MODEL YACHTS IN BIG RACE

Wind Failed Yesterday and the Event Had to Be Canceled After One Hour

EIGHT WERE ENTERED

Number of People Out to Watch Small Craft Starting From Drydock

The model yacht race which was to have taken place on Saturday afternoon at the drydock had to be postponed. The light wind at the scheduled time for starting finally died down and the race could not take place.

Over one hundred spectators had gathered at different points to view the competition and the keenest interest was shown as the six small craft were lined up at the big derrick pier. Charles Taylor was the starter.

A start was made at 3 o'clock, but the breeze died down shortly atfer 4, and much to the disappointment of those gathered the race was unavoidably cancelled.

Those having model craft entered were: Albert Palmer, John Gibson, Alex Wylie, Oscar Seather, Archie MacLean and Pat Palmer. The first four boats measured from 4 to 5 feet in length and the latter two smaller The highest skilled workmanship was displayed in the construction of the different craft.

The race course was laid out somewhat as follows: Starting at the derrick pier along an imaginary line to No. 2 pontoon, thence directly across the harbor to a boat anchored near the small island opposite the drydock, then back to another anchored boat about one-half mile from the drydock, and from there to the starting point, making a triangular course. The race will be attempted at a later date to be decided by the committee in charge.

HOMING BIRDS MAKE FLIGHT

Pair of Pigeons Sent By Inspector Tupper to Kitwanga Return to Prince Rupert

Homing pigeons is one of the hobbies of Inspector Tupper of the Canadian Royal Mounted Poliec and he is now training some of them for long distance flights. The longest flight so far taken was last week when a pair of birds were taken to Kitwanga and liberated at 7:30 a.m. Flying over the mountains, the birds reached Prince Rupert at 2 p.m. covering a distance of 160 miles.

Shorter flights have been made by the birds, the distance having been gradually increased.

The next flight to be tried will be tomorrow, weather permitting, when the birds will be liberated from Smithers.

LOBLICK WINS GAME FOR ELKS

Elks and Gyros Tied For Second Place in City League Baseball

In a postponed City League baseball game yesterday afternoon at Acropolis Hill grounds, the Elks sent the Gyro Club down to defeat by a score of 12 to 7.

Big Herman Loblick, star hurler for the Elks, was the outstanding player of the game, getting two home runs, one triple and a double out of five trips to the plate. The game was a seesaw affair with one team leading for a while and then the other. It was anybody's victory until in the eighth, when, with two men on bases, the big hurler crashed a line drive to right and cleaned off the paths.

In the last inning, Art Easson, first batter for the Gyros, was hit on the head with a fast ball that bounced twenty feet in the air. He seemed somewhat groggy for a little while but soon came around.

Both teams made several errors and coupled with a large number of hits made it a high scoring game.

Score by innings:

		R.	H.	E.
Elks	2 0 0 3 1 2 0 4 0	12	12	7
Gyro	1 1 2 1 0 1 0 0 1	7	9	7

Batteries: Loblick and D. Gurvich; Haveland and MceKown.

Sport Chat

Tommy Herd who defeated Halstead of Los Angeles in a mile race at Vancouver recently, was formerly a teacher at the Smithers public school. He was also the U.B.C. champion miler.

Smithers baseball team went down to defeat recently before the ball tossers from Ootsa Lake, 16 to 14. It is claimed at the railway centre that several of their best men were away and that Ootsa was strengthened by several Burns Lake men.

Ofttimes an innovation revives a sport from near-dormancy to popular favor. An instance is provided by wrestling. The game was practically 'dead' in 1916, when Joe Stecher aroused renewed interest in it by perfecting his famous scissors hold. As the other stars of the game developed a defense against it, the game lapsed back into its former status. Last year heavyweight wrestlers were not having large crowds. Then along came Gus Sonnenberg, and in January of this year he took the world's heavyweight championship from Ed ("Strangler") Lewis by use of his spectacular flying tackle. The former Dartmouth football star had failed in a previous attempt to take the crown from Lewis when the latter side-stepped a dive and Sonnenberg went hurtling through the ropes on to the concrete floor. In the January match Sonnenberg was successful his tackle rendering Lewis hors de combat when his head hit the champion's stomach with tremendous force. Then they met again for the title in a bout. Lewis scored the first fall over Sonnenberg in the eighteenth minute of the bout, but lost the match, the champion's football tactics giving him the second two falls. The January bout between the two, following their first exciting encounter, drew a $75,000 gate, while the recent bout receipts reached a $98,000 total, a figure undreamed of by wrestling promoters a few years ago.

ODD DOG SHOW IN ENGLAND

Rival Mongrels Feature a Pet Show in London; Dog With Pola Negri Eyes Wins

LONDON, July 22.—Describing "beauty contest" for mongrels at the annual horse parade and pet show held recently at Hampton Court by the Royal Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the London edition of the Manchester Guardian says.:

"The competition for peculiar dogs was divided into the following classes: (1) The dog with the longest tail, (2) the tail with the longest dog, (3) the happiest dog, (.) the dog with the best curly tail, (5) the dog with the least resemblance to any known breed, (6) the best spotted dog, (7) the fastest and the slowest dog, (8) the dog with the most beautiful eyes, (9) the best handshaking dog, and (10) the best begging dog.

"The keenest fight was for the dog with the most beautiful eyes. The dogs stood in a row, all registering emotion, and it soon became obvious that the real contest was between an animal with soft, melting, "Poli Negri" eyes and one with eyes that sparkled. The "Pola Negri" type won.

"Twenty dogs competed for the distinction of being as unlike any breed as possible—twenty dogs which might have been terriers, but for the fact that they looked rather like collies, although their ears had a bull-dog touch and their tails bore a resemblance to those of a spaniel.

Eight hundred entries were received for the whole show, and the exhibits included horses, ponies, donkeys, cats, rabbits, poultry, pigeons, goats, lambs, mice and even tortoises."

AGED TORONTO WOMEN TAKE UP BOWLING AS A RECREATION

TORONTO, Ont., July 22: — Bowling is being added to the summer activities of the aged women's home on Belmont Street.

Croquet has for many years been a popular pastime among the elderly women, and it is hoped that bowling will prove an added inducement to coax them from the shady verandas to the sunny lawns.

A request for lawn bowls not in use has already elicited two sets and the promise of a third.

"Of course we do not expect that all the rules of the game will be observed," an executive commented. "But we believe that our ladies will derive much pleasure from the bowls just the same."

PITTSBURGH AT HEAD NATIONALS

Yankees Faltering With Athletics Getting Further Ahead of Them in American

NEW YORK, July 22:—Pittsburgh was hurled into first place yesterday by defeating the Giants while Chicago was losing to Brooklyn Cubs. it was their first defeat this year by Brooklyn. Dazzy Vance was supreme, yielding the only homer to Hornsby that caused any damage.

The Athletics strode further ahead of the faltering Yankees in the American League taking an 11 inning verdict over Detroit while the Yankees were beaten by Cleveland. Babe Ruth, inactive through injury, went in as a pinch hitter to snare a futile single.

Scores follow:

Saturday

National League

Pittsburgh 5-4, New York 2-8.
Chicago 6-4, Brooklyn 5-1.
Cincinnati 4-2, Philadelphia 9-3.
St. Louis 1, Boston 5.

American League

New York 4-11, Cleveland 8-6.
Philadelphia 6, Detroit 2.
Boston 3, Chicago 4.
Washington 3-2, St. Louis 2-1.

Sunday

National League

St. Louis 2-3, Boston 4-4.
Pittsburgh 5, New York 3.
Chicago 1, Brooklyn 3.
Philadelphia 5, Cincinnati 8.

American League

Boston 0, Chicago 10.
Philadelphia 10, Detroit 7.
Washington 5, St. Louis 8.
New York 4, Cleveland 6.

FOREST BRANCH HELD A PICNIC

Enjoyable Time Spent Yesterday at Tugwell Island Beach

The Forest Branch picnic was held at Tugwell Island yesterday. About fifty people, the staff and their friends left on the boat "Lillian D" at 10 a.m. Despite a wet day, a good time was spent. Everybody entered into the picnic spirit and made the outing a success.

The conveners for the different committees were as follows:

Invitation—Miss E. Mackay.
Refreshments—Miss V. Smith.
Entertainment—Miss E. Dalby.

Winners in the various races were as follows:

Married Ladies' Race—Mrs. C. C. Smith, Mrs. R. J. D. Smith.

Ladies' 100-yard dash—Miss E. Dalby, Miss L. Frizell.

Ladies' 3-legged race—Miss L. Frizzell and Miss E. Dalby, Miss M .Gwyer and Miss M. Palmer.

Elopement race — Miss M. Gwyer and F. Burdette, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gregg.

Men's 100-yard dash—T. Atkins, R. E. Smith.

R. E. Smith's "Mosquito Bites" beat A. Mitchell's "Flea Bites" in a nine inning baseball game. The game was most unably handled by Umpire R. H. Ive. The final score was 12 to 11.

The refreshments were well looked after by the Lillian D chef, Al. Claydon. q

C. N. SOCCER TEAM WINNER

MONTREAL, July 22.—The Canadian National soccer team defeated the Oshawa Nationals Saturday, 3-2, in the first game of the Dominion series.

ST. SAVIOUR'S SOCCER BEATEN

EDMONTON, July 22.—St. Saviour's, the British Columbia soccer champions, were routed here Saturday night 5-1 by the Canadian Nationals. The second game will be held today.

Daily News "Classified" advertising brings results.

"THE GREEN SHADOW"

(Continued from page one)

that. You must put those absurd notions out of your head. It's nothing, really. I have only been working a little harder than usual. A certain financial difficulty arose—something that— —But it's practically over now. It will be happily settled in a little while. Dear me! A quarter after nine. I must go."

She fixed him with a keen, level doubting gaze. She reached across the table, picked up the newspaper and read the prominent caption in the upper left-hand corner:

POLICE STILL IN PURSUIT OF THE MYSTERIOUS MR GRAVES

Headquarters Reported to Have Discovered Fresh Clews Which May Lead to Arrest of Elusive Swindler.

Who is Mr. Graves

She lifted her troubled gaze from the paper and looked at her father. Mr. Castle who ruled his downtown office with the stern discipline of an autocrat ,winced slightly beneath that steady, searching gaze. The indulgent smile with which he tried to mask his uneasiness was not wholly successful.

"Who is the mysterious Mr. Graves, dad? I didn't read the papers while I was away."

Her father had risen and stood with one hand resting on the chair. "Mr." Graves? Oh, nobody in particular. It's only a name, just as the Picaroon is only a name. Nobody knows who the man is."

"You are not very lucid, dad."

"Well, you have probably heard of Daniel Forester's operations. He cleaned up ten millions in ten months. It was the grossest kind of a swindle. Forrester is dead now, but the police are still looking for a certain individual who is supposed to have been his partner. His true name isn't known, but somehow he has come to be designated as the 'mysterious Mr. Graves.' That's all there is to it."

"All, dad?"

"All that really matters. I doubt whether the mysterious Mr. Graves will ever be found."

"But this newspaper says the police have discovered fresh clues."

"Newspaper gossip," said Mr. Castle contemptuously. He deposited his half-smoked cigar on the tray, crossed over to where she sat and, as was his habit, turned up her face and kissed her. In a moment he was gone.

Adele remained seated, gazing at the door that had just closed behind him. She had noticed that, in contrast with his former brisk and buoyant step, his feet seemed to drag a little. He was not holding himself quite so erect as formerly. And his parting kiss, although just as tender and affectionate as in the past, had seemed a little hurried, as if he had wanted to run away from something. And there was the alarmed almost guilty look that had come into his face when she mentioned the mysterious Mr. Graves.

Something must be wrong!

In a sober mood she went to her room, rang for her maid and dressed. Within the space of half an hour life seemed to have taken on a graver tone. It seemed as if an epoch had run its course between grapefruit and the final sip of coffee. Until now there had been little of a serious nature in her life. The death of her mother had ben a sad affiction, but it had come so early in her life that it was now but a pale memory.

Then there had been a private preparatory school on the Hudson, and then college. There had been the usual gay affairs, the usual light flirtations, the usual youthful pranks and frolics. Life had smiled on her, and she had smiled brightly back.

Now, in a twinkling, all was changed. Ever since her childhood a rare intimacy had existed between her father and herself. Even in the midst of studies and amusements she had always looked upon her father as the dearest, noblest, most wonderful man in the world. A strong and simple affection for him had followed her from childhood through early and rampant youth.

Now he was in trouble of some sort, and it seemed all the graver by reason of the secrecy he maintained. It was the first time within her recollection that he had failed to confide in her. There was something disturbing, almost sinister, in his silence on this occasion.

While the maid combed and brushed her blue-black hair, a question came back to her time and again: Who was the mysterious Mr. Graves? A suspicion engendered by her father's evasions would not leave her mind. She tried not to think of it; it was too harrowing. And yet——

She shrugged her slight, shapely shoulders. After all, she knew nothing definite. She was rearing a structure of ugly surmises on a few symptoms of nervousness and abstraction on her father's part. Her fears seemed a little fantastic when she viewed them in the light of reason. Virgil Ellsworth Castle was above suspicion. Everybody was willing to admit that. Probably it was as he had said, that he had been working too hard of late.

Her fears were almost gone when the maid left the room. She stood at the window looking out over the park that sparkled in its autumnal draperies. There was a fresh, colorful charm about the life outside. She couldn't resist the spell of it. Her blood coursed a little faster. The shadows were momentarily gone.

Miss Conway

The stiff-backed manservant appeared at the door.

"The lady is still waiting, miss."

Adele started a little, She had quite forgotten the woman from Cartier's.

"I'll see her at once, Wambley," she told the servant, and even as she spoke she thought it a little strange that Wambley, with his inbred and rather absurd sense of class distinction, should have referred to the caller as a "lady."

Soon, however, the visitor was ushered in, and this little incongruity was explained. Instead of the person she had expected there entered a woman of thirty or so, fastidiously garbed and strikingly handsome. She gave Adele a quick look of appraisal, softened by a faint smile.

"Miss Castle," she said briskly, yet with an engaging manner. "I have come to tell you something unpleasant. Shall I broach the painful subject gently and easily, or shall I plunge into it at once?"

"I thing I should prefer the plunge,' said Adele bewilderedly.

"Good! That will save time. Miss Castle, your father is in trouble."

Adele winced. The speaker's subdued tone and the friendly shading of her voice failed to temper the bluntness of her statement.

"I don't understand you," she said a little coldly.

The woman's eyes of light green scrutinized her. They were shrewd farseeing eyes, with a glint of amusement in them.

"That's unfortunate," she murmured in a tone that conveyed the faintest hint of doubt." Explanations are such awkward things. Won't you accept me on faith and believe me when I tell you that your father is in desperate difficulties and that something must be done at once?"

Adele's thoughts went back to the scene at the breakfast table The woman's statement, terse and explicit though it was, coincided with the fears that had taken shape in her mind during talk with her father.

"Won't you tell me who you are?" she asked.

"My name is Miss Conway. Please don't ask me to identify myself further. I am quite unimportant. My only mission here is to take you to the house of a gentleman who will give you the details and suggest how your father may escape from his troubles."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Adele guardedly.

"Doctor Moffett."

"I have never heard of him. Why does he wish to help my father?"

'That's a natural question. If I were trying to deceive you, which I am not, I should tell you that Dr. Moffett is a kindly and altruistic soul who derives great pleasure in life by doing good to other people. That's not quite the case."

The statement had a persuasive effect on Adele. She felt that Miss Conway was a clever and fascinating woman, one who would not waste breath on such less lies.

"What is his object, then?"

"It's a selfish one. Dr. Moffett is ready to suggest an arrangement that will benefit him and, incidentally, help your father. That's the whole, unvarnished truth." She wriggled a blue solitaire on her finger, "My car is waiting. Will you come?"

Adele passed to the window and looked down. She saw a car with graceful streamers and a chauffeur at the wheel. It was quite a prepossessing car, one that seemed to disarm all suspicions in advance. She turned to Miss Conway and surprised a smile that caused her eyes to contract for an instant.

"I'll be ready in a moment," she declared.

She ran into the library, closed the door and called the Manhattan Club on the telephone. She told the attendant that she wished to speak to Mr. Paul Ainsworth. After a brief wait she heard Paul's bored and drawling voice on the wire.

"Dear," she said in a subdued tone, with a cautious glance at the door, "This is Adele. Will you do something for me?"

"If it's an engagement for afternoon tea——" began he cautiously and with distaste.

"It isn't. There's a Chippewaite sedan outside our house. In ten minutes I shall step in it and drive away accompanied by a very charming and mysterious lady. You would adore her, Paul—you dear idiot! When we start you are to follow discreetly in a taxi. The emphasis is on discreetly. We shall probably drive to somebody's house somewhere. If I fail to come out—no interruptions, please! If I fail to come out within half an hour, you know what to do. That's all. Stick to it!"

With an excited laugh she closed the connection on Paul's remonstrances, then ran to another room and changed into a smart street dress. The selection of a hat took a minute or two and by that time she saw a car cruising slowly beneath the window.

"Good old Paul!" she sighed. Then, with her most guileless and unsuspecting look, she returned to Miss Conway and announced that she was ready.

(Continued Tomorrow)

"Your father is in desperate difficulties and something must be done at once."

UNITED WESTON TEAM WINNE

WINNIPEG, July 22.—Un Weston, Winnipeg, qualified the western Canada football fi by beating the Regina Sco Saturday 4-0 and taking round 4-1.

SCHEDULE FOR CITY BASEBAL

The following is the sche for July and August games the City Baseball League:

July 23—Gyros vs S. O. C.
July 26—S. O. C. vs Elks.
July 29—Elks vs Gyros.
August 1—S. O. C. vs Gyros
August 6—Elks vs S. O. C.
August 9—Gyros vs Elks
August 12—Gyros vs S. O.
August 15—S. O. C. vs Elks
August 20—Elks vs Gyros
August 23—S. O. C. vs Gyros