

Chapter 1.

The Six County Cricket Games

Rain Seriously Interfered
With Course in London
Fixed for the Twenty-First
—Some of the Results.

London, July 23.—(By Canadian Associated Press.)—Rain seriously interfered with the course of the county championship cricket game fixed for the twenty-first. At Huddersfield, Yorkshire versus Gloucestershire, the match was abandoned, there being only two hours batting in all.

Warwick vs. Hampshire at Birmingham was also abandoned when an exciting finish seemed likely. Hampshire declared 338 runs, for six wickets. Tennyson scoring 151 not out, leading the home side 142 to get. Six wickets were down for 100 when rain stopped the play.

Nottingham defeated Sussex by six wickets at Eastbourne. J. Gunn was not out, scoring 100. The visitors, who, dismissing Sussex for 109 and 186 were left to get out twenty-nine to win, but lost four wickets before reaching the required total, making a total of 200. The visitors, Richmond, took seven wickets for 88 runs.

Despite a splendid 105 by Haywood for Northampton the second innings was a mere 100. The visitors, winning by an innings and 26. For the victors Woolley scored 150 and captured 9 wickets for sixty-six.

Somerset and Essex drew, played at Exeter. 155, 153, 153, 153. The lead of seven runs, the score being 339 and 332.

It is deplorable that rain interrupted with a fixture so piquant in character as the meeting between Essex and Lancashire at the Oval, the teams being first and second in the table respectively. Makepeace scored 82 out of 208 for Lancashire, 36 being the total score. The visitors, 160 wickets dismissed Lancashire for 160 and beat the clock by a 15 minute to win by 6 wickets. A visiting team involved the famous old ground in a record of 100 runs in 17 time this season, but he only scored 17 and 2.

1 United States
2 Won The Fin
ley

Antwerp, July 23.—The United States team won the final of Olympic team trapshooting competition here today. The United States team broke 547 out of a possible 560 clay targets. The other scores were:

The individual scores of the Canadians were: Beattie, 87; Hamilton, 81; Vance, 82; Oliver, 76; Montgomery, 78, and McLaren, 70.

of second place in the match somewhat as a surprise, one of the team being blind in one eye.

for. Only Montgomery, who finished with 32 targets, and Vance 30, finished in the first half. Other scores were: Beattie, 29; Hutchinson-Black, 28; Hamilton, 26.—All five of the United States team entered in the event and won the elimination round and

very compete in the finals. Troch Airie each broke 34 targets and the field, which consisted of 43 petitors. Eight of the nine countries which had representatives sur the first round, these being Br Canada, the United States, Sw

Norway, Belgium, Holland and Finland's three representatives eliminated in the first round.

HIS 33RD HOME RUN.
New York, July 23.—"Babe"

premier batsman of the New American League baseball club today added another home run record, making his total 33 for the season.

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Chapter I.

The trouble from which gr events were to come began with Everard Dominey, who had been fighting his way through the scrub for the last three-quarters of an hour towards those thin, spiral wisps of smoke, urged his pony to a last spurring effort, and came crashing through the scrub cleaner than a slipper forward on his head in the lightning, it developed the next morning, when he found himself for the first time for many months on a truckle bed, between linen sheets with a cool, bamboo-twisted roof between him and the relentless sun, it ruled himself a little in the bed.

"Where the mischief am I?" he demanded.

A black boy, seated cross-legged the entrance of the banda, rose to his feet, mumbled something and disappeared. In a few moments the tall slim figure of a European, in spotless white riding clothes, stooped down and came over to Dominey's side.

"You are better?" he enquired politely.

"Yes, I am," was the somewhat brusque rejoinder. "Where the mischief am I, and who are you?"

The newcomer hesitated a moment. He was a person of dignified carriage and his tone conveyed some measure of rebuke.

"You are within half a mile of the Irivari River. If you know where that is," he replied, "about seventeen miles southeast of the Darawa Settlement."

"The devil! Then I am in German East Africa?"

"Without a doubt."

"And you are German?"

"I have the honour."

Dominey whistled softly.

"Awfully sorry to have intruded on you."

He said, "I left Marlinston two or a half months ago, with twenty boys and plenty of stores. We were doing a big treat after animals. I took some new Akakris in and they made me trouble,—looted the stores one night and there was the devil to pay. I was obliged to shoot down two and the rest deserted. They took my camp-damns and I'm nearly a hundred miles out of my bearings. You couldn't give me a detail, could you?"

"With pleasure," replied the doctor approvingly. "Was the courteous answer."

"Here, Jan!"

The boy sprang up, listened to a word or two of brief command in his own language, disappeared and returned through the hanging grass which he had changed to another hut. The two men exchanged glances of rather more than ordinary interest. Then Dominey laughed.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "It gave me quite a start when you came in. We're devilishly alike, aren't we?"

"There is a very strong likeness between us," the other admitted.

Dominey leaned his head upon his hand and studied his host. The likeness was clear enough, but without the advantage was all in favour of the man who stood by the side of the camp bedstead with folded arms. Everard Dominey, at the first twenty-six years of his life, had lived an ordinary young Englishman of his position,—Eton, Oxford, a few years in the army, a few years about town, during which he had succeeded in making a still more hopeless muddle of his tragedy, and then a blank. Afterwards ten years—at first in the cities, then in the country, and then in Africa—years of which no man knew anything. The Everard Dominey of ten years ago had been, without a doubt, good-looking. The finely shaped features seemed to have been washed out of his lustre, his figure its elasticity his mouth its firmness. He had the look of a man run prematurely to seed, and by a severe and dispassionate. But as his present companion. His features were as finely shaped, cast in an even stronger, though similar mould. His eyes were bright and full, his mouth as firm as his thin firm, bespeaking a man of deeds, his tall figure lithe and supple. He had the air of being in perfect health in perfect mental and physical condition, a man who lived with dignity and some measure of content, notwithstanding the slight gravity of his expression.

"Yes," the Englishman muttered, "there's no doubt about the likeness, though I suppose I should look more like you than I do if I'd taken care of myself. But haven't you got the devil of it. I've got the other way; I tried to chuck my life away and pretty near succeeded, too."

The dried grasses were thrust on one side, and the doctor entered. A little round man, also clad in immaculate white, with yellow-gold hair and thick spectacles. His countryman pointed towards the bed.

"Will you examine this patient, Herr Doctor, and prescribe for him what is necessary? He has asked for drink. Let him have wine, or whatever is good for him. He has a very well-arranged life. He will join our evening meal. I present my excuses. I have a despatch to write."

The man on the couch turned his head and watched the departing figure with a shade of envy in his eyes.

"What is his preserver's name?" he asked the doctor.

The latter hesitated as though the question were irrelevant.

"It is His Excellency the Major-General Baron Leopold von Ragsstein."

"All that!" Dominey muttered. "Is he the Governor, or something of that sort?"

"He is Military Commandant of the Colony," the doctor replied. "He has also a specialissima here."

"Dammed fine-looking fellow for a German!" Dominey remarked, with unthinking admiration.

The doctor was removed. He was feeling his patient's pulse. He concluded his examination a few minutes later.

"You have drunk much whiskey lately," he asked.

"I don't know what the devil it got to do with you," was the curt reply, "but I drink whiskey whenever I can get it. What wouldn't I in this pestilential climate!"

The doctor shook his head.