"A Moorland Princess."

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey," "Queen Sweetheart," "Her Royal Highness," "The House by the Lock," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lodgers at New-Take Farm.

As the coveted memorandum lay warm in Vivien Oakley's breast, at the moment when she was engaging to procure it (for a price), there was no difficulty in producing it at an hour chosen by herself, unless the difficulty of explaining precisely the method by which she had obtained it from Breakspear. But Vivien's inventive imagination had served her well in more than one crisis of a career far more eventful than her most intimate enemies of the present guessed, and she was ready to rely upon it in another emergency, if an explicit explanation were demanded.

This being the case, and the paper within reach whenever she wished to use it, Vivien had plenty of time to make arrangements for a journey somewhat out of the common. She had got the promise she wanted from the man who could ruin her future prospects if he willed. She was to provide him with the paper which, as she knew, he had lost the same day it had come into his possession more than a year ago; he was to gratify her curiosity and her caprice the moment the paper was put into his hand.

When Vivien and her companion parted after making their bargain, her business was ostensibly to obtain the paper in her own way, but with all haste. Instead, she dropped the man at his lodgings in Bloomsbury, and presently exchanged the four-wheeler in which they had lately been driving for a hansom. In the latter vehicle she drove to Clarkson's, the theatrical wig-maker, of whom she had often purchased stage "make-up" for the amateur dramatic entertainments in which she was frequently asked to assist.

On this occasion she stated that she was to play the part of an old gipsy woman in a comedy which was shortly to be produced for a charity, and as she thought it best to experiment with the make-up at home she wished to hire the proper sort of costume and wig, also to buy grease-paints and material for false eyebrows.

As she was known in the shop she was allowed, without paying a deposit, to carry away in her cab a valuable wig and a costume which, while it was not picturesque enough to be unduly conspicuous, was suited to the part described.

With these properties she drove home, and having safely deposited them instantly went out again to keep the appointment she had made. But she took the precaution of discharging the cab in which she had driven to Clarkson's and engaging another; for she intended it to appear that, in the time since she had parted with her fellow-conspirator, she had secured the missing paper from Breakspear, and cabmen, she fancied, had the inconvenient habit of telling tales.

Vivien had not wished to call upon the man at his lodgings, and they had agreed to meet at seven o'clock in front of the British Museum. When she arrived, scarcely five minutes late, she found him already waiting.

"Well, have you got it?" was his first question.

"Yes," she answered, airily, noting that his eyes had fixed themselves upon the number of her cab as she discharged it; perhaps merely to give her a fright if she meditated deception. "It was soon done, though you would never have succeeded. I guessed that Mr. Breakspear would be carrying the paper in his pocket-book, and so—I gave him a little souvenir, asking him to keep it there. Then, when he had taken the pocket-book out, to humor me, I admired it and asked to have it in my hand. Presently I laid it in my lap as if I had forgotten, and he didn't like to say he wanted it back. A few minutes later I jumped up, and—here's the paper. Tell me the secret and you shall have it. And as for to-morrow, perhaps you may find reason to be glad of your promise to take me. Who knows?"

"To-morrow!" he repeated. "You have looked at the date and it is for to-morrow?"

"For to-morrow. As soon as I had the paper safely in my hands I hurried home and made my preparations to start the first thing in the morning. It will be impossible for me to appear to travel with you, and so I thought of going third-class, made up as a sort of gipsy fortune-teller. I have an old costume of the sort which I've worn in private theatricals."

"I was almost sure the date was somewhere between the twentieth and thirtieth this year," said the man, as if speaking more to himself than to her. "But it was even a closer shave than I thought. Come, we'll stroll on slowly, and I'll satisfy your curiosity. As for taking you with me according to my promise, I've no objection in the world, for isn't your metier, as it happens, to work against me."

They walked slowly, talking in low tones. It was a strange story which the man had to tell, yet Vivien, too subtle herself not to judge others' methods by her own, was punished for many a cleverly-devised falsehood, by being torn with doubt as to whether she might believe what she heard or not.

Still, there was one consolation. Whether he spoke lies or truth she was to go to Dartmoor and see the original of that photograph for herself.

Of course, she might have followed the man without his permission, but such a course would have been too risky. He would have been almost sure to find her out, especially after reaching Dartmoor. And Vivien Oakley knew by bitter experience that this old acquaintance of hers was better to have as an ally than an enemy.

For five years Vivien had passed an entirely decorous existence devoid of excitements save those of pleasure. Until this man had suddenly come back into her life, it had been during those years exactly like the lives of other women in her set. She had not had a single adventure, as she would have counted adventures in old reckless days when she was as young as she wished to appear now.

Sharp as was the bite of jealousy there was still a certain wild joy in the programme of the next day. The disguising herself, the creeping out of the house early, before the servants were up, having left a note which would satisfy her uncle that she was to stay for a few days with a charitable friend who worked in the slums; the clever ruses for dodging the policeman who paced the street; the early cup of coffee at a street coffee-stall, which was a good test of the skill in stage make-up that past experiences, not all amateurish, had perfected; the journey with its several changes on the way; the bargaining with a countryman at Mavistock to driver her to the village of Mallery-Tavy for a few shillings tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief which was one of her "properties"; the arrival at last in a quaint village in the midst of the moor, and seeing the man whom she had followed at a distance standing in the doorway of an inn.

He had driven in a fly, and had reached Mallery-Tavy sooner than she, and as she limped past him with an assumed hobble and the constant tapping of a stick he slipped a folded scrap of paper into her hand, with the coin intended to cheat any eye that might be inconveniently observant.

"I have only just time to reach the place appointed by the hour fixed," he had scrawled with pencil. "I am going to drive as far as I can, and just before I start off in the trap, now being got ready, you can come out of the bar of the Coach and Horses and ask for a lift, if you like, saying you have to walk to a place called Dillsworthy, which I see on the map is about twelve miles from here. I will take you up; and when the cart has to set us down you must do the best you can, following the direction I take, if you are bound to see what goes on, but not near enough to let it seem that we have anything to do with each other."

Vivien did not dare to glance at the paper until she had taken a seat in the bar and was pretending to drink a glass of port, which, in mumbling tones, she had ordered. Hardly had she read her instructions and paid the few pence she owed for her refreshment, when, hearing the noise of wheels, she rose and hobbled out just in time to see her guide getting up into a high- old-fashioned dog-cart.

In the cracked voice she had cleverly assumed she inquired which way he was going, and appearing satisfied with the answer given asked for a "lift." The favor was granted. She scrambled up to the back seat, and the young fellow who drove the trap gave a peculiar whistle to the horse, which sent him off at a quick trot.

Viven was a slender, delicate-looking creature, with a willowy figure and a waist pinched into a belt of eighteen inches; nevertheless she was really very strong and a splendid walker. She could easily have kept pace with the long, swift strides of the man when both had left the dog-cart and struck off across the moor in the direction of Satan's Tor, and it was an effort to restrain her impatience and continue to play the part of an old woman whose years weighed her down.

But it had to be done, and reluctantly she allowed the distance between them to increase, only keeping the tall form of the man always within sight. He had sworn to her that his business with the person he came to meet would detain him with the latter some time, therefore she need not hurry herself to see the face she had undertaken so adventurous a journey to look upon. Still, she could not trust him; and when at last he suddenly disappeared from sight her pulses gave an angry leap. What if he meant to evade her, throw her off, now that he had the paper and his plans seemed working well without her help?

Just as she had begun definitely to fear that such might be his intention, she saw that, after all, he had not really vanished. He had stopped, and was sitting down in the shadow of a boulder, which looked as if it might have fallen from the top of a great rocky hummock a short distance further on.

Vivien could not be quite sure yet whether he was alone or not. There might be someone with him, sitting at his left, or it might be an odd formation of the rock which gave the impression of a second seated figure. She looked at her watch, hidden under the gipsy cloak, and say that it was a quarter-past four.

If the person expected had been in time, the conversation might already be going on. But where was Jim Breakspear? She was certain her invitation had been refused because he had meant to travel to Dartmoor; but perhaps he had taken a later train than theirs, not knowing the hour for the appointment, and would come too late. At all events, there was no fear that he could possibly recognize her in her present disguise. She looked sixty, if she looked a day, she told herself, and then half smiled under her brown grease-paint at the thought that never before had she wished to look older than she was.

Slowly and more slowly she walked as she approached the spot where the man sat. She could see him quite plainly now, and there was nobody with him. Not only did he sit moodily alone at the foot of the dark monolith, but, so far as the eye could see across the desolate brown moor, no human being was in sight. Nothing moved save last year's heather, played upon by a low-flying wind.

When she was within a hundred yards of Satan's Thumb—the great rock fallen from Satan's Tor—Vivien paused. She wanted to see the play out, and this was as good a point of 'vantage as any other. So she lay down in the heather, resting her elbows on the earth, her chin in her palms, and began to watch.

But time passed on, and nothing happened, except that the man sprang angrily to his feet, stared round in every direction, and finally sat sulkily down again, only to repeat the same process over and over, as his furious impatience grew.

For two hours this went on, until at last, as the sky began to redden with sunset the man came striding back towards Vivien, still reclining on her bed of heather.

"I'll not wait longer!" he exclaimed savagely. "For the first time the girl has dared to play me false; but she shall pay for it, I swear."

"I thought part of the understanding was that you were not to be aware of her hiding-place," said Vivien, sitting up and embracing her knees.

"So long as she was faithful; but she always knew well enough that there was no escape for her, or don't you think she would have escaped if she could? She was as sure as of her life, that if she tried any tricks I would find her out and punish her in a way to cost her dear. It will be easier to do that in such a place than it has ever been yet, unless I am greatly mistaken. Now, I am going back to the inn; and it's only a question of time—and a short time—before I unearth her. Pooh! She's like an ostrich who thinks to hide by burying her head."

Vivien did not answer; but as she turned her face towards Mallery-Tavy again, following on at a distance as before, she asked herself a question. Had the first failure of that girl to keep the tryst any connection with Jim Breakspear's presence on Dartmoor?

. . . . . .

Thomas Truro and his middle-aged sister, who had come from Cornwall to Dartmoor and New-Take Farm, had begun life at their new home in apparent willingness to be as sociable as the isolation of the position would admit. Truro had driven his sister into Mallery-Tavy to do a little shopping once or twice a week, and had himself paid occasional visits to the Coach and Horses, which was practically the village club. But, before the pair had been at New-Take Farm for three months, a notable change had come over them. Miss Elizabeth Truro came no more to the shops of Mallery-Tavy (she had never been to church there) while her brother, whose visits suddenly became much less frequent, announced at the Coach and Horses that she was not well enough for excursions. When the landlord's daughter offered to go out to the farm, however, and pay a visit of sympathy, Truro, though thanking her kindly, discouraged the idea. His sister was not much of a hand for visitors, and now that she wasn't quite what she had been, she was so slow with her work that most of her time was occupied about the house.

New-Take Farm was not a large domain, and Truro, having discharged a "hand" who had come to him from Mallery-Tavy, and imported a youth from Cornwall, managed the farm work himself with only this assistance. Nobody visited the brother and sister in their lonely homestead, and they would almost have been forgotten, had they not continued to be good customers of the village tradesmen. Thomas being sometimes quite extravagant in his purchases.

If they had been persons of a different sort, this change in the tenants of New-Take Farm might have been regarded in the light of a mystery by the people of Mallery-Tavy, only five miles away, have aroused lively curiosity, and inspired amateur detectives. But, somehow, not the most imaginative minds could associate mystery with the Truros. Thomas was a little, insignificant fellow, as much like a grey rat as a man; Elizabeth was a common-place, red-faced woman, whose whole conversation was of the kitchen. Therefore, the eccentricities of the pair failed to excite interest; the villagers had not particularly wanted them in their midst, and did not miss them when they were seen less than at first.

The explanation of the change, however, would have set gossips (and there were gossips even in Mallery-Tavy) by the ears. On night when the Truros had been at New-Take Farm for rather less than three months, a knock had come at the door under the porch with the pavise. Thomas had risen from supper to answer it, and, peering into the darkness, hardly lighted by the flaring candle he had brought, had seen a pale young man with great black eyes, and a long, white face, framed with auburn hair.

"Do you take lodgers?" the new-comer asked, in a foreign-sounding voice, after a "Good evening" had been spoken.

Thomas replied that he never had done such a thing in his life, and did not care to begin now. It would not be worth his while, as there was plenty of work already for his sister, and they kept no servants in the house.

The young man's face showed disappointment, even in the uncertain light of the candle flickering in the farmer's hand. He had come a long way, he said, having been recommended to the place by a friend in London who had lodged at New-Take years ago, his being one of the loneliest spots in England. For him, that had been a recommendation. He preferred lonely places, and was willing to pay well if he could be accommodated to his fancy.

Thomas Truro began to hesitate, for he and his sister were partial to money. They had met with losses, too, which had driven them from a home they liked better than this. He was not used to foreigners, but he asked the stranger to step into the house and talk matters over.

In the living-room, which opened off a square, stone-paved hall of no great dimensions, matters had been talked over, with Miss Truro admitted into the conference. It turned out that the young man with auburn hair (who said his name was Michael Dupont, and that he was studying to be a surgeon in a London hospital) did not want lodgings for himself, but for two relatives of his, one of whom was an invalid, with a fancy for living a life of isolation as absolute as was humanly possible. Mad? Oh, not at all. An old man, very learned, but an eccentric genius who must be humored.

Four rooms would be required: two bedrooms, two private sitting-rooms. For these, with attendance, five guineas a week would be paid, and anything reasonable for food, firing, and other extras. No doubt Mr. Truro might count on making seven or eight pounds a week clear profit out of his guests, if he accepted them, the only stipulation they would make being that their residence at New-Take Farm should not be noised abroad.

The old gentleman, whose name also was Dupont, was a writer of scientific books which had made him celebrated. People had a vulgar desire to see him and his daughter; journalists had often attempted to break in upon his privacy, and, being a recluse at heart, he desired to insure himself against intrusion. His wish was to find a home in the wilds of Dartmoor for at least a year, possibly much longer.

When the first question as to lodgers had been asked, Thomas Truro had thought of his profits as a sovereign or two a week; but the prospect of a revenue of four hundred pounds a year, apart from the produce of the farm, was dazzling, not to be refused. Thomas and Elizabeth consulted together as to whether it would be possible, without conspicuous and awkward attempts at secrecy, to conceal the presence of lodgers at the farmhouse, if the new-comers were willing to lead a strictly retired life. Finally, after considerable discussion of pros and cons, the decision was in the affirmative.

Even the manner of the lodgers' arrival was arranged, and it was settled that the recluse and his daughter should come into residence at the end of a fortnight, paying for their rooms a month in advance.

This interview with young Mr. Dupont had taken place in the month of March, 1899. Early in April the new lodgers appeared, conducted by the relative who had arranged for their reception. They drove, not from Mallery-Tavy, or even from Mavistock, but all the way from a town at a much greater distance—such a distance that there was little fear of flying gossip; and they arrived at night, when no other carriages, carts, wagons, bicyclists or pedestrians were passing that way.

On the numerous boxes which accompanied the travellers were foreign labels, evidently lately placed there; and the brother and sister, as soon as they found themselves able to talk alone, decided between them that their new lodgers had come to them "straight from abroad."

Old Mr. Dupont they had scarcely a chance to see, even for an instant, so quickly was he whisked into the wing of the house where rooms had been prepared for him. They had no impression of what he was like, save for the picture of a bent figure in a black, caped overcoat, with the collar turned up over the ears, and a wide-brimmed, soft hat of a fashion strange to them, which cast an impenetrable shadow over the small portion of the face left exposed.

Strangely enough this picture did not give place to another later on, though months passed, and Mr. and Miss Dupont still remained at New-Take Farm; for the brother and sister never saw that bent figure again.

That such a thing could be would have seemed impossible to them had not time proved its possibility. But the mystery which surrounded one of their lodgers was more easily kept up at New-Take Farm than it would have been in most houses.

On the night of young Mr. Dupont's first call he had been shown the rooms which Thomas and Elizabeth had at once thought of as suitable "apartments" to let. To be sure, they themselves occupied the two bedrooms, which were the best in the house, and the sitting-rooms were also in use; but they were quite willing to move into inferior quarters, and the big kitchen would answer as a sitting-room for them.

The young foreigner, however, had made different plans, and insisted upon them. There was a wing at the left of the house which two hundred years ago had suffered severely in the great fire that had burnt nearly half the manor house to the ground. What was left having been sufficient for the needs of the humbler people who had come afterwards to turn the place into a farm, the partially-destroyed wing had never been rebuilt, and had grown more ruinous with the passage of years.

Half the roof had fallen in, and the upper rooms were uninhabitable; but, save that the windows were unglazed, several rooms on the ground floor were practically intact. Wood and coals were piled in one. In another were potatoes; in a third old packing cases were stored away.

Nothing could well have been more desolate than the appearance inside and out of this north wing, which, to make it still more unattractive, had the reputation of being haunted. A lady and her baby had been stifled by the smoke in one of the upper rooms on the night of the great fire, and had perished there in agony. Ever since, it was said, a woman's shrieks and a child's pitiful crying could be heard in the north wing on wild nights, when the wind was high, as it had been during the burning of the manor house with its mistress and the heir of two centuries ago.

Nevertheless it was in the north wing where young Mr. Dupont obstinately insisted that his eccentric relative should be lodged. The lady's bedchamber must also be there, as she would not wish to be too far away from the invalid at night: but she might have a boudoir of her own in a more cheerful situation. Then she could go and come as she chose. And there must also be a room somewhere in the house where Mr. Dupont himself could sleep when he came down from town to visit his relatives, as he intended to do sometimes.

All the Truros' objections to making use of the rooms in the north wing were met with counter arguments. Yes, it was true that the windows and floors must be repaired. But, if money were forthcoming, could not Mr. Truro himself do the work necessary to make the place habitable by the end of a fortnight? As for the ghost stories, Mr. Dupont shrugged incredulous shoulders. He was a singularly determined young man, with a passionate way of talking when he was in earnest, which Thomas Truro supposed to be characteristic of foreigners; therefore, he had his own way, with windows curtained on the outside with ivy which the Truros had been especially requested not to remove.

Into these rooms the cloaked figure of the old man vanished at the moment of his arrival in the house; and never was he seen to come out, though the brother and sister whispered into each other's ears a theory that he walked at night.

When Miss Truro wished to make one of the rooms tidy her mysterious lodger was invariably in the one adjoining, the door closed between. This was also the case when she served a meal in the small, wainscotted sitting-room where father and daughter ate together; and there was no waiting upon the table. All the courses intended to grace a meal were carried in at once on large trays, and dishes were kept hot before the big open fireplace in winter, or, in warm weather, by means of a "foreign-looking contrivance" in the way of a spirit-lamp, which the lodgers had brought with them. They had, also, a curious arrangement for making tea, which Miss Dupont called a "samovar"; and it was strange tea that they made in it, to be drunk with lemon instead of cream.

If the recluse who had contrived to remain invisible for so many months represented an incarnation of mystery to the Truros, there was nothing secretive about the ways of the young lady, so far as her manners inside the house were concerned. She was "foreign," too, of course; but though she had a pretty, odd little roll of the "r" when she spoke and an unusual pronunciation of certain words, she knew English as well as if she had been born and brought up in England. She had learnt to talk when a baby with an English governess, she informed Miss Truro, but she did not volunteer any other details regarding the past; indeed, the farmer and his sister did not know what country claimed their lodgers for its own, and they never presumed to ask questions. Only, when people weren't English, it was the simplest thing to take it for granted that they were French. Besides, Mr. Truro was of opinion that the name of Dupont was "more French than anything else, anyhow."

Miss Dupont was the most beautiful young lady whom the Truros had ever seen or expected to see, and spinster Elizabeth grew very fond of her before she had been at New-Take Farm for many weeks.

Once in a while the girl helped her landlady in the work of the house, which appeared to amuse her in some moods; at other times she was very quiet and apparently sad, reading from morning to night, except during the hours she spent with her father. And never had she been known to go outside the limits of the farmlands, except on an eventful day when Thomas Truro was hastily requested by young Mr. Dupont (returning from the moor) to fetch home in his cart a man who had hurt himself by a fall from "Satan's Thumb," which he was said to have climbed.

Thomas and Elizabeth had wondered much that, after all the warnings towards caution they had received, Miss Dupont and her cousin should suddenly be willing to admit a stranger to them; and at all events it was not the business of the landlord or landlady, so long as payment for another room, more food, and more trouble, was promised.

Exactly how the young man had been injured was not known to the brother and sister, for though Elizabeth helped in the nursing, it was Mr. Michael Dupont, the surgeon, who cared for the patient's hurt from the first. The latter was very handsome, and the spinster, who had not quite outgrown all the romance latent in every woman, was quick to forejsee interesting developments between the injured hero and the lovely, sad young lady, who led so strange and lonely an existence. The very air tingled with romance during a few days of apparent uneventfulness which followed the stranger's advent. There was the handsome lover, the beautiful maiden, and the jealous cousin (for Miss Truro had sharp eyes), and though nothing happened which could be marked as a milestone in the romance, Elizabeth waited in hope.

Then, on the third day after the new-comer had been installed as an inmate of New-Take Farmhouse, an old woman, who looked like a gipsy, appeared in the farmyard, where Elizabeth Truro was feeding a calf.

"Lady, will you give a tired wanderer a drink of milk," she asked, "and have your fortune told in payment?"

(To be Continued.)

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I, John M. McKinnon, intend making application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands, situated on Swanson Bay, Group IV., Coast District, Province of British Columbia:

Commencing at a post situated at S. W. corner, Lot 10, Swanson Bay, marked John M. McKinnon; thence in a southerly direction, following shore lines 20 chains to a point due south of Lot 10; thence east 40 chains more or less to a point 20 chains east of the east boundary, Lot 10; thence north 80 chains; thence west 60 chains, more or less, to shore line; thence following the shore line southerly to the point of commencement, containing all the vacant Crown lands outside the boundaries of Lot 10, and containing an area of 320 acres, more or less.

JOHN M. M'KINNON.

August 17th, 1903.

MINERAL ACT.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Little Bantam Fractional Mineral Claim, situate in the Chemainus Mining Division of Victoria Mining District. Where located: On Mount Sicker, adjoining the "Belle" Mineral Claim on the east and the "Leona" Mineral Claim on the west.

Take notice that I, George Robinson Elliott, Free Miner's Certificate No. B75990, for myself, and as agent for Samuel Thomas Chapman, Free Miner's Certificate No. B75080, Samuel Erb, Free Miner's Certificate No. B75896, and Edward Calder, Free Miner's Certificate No. B71592, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this ninth day of July, A.D., 1903.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land, situated in the Coast District, beginning at a post marked F. J., N. W. corner, about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of Kh-yex River; thence running in an easterly direction 40 chains; thence in a southerly direction 40 chains; thence in a westerly direction 40 chains more or less, thence following the shore line in a northerly direction back to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres of land more or less.

April 24th, 1903. FILLIP JACOBSEN.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land, situated in the Coast District, on the east side of Kh-yex River, about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth, beginning at a stake marked R. L. M., S. W. corner, and adjoining Fillip Jacobsen's N. W. corner post; thence following Jacobsen's location on the north side 20 chains; thence 80 chains in a northerly direction; thence west 20 chains more or less; thence following the shore line of the Kh-yex River in a southerly direction 80 chains more or less, to post of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

June 8th, 1903. R. L. M'INTOSH.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land, situated on the west side of Kh-yex River, Coast District, beginning at a post marked E. L., S. F. corner, adjoining Indian Reserve on the north side; thence running west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence in a southerly direction back to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres of land more or less.

Dated April 24th, 1903. E. LORENZ.

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MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Mildred Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Chemainus District. Where located: On Mount Brenton, on the eastern slope of the mountain and to the westward of the Holyoke Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, Alexander Duncan McKinnon, Free Miner's Certificate No. B66354, for myself and as agent for Edward Calder, Free Miner's Certificate No. B71592, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this third day of August, A. D., 1903.

A. D. M'KINNON.

MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Black Prince Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District. Where located: Gordon River.

Take notice that I, E. P. Colley, as agent for Wm. Lorimer, Free Miner's Certificate B79661, G. A. Kotk, Free Miner's Certificate B49111, A. Deakin, Free Miner's Certificate B73549, and J. West, Free Miner's Certificate No. B79903, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 16th day of July, A.D., 1903.

E. P. COLLEY, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to make application to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post marked "W. Meed," on the west side of Effingham Inlet, Barclay Sound, thence south 10 chains along the shore, thence west 20 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence east 60 chains more or less to the intersection of the shore line, thence following the shore line to point of commencement, containing an area of 80 acres more or less.

W. MEED.

Victoria, B. C., July 21st, 1903.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct each Wednesday from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Colonial, 332 Dearborn St., Chicago.