"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.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER: Jim Breakspear, an ex-Colorado rancher, who has distinguished himself as a Yeoman in the South African war, and is being feted in London society, intends running down to Brighton to see Vivien Oakley, a girl he had met at several "At Homes," but misses his train. Strolling about Victoria station he lights upon a room in which a sale of derelict property is being conducted, and is led by curiosity to bid his whole available money (£20) for an old portmanteau, marked with a Maltese cross, and its contents. He finds by incidents on the way home that some person or persons are eager by any means to procure possession of his purchase. On arriving at his lodgings, he examines his prize, and finds costumes of various nationalities, all marked with the Maltese cross, a death mask taken from some person who seemed to have come to a violent end, a photograph, a coil of golden hair, and five sheets of paper covered with mysterious allusions to various localities, dates, and sums of money. The photograph is that of a girl so lovely that Breakspear feels irresistibly compelled to follow up the mystery in the hope of finding her. The same evening he is surprised to receive a visit at his lodgings from Miss Oakley, who induces him to accompany her on an errand which, she says, is one of danger. On his return, he finds a stranger had been to his rooms with a plausible excuse and had removed the contents of the portmanteau. The five sheets of paper, however, are safe in Breakspear's pocket, and he has reason to think from the way in which his belongings in his rooms had been overhauled, that these had been the object of special and, of course, unavailing search. Breakspear suspects Miss Oakley of complicity, and, without directly charging her, endeavors to surprise her into an admission, but without effect.

CHAPTER V.

The Thing That Moved Under the Seat.

The first train back to London was a slow one, and stopped at several small stations, but Jim preferred taking it to waiting. Two or three persons shared the first class compartment with him in starting, out they got out at wayside stations. Breakspear had consulted a time-table, and knew that after the next stopping-place there was a run of forty minutes before the train would pause again.

He was very sleepy, not having rested any better than had Vivien Oakley the night before, but at first he decided to wait before indulging his almost overpowering desire for rest until the one more station was past, as after that he would be sure whether or not he was to have the compartment to himself for three-quarters of an hour.

Almost immediately he felt himself nodding, however, and a soft dreaminess steeped his brain as with poppy juice. He nodded once or twice, and then decided to make himself comfortable without delay, risking intrusion. Accordingly he turned up the bars which divided the seat on one side into three, and laid himself deliberately down, his head on his arms, his travelling cap over his eyes.

He was sure that he would wake when the train slowed into the station from which it was not many miles distant, but he had not been in a recumbent position for three minutes before he was sound asleep dreaming. His dream was singularly vivid, too, and so promising that he would have been loth to wake from it had he known it was not reality. He was talking to Brandon-Payne about the beautiful photograph, which lay now on a great altar of lilies. Brandon-Payne said that the original was a cousin of his, and he could introduce Breakspear to her, if Breakspear were willing first to fight a duel with a very troublesome person whose name he pronounced indistinctly over and over again, but always in such a mumbling way that Jim could not catch it. Finally, Brandon-Payne grew angry, and cried out in a loud voice: "Well, there he is anyway. Look up and you'll see him. Are you ready to fight?"

Breakspear looked up, in his dream, and, to his surprise, beheld the man who had followed him from Victoria yesterday—the man he had called to himself "Eagle-face." There seemed to be a good deal of noise and confusion at the moment of his appearance, and Jim began feeling for a weapon of some sort, being under the impression that the duel was to be fought at once, if at all, or that Eagle-face would fall upon him while he was unarmed, and attempt to kill him.

He hastily felt in all his pockets, but could discover neither knife nor revolver, which disturbed him so much that he opened his eyes and was astonished to find himself stretched out on a seat in a railway carriage, with a moving panorama flying past the windows.

By Jove, how real that dream had been! he said to himself. Flatness of disappointment crept in, because he was after all no nearer the goal of acquaintance with the "Lady of the Lilies," as he had begun to call her in his mind. He sat up and looked out of the window, and judged by the landmarks that, while he slept, the train must have reached the expected station and left it again. The noise and confusion which had vaguely disturbed his dream must have been at that time, yet he had not woke up, and, in the hope of going back to the promise of joy he had left in dreamland, deliberately lay down once more. But sleep did not come to him so easily again. He lay still with eyes half shut, courting unconsciousness, but could not forget that he was travelling from Brighton to London.

The day was growing more and more gloomy, and a driving rain had blurred the windows. Black clouds were boiling up from the west, foretelling a thunderstorm. It was so dark that it would have been difficult to read the small print of a newspaper as the train sped along. But Jim had no wish to read, and he was just about to close his eyes again, when the flutter of something white under the seat opposite caught his gaze.

It was so extraordinary that there should be a fluttering something there, though no wind could come in through the windows closed on account of pelting rain, that Jim, still slightly dazed with his heavy sleep, was almost inclined to think he must be dreaming once more. But, his eyes half shut, he continued to stare into the shadows under the opposite seat. The thing that moved looked like a handkerchief. It was a handkerchief; and a man's hand (whether in dream or reality) was manipulating it over the neck of a bottle. Twice, three times the bottle was tilted up so that its contents, if any, must soak into the handkerchief. And—in the dream or reality—a strong, sweet, pungent smell came to Jim's nostrils.

Suddenly the drowsiness fell away from him, leaving him alert and clear-brained.

He was sure at last that he was awake; sure that a man had concealed himself under the other seat, and was preparing for hostile action of some sort.

Quick as a flash, Jim told himself the story of the way in which that man must have stowed himself in his hiding-place, and why he had done so. He told himself, too, that this was the man of whom he had dreamt—Eagle-face.

Of course, the fellow could have followed again with but one object. He wanted to get the only things he had not succeeded in obtaining last night; the memoranda which Breakspear, by mere chance, had carried off in his pocket. Equally, of course, he had not been under the seat when the train left Brighton, for he could not possibly know which compartment his intended victim would enter; and a desire to smile quivered at the corner of Jim's lips as he thought of himself as the 'victim."

Now, the question was— if there were time to ask and answer it—how had Eagle-face slipped in, and why had he been so over-cautious as to choose his present uncomfortable position rather than boldly attack a sleping enemy? Jim decided that he must have marked the desired compartment, waited till all extraneous persons had left it, and planned to get in at the last station before the train's long run. There he must have entered the carriage, taking pains not to wake the sleeper; and had either begun operations or was on the point of beginning when he was given reason to suppose that Breakspear was waking up. In fear of being prematurely discovered, he had doubtless flung himself on the floor, and rolled under the seat, hoping that the enemy, waking to find all quiet, would drop off to sleep again.

Jim still lay with his lids so nearly closed that the long black lashes, which women so greatly admired, hid the blue glint of the eyes. It was all that he could do to restrain a chuckle of satisfaction, for Fate was playing his game now, and reality bade fair to be better than the dream. But he controlled himself, and remained without moving a muscle of face or body, save for the long, regular breaths which he began to draw.

"The fellow little thinks, as he lies hiding, that there's only one person in the world I'd rather see than I would him and that person I want him to help me to—if he can. And, by Heaven, if he can, he shall!"

The pungent smell was unmistakable now, and it amused Breakspear to think that probably chloroform, or ether, or something of the sort, was being stealthily prepared for him. What the other perhaps meant to make a tragedy, rather than fail in his design, was all comedy for Jim, though a comedy with an element of excitement in it.

Noiselessly the hand moved. Jim saw it—through the convenient veil of his eyelashes—grasp the wet handkerchief. The bottle disappeared, and shadows hid the precise manner of its vanishing. An instant more, and a white face turned itself round, a pair of eyes gleamed down there in the dusk under the seat, looking keenly up at the pretended sleeper.

Still Jim did not move, did not flicker an eyelid; and slowly, with great caution, the long, thin form of the man under the seat began to push itself out, inch by inch, the face always turned toward the front, the eyes on the closed eyes of Breakspear.

By-and-bye the man had edged himself out from under the low roof of his hiding place, and lay on the floor, his clothing covered with dust. He raised himself on his knees, then to his feet; and it began to be an effort to Jim to remain passive. He could not see so well what went on now, for unless he moved, only his profile was turned to the face which at last was bending above him. But he would not move yet. The time for his coup might come at any instant, and he could afford to wait for it.

He knew that the wet handkerchief was coming closer to his face at last, for the scent became very powerful. Suddenly, it descended like a tiny white cloud, and was laid softly, lightly, over his mouth and nose. This was the signal for which he had been waiting. He seized the man by both wrists, and with a sudden putting out of his strength, jerked him with great force to his knees.

Down he came with a crash, and Jim burst into a long restrained laugh as he sprang into a sitting posture, bending slightly forward, and stil holding the other as if in a vice, so that the two faces—the handsome, laughing face, and the saturnine, astonished one—were nearly opposite each other, and not far apart.

"How are you?" said Jim.

The other uttered a fierce imprecation.

"That's as may be," remarked Jim. "So you want what I've got, do you?"

The man did not answer, save by a bleak glare of fury.

"I wonder if you think you've gone the right way to get it?"

Still no answer. The man's breath hissed between his teeth, and his chest labored. Jim laughed again. "I see you've no sense of humor," he exclaimed, with aggravating impertinence. "I'm afraid I hurt your wrists. My hands are rather strong, I believe. But if you'll behave yourself like a man in his sober senses, I'll let you get up. Now we've measured our strength, perhaps you'll be willing to talk before going to further extremes."

"You have my property," panted Eagle-face.

"There's a question, to put it mildly, about whose property it is," said Jim. "Are you going to be sensible?"

"Yes," returned the other, sullenly. "Let me get up. I don't wish to harm you. I never did intend to harm you."

"Come now, if your power had matched your intention, I should be rather sorry for myself," said Breakspear, raising the man to his feet with one upward jerk, as he had sent him to his knees with a jerk in a downward direction. Then letting him stagger backward, to fall inertly on the opposite seat, he went on, good-naturedly: "Match yourself against a man of your own size next time, if it comes to a question of muscle. But I suppose you hoped it wouldn't come to that."

"Yes," said Eagle-face, his grey eyes very alert and shifty.

"I saw you follow me away from Victoria yesterday," went on Breakspear. "That was rather a clever trick of yours about the boy and the stone—worth two of this one to-day. And you were smart in getting out of my way after we'd had our little dispute about my portmanteau at the door of your four-wheeler."

"It happened to be my portmanteau," sneered Eagle-face, regaining something of his sang froid again.

"I had just bought and paid a good price for it. The railway company considered it fairly mine, and I don't see why I should go behind their opinion. But I will say this. If you had come to me at Victoria station, and told me frankly that the thing had been your property, which for some reason you had been obliged to sacrifice, I should have asked you to drive home with me. Then, if you had correctly catalogued the contents of the portmanteau before having it opened, and perhaps—er—produced a key with a label and a Maltese cross on it—I should have consented to sell you the box for what I had paid for it."

"I should not, at the time, have been able to pay that price, otherwise I should have secured my portmanteau yesterday."

"Was it you who bid against me?"

"It was—an agent of mine."

"The veiled lady in black, perhaps?" This was a random shot, but it told. The man's shoulders twitched nervously, and his look spat venom. But he did not speak.

"At all events, I got the portmanteau. I might have sold it to you cheaper than the price I paid, or even given you such things as you valued most, if you had gone about it in the right way. But I suppose you judge others by yourself. Having no generous impulses, you can't credit others with them, and you took steps to obtain by foul means what you thought you could not get by fair."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you have determination," said Jim. "There's something of the bulldog about you, or perhaps I should say the rat. He has as tenacious a grip as the nobler animal when his blood's up. You made quite a haul last night. Still you weren't satisfied. I believe you'd have murdered me to-day rather than fail in what you wanted to do."

"It would be difficult for you to prove that," retorted Eagle-face.

"I'm not so sure. But I've no intention of trying conclusions in any such way—at present. I have a weakness for settling my own affairs according to my own ideas without calling in the assistance of the law. And as it happens, I'm charmed to see you to-day. You might have saved yourself a lot of trouble if you'd had a prophetic soul. I was anxious to have a talk with you, and, if possible, strike a bargain; but, unless I tried a 'personal,' I had no more notion how to lay my hand on you than on the man in the moon—until I saw you putting chloroform on a handkerchief under that seat."

"What's the bargain?" sharply inquired the other.

"Well, I'm not much of a private detective; but last night, when I found that you'd ransacked all my drawers and every possible hiding-place in those rooms of mine, in spite of the fact that you had collected every article but one which the black portmanteau—my black portmanteau—had ever contained, I naturally deduced that you were after the one missing article. Am I right?"

"You are," said the man, speaking more calmly now, though fire lurked in his eyes. "It was an article of no use to anyone except myself."

"Perhaps that may be true, perhaps not. At all events you want it, so it's worth something to you."

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I've already told you that I'm pressed for ready money."

"And I'm not mercenary. But we might strike a bargain all the same. I suppose the 'article' we are hinting at, is a small bundle of papers, containing certain memoranda."

"That is it." Eagle-face could not hide the sudden, knife-like glitter in his eyes.

Jim saw it and triumphed in anticipation. For himself, he attached no value to the papers, save that through them a precious exchange might be effected. He had slipped them into his pocket when he first placed the photograph and accompanying curl of hair there, because they had been together in the portmanteau, and because the papers were small, loose objects, easily scattered or lost. He did not know what the notes meant, and did not much care, nor had there seemed any probability of his ever finding out. If he had not suspected that the man who had robbed him counted his success failure because the memoranda had not been included in the "haul," Jim would very likely in the course of a few days either have mislaid or thrown away the papers so meaningless to him. Everything else in the portmanteau had appeared more interesting in his eyes than these few half-sheets of paper, referring to sums of money, and the dates on which the sums had been received.

"When I came to examine my purchase," Breakspear said, slowly, "I thought I had paid a pretty high price for what I had got. But there were two things I excepted from disparagement. One was the photograph of a young lady, the other a lock of hair, of a rare and beautiful color. Like most men, I am an admirer of beauty, and I should have been glad to keep the photograph and the hair. I was particularly annoyed when I found that you had helped yourself to them."

Eagle-face seemed thoughtful, and drummed on the window frame, his eyes on his fingers. "There are reasons why I want that photograph and the other thing," he said, after a moment's reflection. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have the picture copied for you; and I'll divide the lock of hair between us, if you will give me back the papers."

"That won't do," returned Breakspear. "I must have all or nothing."

"Then it must be nothing," retorted the man, looking vicious.

Jim's handsome face hardened. "You've found out that I'm a stronger man than you, and it's no use showing fight. What's to prevent my giving you in charge at Victoria for attempted murder?"

"Several things will prevent it," replied the other. "You have just admitted that you liked carrying affairs through for yourself. Besides, if you admire the lady whose picture you saw, you wouldn't wish to ruin her life by having her father tried for murder merely because he was striving to serve her interests."

"Her father! It is impossible that you should be the father of such a girl as that!" cried Breakspear, amazed and discomfited.

"Nevertheless, it is true." Eagle-face stared Jim in the eyes with a bold, evil look that made him more than ever hateful. "I am her father. It will break her heart if you carry out your threat. If you show yourself generous, and not only let me go free, but return to me the papers I want, I shall be grateful. I will even introduce you to my daughter, if you wish to meet her. Though I am her father, I may say that she is a noble creature, worthy of any man's admiration."

Somehow, Jim Breakspear's heart grew sick. It was horrible to believe that this man stood in so close a relationship to such an angel of beauty as the Lady of the Lilies. For a moment the overwhelming wish he had felt to meet her, to see her in the flesh—far lovelier than the counterfeit presentment as she must be—faded. If she were this man's daughter, such a meeting might bring instant disillusion. It would be better, perhaps, to keep the ideal as he had it now.

This was the first thought; but he was young and ardent, and the coldness did not last. Whatever came of it, he must see her, he must not lose the one chance which perhaps might ever be granted to him. Besides, if the girl were this man's daughter, surely she must need a friend, a knight to protect her?

He began to temporize. "I can't force myself upon your daughter as an acquaintance."

"Her father's friends must be her friends. And if you win my gratitude by the course I have suggested, I shall think of you as a friend."

"Certainly no friendship ever began in a more curious way!" exclaimed Breakspear, laughing, this time rather bitterly. Somehow, he hardly knew why, he felt thwarted; he writhed mentally under the gnawing irritation of defeat.

"My daughter herself shall give you her photograph, as a mark of her gratitude for a service rendered me," said Eagle-face, with an oily sweetness which, instead of soothing, rasped upon Breakspear's nerves. "Have you the papers with you?"

"Yes," said Jim. He had put them in the pocket of his travelling coat before starting, not because he cared for them, but from the dogged determination to defeat any new attempts of the enemy upon his belongings. Now he had forgotten in which pocket they had been placed, and failed to find them at first. He could judge of their importance to the other man by the wolfish eagerness of the gaze which well-nigh devoured him as he made his leisurely search.

At last he found the papers which, as he had opened and examined them several times since they came into his possession, no longer lay folded one inside the other, but separated, after the manner of a bundle of letters.

When Eagle-face saw the papers in Breakspear's hand, a flush rose to his sallow forehead, which was high and narrow, with the skin stretched tightly across the bone. "I suppose you won't take my word for the promised meeting with my daughter, and give me the memoranda now?" he said, with an anxious, fawning humility that sickened Breakspear not only of him, but of the whole affair. From a strange adventure, tingling with romantic interest, it had suddenly degenerated into a sordid business in which he, to say the least of it, was playing no heroic part.

"No, of course I won't take your word for anything," retorted Jim, sullenly. The position in which he was placed, in which he was voluntarily lingering, was disgraceful, and he hated himself for continuing to traffic with this creature of a baser world.

"You know I am in your hands," said Eagle-face, still in the oily tones that Breakspear loathed. "I didn't suppose you would trust me. Value must be given for value received. That's only fair. In consideration that you do not use your present advantage to injure me and ruin my daughter's happiness, and that you return to me the papers in your possession, I am ready to show my trust in you by introducing you to one of the most beautiful girls in the world—if I do say so who am her father. I might, on the contrary, try to take the papers from you——"

"You might try," echoed Breakspear, grimly.

"By strategy, since I quite understand that force would be useless. But I trust you—I recognise that you are a gentleman—a man of honor. I regret what has passed. I can say no more. I can only make amends. You saw a lady dressed in black and veiled, talking with me at Victoria yesterday, perhaps?"

"Yes, I saw such a lady."

"Well, that was my daughter—the original of the photograph you honor with your admiration. It was she who attended the sale of unclaimed luggage for me, as I had my own reasons for not appearing. It is as important for her interests as for mine that the papers should return to my hands."

"Do the Brandon-Paynes know your daughter?" inquired Breakspear, abruptly.

"Ah! I see your meaning. I introduced myself into your rooms last night under the name of Brandon-Payne. But neither my daughter nor I has the pleasure of his acquaintance. I was lucky enough to see in the society intelligence in an evening paper yesterday that you had attended a reception at the house of a Mrs. Brandon-Payne. I ran a risk in choosing the name, but I was prepared to run risks. As for your name, it was easy to learn that. In a short time, you seem to have made yourself well known in London society. But your South African record and your appearance have been a passport."

Breakspear hardly knew whether he wanted to laugh or swear at this impertinence; but he did neither.

"Has your daughter by any chance a friend called Miss Oakley?" he inquired.

"Oakley?" repeated the man. "I have never heard the name. No, you may take it from me that my daughter has no such friend. In fact, the circumstances of her life have prevented her from making friends. You will be the first of your sex, with the exception of her father, to claim the honor. And it shall be yours to-day, if you choose to go to my humble lodgings with me. But, remember, Mr. Breakspear, it is the papers for the introduction. When I have shown my good faith by taking you across my threshold, I shall expect you to place the papers in my hand."

Five long, sallow fingers had been laid upon Jim's knee, but he shook them off, springing to his feet. "Take your papers now, you hound, and be hanged to you!" he exclaimed, in a passion. "I'm hanged if I'll buy an introduction to a woman—in any such way. There's your property. Now grovel for it."

As he spoke, he dashed the papers on the floor of the carriage, and, still carried away by anger against himself and the wretch with whom he had been bargaining, he flung himself towards the door. The train was slowing at last into Victoria station, and, without waiting for it to stop, he sprang out, conscious that the man he had left was already down on his knees, grabbing at the luck which had been thrown to him like a bone to a dog.

Jim ran along the platform for a few yards to regain his balance, nearly lost in leaping out while the train was still moving comparatively fast. In his present mood, his one wish was never to see Eagle-face again—to forget the whole episode, smirched now out of all promise of adventurous romance.

He did not look towards the train he had left, but as he walked quickly away, a voice followed him.

Eagle-face had jumped out of the moving train also, and was running after him with eager strides. It was beneath Breakspear's dignity to run also, and in a moment the man was at his back. "You've cheated me!" were the words panted into his ear from behind. "You had five papers. You have only given me four."

Jim turned on him. "You hound! I threw you all I had," he said. "It's like you to doubt my word. Take what you've got and be thankful, for I've nothing more to give, and want no more of you."

So saying, he flung the other off, with a contemptuous movement of the arm, and, instead of persistently following as Breakspear had half expected, Eagle-face fell back. Had Jim glanced over his shoulder, he would have seen the man standing still, as if stunned, his face yellow-white, his lips apart. But Jim did not glance over his shoulder. He went on doggedly, knowing that he had deliberately thrown away his chance of meeting a girl whose very picture had been more to him than the reality of any other woman; knowing this, yet not sure whether he had been a fool or a wise man.

"What game was the fellow playing when he accused me of keeping back something?" he asked himself, angrily. "He'd got all he wanted from me for nothing, instead of having to pay, and yet——"

The thought broke off in his mind to give place to another, so strange that it came with a quick leap of the pulses.

(To be continued.)

THE HUMBERT CASE.

Counsel Begin Addresses—Mme. Humbert Says She Will Speak.

Paris, Aug. 18.—The Humbert trial is approaching its close. The last witnesses were heard to-day and the addresses of counsel were begun. Advocate-General Blondal opened for the prosecution. Maitre Labori follows to-morrow. It is expected that the case will reach the jury Thursday, unless the promised revelations of Mme. Humbert cause delay.

Maitre Blondal's address was a severe arraignment of the Humberts, and an analysis of their transactions, his conclusion being that the entire "Crawford" story was a tissue of falsehoods and an invention, Romane Dauriguac (brother of Mme. Humbert) getting his name from an English schoolmaster named Henry Robert Crawford, whom Romane met in Argentina. Later, the Humberts elaborated the fabric of fraud. Romane and Emil Dauriguac impersonating the two "Crawfords."

Mme. Humbert to-day continued her interruptions and renewed her declaration that she would speak after counsel had closed their addresses.

"OPEN DOOR" POLICY.

Arrangements Made For Signing of Treaty Between China and States.

Pekin, Aug. 18.—The arrangements made by the United States minister, Conger, for the signing of the treaty between China and the United States, providing for the opening of Mukden and Tatung Tao on the date of Russia's promised evacuation of Manchuria, ends the stubborn resistance of China which, for some time promised to be successful. Prince Ching first argued Russian opposition to the opening of these ports. He then said that he was not informed that Russia had consented to the opening. Finally he refused on the ground that China was unable to open towns which were held by another.

When the present settlement was proposed with the explanation that China must presume that Russia intended to fulfil her evacuation agreement, Prince Ching reluctantly gave in.

Tatung Tao is a small town which does not promise much business to attract foreigners. Its opening is mainly important as a victory for the open door principle.

The Paterson Shoe Co. Ld.
(WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.)
Boots and Shoes, Rubber Boots, Etc.
We are the largest exclusive dealers in Boots and Shoes in the province, and carry complete stocks of every description of Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Rubber Boots, etc., etc., in each of our five large stores. Miners' Footwear a Specialty. Letter orders promptly and carefully filled. Write for Catalogue to
The Paterson Shoe Co. Ld.
VICTORIA, B. C.
Branch Stores: Vancouver, B.C.; Nanaimo, B.C.,

Tyee Copper Co.
SMELTING WORKS AT LADYSMITH
Prepared to purchase ores as from August 1st. Convenient to E. & N. or Sea.
CLERMONT LIVINGSTON, MANAGER.
THOMAS KIDDIE, SMELTER MANAGER.

Table Oil Cloth,
NEW STOCK. NEW PATTERNS.
PLAIN, MARBLED AND FANCY.
ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF SHELF OIL CLOTH.
J. PIERCY & CO.,
Wholesale Dry Goods, Victoria, B.C.

We Are Offering
Strong inducements to visit our stores. We desire to receive calls from people who have never traded with us. The reason is obvious. We feel satisfied that all who come and see for themselves will become permanent customers.
GELATINE.
Con's Checkerboard, per package ..... 10c.
Nelson's, 2 packages ..... 25c.
Heinrich's, per package ..... 15c.
Savar's per package ..... 10c.
PEACHES.
Extra Choice Crawford Free Stone, per box $1.00
The "West End" Grocery Co., Ld.,
PHONE 88 42 GOVERNMENT STREET.
—AND—
The Saunders' Grocery Co., Ltd.,
PHONE 28. 39 AND 41 JOHNSON STREET.

MINERAL ACT.
CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.
NOTICE.

Little Bantam Fractional Mineral Claim, situate in the Cheminus 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. B75989, 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.

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. McKINNON.

AGENTS wanting first-class permanent position, which will bring them a good yearly income, should write us. We are the largest growers of nursery stock in Canada. Stone & Wellington, Toronto.

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.

Straw Hat Bleach,
—100
Makes an old Straw Hat look like a new one. Doesn't turn the straw yellow.
Sent by mail upon receipt of price.
CYRUS H. BOWES,
CHEMIST,
98 Government St., Near Yates St.
VICTORIA, B. C.
TELEPHONES, 425 AND 450.

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. Kork, Free Miner's Certificate B40111, A. Deakin, Free Miner's Certificate B79549, and J. West, Free Miner's Certificate No. B79663, 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.

One Hundred Young Men and Women
Wanted to attend our school and prepare for an office position paying not less than $30 per month, we to place you inside of 60 days after graduating. Write for particulars.
VANCOUVER BUSINESS COLLEGE, LD.,
P. O. Box 514, Vancouver, B. C.

$1.00 PER YE CANADA

VOL. 34.

RUSSIAN WARSH TO BE WITH

TURKISH GOVERNME WILL ACCEPT

No Confirmation of Report Demonstration by Powers.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Aug. 21.— rumors of the approaching of the Bulgarian army are ly denied.

Russia's naval demonstra ish waters is declared here couragement of the revol Macedonia.

Will Meet Deman

Paris, Aug. 21.—Official the Russian squadron off In to leave Turkish waters wi few days, as the Turkish has given adequate assura will meet all the Russian de withdrawal of the warships chiefly to Turkey's assurai be attributed in some degre desire to avoid a step whi pear to be antagonistic to

No Joint Demonstra

London, Aug. 21.—The Tu sador called at the foreign ternoon to make inquiries r report that it was the int powers to make a joint nava tion in Turkish waters an protest, if anything of the k templated. The officials m to him that Great Britain action of that character. I if Italy would also refrain fr ing warships to Turkey, as embassy officials say no re departure as yet has been r Znis is taken to indicat have been developments step inadvisable or unnecess ent.

The Turkish acceptance sian demands has been conf Turkish embassy here. tions respecting Macedonia ed on the continent, Foreig Lansdowne and most of the being away from London, T point out that the scheme f of the Macedonian question, the Independence Belge yest not be approved by the pow evident Turkey would neve a peaceful occupation of th and the Dardanelles. The cials say this could only be fighting.

"Acted Like Fiend

Sofia, Aug. 21.—Fugitive f Krushevo, who have arrive tir, gave terrible details of which prevailed in the to shevo after the capture by The latter, they say, acte running from house to hous to street, slaughtering ever met. The town is now a h

A dispatch from Burgas tonomye says the town of the villages of Urunkoi and are in flames, and the soun can plainly be heard from th frontier.

All the dispatches received indicate that the revolution i is spreading. This situation intense anxiety in official c most alarming news relates covering a considerable eastern part of the Adriano where the insurgents have town of Vasiliko, and also lages in the neighborhood.

They took the chief Turk prisoners and brought them garian frontier, where they them. The Turkish officials return to Vasiliko, sought the Bulgarian authorities, wh to a hotel in Burgas, wher at liberty to remain or de insurgents burned the villag Vasiliko and attacked a Tu tary post at the monastery The eastern part of the Ad laget is a mountainous regio villages are few and scat strength of the insurgents i It is thought that the outb an organized movement, but to draw the Turkish troops districts.

The particular danger of th break lies in its proximity garian frontier, thus creating long foreseen and dreaded b government. The Turks ar paring to send a considerab this territory to suppress th which will necessitate the st of the Bulgarian troops alon tier. With the two armies c other under the present str tions, the situation becomes desperate. The Bulgarian gov taking every possible step to calamity, but the officials e greatest concern.

In addition to the dang collision between the milita there is no smaller one of p citement getting beyond co forcing the government to ado