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CHAPTER XXIL

"What!" cries Moll starting to her feet. "He whom I have treated thus is"- And here she checked herself as if him, "you may hold me yet a little lonrecoiling, and for the first time from ger. false pretense in a matter so near the heart.

"He is your cousin, Richard Godwin," says the wise woman. "Simon knew this from the first, for there were letters showing it in the pocketbook he found after the struggle in the park, but for his own ends he kept that knowledge secret until it fitted his ends to speak. Why your cousin did not reveal himself to you may be more readily concluded

by you than 'twas by me." 'Why, 'tis clear enough," says Moll. "Pressed by his necessities, he came hither to claim assistance of his kinsman, but finding he was dead and none here but me his pride did shrink from begging of a mere girl that which he might with justice have demanded from a man. And then, for shame at being

handled like a rogue"-"Surely there is something in the blood of a gentleman that tempers his spirit to a height scarcely to be comprehended by men of meaner birth,'

thinks L When did Simon urge him to dispute my rights?" asks Moll.

"On Sunday—in the wood out there. I knew by his look he had some treacherous business in hand, and matching my stalk with his I found means to unbecoming to my sex"overhear him, creeping from thicket to otherwise have learned one word of this." my ill doing?" asks Moll.

Patiently till the tale was teld. should I not strangle you, rascal? 'Twould be a service to humanity. What and gratify your insensate love of posmy conviction I'd not stir a hand against | was as near as may be on the point of this lady, be she who she may. Nay,' adds he, with greater fury, 'I will not stay where my loyalty and better judgment may be affected by the contagion of a vile suspicion. Away while you may. My fingers itch to be revenged on you for sundering me from one who should have been my closest, dearest

friend!' Moll clasps her hands together with a cry of joy and pain mingled, even as the smile played upon her lips while tears filled her eyes.

"Sunday," cries she, turning to me and dashing the tears that blinded her from her eyes. "Sunday, and 'twas o' Monday he refused to stay. Oh, the brave heart!" Then, in impetuous haste: 'He shall be found. We must overtake him.

"That may be done if you take horse," says Anne Fitch, "for he travels afoot."

"But which way shall we turn?" "The way that any man would take, seeking to dispel a useless sorrow," an- loved her, and profit by his faith in her, swers the wise woman, "the way to which had certainly undone us all, but London."

ing the withered old woman to her heav- very lightly. Nay, she will not value ing breast and kissing her. Then the her own body and soul at two straws, next moment she would be gone, bidding me get horses for our pursuit. So, as quickly as I might, I procured

a couple of nags, and we set out, leaving at Moll's pretty, blushing, half hid face, a message for Don Sanchez, who was as if for his last solace, and then, rising not yet astir. And we should have gone slowly from the little parapet, he says: empty but that while the horses were a-preparing, and Moll, despite her have spared you this long morning ride. mighty haste at this business, too, I took So you have something to forgive, and the precaution to put some store of we may cry quits!" Then, stretching overhead and ears in love with the paintvictuals in a saddlebag.

Reckoning that Mr. Godwin, as I must call him, had been set out two feet, as fearing to lose him suddenly hours or thereabouts, I considered that again. "I have not eased myself of the we might overtake him in about three burden that lay uppermost. Oh!" cries at an easy amble. But Moll was in no she passionately, casting off all reserve, mood for ambling, and no sooner were "I know all-who you are and why you we started than she put her nag to a first came hither, and I am here to offer gallop and kept up this reckless pace up you the half of all I have." hill and down dale, I sailing behind and expecting every minute to be cut and get my neck broke, until her horse was spent and would answer no more to the whip. Then I begged her for mercy's sake to take the hill we were coming to and walk, and break her fast. "For," gays I, "another such half hour as the last on an empty stomach will do my business, and you will have another dead man to bring back to life, which will advance your journey nothing and so more haste, less speed." Therewith I opened my saddlebag, and sharing its contents we ate a rare good meal and very merry, and indeed it was a pleasure now to look at her as great as the pain had been to see her so unhappy a few hours before. For the exercise had brought a flood of rich color into her face, and a lively hope sparkled in her eyes, and the sound of her voice was like any peal of marriage bells for gayety. Yet now and then her tongue would falter, and she would strain a wistful glance along the road before us as fearing she did hope too much. However, coming to an inn, we made inquiry and learned that a man such as we described had surely passed the house barely an hour gone, and one adding that he carried a basket on his stick we felt this

must be our painter for certain. Thence on again at another tear, as if we were flying from our reckoning, unwith a shrill cry, and coming up I perceived close by our side Mr. Godwin, seated upon the bridge that crossed a stream, with his wallet beside him.

He sprang to his feet and caught in an instant the rein that had fallen from Moll's hand, for the commotion in her heart at seeing him so suddenly had stopped the current of her veins, and she was deadly pale. "Take me, take me!" cries she.

voice. "Take me, or I must fall," and let who will take what remains. slipping from her saddle she sank into his open, ready arms. "Help!" says Mr. Godwin quickly

and in terror. "Nay," says she, "I am better. Tis nothing. But," adds she, smiling at neck, "and my heart as well."

The fervid look in his eyes as he gazed

ever, sweetheart!" "Rest her here," says I, pointing to the little wall of the bridge, and he,

complying not too willingly, withdrew his arm from her waist, with a sigh. her cheek, Moll turns to him and says:

"I thought you would have come again. And since one of us must ask to

your pardon!" "Why, what is there to pardon, madam?" says he.

"Only a girl's folly, which, unforgiven, must seem something worse." "Your utmost folly," says he, "is to and if that be an offense 'tis my misfortune to be no more offended.

"Have I been overkind?" says Moll, abashed as having unwittingly passed the bounds of maiden modesty.

"As nature will be overbounteous in one season, strewing so many flowers in our path that we do underprize them till they are lost, and all the world dent satisfaction on their part, for there seems stricken with wintry desolation."

thicket, as noiseless as a snake, to where a woman," returns he. "And, praised she was in her saddle they must linger they stood, for, be assured, I should not be God, some still live who have not yet, he to kiss her hands and she to bend learned to conceal their nature under a down and yield her cheek to his lips, "How did he receive these hints at mask of fashion. If this be done less to though the sound of the coming wagon your natural free disposition than to an | was close at hand. ignorance of our enlightened modish Then, taking your steward by the throat arts, then could I find it in my heart to this surprising strange turn of events, I with sudden passion, he cries: 'Why rejoice that you have lived a captive in left 'em there with bright, smiling faces

Barbary." They had been looking into each othhave I done to deserve your love or er's eyes with the delight of reading this lady your hatred? Nothing. You there the love that filled their hearts, would pit us one against the other mere- but now Moll bent her head as if she ly to keep your hold upon these lands could no longer bear that searching re- lathe and sprinkled from head to toe gard, and unable to make response to with chips, mighty proud of a bedpost session. Go, get you gone, beast!' cries his pretty speech sat twining her fin- he was a-turning, and it did my heart he, flinging him off. 'Tis punishment gers in her lap, silent, with pain and good to see him looking stout and hearenough for you to live and know you've pleasure fluttering over her downcast ty, profitably occupied in this business, failed, for had you proved your case to face. And at this time I do think she



"Take me, take me!" cries she. confessing she had been no Barbary slave, rather than deceive the man who in her passion, a woman considered the "God bless you!" cries Moll, clasp- welfare of her father and best friends and naught else in her letters, and but is ready to yield up everything for

one dear smile. A full minute Mr. Godwin sat gazing

"Had I been more generous, I should forth his hand, he adds, "Farewell."

"Stay," cries Moll, springing to her

"Half, sweet cousin?" answers taking her two hands in his.

"Aye, for if I had not come to claim it all would have been yours by right, and 'tis no more than fair that, owing so much to fortune, I should offer you the half."

"Suppose that half will not suffice me, dear?" says he. "Why, then I'll give you all," an-

swers she, "houses, gardens--every your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with pretty much as I have writ them here, the best of care. Others far showing in the end how Mr. Godwin more exposed pass through would have gone away unknown rather unharmed. Weak children Godwin's kinsman, even though Moll will have continuous colds should be no better than old Simon in winter, poor digestion in would have him believe, upon which he summer. They are with- again! Let us drink to their health. out power to resist disease, Drink deep, Kit, for I've a fancy that they have no reserve no man shall put his lips to this mug strength. Scott's Emulsion after us." So I dra of cod-liver oil, with hypo- the jug, flung it behind the chimney, phosphites, is cod-liver oil foot of a hill, she suddenly drew rein partly digested and adapted on his face as he lay it in his hand, his to the weaker digestions of elbow resting on the table: children.

"Then what will you do, coz?" "Go hence, as you were going but just now," answers she, trembling.

"Why, that's as if you took the diamond from its setting and left me nothing but the foil," says he. "Oh, I would stretching forth her arms, with a faint order it another way. Give me the gem Unless these little hands are mine to hold forever I will take nothing from them.

"They are thine, dear love," cries she in a transport, flinging them about his

of the road, for surely any one coming down at her sweet, pale face seemed to this way by accident and finding them say, "Would I could hold you here for locked together thus in tender embrace on the king's highway would have fallen to some gross conclusion, not understanding their circumstances, and so might have offended their delicacy by some rude jest. And I had not parted And now, the color coming back to myself here a couple of minutes ere I spied a team of four stout horses coming over the brow of the hill, drawing the stage wagon behind them which be forgiven, lo, here am I come to ask plies betwixt Sevenoaks and London. This prompting me to a happy notion, I returned to the happy, smiling pair, who were now seated again upon the me. bridge, hand in hand, and says I:

"My dear friends—for so, sir, I think may now count you, sir, as well as whether she should not confess to her have been overkind to a poor painter, my Mistress Judith here—the wagon is sweetheart that she was not his cousin. coming down the hill, by which I had intended to go to London this morning horse and conduct you back to the court I will profit by this occasion and bid you farewell for the present."

This proposal was received with eviwas clearly no further thought of part-"Yet, if I have said or done anything ing. Only Moll, alarmed for the proprieties, did beg her lover to lift her on but for her sudden outcry, and how, "Nothing womanly is unbecoming to her horse instantly. Nevertheless when

Scarcely less delighted than they with and journey on to London, and then taking a pair of oars at the bridge to Greenwich, all eagerness to give these joyful tidings to my friend Jack Dawson. I found him in his workroom, working a care, but he was ever a stout, brave fellow, who would rather fight than give in any day. A better man never lived, nor a more honest, circumstances per-

mitting. His joy at seeing me was past everyhing, but his first thought after our earty greeting was of his daughter.

"My Moll," says he, "my dear igirl. You han't brought her to add to my joy? She's not slinking behind a door o fright me with delight, hey?", "eye "No," says I, "but I've brought you

great news of her." "And good, I'll swear, Kit, for there's not a sad line in your face. Stay, comrade, wait till I've shook these chips off and we are seated in my parlor, for I do love to have a pipe of tobacco and a mug of ale beside me in times of pleasure. You can talk of indifferent things, though, for Lord, I do love to hear the sound of your voice again."

I told him how the ceiling of our dining hall had been painted. "Aye," says he. "I have heard of that, for my dear girl hath writ about that though I've no great fancy for such matters, yet I doubt not it is mighty fine by her long winded praises of it. Come, Kit, let us in here and get to something

fresher." So we into his parlor, which was a neat, cheerful room, with a fine view of the river, and there, being duly furnished with a mighty mug of ale and clean pipes, he bids me give him my news, and I tell him how Moll had fallen er, and he with her, and how that very morning they had come together and laid open their hearts' desire one to the other, with the result, as I believed, that they would be married as soon as they could get a parson to do their busi-

"This is brave news indeed," cries he, "and easeth me beyond comprehension, for I could see clearly enough she was smitten with this painter, by her writing of nothing else, and seeing she could not get at his true name and condition I felt some qualms as to how the matter might end. But do tell me, Kit, is he an honest, wholesome sort of man?" "As honest as the day," says I, "and

nobler, handsomer man never breath-'God be praised for all things,' says he devoutly. "Tell me he's an Englishman, Kit—as Moll did seem to think he was spite his foreign name—and my joy's complete."

'As true born an Englishman as you are, '' says L "Lord love him for it!" cries he. Then, coming down to particulars, I related the events of the past few days

So I drank heartily, and he, emptying with another fervent ejaculation of gratitude. Then a shade of sorrow falling

"I'd give the best half of the years I've got to live," says he, "to see 'em 50c. and \$1.00 together and grasp Mr. Godwin's hand

in mine, but I'll not be tempted to it, for I perceive clearly enough by what place, Mr. Hopkins," says he quietly. you tell me that my wayward tongue and weakness have been undoing us all and ruining my dear Moll's chance of of old Simon before he comes," answers happiness. But tell me, Kit," straight- he. "And it wouldn't be amiss to make marriage will touch our affairs?"

"Only to better them, for now our prosperity is assured, which otherwise might have lacked security."

Aye, to be sure, for now shall we be all in one family with these Godwins, win if he would permit me to speak and this cousin, profiting by the estate At this conjuncture I thought it ad- as much as Moll, will never begrudge visable to steal softly away to the bend her giving us a hundred or two now and then for rendering him such good service.'

" 'Twill appease Moll's compunctions into the bargain," says I heedlessly. "What compunctions?"

"The word slipped me unintended, stammers I. "I mean nothing." "But something your word must mean. Come, out with it, Kit."

"Well," says I, "since this fondness

than she was wont to have." "'Tis my fault," answered he sadly. "She gets this leaning to honesty from

"This very morning," continues I, 'she was, I truly believe, of two minds

"For all the world my case!" cries he, slapping the table. "If I could only upon some pressing business, and so, have five minutes in secret with the dear madam, if your cousin will take my girl, I would give her a hint that should make her profit by my folly." And then he tells me how, in the heyday of courtship and the flush of confiding love, he did confess to his wife that he had carried gallantry somewhat too far with Sukey Taylor and might have added a

good half dozen other names beside hers though she might very well have suspected other amours, she did never reproach him therewith, but was forever to her dying day a-flinging Sukey Tay lor in his teeth, etc. 'Lord, Kit!" cries he in conclusion.

'What would I give to save her from such torment! You know how obedient she is to my guiding, for I have ever studied to make her respect me, and no one in the world hath such empire over her. Could it not be contrived anyhow that we should meet for half an hour secretly?"

"Not secretly," says I. "But there is no reason why you should not visit her openly. Nay, it will create less surprise than if you stay away. For what could be more natural than your coming to instead of soaking in an alehouse, as I the court on your return from a voyage feared at one time he would, to dull his to see the lady you risked so much to save?"

"Now God bless you for a good, true friend!" cries he, clasping my hand. 'I'll come, but to stay no great length. Not a drop will I touch that day, and a fool indeed I must be if I can't act my part without bungling for a few hours at a stretch, and I listening every night in the parlor of the Spotted Dog to old seamen swearing and singing their songs. And I'll find an opportunity to give Moll a hint of my past folly and so rescue her from a like pitfall. I'll abide by your advice, Kit, which is the wisest I ever heard from your lips."

But I was not so sure of this, and remembering the kind of obedience Moll had used to yield to her father's com mands nry mind misgave me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I returned to Hurst Court the following day in the forencon, and there I found Mr. Godwin, with Moll clinging to his arm, in an upper room commanding a view of the northern slopes, discussing their future, and Moll told me with glee how this room was to be her husband's workroom, where he would paint pictures for the admiration of all the world, saying that he would not, nor would she have him, renounce his calling to lead the idle life of a country

gentleman. "If the world admire my pictures, the world shall pay to have them," says he, with a smile. Then, turning to her, he adds very tenderly: "I will owe all my happiness to you, sweetheart. Yet guard my independence in more material matters. No mercenary question shall ever suspicion on my love."

Seeing I was not wanted here I left them to settle their prospectives and sought Don Sanchez, whom I found reading in a room below, seated in a comfortable chair before a good fire of apple logs. To please me he shut up his book and agreed to take a stroll in the park while dinner was a-dressing. So we slap on our hats and cloaks and set forth, talking of indifferent matters till we had come into a fair open glade, which sort of place the prudent don did ever prefer to holes and corners for secret conference, and then he told me how Moll and Mr. Godwin had already decided they would be married in three weeks.

"Three weeks?" says L "I would it were to be done in three days." To which desire the don coincides with sundry grave nods, and then tells me how Moll would have herself cried in church, for all to know, and that nothing may be wanting to her husband's dignity.

"After all," says I, "three weeks is no such great matter. And now, senor, in the morning," says I. do tell me what you think of all this." trived it better," answers he. "'Tis a most excellent game, and you cannot

come down to see Moll, whereat the govern the estate when I am gone?" don, stopping short, looked at me very curiously with his eyebrows raised, but that rascal Simon shall be turned from saying nothing.

ther should want to see what kind of would set us by the ears for his own adman is to be his daughter's husband," say I in excuse, "and if he will come, what are we to do?"

"I know what I should do in your "Pray, senor, what is that?"

"Squeeze all the money you can out ening himself up, "how think you this Mr. Godwin a party to this business by letting him have a hundred or two for his present necessities at once."

Acting on this hint, when Moll left us after supper and we three men were seated before the fire, I asked Mr. Godupon a matter which concerned his happiness no less than his cousin Judith's. "Nay, sir," replies he, "I do pray you to be open with me, for otherwise I

must consider myself unworthy of your

friendship." "Well, sir," says I, "my mind is somewhat concerned on account of what from natural disinclination, ignorance you said this morning-namely, that no and other reasons I would keep out of pecuniary question shall ever be dis- it." Then, after some reflection, he cussed betwixt you and your wife, and that you will owe nothing to her but have lost all your fortune in saving her, happiness. This, together with your and that 'tis not yet possible to repay has possessed her. I have observed a purpose of painting pictures to sell, greater compunction to telling of lies means, I take it, that you will leave you have any occupation for your time your wife absolute mistress of her present fortune."

"That is the case exactly, Mr. Hopkins," says he. "I am not indifferent to the world's esteem, and I would give no one reason to suspect that I had married my dear cousin to possess her for-

tune. "Nevertheless, sir, you would not have thought it that she begrudged you not ask you to stay here, though asan equal share of her possessions. Your suredly you will ever be a welcome position will necessitate a certain out- guest, but if you would have one of the lay. To maintain your wife's dignity and your own you must dress well, time to time as it might fit your other mount a good horse, be liberal in hospitality, give largely to those in need, and ter of business I should regard it as a so forth. With all due respect to your genius in painting, I can scarcely think your part." that art will furnish you at once with supplies necessary to meet all these de-

"All this is very true, Mr. Hopkins, says he, after a little reflection. "To tell the truth, I have lived so long in want that poverty has become my second nature, and so these matters have not entered into my calculations. Pray, sir, continue."

"Your wife, be she never so considerate, may not always anticipate your needs, and hence at some future moment | named Franklin Biers lost his life at Burthis question of supplies must arise, un- ford yesterday by a well caving in and less they are disposed of before your burying him when he was nearly forty marriage.

"If that could be done, Mr. Hopkins," says he hopefully.

"It may be done, sir, very easily. With your cousin's consent and yours, I, as her elected guardian, at this time will have a deed drawn up to be signed ditch. Mail Clerk Hetherington and by you and her, settling one half the two passengers are injured, but not seriestate upon you, and the other half on ously. An investigation showed that your cousin. This will make you not the accident was due to the work of her debtor, but her benefactor, for with train wreckers, the fish plates and bolts this deed all this, now hers, becomes having been removed from one of the yours by legal right upon your marriage, and she could not justly give away a shilling without your permission, and thus you assure to her the same independence that you yourself would main-

"Very good," says Don Sanchez in a sonorous voice of approval as he lies back in his high chair, his eyes closed and a cigarro in the corner of his mouth. "I thank you with all my heart, Mr. Hopkins," says Mr. Godwin warmly. "I entreat you have this deed drawn up if it be Cousin Judith's wish." "Von may count with certainty or

that," says I, "for if my arguments lacked power I have but to say 'tis your desire, and 'twould be done, though it took the last penny from her." He made no reply to this, but bending

forward he gazed into the fire, with a rapture in his face, pressing one hand within the other as if it were his sweetheart's. "In the meantime," says I, "if you have necessity for a hundred or two in

advance, you have but to give me your note of hand." "Can you do me this service?" cries he eagerly. "Can you let me have £500 by tomorrow?"

"I believe I can supply you to the extent of six or seven. "All that you can," says he, "for besides a pressing need that will take me to London tomorrow I owe something to a friend here that I would fain dis-

charge, Don Sanchez waived his hand cava-



He made no reply to this, but bending Spaniard had hinted at this business as much for his own ends as for our assur-

"I will have it ready against we meet "You are so certain of her sanction?" "If you had had the ordering of your he asks in delight as if he could not too own destiny, you could not have con- much assure himself of his cousin's devotion.

"She has been guided by me in all fail to win if" (here he pauses to blow matters relating to her estate and will his nose) "if the cards are played prop- be in this, I am convinced. But here's another question, sir, which, while we This somehow brought Dawson into are about business, might be discussed my thoughts, and I told the don of my with advantage. My rule here is nearly visit to him, and how he did purpose to at an end. Have you decided who shall

"Only that when I have authority his office neck and crop. He loves me as 'Tis no more than natural that a fa-little as he loves his mistress that he vantage."

"Ah, honest man nevertheless—in his begin with."
Toronto, Ont. peculiar way," observes the don.

"Honest!" cries Mr. Godwin hotly. He honest who would have suffered Judith to die in Barbary? He shall go!' "Then you will take in your own

hands the control of your joint estate?' "I? Why, I know no more of such matters than the man in the moon. "With all respect to your cousin's

abilities. I cannot think her qualified for this office." "Surely another steward can be

found. "Undoubtedly," says I. "But surely, sir, you'd not trust all to him without some supervision? Large sums of money must pass through his hands, and this must prove a great temptation to dishonest practices. 'Twould not be fair to any man."

"This is true," says he. "And yet adds: "My cousin has told me how you you. May I ask, sir, without offense, if when you leave us?"

"I went to London when I left you to see what might be done, but a merchant without money is like a carpen-

ter without tools." "Then, sir, till your debt is discharged, or you can find some more pleasant and profitable engagement, would you not consent to govern these affairs? I do houses on the estate or come hither from purposes and take this office as a matmost generous, friendly kindness on

I promised him with some demur. and yet with the civility his offer demanded, to consider of this, and so our debate ended, and I went to bed very well content with myself, for thus will vanity blind us to our faults.

(To be continued.) A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring may be the means of keeping you well and hearty all summer.

BRANTFORD, April 4.—A well-digger feet below. A party was working all night to recover the body.

PERTH, April 4.—The Canadian Pacific express which left Toronto for Montreal last night left the track about five miles west of here this morning, and all the coaches except two sleepers are in the

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