

FAR, FAR and AWAY

superior to the finest Japan Tea ever grown.

WALLA

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN Tea is as far ahead of Japan Tea as "SALADA" Black is ahead of all other black teas.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS, BY ALL GROCERS.

FIGHTING FOR A NAME.

"Hm—then you have come to your senses sufficiently to own your sins," was the evasive reply. "Where have you been all these years?—Australia. But you don't appear to be very glad to see me, Uncle Ben."

"No, I'm not," was the blunt and unequivocal reply.

"That is very encouraging to a returned prodigal," said Richard Heatherton, bitterly, and flushing hotly.

"Prodigal? yes, I guess that's about the right term to apply to yourself," Mr. Lawson grimly responded. "But why have you allowed us to believe you were dead all these years? What could be your object?"

The man flushed again, and seemed undecided what answer to make to this question; but after a moment he replied:

"You all renounced—discarded me, you know, and there was nothing left to me but to clear out and try to make care of No. 1; so I thought, the farther away I went the better."

"Then it was all a lie—your dying abroad that vessel?"

"Yes, I may as well admit that it was only a story intended to cover my tracks more effectively. There was a death however, on board the vessel in which I sailed—a man who shared my stateroom, and who, having lost both wife and children, had no ties in this country, and had turned his back on all in the hope of being able to forget suddenly all the second day out, and from the first day the ship's surgeon said he could not live. I resolved that I would let him be taken for me. I had broken away from everyone—no one cared for me, or would mourn for me—indeed, I thought it would be a relief to you all to believe me dead. This man was delicious from the first, so he was unable to control any statement which I might make. I assisted in the care of him—spoke of him as 'Heatherton,' the surgeon and steward appeared not to suspect anything wrong, and thus it was easy to carry out the deception. When the man died the certificate was filled out with my name, the death was so recorded in the ship's log-books, while I was believed to have died, and by the name which he had borne, consequently your worthless nephew, to all intents and purposes, passed out of existence."

"What was your object in returning to existence?" Mr. Lawson pertinently demanded, as his companion paused.

"Perhaps you imagined that it was time your uncle had passed in his checks, and possibly you might find a fortune awaiting your return."

Richard Heatherton flushed hotly—a deep, conscious red suffusing cheek, neck and brow, while an angry oath leaped to his lips, although it was instantly checked.

"Truly, Uncle Ben, this is a sorry welcome with which to greet a man who has been a wanderer for more than twenty years," the old man said in an injured tone; then, added, with well-assumed regret, "I perceive that you have not forgiven the extravagance of which I was guilty in my youth."

"Extravagance! If that was the worst of your sins, you might perhaps talk about forgiveness," the old man retorted, a vindictive gleam in his eye, as he thought of the wrongs of the gentle woman who had been his faithful presiding in his home during the last few years—as he thought of the bright manly fellow who had been obliged to fight his own way in the world when he should have been surrounded by the care and protection of his father."

"The worst of my sins repeated his nephew, "I am not conscious of having done you any other wrong than that of leaving some money in my pocket for you to settle, when I so unceremoniously left the country."

"Your wrong against me is the least of your guilt," was the stern rejoinder. "You deal in enigmas. What can you mean, Uncle Ben?"

"It is useless for you to feign ignorance, for I know, though you may think I do not, how you wronged and deserted a beautiful young girl—"

"Had what—how?"

"Richard Heatherton staggered as if his uncle had struck him in the face, as he uttered these surprised exclamations.

"What do I mean? What do I know?" he asked, looking at his nephew. "I know enough to condemn you as a most heartless rascal—as a selfish, soulless scoundrel, who only upon the gratification of his own desire—enough to brand you as worse than a Cain, the mark of whom should be stamped upon your brow, so that every good and true man and woman might know you for what you are, and despise you accordingly."

"This is rather harsh language, isn't it, Uncle Ben?" the man interposed, a frown of anger contracting his brows. "All young men have their wild oats to sow, you know, and I have been no worse than hundreds of others."

"I have no patience with that senseless adage," cried Mr. Lawson testily. "The Book of Wisdom and all nature also, teaches that 'whatsoever a man sows, that will he reap.' All this talk about 'sowing wild oats,' as if it were something to be expected and condoned in young men, exaggerates me beyond endurance; especially when, on the other hand, a young woman cannot be guilty of the slightest indiscretion without being branded for all time. You have sown your 'wild oats,' Richard Heatherton—they have grown to maturity, and there will be an abundant harvest for you to reap, to your sorrow."

"I suppose you mean by that—"

began Heatherton.

"I mean," interrupted his companion, "that the wrong which you did that young girl is going to rebound upon yourself."

"What do you know of Miriam Wallingford?" demanded his nephew.

"I know that the noblest woman lives than Miriam Wallingford Heatherton."

"Ha! Why do you call her that?"

"Why? Did you not marry her?"

"Ha, ha. Who's been trying to sell you now, old man?" cried Richard Heatherton mockingly. "That ceremony was but farce—one of your 'wild oats,' if you please. Where did the girl find you to appeal to you and fill your ears with such tales as that?"

"Miriam Heatherton is too proud a woman to appeal to anyone," Benjamin Lawson sternly replied. "But your 'fares,' as you call it, was no farce. That 'wild out,' as you are pleased to term it, has brought forth better than any other result. It has made you a man, and a man who is now a legal wife, and has the papers to prove it."

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EMSLIE IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN

Robert D. Emalie, the one umpire "not afraid of the rain," has been umpiring for sixteen years, says a Pittsburgh exchange. Of this number thirteen have been in the employ of the National League. Mr. Emalie is a native of Guelph, Ont., but has made his home in St. Thomas for many years. He first learned to play ball in London, with the Atlantic Club, of that place, and afterward played with the champion Harrison Browns. He then went to St. Thomas, and for many years played with the fast aggregation of local ball-players known as the "Atlantic." In those days Emalie was one of the best amateur pitchers in Canada, as any of those players who battled against his curves can testify.

In 1884 he started out as a professional pitcher, joining the Merritt Club, of Camden, N. J., which was then in the Interstate League. He showed up so well with that club that the same year he was sold to the Baltimore Club of the American Association, where he remained until July, 1886. A bad arm was responsible for his release at that time, but after a few weeks' rest he joined the Syracuse Club, where he finished the season, winning the New York State League championship for that club. All of the year following Mr. Emalie was a member of the Toronto International League team, and in 1888, being again troubled with his arm, he went to Savannah, Ga., in the hope that the warm climate would bring his "wing" back to its normal condition. He remained in June and came home. On July 1 he took up umpiring in the international League. Here he remained until the close of the season of 1889 and in the following year umpired in the American Association.

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PREHISTORIC CLAIM OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB

Nothing more ridiculous has happened in the history or on the records of "organized baseball" since its establishment than the claim made to the National commission last week by the Brooklyn club for the sum of \$1,500 from the Milwaukee club for two players, John Anderson and Dave Fultz, now of the New York American League team. This claim of Ebbets' dates so far back that everyone else had forgotten the Brooklyn club ever had any claim to the two players named, and few recall that they were ever with the Milwaukee team. The Milwaukee American League club, to which Anderson and Fultz belonged, has been out of existence for several years, and the man who owned it is dead. The franchise was transferred to St. Louis in the fall of 1901. The present Milwaukee American Association club is a different organization, with different owners and in a different circuit. Fultz went to the Philadelphia Athletics, and Anderson went to St. Louis, and after over three years both find themselves on the same team again.

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DELMAR TO TRY FOR A RECORD AT BUFFALO

Buffalo light harness enthusiasts will probably have a chance to see at least one attempt to break a world's record during the Grand Circuit meeting in the city during the first week in August, for Major Delmar, 1:59 1/2, will, it is quite likely, start to beat the world's record for trotting geldings to wagon. E. E. Smathers, the owner of Major Delmar, signed a contract to exhibit the champion gelding during the Buffalo meeting some weeks ago. Whether he will send him to beat his own record to sulky or drive him to beat the gelding record to wagon was left for the New York turfman to decide, but as he is most anxious to capture the latter record with his great gelding, it is likely that he will decide to drive Delmar to wagon in his Buffalo exhibition. It is no secret that Mr. Smathers believes Major Delmar will trot in 2:03 or better to wagon this season, and if it is decided to start him in this hitch at Buffalo, will make a supreme effort to drive him to his limit on that occasion. If, on the other hand, Mr. Smathers decides to start his great gelding to sulky to beat his record of 1:59 1/2, that will be the end of his career in harness racing. In either event Buffalo racers will be rarely entertained by the champion gelding's exhibition.

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Announcement To Coffee Consumers

If you are not using SEAL BRAND COFFEE forward us your name and address.

We will send you a liberal sample, with instructions for making—and also tell you where you can buy it.

CHASE & SANBORN,

435 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

WOODS' FAIR

Great Reopening Sale

NOW IN FULL SWING.

You can't afford to miss the bargains offered daily.

Hundreds of satisfied customers every day.

Every article in the Store reduced. GRAND OFFERINGS IN CHINA.

COME EARLY. GOODS DELIVERED. **WOODS' FAIR, DUNDAS ST.**

The cooking capacity of a gas range has to be large—many styles are made on too small a scale and are too small for large families or boarding houses. The

Oxford Economy Range

is so constructed as to cook a very large or a very small meal with the very least expenditure of gas. All ranges are equipped with one giant burner and one simmering burner in addition to regular burners. Ovens are fitted with removable, polished cast-iron cake griddles. The fire is always visible and can be easily regulated from a standing position.

If your agent doesn't handle Oxford Gas Ranges, write us direct.

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Winnipeg
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STEERAGE LIFE ON OCEAN LINER

Emigrants Never Before Saw Such Cleanliness as They Are Obligated to Practice.

New York, June 14.—W. A. Bennett, the well-known correspondent of the London Daily Mail, arrived in this city today on the steamer Potsdam. One of his curiosities is a huge bedstead capable of sleeping 36 persons.

"The day we sailed 577 men, women and children came aboard at Rotterdam. Every one carried his own luggage on head, back or in hand. Nearly all the single men were placed in the bow of the boat and the married couples and unmarried women in the stern. The quarters below were roomy, if not luxurious, the bunks being arranged in each cabin in fours. Every bunk contained a straw mattress, pillows and blanket.

"All emigrants had to be up by 5 o'clock in the morning and breakfast immediately followed. Meals were taken at long trestle tables, placed outside the cabin doors. Very few were particular about washing prior to breakfast and nearly all wore their hats and overcoats during the meal. The food was brought round in huge pans by Dutch stewards and emigrants helped themselves. The cleanliness of the stewards and their efforts to induce a naturally dirty people to become partial to soap and water was remarkable. Every morning the decks and cabins were scoured thoroughly, but after the very first day the steerage section was full of filth.

"We had an American in the steerage. He was a 'hard luck story' with a vengeance, and on investigation was found to be absolutely true. J. Leo Hoyer was born in San Francisco 23 years ago, he received a college education, but three years ago a financial crisis suddenly made him both penniless and friendless. Before the voyage was half over J. Leo Hoyer had become assistant to Mr. D. H. Bos, the purser of the Potsdam.

"There were Hebrews of 18 different

Kronthal

Lithia Water
the most delightful of table waters.

JAM'S THOMPSON, KINGSTON, ONT.
Sole Distributor for Canada.

BOWLED ON THE LOCAL GREENS

Officers of Thirty-Third Down Thistles and Are Downed by Londons.

The officers of the Thirty-third (Huron) Regiment are good bowlers. They visited the two local greens yesterday, when a number of informal matches were played.

The first one resulted in favor of the officers, the score being as follows:

3rd Regiment. Thistles. Lieut. Duncanson, 10. Capt. McTaggart, 10. Lieut. Jordan, 10. Capt. A. Wilson, 10. W. M. Govenlock, 10. Capt. Paine, 10. A. Reed, 10. Capt. McVicar, 10. Dr. A. Scott, 10. Major Hays, 10. A. G. McWhinney, 10.

Total, 100. The second match was played on the same greens, when the officers were defeated by twelve points. The scores:

3rd Officers. Londons. R. H. E. Rev. Hodgins, 10. A. Heaman, 10. Dr. Shaw (surg.), 10. F. Feltz, 10. Capt. Combe, 10. Capt. Paine, 10. Lieut. McVicar, 10. Lieut. Duncanson, 10. Major Hays, 10. W. T. Cox, 10. Lieut. Duncanson, 10. S. J. Wood, 10. Lieut. Jordan, 10. J. N. Wood, 10. Capt. Wilson, 10. John Weld, 10. Total, 100.

MAJOR LEAGUE SCORES

IN THE NATIONAL. R. H. E. Boston.....2 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 4 3 3
Pittsburgh.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Philadelphia.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Cincinnati.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 11 2
Philadelphia.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
St. Louis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Cleveland.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
New York.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
St. Louis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Cleveland.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
New York.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4

IN THE AMERICAN. R. H. E. Cleveland.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Philadelphia.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
St. Louis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Cleveland.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
New York.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
St. Louis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Cleveland.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
New York.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4

IN THE EASTERN. R. H. E. Baltimore.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Providence.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Baltimore.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Providence.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Baltimore.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Providence.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Baltimore.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4
Providence.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 6 4

IN THE WESTERN. R. H. E. St. Louis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0