"A Moorland Princess."

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Secret of the Maltese Cross.

Jim Breakspear had dragged himself back to the farm as soon as there was light enough to find his way across the moor, and as Michael had gone out leaving a door unlocked and the waves unbarred, he was able to walk in without attempting concealment, yet without being seen. He was weary, weak, and almost spent, yet not as ill as he had feared he might be. It was not much after six when he returned to his room, and the first thing he did was to bathe and change his clothes for others lent by Michael Dupont; then fling himself down on the sofa and sleep for an hour or more. Suddenly, something roused him, and he sat up, calling: "Who is there?"

He fancied that he must have been roused by a voice speaking, or a tap at the door, but no one answered him, and he was alone in the room. Having looked at his watch, and made sure that it was still too early to hope for an interview with Maya, he was on the point of lying down again, when he saw a ball of white paper tied with red string lying on the floor. He rose, picked it up, and found that the paper was wrapped round a stone. No doubt it had been thrown through the open window, and the noise it made in falling had wakened him.

Jim broke the knot, took the paper off the stone, and was not surprised to see that the former had been written upon. Naturally, as the missile had come in at the window, he supposed the communication to be intended for himself; but as he read, taking in the few lines at one quick, comprehensive glance, he saw that he had been mistaken in this deduction.

"Come at noon to keep the appointment," he read. "This is important, and you will have reason for the deepest regret if you fail.—Maltese Cross."

Though there was no address, Breakspear was not slow in guessing the identity of the writer, or the person to be terrorised by the vague threat. He even recognized the handwrfiting, which was the same as in the memoranda found in the black portmanteau.

When he had come in an hour or more earlier, he had locked the house door, but, as it was full morning, had left the gates open as he found them; therefore, it had been easy enough for a stranger to dart in, throw the stone, and dart out again, without being stopped. The question was, Why had his window been selected? But even this answered itself after a second or two of reflection. Maya had been with him for a little while last evening, with the lamp lighted, before they decided to tell ghost stories in the moonlight. The man with the death-mask, hiding under the trees, must have seen her pass the window and imagined that this was her room.

Breakspear would have been glad to tear up the paper and let the girl remain happily in ignorance of the threat; but that he had no right to do, and after thinking it over for a few moments, he had begun to scribble a note in pencil to Maya, when Elizabeth Truro knocked at his door. She waited until it was finished, with its few words of explanation as to how the enclosed paper had come into Breakspear's hands, and its plea to offer another more intricate explanation in person; but Jim had not expected an answer nearly as soon as Maya appeared at his door.

"Miss Truro gave you my note?" he said. "It was good of you to come, for I can guess what you must have been thinking of me—if you knew that I was gone."

"I haven't had the note, for Miss Truro lost it," the girl faltered, growing red and pale under his eyes. "You can tell me what you said."

Jim did not tell her; but, unable to resist the temptation of justifying himself without delay, he told the story of his own night adventure first, then came to the incident of the stone and the paper. As he went on, however, he began to realise what a strange tale it was, how almost incredible, and though it made his heart ache to see it, he could not be surprised at the doubting wistfulness in Maya's eyes.

"You will not go to meet that man?" he pleaded, when he had finished all he had to say, and she was still silent.

"I must. Please do not let us talk of it," the girl answered. "And now I must leave you."

"If you will not listen to me, won't you speak to your cousin, and let him help, or at least advise, you?" Jim persisted.

"Michael is not here," Maya said, quietly, as if it were useless to explain or dwell upon his absence. "I have no one now—no one at all."

The words struck at Breakspear's heart, for though she had not put her doubts of his good faith into an accusation, he understood all the meaning of those last few, simply-spoken words. She no longer trusted him. He did not blame her, and since his story had not proved convincing, he would not argue more in his own defence; but the iron entered into his soul.

"I would give my life to help you; but I can't expect you to value my protestations," was all he said.

Maya did not answer, save by a weary little sigh; and a second later she was gone.

Perhaps Breakspear had never known moments more bitter than those which followed the closing of his door by Maya. He raged helplessly against the idea that she meant to yield to the blackmailer's demands, whatever they might be, yet he had no right to prevent her even if that had been possible. He could not use force to keep her back, and evidently no persuasions of his would avail. He was gloomily reviewing the situation when a quick tap came at his door, and almost before he could answer, it was flung open to show Maya, pale as marble, scarcely able to articulate the words she strove to utter.

"My father!" she stammered, with white lips. "He is dying, I think—perhaps dead. Oh, can you come with me; are you able? I must trust you now. You will not betray us?"

"It is hard to bear that you should dream I would; but that doesn't matter now. Let us go," Jim answered.

He had never been told the secret of the North Wing, supposing it as ruinous as it appeared outside, yet he felt very little surprise when Maya led him there. Neither had he been informed of the identity of that mysterious relative with whom Maya lived, but he had guessed that it must be the girl's father.

The figure in the grey dressing-gown lay as it had fallen, looking pathetically small and thin, and Jim, who was not used to being an invalid, stooped to raise it in his arms. He was ashamed of the effort it cost him, and hoped that Maya did not see the involuntary wince he gave, as lifting the dead weight sent a stab of pain through his side. He carried the unconscious form to the adjoining room, so dimly lighted through its curtain ivy, and laid it on the bed.

Jim knew almost nothing about illness, and Maya's experience of her father's malady helped her very little now, for she had never seen him in such a state before. There were great shadowy hollows under his half-closed eyes, and the lips were of a bluish tint. Only the faint, irregular fluttering of the heart and a gasping breath now and then told that he still lived.

The young man and the girl worked over him, pouring a few drops of medicine between the clenched teeth, chafing the hands, putting hot water to the feet; but hours passed, and his condition seemed only slightly changed for the better. At last Miss Truro came home, somewhat relieved in mind on her brother's account. He had not had an accident as she had feared, but had been seized during the previous evening at the Coach and Horses with a curious attack that no one could quite explain to his sister. He had walked into the bar, and lingered for awhile, entering into conversation with one or two strangers who had come that day to Mallery-Tavy. The had all had drinks together, though not enough, the landlord insisted, to muddle the weakest head. Be that as it might, Thomas Truro had shown signs of being overcome, and had fallen into a deep sleep in the corner of the old-fashioned settle.

So soundly had he slumbered that it was found impossible to rouse him completely, and he had been put to bed in one of the spare rooms.

When Miss Truro arrived next morning he was awake, but suffering from so severe a headache that he pronounced himself unable to rise and go home until he should be better; therefore, she had returned to the farm in a temper, but with an easier mind.

The village chemist had been able to make up the medicine which Maya had sent for, and its effect was beneficial; but though the invalid regained his consciousness, he was still suffering severely, and seemed to be light-headed. He talked wildly, and called Maya by her mother's name, imploring her sometimes to save him, sometimes not to leave him to die alone. As soon as he had shown signs of returning animation, the girl had banished Breakspear to the adjoining room, explaining that it would be dangerous for her father to wake and see a stranger. He had not been told of Breakspear's presence in the house, and this was no time for explanations. When Jim begged her to send to Mallery-Tavy or Mavistock for a doctor, she only shook her head sadly. Her father was much adverse to doctors, and would take no medicine that had not been prescribed by Michael. If he were disobeyed, and a strange doctor brought into the house, he would be so angry and excited that the consequences might be disastrous.

In her anxiety for her father Maya forgot to reckon time, and it was long past the hour for the changed appointment when the recollection of it flashed back into her mind. Her heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stop beating. For a moment she feared that she would faint, but by a desperate effort she controlled herself.

She had said to Breakspear that nothing should prevent her keeping the appointment; yet she had not gone. Now it was too late even if she could leave her father. It was not likely that her enemy would wait her convenience for long. When he found that she did not come he would probably take it for granted that she had never intended to do so, and would go away to carry out the threatened revenge.

Torn between her fear of the blackmailer and her fears for her father, Maya seemed to have been pushed by fate to the verge of a precipice from which there was no retreat. She knew exactly what Breakspear would say if she took him into her confidence; any man would say the same, she supposed, not knowing the terrible nature of the secret which lay at the mercy of a villain. It was useless to ask advice or help of Breakspear, she told herself, and there was no one else. He would doubtless have remembered the appointment, have remarked that she had not kept it, and be glad, if he were the true man she wished to believe him. But she could not bear to speak of the matter with him. Since no good could come from referring to it she determined, for the present at least, to ignore it altogether.

So the day passed. Evening came and the invalid was quieter, but he had begged that Maya would stay with him, even when he slept. Jim had asked that he might remain in the next room until night, unless her cousin returned from his mysterious expedition, and the girl had consented, for it was good to feel that she was not quite alone—that someone cared and was ready to help if it were possible.

At 9 o'clock Miss Truro came to the door of communication. Her brother had not returned, but she was not very anxious now. No doubt he would appear in the morning, and if he had been taken worse he would have sent her word, for that he had promised. She had brought a tray with a nondescript cold meal upon it, in case Miss Dupont was obliged to sit up with her father and should be hungry in the night, and if nothing else were required of her, she would go to bed, as she was tired. Still, if Miss Dupont would like her to sit up——

But Maya assured her that it would not be necessary. Her father was better, and would probably sleep. Mr. Breakspear would stay in the next room for perhaps an hour, and then would go back to his own quarters. If anything unforeseen had happened meanwhile she would knock at Miss Truro's door; but that was unlikely.

When Elizabeth had gone Maya went back to the invalid, and Breakspear sat in the outer room, pretending to read a volume of French poetry he had found on the table. He had hoped that Maya would forget to send him away at 10 o'clock, according to her expressed intention. He felt wonderfully fit and strong, considering all that he had gone through, and wished that she would allow him to sit up all night in this room, where he might be within call in case anything were wanted.

Ten o'clock did come and go without a sign from her, and he had begun to hope that he would be allowed to play watch-dog throughout the night, when the door which had been left slightly ajar was pushed wide open. Maya appeared with his order of banishment.

"My father has gone to sleep," she said, in a low voice, coming into the room. "I am not afraid to be left alone with him now, and it is better that you should go. Thank you for all your goodness to us to-day."

Jim was on his feet looking down at her wistfully. Even now he did not think that she was absolutely sure of his good faith.

"Won't you let me stay?" he entreated.

"No, please go," she said, quickly. "Thank you again, and good-night. You need rest. I will come to the door of the house with you, for, of course, it is always kept locked."

Already she was moving towards the door, as if anxious that he should be gone, and there was nothing for Breakspear to do save submit, feeling as he did so that her belief in him was now but half-hearted.

Standing in the dimly-lighted corridor, outside Paradise, he heard the turning of the key and the pushing home of the two bolts which fastened the heavy door between the main house and the North Wing. Now the barrier was complete; but Breakspear had no intention of passing the night in his own room. He could not bear to think of the young girl left alone to cure for her father in a situation so isolated. If the invalid should be worse, and help were needed, Maya could not make anybody hear by calling. She would have to leave her father and come out of the North Wing before she could hope to bring anyone to her assistance.

Breakspear went quickly up seairs, stripped his bed of its pillows and a pair of blankets, and returned again to make an impromptu couch for himself just outside the locked door which communicated with the wing. If the night went quietly, Maya need never know that he had been there.

He wrapped himself in one of the blankets and lay down on the other, with two small pillows under his head. It was a more comfortable bed than he had had in his late soldiering experiences in South Africa, but he had no inclination for sleep. The house was very still, save for the occasional scampering of a rat in the old walls. It was difficult to know how time passed, for the moments were slow, masquerading as hours. It seemed to Jim that half the night must have gone, and a slight drowsiness was lulling his senses, when suddenly came the sharp sound of slipping bolts close to his ear, and in an instant he was sitting upright.

Before he could get to his feet, however, the door burst violently open, a light streamed into his eyes, and Maya's figure was framed in the lighted doorway.

With once glance she took in the fact that Breakspear had constituted himself her bodyguard. She had been doubting him while he lay stretched on the floor, ignoring his own pain and weariness for her sake. Remorse for her lack of faith and joy that she might welcome it back into her heart again contended in her breast, but only her eyes told what she felt. Her lips had other things to say, and they must be said in haste.

"I was going to call you," she exclaimed. "Thank Heaven you are here. I have terrible need of the help you have offered. Come with me quickly, and let us lock the door again."

In an instant Jim had crossed the threshold, and without stopping for questions he shot the bolts into place and turned the key.

"Listen!" whispered the girl. "Do you hear that?"

As she spoke there came a tapping at the closed window behind the thick dark curtain, and a voice that was like the moaning of the night wind cried a strange word which Breakspear could not understand. At the same moment he became aware that they two were not alone in the room. Standing before an old-fashioned desk, the top of which had been opened, was Maya's father in his long grey dessing gown.

Never had Breakspear seen such abject, sickly terror on the face of a human being. The man's eyes stared unseeingly; his skin was ashy white and shone with moisture. From the open desk he had just taken a revolver, and was holding it in a hand that shook as if with palsy.

Breakspear knew now what he had guessed before—that the sick man was a coward.

"I have told my father about you," said Maya, her voice firm, though she could scarcely be whiter had she been dead. "He consented to let me call you."

"I am glad you will let be with you," Jim answered. "But there is surely nothing to be greatly disturbed about. A villain trying to frighten you into complying with his demands."

"If it were only that," broke in Maya. "But he has betrayed us at last. This is his revenge. The house is surrounded. I do not see how we are to escape, for the men out there are Russians. Like bloodhounds they have hunted my father down. This fiend has done what for long he has threatened. He has put them on our track, knowing that they would not let my father escape alive. Somehow, he has lured Michael away; I am sure it is he who has contrived my cousin's absence. Mr. Truro's illness, too; that is surely his work. And you—he would have had you away from the house if his plans had succeeded. Now we have only you. They know we are hidden in this wing. They mean to kill my father. What are we to do?"

"We shall save him," said Breakspear, quietly, not attempting to dispute with the girl the gravity of the situation which he did not comprehend.

"But how—how?" cried Maya. "My father has weapons, but what of them? It would only make matters worse to use them, except later, perhaps, in self-defence. There are at least four men outside; they came and tapped at all the windows at once as if by a preconcerted signal, and cried out a terrible word in Russian, which means "Traitor.' They did it, I think, to let us know how many we had against us, how hopless the thought of escape. What can my father do against them? He is ill, almost dying. In mercy they might leave him the little time he has, to repent. And I, what am I? I would give my life for him, but it is not that they want. Listen!" And Maya, quivering all over at a new sounr which made itself heard at the window, grasped Breakspear's arm.

The window was locked on the inside, but a blow had been struck on one of the small, old-fashioned panes, shattering the glass. Then the voices of several men together cried again the strange word which Breakspear could not understand.

"It will take them some time to break in that way," said Jim, when he had raised a corner of the lined curtain and seen the thick strips of lead between the diamond panes. "Still, it wouldn't be a bad thing if we had wooden shutters. We'd have longer to make up our minds to a plan of campaign.

"There are wooden shutters in the next room—my father's bedroom," Maya answered, "and all the doors are of oak. But sooner or later they will get in. Remember, there's no one here except ourselves and Miss Truro and that half-witted farm-boy. They will have everything their own way—and they count on that."

"I'm not so sure," retorted Jim. As he spoke, a shot shivered another pane of glass and broke one of the strips of lead.

Down went the white-haired coward on his knees, the revolver he had been loading falling to the floor. "Save me—save me!" he sobbed, staring with wild eyes at Breakspear. "Don't let them kill me like a dog."

There was contempt in Jim's heart for him, but he put it away, because the man was Maya's father. "They shan't touch you, except over my dead body," he said, "and I don't think that my time has come for dying. Come; let me help you into the next room. We can stand a siege there.

With an arm round the grey-clad shoulder, Breakspear raised the cowering figure, and led it, unresisting, to the door. But there Maya stopped them.

"Wait!" she ejaculated. "I have just remembered. Under this room there is a cellar. Mr. Truro showed the trap-door to Michael before we came, and he showed it to me. It's there, in that corner, concealed by the carpet. What if we hid my father down there, and told them, when they broke in, that he was gone—that they might look for him in vain? It would hardly occur to them to look for a trap-door, would it? We might save him so."

"You've just helped me to think of a better way than that," exclaimed Breakspear. "Quick, both of you get into the next room, close the shutters and bar them. Lock the door and barricade it, but make as little noise as you can. I'm going to stay here, and I'll keep one of the revolvers."

Before she could protest and beg, as she longed to do, that at least they should all be together, Jim had almost pushed her into the adjoining room after her father had closed the door. There was such a look on his face that she dared not argue nor disobey. She owed it to him now to show that she trusted him fully, and there was only one way in which she could prove that.

Her father flung himself on the bed, covering his face with his hands and moaning like a wounded animal. Maya flew to the window, outside which she could hear footsteps and voices, and as noiselessly as possible brought the heavy wooden shutters into place. The curtains which were made to fit exactly into the recess of the window, did not interfere with the closing of the shutters, and they had prevented her movements in the dimly lighted room from being spied upon. For a little time her father was safe. But how long? And meanwhile, what of Breakspear?

Her heart beating so loudly in her ears as almost to shut out other sounds, she leant against the locked door and listened. Outside there were more shots and loud noises, finding a far-off echo from the main part of the house, Maya fancied. Perhaps Miss Truro believed that the lonely moorland farmstead had been attacked by burglars, and was shrieking for the help that would not come. But the girl did not believe that the danger menacing her and hers was shared by her landlady, and her thoughts did not dwell long on the terrified Elizabeth. She desired eagerly to know what was going on in the next room—what was Breakspear's plan, and what possible chance it had of success.

(To be Continued.)

PLAY ON SOUND.

Secretary Mellis, of the Victoria Lacrosse Club, yesterday received a telegram from Seattle asking him if arrangements could be made for the local team to play Seattle on the 20th inst. Whether it will be possible to make the arrangements necessary in such a short time is questionable. It is understood, however, that every effort will be made to get together a strong team to go to Seattle on the date mentioned. The Canadians will go over with the intention of turning the tables on the American twelve.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education, to work in an office, $60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each Province. Apply at once giving full particulars. THE VETERINARY SCIENCE ASSOC'N, London, Can.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.
Seven Million boses sold in past 12 months.

A LARGE SUM OF MONEY WAS STOLEN

WHILE BEING TAKEN TO PAY THE MINERS

Wellington Collieries Company Robbed of Nine Thousand Dollars Between Victoria and Union.

The Wellington collieries have been robbed of a big sum of money within the past few days. It was taken from the amount which was being conveyed to Cumberland to pay the miners there, and up till noon Thursday it had not been recovered, nor had the thief been found.

When the company's steamer City of Nanimo sailed for Nanaimo and Comox on Tuesday morning last, she had on board $34,000, the monthly pay money for the Cumberland miners. This sum was kept in a leather bag and in the charge of the purser as usual. When the bag was opened at the office and the contents examined it was found that $9,000 had been taken from it. The police have been notified and detectives are diligently employed in trying to locate the missing money, and the person who stole it.

Officials of the company and the police are reticent in regard to the affair and particulars, but as far as can be gathered there does not seem to have been any special watch over the money. It was placed in charge of the purser, as has been the custom, and there was no suspicion that the entire sum was not intact until, as stated, it arrived at its destination.

The steamer reaches Comox on the night of the day she sails from Victoria. As usual the money was kept on board during the night, and given in charge of the mine's paymaster, who comes down to meet it. He rode on the engine with the bag, and never allowed it to get out of his sight. The distance from Comox to Union is about ten miles. When the bag was examined it was found that the staple securing it had been broken, and the mouth of the bag sprung. The lock was intact. It is quite evident that the theft was perpetrated while the money was aboard the steamer, probably sometime on Tuesday night.

The entire sum that was being conveyed up the Coast, 34,000, probably represents Cumberland miners' pay for the month. This is not as large as formerly, owing to the labor troubles which have been prevailing there, causing a diminution in the number of men employed. Now that the difficulty is settled more men will be taken on, and the monthly pay roll will increase proportionately. This is one of the largest hauls made by robbers in many years.

TRADE AND WAGES.

Some Interesting Facts Published in Blue Book Just Issued.

London, Sept. 10.—The various aspects of British and foreign trade are shown in the board of trade blue book just issued. It contains a number of tables giving imports and exports. Americans have made large investments in the United Kingdom of recent years, and American repurchases of railroad and other securities are admitted to have, to some extent, affected the fiscal figures. "But they are not likely to form a serious factor." Much attention is diverted to the tin plate industry and the effect of the Dingley and McKinley tariffs. The figures show that the total exports of tin from the United Kingdom have declined only a little over $5,000,000 since 1897, with a marked increase in the quantity produced and in the value of a number of mills in 1898.

Dealing exhaustively with the tariffs of all nations, the blue book says the American system of drawbacks "necessarily results in inequality of treatment, and may yield an export bounty to the best equipped manufacturers while others sustain a loss."

In a table showing the ad valorem, equivalent to import duties, levied by foreign countries on the principal articles of British export, Russia comes first with 131 per cent., and the United States next with 73 per cent., and Austria follows with 33 per cent. Though Germany comes sixth, it is pointed out that her existing tariff is so effective as to be more highly protective against Great Britain than the percentage shows.

Before the trade of the United Kingdom and any of the colonies could be reserved to British vessels, the board of trade states that the existing treaties with Austria, Greece and other countries would have to be denounced. The tables show that the United Kingdom is most dependent on imported wheat.

The question of wages and the cost of living, especially the price of food, which has figured so largely in the recent Chamberlain agitation, takes up pages, and is summed up as follows: "The average level of wages in the United States are 11½ times greater than in the United Kingdom, while in Germany wages are only two-thirds, and in France three-quarters of the average prevailing in the United Kingdom."

The percentage of family incomes, taking New York as the capital of the United States, is estimated on the basis of 100 per cent. for the United Kingdom, for the United States 123 per cent., for France 83 per cent., and for Germany 69 per cent.

The mean weekly rate of wages in skilled trades in the United States is estimated at 159 per cent. of the same basis. Dealing with the iron and steel trade the board reports that employment has fallen off in the United Kingdom since the introduction of American tariffs, but that very few works have actually closed.

It points out that imports from the United States have decreased since 1900.

The available evidence goes to show that the United States for some time past for the most part has been able to absorb a great portion of the output.

Dealing with the importation of American goods which has been thrown on the foreign market reports say: "This export trade could hardly be carried out unless the foreigners were granted lower prices than prevail in the United States."

RETAIL MARKETS.

Referring to the changes in the conditions of the market during the past week a prominent local merchant remarked this morning that there was a feeling of concern among business men in this city over the continued rise in the price of the flour. The local quotations follow:

Hungarian Flour—		
Ogilvie's, per sack	$	1.50
Ogilvie's, per bbl.		5.75
Lake of Woods, per sack		1.50
Lake of Woods, per bbl.		5.75
Moose Jaw, per sack		1.50
Moose Jaw, per bbl.		5.75
Excelsior, per sack		1.50
Excelsior, per bbl.		5.75
Oak Lake, per sack		1.50
Oak Lake, per bbl.		5.75
Hudson's Bay, per sack		1.50
Hudson's Bay, per bbl.		5.75
Enderby, per sack		1.50
Enderby, per bbl.		5.75
Pastry Flours—		
Snowflake, per sack		1.40
Snowflake, per bbl.		5.50
Drifted Snow, per sack		1.35
Drifted Snow, per bbl.		5.25
Three Star, per sack		1.35
Three Star, per bbl.		5.25
Sugar—		
B. C. Granulated, per sack*		5.50
B. C. Granulated, 17 lbs.		1.00
China or Scotch, per sack		5.40
China or Scotch, 18 lbs.		1.00
Yellow, per sack		5.00
Yellow, 19 lbs.		1.00
Coal Oil—		
Pratt's Coal Oil		1.75
Eocene		1.85
Grain—		
Wheat, per ton		35.00
Oats, per ton		30.00
Oatmeal, per 10 lbs.		.45
Rolled oats (B. & K.)		5
Feed—		
Hay (baled), per ton		16.00
Straw, per bale		75
Middlings, per ton		26.00
Bran, per ton		25.00
Ground Feed, per ton		28.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.		.60
Vegetables—		
Fraser River Potatoes, 100 lbs.		1.00
Island Potatoes, per 100 lbs.		1.25
Cabbage, per lb.		3
Cauliflower, per head	10@	15
Onions, silver skin, per lb.		3
Carrots, per lb.		2
Lettuce, per head		2½
Turnips, per lb.		2
Peas, per lb.		4
Tomatoes, per lb.		10
Fish—		
Salmon, spring (smoked)		15
Salmon, per lb.	6@	8
Shrimps, per lb.	40@	50
Cod, per lb.		8
Halibut, per lb.		10
Herring		5
Flounders, per lb.		8
Smelts, per lb.		10
Kippers, per lb.		12½
Bloaters, per lb.		10
Rock Cod		8
Bass		8
Farm Produce—		
Fresh Island Eggs	$	35
Butter (Delta Creamery)		35
Best Dairy		25
Butter (Cowichan Creamery)		35
Cheese (Canadian)	20@	25
Butter (Victoria Creamery)		35
Lard, per lb.		18
Meats—		
Hams (American), per lb.	22@	25
Bacon (American), per lb.		25
Bacon (rolled), per lb.	16@	20
Bacon (long clear), per lb.		18
Shoulders, per lb.		18
Beef, per lb.	8@	18
Veal, per lb.	12@	18
Pork, per lb.	10@	12½
Mutton, per lb.	10@	18
Lamb, hindquarter	1.25@	1.50
Lamb, forequarter	1.00@	1.50
Fruit—		
Cocoanuts, each	10@	15
Lemons (California), per doz.	25@	35
Apples, per box	1.00@	1.25
Oranges, per doz.	25@	40
Bananas, per doz.	35@	40
Pineapples, each	40@	50
Cantilope, each		25
Watermelon, each		50
Peaches, per lb.	5@	8
Rhubarb, per lb.		3
Blackberries, per lb.		12½
Poultry—		
Dressed fowl, per pair	1.00@	1.25
Ducks, per pair		1.75
Dressed turkeys, isl'd, per lb.		30

SIR THOMAS MAY COME.

He Is Gratified With Results of By-Law Vote.

Mayor McCandless has received the following telegram from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, dated Montreal:

"The goodwill indicated by the vote is a source of gratification to all of us here. We shall commence work on the plans immediately."

The C.P.R. evidence a desire to begin operations at once, and everything will be done to facilitate them in this wish.

Private information received Thursday is to the effect that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and his party are on their way to Victoria. They left ostensibly for Winnipeg, but it is believed they are on their way to Victoria to look after the initial steps towards the erection of the new hotel.

TO ORGANIZE ANOTHER PARTY.

Capt. James Brown, late of the treasure-hunting schooner Herman, who is being held at San Francisco to answer five different charges of assault alleged to have been committed on the high seas, is reported to be taking his arrest philosophically, and declares that in a few days he will be on his way home to Auburn, R. I., where he will organize a party of men he can trust. With them he will sail again for the South Seas and gather the harvest of yellow metal his former shipmates might have picked had their trust in James Brown been more implicit.

FISHERMEN RESCUED.

On Saturday as the steamer Ramona was leaving Vancouver for the Sound she ran across a couple of fishermen on the bottom side of their boat, which had turned turtle, drifting around the Narrows waiting for some one to rescue them. They were taken aboard, treated to the proper restoratives and set ashore again at the lighthouse out at the inlet.

PERSONAL.

Stephen Jones, the proprietor of the Dominion hotel, left Tuesday evening on an extended trip through Eastern Canada and many of the larger cities in the States. His itinerary includes Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Canton, Ont. (the place of his birth), in Canada, and on the American side, St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. The tour will continue through Florida to New Orleans, returning by way of Mexico, El Paso and Southern California. Mr. Jones will be absent between two and three months, and during his absence Thomas Stevenson, the chief clerk of the Dominion, will undertake the management of this popular hostelry.

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Wm. K. Leighton, one of the British Columbia representatives to the convention of the Fraternal Order of Eagles held several weeks ago at New York, has returned and is among the guests registered at the Victoria hotel. Mr. Leighton is from Nanaimo. He reports that delegates were entertained royally. Towards the close of the convention a grand banquet was given at the Waldorf-Astoria. About 600 partook of the good things provided. Mr. Leighton will leave for the Coal City by the train tomorrow morning.

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Baron M. Fuerstenberg, of Germany, who spent several days here, left the other evening for Europe after having made a careful inspection of Vancouver island timber on behalf of the German government. One afternoon while here the Baron took a drive throughout the suburbs and came back with a valise full of twigs from fir and other trees. He was greatly impressed with the value of fir for building and other purposes, and before leaving expressed the intention to strongly recommend the transplanting of some of the same species to German soil.

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C. C. Hodgins, chief commander of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World, will arrive in the city on Friday next for the purpose of visiting local camps. Mr. Hodgins is from Lucan, Ontario, and will be accompanied by Mr. Grave, the organizer for British Columbia and the Northwest Territories. Mr. Hodgins will remain in Victoria from Friday until Wednesday morning, and a social entertainment in honor of the visitors will be given at the local camp's headquarters.

* * *

N. McArthur, of Durham, Ont., is at the Dominion. Mr. McArthur formerly resided in this city. He was successful in the Yukon and afterwards purchased land in Victoria with the idea of residing here permanently. Later, however, he decided to move to Ontario. A year or so of Eastern life decided him to again settle down here, and yesterday he arrived in the city.

* * *

W. W. B. McInnes, of Nanaimo, is in the city. After making a tour of the Alberni electoral district he feels very confident of the success of the Liberal party on October 3rd and expects to be returned by a good majority.

W. L. Smith, of Nelson, is spending a vacation in the city. He is well acquainted in Victoria and intends remaining here during his holidays, which are the first he has had the opportunity to enjoy in three years. While here he will stay at the Victoria.

IT CURES ALL CREEDS.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims: Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cts. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—105.

Judge Loud, of Billings, Mont., on Tuesday placed the entire police force under arrest for contempt in ignoring a writ of habeas corpus issued in the case of Carry Snyder, wanted by the Missouri authorities for highway robbery in which $7,000 worth of diamonds are said to have beeen stolen.

1903. 1903.

Provincial Exhibition

—AT—

VICTORIA, B. C., October 6th to 10th, '03

Write For Prize List

And for Entry Forms for Horse Races, B. C. Amateur Championship Boxing, Bicycle Meet, and then

Make Your Entries

Women's Department
MRS. JAMES
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