels.

The executive committee of the City League handed out its decision in regard to the protest of the Blue Labels against the rulings of Umpire Reid in the game played July 22 between the Labels and McClarys. They came to the following conclusion after hearing Mr. Reid's version of the matter: "1. Contention, re balk: Mr. Reid explains that the balk made by pitcher starting to deliver the ball to the batter and not immediately delivering it; hence the executive decides that there was a balk."

"2. In reference to the alleged attempt of the captain of the Blue Labels to get a hearing from the umpire, Mr. Reid says that he saw no attempt on the part of the captain of the Blue Labels previous to his calling the strikes on the batter for not taking his knees, and hence the executive decides that the umpire's action was correct."

"The protest of the Blue Label Club is therefore not sustained."

FOUR BALL GAMES TOMORROW AFTERNOON

Two good ball games are scheduled between Diamond Hall and Scandretts and the Druggists and Grocers in the Commercial League at Springfield tomorrow afternoon. The line-up is as follows:

Grocers. Druggists.
Gardie.....catcher.....7 Underhill
Beaton.....pitcher.....Richardson
J. Taylor.....1st base.....Walton
Aspinall.....2nd base.....Keenan
W. Wiley.....3rd base.....Clarke
Fowler.....shortstop.....Harris
Hart.....left field.....Allan
Vincent.....center field.....Gilles
Young.....right field.....Russell
Second game, 4 o'clock.

Diamond Hall. Scandretts.
H. Webb.....catcher.....Glynn
D. Webb.....pitcher.....F. Clark
Bridgman.....1st base.....H. Langford
Murray.....2nd base.....J. Clarke
Aspinall.....3rd base.....Crawford
Finnegan.....shortstop.....Scrutton
Nash.....left field.....Chadwick
Murray.....center field.....Chivas
Young.....right field.....Wooden
Two good games of ball are scheduled for Wednesday afternoon at Tecumseh Park between the London and Rockets of the City League. No doubt a large crowd will be present. The line-up:

London. Rockets.
Stein.....catcher.....Wilson
Sheere and.....West and
Crawford.....pitcher.....Wilson
Wanless.....1st base.....G. Arthur
Graham.....2nd base.....Hosie
O'Rourke.....3rd base.....W. Arthur
Fleming.....shortstop.....Crawford
Geddes.....left field.....Dewan
Jeffries.....center field.....Bell
Stockton.....right field.....Graydon

ANOTHER MATCH BETWEEN BRITT AND COLORED MAN

Chicago, July 31.—Al Herford, of Baltimore, and his protegee, Kid Sullivan, of Washington, who jumped into the front ranks of the lightweights by putting up a game 20-round fight with Jimmy Britt at San Francisco, recently dropped into town yesterday and, after a few minutes between, trains discussing the battle out on the coast. Incidentally Herford took time to post a forfeit of \$1,000 to bind another match between Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt at Brooklyn, 2 to 1.

He offers to bet \$5,000 to \$3,500. Gans will beat Britt the next time they meet.

"Britt is the best lightweight in the world, bar Gans," said Herford, "and I think that reason I would like to pit Gans against him for another battle. While Sullivan made a creditable showing with Jimmy and gave him a good battle he was not a match for the best of the natives, but no one so much as the clever Jimmy himself. I am now after another match between Gans and Britt."

COBBOURGH ASYLUM BURSAR DEAD.

Toronto, Aug. 1.—J. W. Smith, bursar at Cobourg Asylum, died suddenly yesterday, from heart failure. He was well known in rowing circles. He accompanied Gaudaur to England when the latter beat Stanbury, ten years ago.

River's

Hair Vigor. Does four things and does them well. Restores color to gray hair, stops falling hair, makes the hair grow, cures dandruff. Isn't this enough for one preparation?