A SECRET OF THE SEA

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,

Author of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "His Grace," "Queen Sweetheart," "Behind a Veil," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey," "The Barn Stormers," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Dick Gives His Word.

The man disappeared, and eagerly Dick read the answer from Mme. Lucette, of Naples:

"Costumes described made about two months ago for young American lady named Arnold, said to be great heiress, as part of trousseau for marriage with Don Stefano Dorrebianca, gentleman of great Roman family. The marriage did not take place. Miss Arnold left Naples suddenly before time arranged for wedding. Reason for breaking engagement and disappearance unknown here, but cause of much gossip at time. There was some suspicion of elopement with foreign nobleman, name not known, but Miss Arnold had been seen talking at door of hotel and walking with extremely handsome, distinguished man of middle age, dressed like yachtsman. She was an orphan travelling with lady companion, also American, who went away quietly at same time as Miss Arnold, but probably not same destination, as companion was supposed to have sailed alone on ship which goes between Naples and Boston, U. S. A. Unfortunately, have no further information.—Lucette."

Dick did not stop to think over the situation as seen by this new light, but ran up on deck to tell the messenger who had brought the telegram that he need not wait. The hour was early, but the night was prematurely dark, for a storm was gathering and the moon was not yet up. The messenger was given a "tip" that pleased him, and returned to the small boat, in which sat a single rower whose form was dimly visible as Dick leant on the rail and looked down. The two new men were also watching the departure of the boat with an air of anguid interest. "Funny thing," Knight heard one say to the other. "I thought I saw a third person in the boat as it came alongside—somebody wrapped in a black cloak lying in the stern. But I must have made a mistake, I suppose, for there's only the two now—the chap rowing and the telegraph chap."

"That's all there ever was, accordin' to my reckoning," answered the other. "I didn't see no figure in a black cloak. The queer things you've heard about this here little craft have upset your digestion a bit, mebbee."

"Rot!" growled the first. "I ain't no more upset than you are."

Dick moved away, attaching no importance to the argument, his whole mind for the moment on the telegram, and what it would mean in his investigation. The gossip it reported concerning the love affairs of a young American heiress threw no light upon the dark mystery of the derelict, but it confirmed Dick's opinion that the unknown lady of the Xenia had not been Sir Peter Markham's adored Eve Desmond, lost seven-and-twenty years ago. Between the case of Eve Desmond and that of the American, Miss Arnold, there was, however, one curious coincidence. Each had vanished on the eve of her wedding, and left no trace behind. Could it be that the owner of the Xenia had been responsible for both disappearances, with an interval of a quarter of a century between? At this thought, the man who had kept Eve Desmond's photograph in his watch, and who used for a seal the motto so bafflingly familiar to Dick Knight, loomed more than ever mysterious in his mind. Most of Dick's surmises and deductions had been brought to bear upon the dark personality of a possible murder. Now, the dead owner of the yacht suddenly stepped forward and took his place as the leading figure of the strange drama, played behind a concealing curtain on the stage of Dick's fancy. The man, whom he had never seen, captured his imagination, and fired his passion to seize the elusive mystery.

Because of this new incentive he returned with keen zest to the work upon which he had been engaged when the telegram from Naples had arrived.

He had thought a good deal about the absence of all papers on board the Xenia, and it seemed clear to him that they had been destroyed as a mere matter of precaution and to delay the identification of the derelict when she should be found. But he had asked himself if there might not be other papers remaining, hidden away in some place of concealment not yet discovered. It had struck him that, if such a secret place existed on board the Xenia it might be in the cabin of the owner. Now that he began to think of that owner as a subtle and remarkable person, this theory seemed to him more reasonable even than before. He went back to the handsome yet simply-furnished state room of the owner, which he had only just begun to search with this special end in view, and commenced a minute examination of the walls, tapping them lightly with his knuckles, in the hope of hearing a suggestive, hollow sound. He missed scarcely an inch of the panelling, but all his painstaking efforts were fruitless. He discovered no secret spring, no spot where the panels did not join quite closely, no hollow place under the polished wood, and was about to transfer his operations elsewhere when it struck him that the frame of the mirror, set into the wall over the dressing table, might really be the door of a cabinet. It was the only elaborate thing in the room, and was of sandal wood, carved and inlaid with pearl and silver. All round the edge were small silver knobs, like nail-heads, and Dick began pressing these with his fingers, one by one, as a child touches the keys of a piano. Having reached a knob, precisely in the middle on the left side of the mirror as he faced it, his push sent the silver nail-head back into the frame, while at the same instant something clicked faintly, like a yielding latch. The mirror, frame and all, moved slightly, justifying Dick's expectations by opening out from the wall, after the fashion of a door that falls ajar.

Since the morning all the jewellery and toilet articles of value had been removed from the two adjoining state rooms, and there was nothing on the dressing table, which must be pushed aside to admit of the newly-discovered door being fully opened. Dick pulled it out, and saw—as he had hoped to see—a cabinet. It was lined with crimson velvet and had tow shelves, on one of which lay three bundles of letters, kept together by twists of thin gold cord, and on the other were two volumes of uniform size, bound in black russia leather. Dick took down from the upper shelf one of the bundles of letters. They had no envelopes, and on being counted proved to be thirteen in number. All were in English, had evidently been written by the same hand—that hand a woman's—and the paper was yellow with age. The next parcel contained six letters, two at the bottom having been written by a woman, the four at top by a man; and all six were in Italian. The third packet held only three letters, daintily and prettily written by a woman's hand on thick, cream-laid paper, with "Mabel" in a gilded imitation of the same handwriting scrawled across the top.

There was something repugnant in the idea of reading these letters, but Dick decided that the disagreeable task was necessary, therefore justified, and he laid the three packets on the dressing table to attend to later, meanwhile transferring his attention to the remaining contents of the cabinet, the two small, russia leather bound books. They proved to be exactly alike, perfectly plain, without monogram or initial, and each kept such secrets as it might contain secured by means of a tiny gold padlock.

Dick did not remember seeing a key on the dressing table; and the most likely conclusion was that it had disappeared with the master of the yacht. If the books, which Dick did not doubt were diaries, had to be opened, violence must be done to the little gold locks.

Dick eyed the twin volumes with intense curiosity, mingled with the same repugnance he had for the task of reading a dead man's letters. It might be that neither letters nor books would solve the mystery of the derelict; yet some things written there might indirectly bear upon it; and if the books were diaries, setting forth frankly in black and white the story of the writer's life, the chances were in favor of important discoveries concerning Eve Desmond.

Into the midst of Dick's thoughts broke sounds from outside, which came to him through the open porthole. "Another boat has come out to us," he said to himself. "Pray Heaven it's a telegram from Sir Peter, about Eve." He could not wait quietly for news to be brought to him, but hurriedly tossing back the letters and the two little black books into the secret cabinet, and snapping shut the mirror door, he ran out of the state room and up to the deck. There he arrived just in time to receive, not a telegram, but Sir Peter Markham himself. Close by lay the Lily Maid, glimmering white in the darkness of the stormy night; and in mingled surprise, fear, and hope, Dick seized the elder man by the hand and stammered out the name of the girl he loved. Only her name, no more; his voice raised in eager interrogation. He could not have uttered a coherent sentence.

To Dick Knight's stammered question—a whole sentence in that one word "Eve?"—Sir Peter gave no answer until he had searched the young man's face with a long, keen gaze. "I see that in truth you know no more of her than I do," he said at last, forgetting to be indignant, because the man who had no right to love a millionaire's daughter had dared to speak of her intimately as "Eve."

"Did you think that I knew, and lied to you?" Dick demanded, hotly.

"I didn't think it, but I determined to make sure beyond a shadow of doubt," Sir Peter answered. As a matter of fact, it was Lord Waverley who had feared an elopement. Eve's maid had been catechised by Lady Drayton, who had repeated to her brother all she had gleaned concerning an "affair" between the heiress and her father's discharged secretary, and Waverley had, as tactfully as possible, hinted his ideas to Sir Peter. But Sir Peter did not tell this to Dick, and looking now into the young man's angry, honest eyes he was glad that he had not been mistaken in him.

"Lord, Waverley and Lady Drayton have stopped behind in Tangier," he went on, "in the hope of getting hold of some clue; and of course the police are buzzing like a hive of bees. I have offered a reward of a thousand pounds and no questions to be asked. It should have been more, but our consul advised that sum. Now that I'm sure Evie hasn't come here to you, when we've had a talk I'll go back myself as fast as the Lily Maid can steam, for it was in Tangier we saw the last of her, and since you know nothing more than we know, it's there we have the best hope of getting on her track. Great Heaven! It seems that there's a curse upon me, Knight. I loved a girl whose name was Eve. She was snatched away behind a veil of mystery, which is as thick to-day as it was seven-and-twenty years ago. My wife I did not care for, but she gave me a daughter to love, and I named her Eve. She grows to be a woman, and becomes my one heart interest in life. Then she, too, disappears in circumstances as extraordinary, as mysterious, as before. I can't make it seem true. Ever since the thing happened I've been feeling that I shall wake up and find that I've been dreaming. But what about that theory of yours you mentioned in the telegram that answered mine? Why do you suspect a plot to kidnap the child? I suppose you are thinking of a scheme for a big ransom?"

"No," said Dick. "That is the obvious thing; but it wasn't what I meant. There were reasons why I couldn't elaborate my ideas in that telegram. The fact is I was in a very queer position, and did the only thing I saw my way to do at the time. It didn't occur to me that you would suspect I had sent it simply to put you on the right track."

"Well, you must admit," said Sir Peter somewhat shamefully, "that it also was rather an obvious thing. The child cared for you, and resented my opposition, though she behaved very well on the whole—so well that I got thinking it might have been a blind. A runaway marriage might have been the plan; or, if you could have induced her to back you up in the idea, you might have spirited her away and demanded any sum you liked as ransom. It would have been rather a smart way of making a fortune in twenty-four hours."

"You know you put me down as lacking in genius," said Dick, drily, "so I'm surprised you credited me with being up to such 'smart ways.' I confess they're beyond me, and I shouldn't have had the wit to try that last scheme if you hadn't given me a present of it, Sir Peter. I'm afraid I'm not quite as grateful for that present as I might be; nevertheless, I'm very glad that you are here. It helps me out of the difficulty I spoke of, for there are things which I can tell you which couldn't well be put in a telegram."

"You have something to tell me, then?" asked Sir Peter, quickly. "Something which concerns Eve?"

"Yes," answered Dick. It was difficult to know how to begin, and to make the queer, jumbled story sound credible. But when Dick (only keeping back the fact that Eve had sent him a letter) had got even so far in the narrative as the veiled woman's first threats, Sir Peter's shrewd face took on a frown of attentive gravity. He listened, without interruption, until Dick came to his one proof that the woman had not been lying from start to finish; the message supposed to have come from Eve. The young man could not bring himself to repeat that message to the girl's father, but merely said, stammering a little, that it was something which no one else could have known, except through her. "The woman read me out the telegram," said Dick. "She wouldn't give it to me. But the words must have come from Miss Markham."

"What did you do then?" asked Sir Peter.

"I promised to throw up the whole business if Miss Markham were handed over to you, safe and sound, to-morrow."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the millionaire. "What else could I do? I couldn't doubt after that message that some unscrupulous brutes had got her in their power; and for nothing in the world would I risk harm coming to her. The woman had me completely under her thumb, confound her!—and she knew it."

"So you have given your word to stop playing the detective?"

"Yes; and to leave not only the Xenia but Gibraltar."

"All for Evie's sake. Well, I suppose it was the only thing to be done. Had you got on the track of the mystery? Yet you had scarcely time for that."

"Nevertheless, I had found out some things, and thought I saw my way towards finding out more."

"H'm! Since you're giving up the job, there's no reason why you should mind giving me details, is there—the reward being off."

"It isn't off yet, Sir Peter," said Dick. "When I parted from the woman after making my bargain, I had twenty-four hours left me in which I was free to work. It didn't occur to her, evidently, to make any stipulation about so short an interval. Since that time, though it isn't very long ago, I have made several rather valuable discoveries. So valuable, indeed, that I'm not quite hopeless of finishing the whole work to-morrow, being able to tell you all you want to know, and—if the woman keeps her half of the bargain by returning Miss Markham to you—being also in a position to claim the reward."

"You mean the twenty thousand pounds?" said Sir Peter.

"That isn't what I have been working for, you may remember, if you recall our talk. It was for the chance to win your daughter, if she were still free, and still—of the same mind."

"A few days are hardly fair. I thought you would be months at work."

"I believe there was no time limit set, however. And no doubt a long delay in getting at the secret would be annoying for you, Sir Peter."

"No doubt. But it seems incredible that you should have got at it so soon. I can't believe it, Knight. If you're not boasting, at least you are deceiving yourself."

"It remains to be seen."

"What! You'll tell me nothing now?"

"I can't, for the best reasons. But I hope they may have ceased to exist by to-morrow."

"You—have learnt something about Eve Desmond?"

"That is one of the things I may have to tell you after to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Woman of the Photograph.

Dick's thoughts travelled swiftly to the letters and the two black, gold-padlocked books once more hidden away in the secret cabinet. He longed now to have a chance at them. Even if he had not a right to keep what he had worked so hard to win, he would not have told Sir Peter Markham at this time of his latest discovery. To do so would be premature, for, after all, there might be nothing concerning either Eve Desmond or the mystery of the derelict contained in the volumes or the letters. He would examine both to-night when Sir Peter was on his way back to Tangier, he told himself; and whatever happened—whether he could claim his reward or not—if there were anything worth knowing Sir Peter should know it.

"For Heaven's sake, at least tell me one thing," said the millionaire, "and I swear that you shan't regret it. Don't keep me in suspense. Heaven knows I've enough to bear just now, anyway. If you know tell me whether the woman on this yacht was Eve Desmond or another."

"I don't know surely yet, but—"

"But you know something of the woman who was here? You have seen a picture of her? You have—"

"No, I have seen no picture; yet I could describe some of her characteristics."

"What were they? Good heavens, speak out, man! You don't know what this is to me."

"She was very slim—unusually slim, and not tall. She had golden hair—"

"Heavens! then it was Eve. Wait, I'll show you her portrait—the photograph in the watch—the man's watch. I took it away with me. I had a right to it. Come below where we can have plenty of light. Ah, if I could tear away that veil of mystery that has hidden her from me for so long and find my daughter Eve at the same time!"

Sir Peter took Dick by the arm to hurry him to the companion. All was dark on the yacht, save for the usual riding light aloft. The two men were standing together near the bow, talking in low voices, as Brown and his mate had talked last night. Dick wondered, as he and Sir Peter went below, whether they had had any experiences resembling those of their predecessors to discuss. The electric light on the Xenia was generated by a petrol motor of a rather peculiar make, and such a quantity of electricity had been stored up that, with the short hours during which lights were required, Dick had not found it necessary to set the engine to work since he had been on board. But now, when he attempted to switch on the lights in the saloon he got no result, and he and Sir Peter remained in darkness.

"The accumulators are exhausted, I expect," said Dick. "The men have got the lanterns, but I know there are plenty of candles in the storeroom for I've seen them, and if you'll wait here for a few minutes, Sir Peter, I'll fetch some."

He groped his way along through the dark, and it was impossible not to recall his odd experience of the night before; the silky rustle and the feeling of something slippery that moved from under his fingers. He had not mentioned this matter to Sir Peter, nor had he repeated the story told by the man. There had been other things of far greater importance demanding all his attention.

Luckily, he had come this way so often that every step was familiar, and after two or three minutes of groping he had reached the storeroom door. He knew exactly where the packing-case stood, and was avoiding it as he took the direction which would lead him to the shelves, when a figure, blacker than the darkness, sprang out of the corner and rushed past him through the door.

Dick followed, but the figure eluded him, and was almost instantly swallowed up in the gloom. He tried the electric light switch in the larger gallery, hoping that, after all, something had gone wrong in the saloon and the power was not exhausted. But no light came, and he was obliged to go back to the storeroom and search until he found the candles, as it would be futile to attempt a further chase in the dark. He took half a dozen, which he put in his pockets, lighting one with a wax vest from his own match-box and holding it up before him as he went back to the saloon.

In the doorway he found Sir Peter. "Something ran past in the dark. What was it?" the latter exclaimed, in a sharp, excited voice.

"I don't know," said Dick. "It was in the store-room. Which way did it go?"

"I can't tell you," returned Sir Peter. "I only know that it brushed past me. I saw it, black for an instant in front of an open porthole, and then it seemed to vanish."

"According to the men the Xenia's haunted, but I don't believe in the ghost theory," said Dick. "And yet this yacht has been searched from stem to stern. Well, we must search again."

They did, as well as they could by the aid of a flaring candle apiece, but found nothing, and Sir Peter was half-inclined to think that one of the men must have played them a trick. Knight had no alternative theory to offer, and impatiently they abandoned the hunt.

"It can't be anything else," exclaimed Sir Peter, impatiently. "If I were you, I should complain to the captain of the port. The think's not worth arguing over. Let us go back to the business that brought us here. Fetch the candles closer. That's it; hold them up—so! I couldn't bear to let any eyes but mine look at her picture at first. I know I am a sentimental fool, and I wonder at myself because for a good many years sentiment and I have been strangers. Now I realize, though, that I made a mistake. You were here to find out what I wanted to know, and I ought not to have let you be handicapped." He took from a pocket of his waistcoat the gold watch which Dick had seen on the owner's dressing-table the first night on board the derelict. Half-reluctantly he opened the case, gazed for a second or two at something inside, and then held out the watch, open, for Dick to see the photograph of Eve Desmond.

The light was dim and uncertain. The younger man brought one of the candles nearer; he bent his head over the watch, and then drew back with a cry of incredulous astonishment.

"You recognize the photograph?" ejaculated Sir Peter. "Eve Desmond is the woman who was on board this yacht."

"Let me see the picture again," said Dick, in a low, strained voice, putting out his hand for the watch. "I want to make sure. I—it seems almost too strange to be true, and yet—and yet—"

His sentence broke off in the midst. He looked closely at the photograph and seemed to have forgotten everything else, until the other brought him back to himself with an abrupt question:

"Why too strange to be true?" he asked, sharply. "Is anything too strange to be true in this queer world?"

"Sir Peter," Dick said, slowly, "whether this is a picture of the Eve Desmond you once loved I can't tell. But if that be true, Eve Desmond—was my mother!"

"Your mother! Impossible!"

The words rang out sharp and clear, with a note of anger in them. And there were anger and incredulity in Sir Peter Marham's eyes as well.

Dick Knight looked straight into them. "Do you remember," he began, "when I asked you if you could not have been mistaken in thinking this a portrait of a woman you had known in her girlhood, seven-and-twenty years ago, you answered that it could not be so! Well, now I tell you, Sir Peter, that there was only one woman in the world like my mother. This is her picture, and, what is more, I am sure now that this isn't the first time I've seen this photograph. I remember my mother showing it to me. It is the only one I ever saw of her."

Sir Peter gazed at him almost stupidly, like a man who wakes from a dream and cannot be sure that he does not still dream. "Your mother—Eve Desmond! I can't believe it. Surely you would have known her name."

"I was only five years old when—I lost her," Dick said, sadly.

Suddenly Sir Peter seemed to wake from his dream. "She died?" he stammered. "Yes—I know. You told me once that your mother died. But then I could not guess that she—tell me everything over again—all your history, Knight—all that concerns her."

In the wavering candlelight his face looked drawn and pale. In five minutes he had aged twice as many years. "Shall we sit and talk?" Dick asked, taking pity upon him. Sir Peter sank down on the sofa, whose embroidered cushions were still fragrant from the vanished presence of the mysterious lady of the yacht. Dick placed the two candles, now in elaborate silver candlesticks, on the low table, where the scattered books and papers lay. Then he sat down in the chair opposite Sir Peter.

(To be continued.)

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 7B

A LENGTHY VOYAGE.

The Ship Roanoke Sailed Eight Thousand Miles Without Her Mainmast.

New York, April 30.—The big full rigged ship Roanoke, eight months out from Chinese ports, came up the narrows yesterday with a bare stump, where her mainmast ought to stand, says the Sun. She lost the stick in a hurricane off Madagascar last winter, and sailed the remainder of 8,000 miles with her fore and mizzen masts. She picked up a Chinaman who had been fourteen days in an open boat after the foundering of their boat, a native junk.

The President

A SLAVE TO CATARRH.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER RELIEVES IN 10 MINUTES.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Installment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure is for the Nerves, Heart and Blood. 13

RHEUMATISM WILL SUCCUMB to South American Rheumatic Cure because it goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes the cause. Many so-called cures but deaden pain temporarily only, to have it return again with doubled violence. Not so with this great remedy. It eradicates from the system the last vestige of the disease and its cures are permanent. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—74.

LACROSSE.

THE DRAWN GAME.

It is estimated that fully 12,000 people will be in attendance at the drawn game between Vancouver and Westminster in the Terminal City on May 14th. Should Vancouver win, it is safe to predict that hundreds of supporters will accompany the team to this city on the 24th of May. Westminster's new player will be "Pat" Feeney. Although only 16 years of age, Feeney is a marvel of speed and shooting ability. The Vancouver team will be strengthened by the addition of two Eastern players, Devine and McLean.

THE LOCAL TEAM.

The home team's chances for championship honors this year are looking more rosefate every day, and when the team takes the field on the 24th patrons of the game are assured of two hours of the fastest lacrosse seen in this city for years. From goal to inside home there will not be a weak spot, all the doubtful points having been strengthened by the addition of several new players. Sam Lorimer's hand, which was injured a short time ago, is mending rapidly, and it will have to be a very tricky shot that scores on Sam when he takes his position between the flags on the 24th. In a letter to a friend, Alex. Turnbull, Westminster's star centre, intimates that he is feeling better than for two years past, and jocularly remarks that the player who opposes him will have to have a few cramps handy. It will be interesting to watch the battle between Alex. and the new centre of the local team.

MATCH ON 24th.

On Saturday evening a joint meeting of the Victoria Lacrosse and Baseball Clubs was held for the purpose of coming to some amicable arrangement regarding the games to be played during the Victoria Day celebrations. After some consideration it was mutually agreed that the opening league lacrosse match between the Victoria and Vancouver teams should take place on the morning of Tuesday, the 24th, at the Caledonia grounds. This game will commence at 10 o'clock, and will be preceded by a junior match between the Centrals, of Victoria, and the Argonauts, of Vancouver, which starts at 8.30 o'clock. Both seniors and juniors will commence training immediately.

THE INTERMEDIATE LEAGUE.

The annual general meeting of the British Columbia Intermediate Lacrosse Association was held in Nanaimo on Tuesday night. President Al. Larwill, of Vancouver, occupied the chair. The following delegates were present: Vancouver, C. W. Murray and Al. Larwill; New Westminster, D. Walker and A. W. Gray; Nanaimo, J. C. McGregor and O. Dobeson.

The reports of the president and secretary for the season of 1903 were read and adopted, after which the election of officers took place, the results being as follows: Hon. president, E. O'Callaghan, of Vancouver; president, J. C. McGregor, of Nanaimo; first vice-president, A. W. Gray, of New Westminster; second vice-president, C. W. Murray, of Vancouver; secretary-treasurer, Al. Larwill, of Vancouver; council, D. Walker, of New Westminster, and O. Dobeson, of Nanaimo.

The following schedule was drafted:

May 21st—Vancouver vs. New Westminster.

May 28th—Nanaimo vs. Vancouver.

June 8th—New Westminster vs. Vancouver.

June 23rd—Vancouver vs. Nanaimo.

July 16th—Nanaimo vs. New Westminster.

July 28th—New Westminster vs. Nanaimo.

Official referees were appointed as follows: Messrs. J. J. Reynolds, of Vancouver; Fred. Lynch, of New Westminster; and Dr. Drysdale, of Nanaimo.

BASEBALL.

BELLINGHAM HAS TEAM.

F. R. Cole, who has been endeavoring to organize a team for Everett, has transferred his organization to Bellingham. The latter nine will be as follows: Messrs. Pringle, Mackey and Lent, of Everett; Galaski, Dean, Hartness and Jansa, of Bellingham; Brockoff, of Sedro-Woolley; Greene, of Spokane; Broadhurst, of Vancouver; and Caylor, a new man from Iowa, who has the reputation of being fast in the infield. The men have not yet been assigned to their places, but that will be done, provisionally at least, this week. It is believed that Everett will organize another team.

It is probable that the game announced to be played here with Everett on May 7th will now be against the new Bellingham aggregation.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

ISLAND v. MAINLAND.

"An endeavor is being made to have a team representing the Mainland league and an eleven composed of players on Vancouver Island meet next month in a match to decide the championship of British Columbia," says the Vancouver News-Advertiser.

"A general meeting of the Mainland Association Football League was held at New Westminster, delegates being present as follows: Celtics, of Vancouver, A. C. Stewart, J. R. Badger; Rovers, of New Westminster; Professor Davidson, H. Ryall; Shamrocks, of Vancouver; F. W. Watson, R. McLean.

"The meeting was unanimous in its opinion that a match should be arranged with an Island team, and in anticipation that such a match will be arranged two teams were chosen to play on Wednesday evening, May 4th, at the Cambie street grounds. A selection committee will be present and will pick out the best eleven players to represent the Mainland league against an Island combination."

GARRISON VICTORIOUS.

The final match played on Saturday at Nanaimo between the Garrison and Coal City eleven resulted in a victory for the soldiers by a score of 2 goals to nil. They have therefore captured the provincial championship and with it the McKechnie cup, which has been held by Nanaimo for the past several seasons.

The game was well contested, although the Garrison team displayed much better form than their opponents. In combination and fast work among the forwards the Coal City five were outplayed. The first half was all in favor of the Garrison, who pressed from the kick-off until the blow of the whistle. About five minutes after the start the first point was scored for the soldiers by Ford, who put the ball between the posts with a well placed kick.

From this time the Nanaimo team adopted almost purely defensive tactics, evidently realizing that there was no chance of scoring against the Garrison at the pace they were then setting. They therefore clustered about their goal and allowed the soldiers to spend their energy in the endeavor to take the ball past eleven stalwart players into the goal mouth. Needless to say the Garrison was unsuccessful in this, and the first half ended with the score standing one in favor of the soldiers.

During the second half there was a decided change, the Nanaimo players putting up a more aggressive game and coming away with some dangerous rushes. These were soon repulsed, however, and the ball found its way to the Garrison forwards, who were not slow in carrying it towards their opponents' stronghold. Here the ball was taken by Grimes and put past the Nanaimo custodian a second time. A protest was made by the Coal City players over this goal, it being claimed that the ball went behind before it was put through. Referee Sergt. Derbyshire, however, refused to reverse his decision, and the game continued. The Garrison had the best of the remainder of the game in spite of the efforts of the Nanaimo team, and when the whistle blew, there had been no further scoring.

THE RIFLE.

SATURDAY'S SCORES.

Sixty-seven members took part in the shoot at Clover Point on Saturday afternoon. Although the wind was not quite steady, the conditions generally were about all that could be desired. Lieut.-Col. Hall visited the range and for some time acted as range officer. Considering the great stress laid on good rifle shooting by all the higher military authorities, it is rather surprising that more officers are not seen at Clover Point on the Saturday afternoons.

The attendance was distributed as follows: Royal Navy, 19; Royal Engineers, 16; Staff, 5th C. A., 2; No. 1 Co., 8; No. 2 Co., 4; No. 3 Co., 6; No. 4 Co., 3; No. 5 Co., 2; No. 6 Co., 5; civilians, 2.

The following are some of the best scores:

	200.	500.	600.	Tl.
Mr. A. R. Langley	29	34	33	96
Sergt. F. Richardson ..	33	32	28	93
Co. Sgt.-Maj. Caven ...	33	32	27	92
Co. Sgt.-Maj. McDougall	26	32	31	89
Gr. Walt. Winsby	30	28	26	84
Capt. A. W. Currie	30	26	26	82
Lieut. R. Angus	28	28	25	81

ATHLETICS.

WELL ATTENDED MEETING.

There was a good attendance at a general meeting held at the James Bay Athletic Club rooms Thursday night when the proposed field sports in preparation for the N. P. A. A. A. meeting, announced to be held at Vancouver in July, were discussed. The principal business was the consideration of a report of a special committee appointed to make preliminary arrangements, the purport of which has already appeared in the columns. Among other things, it was recommended that the grounds adjoining the J. B. A. A. tennis courts be put in condition for the proposed field sports. The report was adopted.

After some consideration the following special committee was appointed for the purpose of arranging details: F. W. Thomas, G. H. B. Pritchard, H. Austin, D. Leeming, J. S. Jost, T. Watson, B. C. Pettingell, George Knox, Sergt. Dunn, R. G. A., H. E. Hobbs, and E. E. Billinghurst, H. E. Hobbis was appointed secretary.

The meeting adjourned shortly after, those present agreeing to meet again on Monday for the further consideration of preparations for the meet.

ON WAY HOME.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, Sails From Bombay For England.

Bombay, April 30.—Lord Curzon, of Kedlestone, Viceroy of India, sailed for home to-day on board the steamer Arabia. He was given a great send-off. The city was decorated, and large crowds gathered on the sea front to bid him farewell. The Viceroy appears to be in excellent health.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite, Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which woman can depend "in the hour and time of need." Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known. No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per box. Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

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