

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

"Mr. Bradstone wishes this letter sent to Mrs. Bradstone," he said. "Very good, sir," said the warder, and he took it.

as it clanged along the stone corri- her, all unworthy as he was of herdor. Then he got up and shook himself like a man trying to recover from friend!" he said, gloating over the two a bad dream "I'll go now," he said. "There'll be

Bradstone listened to his heavy step

just time to catch the up-train. Is—is there anything I can do for you?" he added, lifting his bloodshot, wavering the how and swear to it! Yes Mr. For the how and swear to it! Yes Mr. For the how and swear to it! Yes Mr. For the how and swear to it! Yes Mr. For the how and swear to it! eyes, shamefacedly.

"Nothing, except keep your promise," replied Faradeane, slowly and ing! Too far, by a long way. Steady, wearily. "As you say, there is no time Bartley, my boy; go steady, and play to lose. Good-day, and remember." Bartley Bradstone, with lowered head, went to the door and knocked

at it feebly. It was opened after a moment by another warder, and Bartley Bradstone passed out. He went slowly down the corridor into the stone hall, trying to drive away the hangdog expression which he knew was eloquent in every feature, and was passing the colonel's room with as firm a step as he could manage, when his heart leaped within his bosom, for Colonel Summerford called him.

He turned and entered the office, and the blood rushed like a torrent through his veins, for there in the colonel's

'Oh, Mr. Bradstone," he said, "sorry to keep you, but this letter-"Yes," said Bartley Bradstone, try ing to speak, and look indifferently, though there was the sound of singing in his ears, and he could scarcely his eyes from the letter. 'This letter for Mrs. Bradstone, continued the colonel. sending someone with it: I don't know whether you would like to take it. Danger makes a man, especially if he be a Bartley Bradstone, sharp. He was just on the point of holding out his hand for the letter, when flashed upon him the thought there that

Faradeane would probably ask if it had been delivered, and hearing that it had been consigned to Bradstone care, would make him account for it. - I am going straight to The Maples, and from there on to London on important business, connected with unfortunate friend, Mr. Faradeane," he said with a happy inspira-"If you could kindly send it on

one of your men.' "Certainly, certainly," responded the "It was from no reluctance to do Mr. Faradeane a service, but in the desire to save time. I trust that you may be able to do some good for him, Mr. Bradston. I don't mind admitting that I am deeply interested in the case, and more especially in him, prisoner as he is."

'We all are, we all are," said Bart ley Bradstone, with a deep sigh. "My wife especially-"Yes, I judged that by her visit this

morning," said the colonel. "Bartley Bradstone started, and his face went pale, one might say green. was here this morning he exclaimed. "Oh, yes," he added, hastily, as the colonel colored and looked as if he could have bitten his tongue out. "Yes, I'd forgotten, for the moment. Oh, yes, we are all do-ing what we can. Of course, he is innocent, poor fellow

The colonel shook his head gravely I hope you will be able to convince a jury of that," he said, "but-Bartley Bradstone sighed again. "We shall leave no stone unturned, not one," he said. "And you will send the letter? Thank you!"

He walked out of the office briskly, and down the street in the direction anyone going straight with letter must take. He turned a corner sharply, then pulled up, and with a beating heart waited. Two three minutes passed, then a police man came round the road. Bartley Bradstone waited until the man had reached the corner, then

hurriedly ran against him.
"Hallo!" he said. "I beg your par don. I was going back to Colonel Summerford to tell him that I should have to go to the Grange, and that I would take Mrs. Bradstone's letter my

The man produced it instantly; he had overheard the conversation between the colonel and Bradstone. Bradstone took the note with a casual glance at it, gave the man a shil-

All the way to The Maples, the letter in his own handwriting, which could, if they were allowed to escape from that envelope, hang him -semed to be burning through his

"Curse him, curse him!" he muttered, as he dragged himself heavily and feverishly through the great gates and up the drive to the house, which he had prepared for the woman he had entrapped. "Curse him! He'd separate us forever! He'd send me into a railing back into the wood again, when kind of transportation for life! I'd—
I'd almost rather be hanged—" He "No, no; anything's better standing, caught his eye. than that. But to lose Olivia; to lose | He pounced upon it as only a lurch-

rushed into his craven heart. "If—if I'll offer it to him anyhow." And he I can only wait, keep out of the way and wait, he'll think the letter's delivered, and I mean to keep my promise. It's not for long. The trial will be here directly, and—and he'll plead guilty He stopped and sprang to his feet,

white and tremblingly.

An idea struck him, one of those ideas which come to unscrupulous men in desperate straits. "I'll do it! By God, I'll do it!" he exclaimed. And going to the writingtable, he wrote:

"Dearest Olivia,—I leave England tonight. I have been ill. I am still ill, with a terrible anxiety. I have seen F—this afternoon and he agrees with me that it will be better that I should leave England at once. I cannot tell you how my heart yearns for one word from you whom I have not seen since the day you became my wife. Think of me, my dearest, dearest Olivia. Your loving husband,

"BARTLEY BRADSTONE."
"P. S.—Inclosed is my address."

But in addition to the Hotel Meurice, which he wrote on the inclosed slip,

"Faradeane does not know what has been driving me almost mad, what I have kept, but cannot keep from you longer, dearest. I was in the wood and saw that poor woman meet her death by his hand. A word from me, one word, would be fatal to him! I cannot -cannot risk the chance of being called at the trial! Poor fellow! I fear there is no hope for him. Burn this

It was a piece of diabolical cunning, He knew that Olivia would rather die than repeat what he had written, that it would account to her for his absence, and that it must, for he knew estrange her heart from Faradeane. letters—Faradeane's and the one he had himself written. "I've burned my boats behind me now. If she should the box and swear to it! Yes, Mr. Faradeane, you've put your head into the noose too far to draw back. I'm thinkyour game carefully, and you'll pull

through this." A drink of brandy increased his confidence still further, and he rang the bell for a servant that he might send the note; then, with a sudden return of caution, called for his overcoat and hat, and went out

"I'll take it up to the Grange myself," he said, "and I'll give it to nobody but Olivia myself, or the girl Bessie. Perhaps she'll see me-confound her, she was well enough to go to the prison! Well, enough for that! But not well enough to see her hus-Wait, oh, only wait!" and he half-stopped and shook his fist in the

He was so absorbed in his reflections that he entered the Grange avenue without noticing it, and suddenly looking up he found himself by the rail over which he had leaped when he went to meet Bella-Bella. He stopped for a moment, and glared fearfully vards the shadows of the wood, then, with a shudder and a shake, as if a chill had fallen on him, hurried on, The squire was out, the butler said. and Miss Olivia-he begged pardonwas lying down and not well enough to see anyone. Would he come in and wait for the squire?

Bartley Bradstone shook his head, and turned aside that the man might not see the evil look that crossed his face. At that moment Bessie crossed the hall and he called her. "Here!" he said.

to Mrs. Bradstone, and tell her that am so glad to hear she was able to go out today. In taking out the letter, he also pulled out Faradeane's, which thrust back again hurriedly into his breast-pocket. Then he went down the steps. At the bottom he paused and looked round, thinking he would go home by a road that awful spot; but he set his hat firmly on his head and clenched his teeth.

muttering: "No, no; no use giving way like that. shall have to pass the cursed place half a dozen times a day in the fu-

He walked down the avenue. though he had nerved himself to the utmost, as he approached the particular railing his heart began to thud and his cheeks to whiten. And suddenly, as he neared in the direction of th glade, his heart seemed to stop beating and his brain to whirl. for there, there on the very spot, was something something in the shape and hue of a woman's dress coming towards him. Was it a living woman or-

With a low cry of horror he staggered, and clutched at the railing with oth hands to keep himself from falling, for his knees bent under him, still staring at the dimly-seen figure. A second or two, that seemed like years passed in that awful suspense: then the figure-living or dead-disap-

peared among the trees. With a moan of terror he managed o stand upright, and mopping livid face with his handkerchief, he struggle for courage to call out. His voice came at last, and huskily and freely he called:

"Who's there?" No answer came. He waited for minute until the use of his legs came back to him, then set off as fast as his trembling limbs would permit,

down the avenue. Almost before he had reached the lodge the figure came out from among the trees, and gliding from the shel ter of one trunk to another, made for the railing and looked after him. Then, if Bartley Bradstone could have summoned up courage to look

back, he would have seen that what he had taken for the wraith of the woman he had shot was Seth, the gypsy clad in an ordinary carter's frock and wearing a slouch hat that nearly con-Seth got over the fence and stood

looking up and down the avenue warily. The smock was torn with bram-bles, Seth's face looked grimy and clothes and eating a fiery way into his drink-worn, and there was a furtive, sinister gleam in his black, cunning

"Give you a fright, did I, Master Bradstone!" he muttered, huskily. "I'll give you one or two more afore I've done with you."
Then he was about to leap over the something white lying on the ground He where Bartley Bradstone had

her forever. forever! After all, I've done, all I've spent, all I've risked!"

He drew a long breath, and, unlock
It was the letter containing Bart-

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor. Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you will never be gray. hair! And we know you will never be gray.

he found himself repeating them in a dull, mechanical fashion. Suddenly his face crimsoned.

a contemptuous grimace he tore it in been calmly and keenly scrutinizing half and was about to fling it away, when he stopped his hand. "I dunno,"

Ressie delivered Olivia's message "Why, he'll be quiet enough present-ly!" he exclaimed as a swift hope it; he might give me something for it;

CHAPTER XXI.

Bessie took the note up to Olivia's room and found her still kneeling beside the bed, her arms stretched out upon the white coverlid in utter exhaustion; and yet the hands were mov ing to and fro restlessly, as if the brain were racked by anxious thought.

Bessie bent over her and softly drew
the long hair from her face, which

was burning hot.

"Ah, miss, you will be ill again," she said reproachfully. "And he said I was to take care of you. "Yes! It is always of me or someone else he is thinking," Olivia moaned, impatiently. "Always of someone else—never of himself. Oh, Bessie, Bessie, what shall I do? Every hour, everyminute, that slips by so stealthily and swiftly, adds to the danger. I can't think; I can't even pray. What shall I do?" and she wrung her hands.
"Hush, hush, miss!" murmured Bessie soothingly. "Something will be done; the truth must come to light.' But though she tried to speak confi dently, her voice trembled and she had

to turn her face away. "Yes, the truth will come to light when it is too late and they have killed him. Oh, if there was only someone I could go to, someone to help me! If I were only a man instead of a weak, feeble woman! What i that?" she broke off sharply as she caught sight of the note in Bessie's

Bessie held it out reluctantly. "From him!" panted Olivia.
"No, from—Mr. Bradstone, miss,"re-

plied Bessie, pronouncing the name as if with an effort. Olivia drew the hand back as if the envelope had power to sting her; then she took it slowly and read it. With a cry she let the letter fall from her hands, and flung them before her face as if to shut out some fearful sight. Bessie flew to her with an exclamation; but suddenly Olivia's emotion seemed to change, and darting upon the letter, took it to the window and read it again with dilating eyes. Then she turned and grasped

Bessie's arm. "Bessie," she whispered hoarsely, a strange thrill in her voice, a strange light seeming to shine upon her face, "did you ever doubt his innocence Did you? Did you?" she demanded fev-

Bessie looked at her indignantly. 'No; nor I; but if I had, if even for moment such a doubt had entered my heart, I should doubt no longer! Do you know why?" and her grasp tightened upon Bessie's arm and terr fied her. "I will tell you! Because Mr. Bradstone says that he saw him do Bessie shrank back with a low cry of terror.

- Oh, no, no, miss!" "Says-"Yes, listen! No, I will not sully my lips with the lie-for it is a lie. If it had been true he would not have waited until now! Ah, no!" She stopped and looked before her into vacancy, her dark brows drawn straight.
"No, he would not have waited; he ould have been only too glad to tell it. Then"-her voice dropped "why does he say it now? Why -why? Help me, Bessie," hands worked convulsively. "There is shrank, and her face went white. "I

Panting and trembling, Bessie clung to her. "Oh, what is it, miss? What is it you think you have found out?' "I have found out this: I am sure that Mr. Bradstone knows who committed the murder!" replied Olivia, almost inaudibly.

Bessie's brain reeled and it was she who clung to Olivia for support-Olivia, who every moment seemed to be gaining greater physical and mental strength "He-he knows, and he says it is

Mr. Fara-Oh, Miss Olivia," and she began to cry?
"Hush, hush! Let me think!" said Olivia, almost sternly. "Why does he accuse him? Why does Bartley Brad-"Why does he stone screen the real criminal? Is it some friend-someone he knows? Ah, I cannot see; it is all dark! If there were only someone to help me! But there is no one, no one. If Bertie she stopped with a cry. "But I sent him away. I have brought trouble nothing but trouble to all who-who loved me!" and she hung her head and sighed. "He will not speak, he will keep quiet, but Bartley Bradstone will not be silent. He will tell this lie in open court, and-" She stopped, and a shudder shook her from head to foot. Then she was silent for a moment, still thinking deeply. Suddenly she looked up. "Bertie may be in England. No one can tell. If he were—he loves him, I know. Bessie, you must go to London

"Me! To London!" said Bessie, with a start; then almost instantly she added quietly, "Yes, miss, I can be ready in a quarter of an hour," and she drew herself up and stood with flashing eyes expectantly.

Olivia drew her towards her and kissed her. "Now, listen to me," she said in a low voice, that was firm and steady for the first time since the awful day of the wedding-and the "First, Bessie, go to Lord Carfield" -I will give you a note." She darted to her desk and wrote rapidly. "It i asking him to tell me Lord Bertie's address. If he says he does not know, go to London to the detective - M McAndrew, of whom you have told me - and tell him to find out if Lord Bertie is in England or within reach. If he is, Mr. McAndrew is to give him this message: 'Olivia Vanleystopped and her face grew red and then white. "No, 'Olivia,' only 'Olivia

wants you to come to her on a matter of life or death.' That is all. He will ask you for money, very likely. She flew to her jewel case, which Bessie had arranged, and snatched the

first thing that came to hand. It was Faradeane's present. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she looked at it, and she was putting it back in the case when stayed her mind and exclaimed, suddenly:

"Yes, this! How better could I use it than in his service? Take this and give it to Mr. McAndrew. You will ind him at Scotland Yard; see, I have written down the address. Telegraph to me or come back with the news; and oh, Bessie, remember that you and I, two helpless women, are trying to save the like of the man who saved yours and who is risking his life now to screen someone else

Bessie gave a great sob, then set her teeth hard and hurried from the room. In half an hour she had reached Carfield Towers and delivered the note. Lord Carfield came out to her, as she vas waiting in the brougham. "Tell your dear mistress, my girl," said sadly, "that I am as ignorant as she is of my son's whereabouts. Of ourse, it is on account of Mr. Faraeane and this terrible mystery that

she wants him?" "Yes, my lord," said Bessie firmly; "and I will find him and bring him to her if he is to be found." She caught the evening up-train, and though she had never been in London before, she faced its strangeness and its vastness without quailing; it

ling the door of the library, dropped, exhausted by his walk and the excitement, on to a sofa.

"If there was only some way out of it, some way of quieting him!"

The words rang in his brain, until he found himself repeating them in a semetation of the library, dropped, had infused something of her own desperate courage thing of her own desperate courage and energy into the timid country girl.

Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Only a letter. "Tain't no use to me; if it which, by the way, Mr. McAndrew had been calmiy and keenly scrutinizing them in a contemptuous grimace he tore it in her from behind a curtain, he entered. Bessie delivered Olivia's message,

word for word.

He looked at her with the simple smile which made his face so innocent and commonplace, then nowwed. "So you mistress wants to see Lord Bertie, does she?" he said in a kind-ly fashion. "Hem! So do I! And perhaps we shall both see him presently.
What's this?" he asked as Bessie put the necklace case in his hand. "My-my mistress said you would want money, and sent this," faltered

The great man smiled softly and opened the case, then suddenly his face changed, and his eyes, as they scanned the magnificent gems closely, scanned the magnificent gems closely, grew sharp and keen. But it was only for an instant; the next moment his expression was that of the simple, commonplace individual ommonplace individual.
"Where did you get this from—your

mistress, I mean?" he asked.
"It was her wedding present from
Mr. Faradeane," replied Bessie in a Mr. Faradeane," replied Bessie in a faltering voice.

"Oh," he said slowly, "from Mr. Faradeane. Hem!" he snapped to the case and put it in his pocket. "Yes, we detectives always want money, and you can tell your mistress I'll take care of this. Oh, yes, she can rest easy. I'll take care of it." He stood looking at her in silence for a moment, then he said: "And so your mistress saw Mr. Faradeane in prison this morning, eh?"

Bessie started and crimsoned, and he laughed.
"Now you can go back; you don't

"Oh, yes, yes," assented Bessie eag-erly, "and if I can only take her some od news!" and she clasped her hands. Mr. McAndrew looked down at her thoughtfully, then he smiled and of-fered her his arm. "I'll take you to

the station," he said. He got her some refreshment, put her in a first-class carriage, and, but not until the train was upon the point of starting, said, How is Mr. Bartley Bradstone Indeed, the engine shrieked and was off with its burden before Bessie could

It was not until she had traveled ome distance on her return journey that she realized, what a great many other persons before her had realized. that she had not got anything very de-finite out of Mr. McAndrew. She had eemed indeed to have had no will of her own while in his presence, and to have done exactly as he told her. She reached Wainford very tired and very dissatisfied, and found a carriage waiting for her. "Why, how did you know I was com-

ing?" she asked the coachman, who vas an old friend of hers. "The mistress had a telegram from London," he said. "Leastways a telegram came for her this morning. Bessie stared at him with her eyes ridely opened. "I didn't telegraph," she said.

meant to take a fly home."
"Well," he laughed, "here we are, you see, and you'd better get in, any-Puzzled and bewildered, she was about to follow his sensible recommendation, when a woman with a child in her arms came up quickly, and pull-

If at her jacket, said, with a mixture f timidity and earnestness:
"Stop, stop, for God's sake, miss! I Thust speak to you! I've been weit." of timidity and earnestness: -I must speak to you! I've been waiting and watching-Bessie turned affrightedly, and, as the light fell upon her face, the wonan shrank back with a cry of disap-

pointment. "Oh." she cried. "I thought it was Now Has to Play Off With St. the young lady - leastways, Mrs. Bradstone. "No, I am her maid," said Bessie. 'What is it? Are you ill?" for the woman looked worn and pale, and there were deep lines of anxiety and trouble on her thin face.

"Ill? Yes, miss. I'm ill enough, but it isn't that. I'm no account. It was—"She looked round fearfully. "Come out of hearing, miss!" ploringly. "It may be too late-but it's not my fault. I've waited and watched, but I'm watched too. It's about themurder, miss! Bessie's courage and self-possession

came back in an instant. "Wait a moment, James," she said to the coachman, and she followed the woman into the shadow of the sta-"I thought it was the young lady,"

she said, speaking timidiy, and with palpable agitation, and hushing the child she carried under her shawl. "I tried to speak to her before, by the lodge gate where you lived."
"I remember," said Bessie. "You are

the gipsy woman.' "Yes, I'm Liz Lee," assented the wo-"and I want to tell her something that I'm a'most afraid to whis per. I'm doing it at the risk of my life niss, I am, indeed!" and she looked up with a piteous terror into Bessie's eager eyes. "He's promised to do for

me, if I dare open my lips! And he'l keep his promise "He? Who?" asked Bessie. "My husband," came the reply. "He thinks I'm safe at the camp; but I slipped out-and followed the carriage thought it was going to meet th young lady." She struggled for the breath which her agitation and alarm seemed to deprive her of; then, look-

ing round fearfully, went on, "Is it true, miss, that he'll be hung?" Bessie's face paled. "Do you mean, Mr. Faradeane?" The woman nodded, with a sob. "Yes, yes. Oh, miss, if they only knew! Him commit a murder! Why ne wouldn't kick a dog as bit 'im leave alone shoot a helpless woman!" Bessie could have fallen upon the poor creature's neck.

"Go on, go on!" she said, trembling. "You know something! You will not let him come to harm? "No miss-if I could help it. Look here!" She drew her shawl aside, and revealed the face of a little child sleeping peacefully in her arms. hadn't have been for him she'd have been underground by this time! He saved her life; yes, he did! He spoke to me as nobody ever spoke before

harm! "Go on! go on!" implored Bessie. The woman drew closer to her. "I know who did the murder, miss! whispered, huskily. Bessie caught her arm.

The woman trembled under grasp. "Promise me, swear to that you won't tell who told you-that you won't give my name up."
"I promise," said Bessie, "whatever happens, you shall come to

no hurt. I promise for him, as well as for myself.' "Ah, no; he wouldn't see me hurt!" said Liz Lee. "Well, then—" She stopped suddenly and uttered a A carriage had dashed up to the station at a tremendous rate; the whistle of the up-train was hear in the

distance. Quick!" exclaimed Bessie. "Quick! But the woman seemed to have lost all power of speech, and was staring at the carriage from which a gentleman had alighted. Bessie looked over her shoulder. It was Mr. Bartley Bradstone. "You know him!" she said, instantly.
"Does he know anything of the mur-

der? Does he-[To be Continued.]

MARKED DOWN FOR SATURDAY

Just Finished Stock-taking. The Man from Hamilton

has been here. As a result several lines in each department have

been greatly reduced. You Get the Benefit. It Will Pay You

To call on us tomorrow if you are in need of anything in Men's, Boys', or Children's Clothing. Been too busy to give you any particulars. Come in, you'll not be disappointed.

154 Dundas Street. UAK HA

mind traveling all night, do you? Because your mistress will be anxious, you know." MARLBOROS COULD NOT FINISH THE GAME WITH SMITH'S FALLS Frequently the finding of ambergris is heralded, the quantity, value and

Were Chopped, Slashed and of Referee Rose in the last half. Only Battered Into Subjection, Says the Globe.

There is a vast difference in the regame for the senior O. H. A. championship, played at Smith's Falls on stood to their guns manfully in the clared off when the Marlboros were unable to appear in the second half. owing to injuries received. The Eason Marlboros, Winchester's nose correspondent at Smith's Falls said in his account: "The game was not what could be called rough, every injury being purely accidental, much regretted by the locals and the spectators. The Marlboros were simply outplayed, and were weakening every minute, as the pace was much faster and the checking closer than they had anticipated. Many times the locals played rings around the Marlboros, and it was quite evident to the large audience that the only way to save the round was to default.

which they did." special correspondent of the The Globe told a vastly different story. He said: "Chopped, slashed and bat-

SEMI-FINAL ROUND

Andrews for the Junior

Championship.

The semi-final game in the O. H. A.

junior championship series was played

at Toronto last night between Strat-

ford and Parkdale. The game was one

of the fastest of the junior series.

the first half, scoring two goals and

blanking Stratford, but the latter

played the strongest game in the sec-

ond half, placing the puck in the net

three times and preventing Park-

dale from making a goal. The score

at full time thus ended 3 to 2 in Strat-

ford's favor, giving Stratford the round 14 to 8. The winners are to

play off with St. Andrews for the

Parry Sound, Feb. 23.-In the Ex-

elsior Cup series Sturgeon Falls

nockey team went down to defeat be-

ore the local bunch here tonight by

score of 15 to 2. The game was a

Billiards an Old Game

X 00000000000000000000000000000000000

The game of billiards may lay claim

o great antiquity, says Outing, for in

"Anthony and Cleopatra" Shakespeare

makes Cleopatra say: "Let us to bil-

liards"; and so, unless we accuse the

great poet of an error in chronology

period before the Christian era.

we have traced the game back to a

early times a similar game was played

on the grass or turf with stones, and

later with balls of lignum vitae and

other substances. How to apply the

right "twist," or "English," to the cue ball is one of the most interesting and

important elements in the art of good playing. In early times only two white

ealls were used, and each player

ought simply to pocket the ball of

as a novelty to keep the game

his opponent. The red ball was intro-

from dving out. As time has gone on

the game has had "a varied develop-

ment in different countries. In Spain

they play with three balls and five

middle of the table. In Russia they play with five balls, two white and a

red, blue and yellow one. The English game is played quite differently from

the American and French games, It i

a combination of the American games

of both poe! and billiards, being played

on a table having pockets as in an

ordinary pool table, and the points as scored in both of the American games being counted. The French and Ameri-

can games are played with three balls

upon a table without pockets, and only "canons" or "caroms" are count-

ed. In America the game of billiards

has undergone a rapid development on

account of the great skill attained by

American players. Early in the last

century the game was commonly play-

ed with four balls upon a pool table

more or less like the present English

game, for both pocketing balls and

making caroms were counted, but in time this style of playing proved so

CHICAGO TEAM FIRST.

five-men squad in the American Bowl-

ing Congress tournament finished

prize, \$450, with a score of 2,795.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 23. - The last

BOWLING.

vooden pins, which are set up in the

poor exhibition of hockey.

championship.

right

duced

Parkdale had the best of the play in

not possibly continue. There was half been found floating or stranded. an hour's delay between the halves, Several vessels have taken the and then finally the referee announced ice the game was off, and that the O. the true ambergris catcher of all the ports of the Smith's Falls-Marlboro H. A. would make a decision on the matter. It was not a case of quitting the Adelia Chase, of New on the part of the Marlboros. They Wednesday night. The game was de- face of the dirtiest kind of treatment, and at straight hockey outplayed the flattened on his face by a slash when the referee's back was turned. Then Armstrong was chopped over the mouth under similar circumstances, his upper lip being cut completely and Cowan of the home team off with them. The game was continued with five men a side. There was a continuous procession of Smith's Falls playped across the ankles and body. tered into subjection, the Marlboros he had ever seen, and that he would were unable to answer the summons so report to the O. H. A.

Champion Teams

To Play Series.

A series of games which prom-

has been arranged between the

who won the championship of

and the second for Friday. To

give both teams an equal chance

Monday's game will be played at

the Jubilee rink and Friday's at

The concluding games in the fast

Princess League are to be played this

greatest interest centers, naturally, in

teams, the Bankers and the Waterloos.

who have been running a very tight

race for the lead. The St. John's A

C. and the Y. M. C. A. are to figure in

the second game. The referee for both

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At New Orleans-John Doyle, Lily

Brook, Dance Music, Rams Horn,

TO PLAY HERE.

and the Twenty-first Regiment,

There is considerable rivalry between

the indoor baseball teams of Sarnia

Windsor, and to settle the question of

supremacy it has been decided to play

a game in this city some day next

DEFEATED BY DRUGGISTS.

The Druggists defeated the Y. M.

A. Senior City League team in a fast,

Y. M. C. A .- Goal, Canfield; point,

Druggists-Goal, R. Orr; point, F.

Gilles; cover, L. Robinson; forwards,

J. Woolley, B. Macgregor, R. Carter,

LUCKY SPERM WHALER

Little Adelia Chase Is Banner Finder

of True Ambergris.

Provincetown, Feb. 24.—The New Bedford correspondent of the Herald

stated Feb. 13 that the little whaling

schooner Adelia Chase, Capt. Senna, o

that port, was at one of the Cape de

Verde Islands in January, with over

The schooner named is a noted am-

bergris catcher. For years it has been

the custom of whalemen when cutting

whales to make a rigid search for

carries the nucleus of a fortune in its

intestines, but now and then some

oes succeed in finding a good-sized

more than usually lucky craft or crew

October, and 20 pounds ambergris.

500 barrels sperm, taken since

A. Gilles; cover, L. Parker; forwards.

Tait, Dack, Ruck, Harraty.

evening at the Princess rink.

games will be Mr. Harry Peel.

THE TURF.

HOCKEY.

Finnigan

In

Maxey Moore, Huzzah

INDOOR BASEBALL.

the Princess.

PRINCESS LEAGUE

been so roughly used that they could that as the Marlboros were not on the Antarctic of Provincetown was one, but home team. Early in the half, when the score was 2 to 0 in favor of the open so that his teeth were exposed. Both players retired, taking Farran ers to the penalty bench, but at that Referee Rose did not get half of the guilty players. Behind his back the Marlboros were hammered and chopferee Rose stated after the affray that it was the roughest and dirtiest game

Frequently the finding of ambergris finder's name being given, as well as the locality, and envious ones wonder when Dame Fortune will endow them with favors so valuable. Almost invarithree of the seven men were capable ably the proclaimed lump of amber-of going on the ice, the others having gris proves a valueless mass of grease. Seldom has a lump of true ambergris Several vessels have taken the rea article from the bodies of whales. The whale fleets of the past and present is built for mackerel catching at Bath in 1875. When it is said-with truth-that only one ton or so of the precious secretion has been taken by the combined whaling fleets of the past 64 years, the luck of the Chase will not be questioned. That craft is a noted ambergris "toter." In the 1889 cruise she took sperm whale that yielded 15 pounds of ambergris; in 1891 two whales that gave 5% and 22 respectively; in 1893 one whale that turned out the bonanza weight of 128 pounds, and now 20

bunches of the mysterious substance

termed ambergris into the home port.

wonderful that greasy blubber hunters allude to her as the "lucky" sperm whaler. **BIG SALES OF BOOKS**

pounds has been added to her total-

or five lots aggregating 190% pounds

during her whaling career, enough at

going prices to pay the sum of the

In the light of the Adelia Chase's

ambergris catching record, it is not

vessel's cost three times over.

America Takes Ten Times as Mary as She Sends Away.

London, Feb. 24.-"America buys ten times as many English books as England buys American books," said the London manager of a great American ises to be of exceptional interest + publishing house last week "The sales in America of 'John Chilcote, M. P.,' which is known in America under another title, have already City League and the Waterloos, totaled 120,000 copies," he continue "and the sale of any one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's later novels is like the Princess League. The openly to run into from 120,000 to 150,000 ing game of the series has been + copies. Indeed, no American author can make a twentieth part of Mrs. set for Monday evening next, Humphrey Ward's income from American readers. Lucas Malet, Hall Caine. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Rud-yard Kipling, W. W. Jacobs, Jerome * K. Jerome and other first-class English authors also draw fair incomes from the sale of their books across the

"Some American writers have large sales in England, but they are few Two notable cases are the authors of 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch FINALS TONIGHT and Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,' America may no be taking quite so much English literature as formerly, because ten or fifteen years ago we depended entirely on English talent. Even English 'penny-a-liners' could command a ready sale for their work amou American firms but now all that is stopped, and though we still take a great deal of English work, it is always the very best you can produce We have now our own writers, who have learned how to please our people. "One reason why English publishers do not succeed as American publish ers do is that America as a nation reads more than England. We can often work up the sale of a book to 600,000 copies. I recently spent six months in your Norfolk village of Acle recuperating after an illness, and I de not believe a book was bought in that village during the whole time, whereas in almost every New England village you will find a library. Most people spend a portion, however small, of their incomes in the purchase of good

literature.' COMMISSION HAS **NECESSARY POWERS**

Ottawa, Feb. 23.-Mr. Lancaster's neasure for the protection of pedeshour save where the crossing is protected by a gate or a watchman. Mr. Chrysler, K. C., in behalf of tile commission possessed the necessary powers to deal with the cases. He ar-

handle the matter. Mr. Lancaster spoke at length in support of the bill, and was followed W. F. Maclean, Wright, Caldwell, time this style of playing proved so simple that a table was adopted without any pockets in it and caroms only such search rewarded, for only one in authorizes the use of its canal and a a thousand sperm whales, perhaps, navigable stream or waterway, and authorizing the construction of docks

clean game in the Princess Rink, by a score of 6 goals to 1. There was good exhibition of combination work on both teams, but the Druggists, being better stick handlers and fast skaters, soon ran up a safe score. Orr played a fine game in goal for the Druggists. The line-up:

Mr. Lancaster's Crossing Bill Befeated in Committee by 61 to 23.

trians at crossings in cities and towns was before the rallway committee this morning. The principal feature is the imiting of the speed to ten miles an railroads, pointed out that the railway gued that it meant a great burden on the railways. Mr. Emmerson also took this view, and reiterated Mr. Chrysler's statement that the commissioners had been given the power to

and others. The division resulted in the of the bill by 61 to 23. bridges, elevators, etc. The proposed provision that the company should not be compelled to bridge its canal at farmers' crossings, was struck out

If such a thing as luck does attach The work must be completed in five tself to things animate or inanimate, years. 1:30 this morning, with Gunther's No. then the 80-ton bit of wood known as 2, of Chicago, the winner of the first the Adelia Chase was inoculated at arines and Toronto Railway was deher christening for not once, but sev- | ferred until March 6.