

"Confound it, Brooks, why did you mention the wretched thing? I'd clean forgotten it since changing my clothes at dinner time, and I hadn't been reminded of it since the morning until then. And that fellow, Potts! I ought to take it out of him!"

"Well," I said, soothingly, "if she thinks so little of you as to let petty jealousy make her doubt you, I——"

Jimmy drowned my eloquence by banging on Giggs' boat-house door. "It's reasonable enough, I suppose, for them to doubt me," he said, between hammerings. "Most people *would* think it queer that a man should find a thing like that and straightway forget all about it, people *do* think so much of such *little* things."

"Well, *she* made you forget it. Did you tell her that?"

"Truth seems to be at a discount now," he said, moodily, pacing the float. "Though I don't blame her mother for *her* skepticism, most men are such flirts and liars nowadays." He assaulted the door again. "Hang it!" he shouted, "I believe the place is locked up!" He hammered again with big but impotent fists till the boat-house quivered, and then raised his voice in a way that sent Giggs' name echoing clear across the placid moonlit bay.

"What did she say on the veranda that sent you down the steps so fast?" I inquired mildly, as Jimmy stood as though awaiting an answer besides the echoes to his call.

"Quite enough to send me farther than the street," he said. "When I mentioned the garden party, she said she did not care for it, it was now *too late*. I said that in that case you and I should make a start. She said 'good-bye.' Now, I wonder where Giggs hangs out?"

We went back to the hotel. The veranda seemed to be deserted now. Gus, the blasé dispenser of beverages, told us over some bottled beer that Giggs "hung out" in the hotel, but that he had driven some of the hotel guests to the garden party, and doubtless had the boat-house key with him.

"Doubtless, too," I said, consolingly, as we walked out of the bar, "when she said *good-bye* so readily she knew very well that the boat-house was locked up tight, and that we couldn't make a start to-night. I dare say she saw Giggs, as I did, when he drove off from the hotel after dinner with his fares."

Jimmy refused to appear to be comfortable, and I left him in a corner of the veranda morosely smoking a strong cigar. He growled after me in his bass to be prepared for an early start. I secured a room, and Sleep beckoned me up the staircase of the Roman House.

But as I ran up the roller blind of my

window so that the awakening daylight might flood the room, my ears as well as eyes opened wide enough. For two voices I knew came up to me; and leaning out, I saw Chumley Potts and Jimmy walking *together* up the moonlit street!

(To be continued.)

THE FORTNIGHT IN SPORT.

The official programme of the Olympiac games to be held this summer in Stockholm, Sweden, has been issued and shows that this great international contest bids fair, in 1912, to surpass any of the four preceding Olympiads.

At a cost of about \$250,000 an enormous stadium has been erected, capable of seating 25,000 people. Within this enclosure all the events except the Marathon race will take place. The field and track events, in which the public are most interested, do not begin until July 15th. It is to be hoped that Canada will be able to send a strong aggregation of athletes. There is some talk of a team of 50 young men and boys going to represent that leading athletic organization of Canada, the Montreal A. A. A.

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There seems to be some unaccountable connection between pugilism and the church. Last Sunday, in the Ottawa Y. M. C. A. the 'Rev.' Alfred Allen delivered a very practical address to young men. This is none other than our old ring favourite Alf', on whom we placed our money a decade and less ago. His younger brother Billy is still raking in the shekels in the squared circle. Then too, the father of the mighty Jeffries was a clergyman, while Sam Langford, the Canadian coloured pug, has a brother who is pastor of a flourishing little Baptist Church, at Weymouth, N.S. John L. Sulli-