



An Enemy of The King

By Hagenbuch Wyman

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

ow, if the plan suggested by Monsieur de Blaise was carried out, the governor's arrival at Clochonne meant that his spy had sent him word of his hiding place. But could De Berquin have done so? He had previously shown some skill in secret pursuit. Had he studied the vigilance of my sentinels, learned that we were at Maury, and sent one of his men to the governor with the information? It was improbable, yet nothing occurs more often than the improbable. So I asked Marianne:

"Have you seen anything of the five men who drank with me the night you carried wine to us from the inn?"

"Not since that night, monsieur."

"And you have no more news than you have told me?"

"Nothing more, monsieur; so if you please, I will hurry back for my men, and it would be a pity if the governor's men should come by the forest road without being seen. Be sure, if they come after I reach home, you shall know of it in good time."

I bade her go, and turned to mademoiselle.

She was as pale as a white lily. As soon as my eye met hers, she said, in a faint voice:

"I am going in, monsieur. I am tired. No, I can go alone. Do not be concerned about me. I shall soon feel better."

And she went rapidly into the chateau, giving me no time in which to assure her that there was no reason for immediate alarm.

I wished to consider Marianne's news before communicating it to any of my men. I had to inquire of myself whether it called for any immediate action on my part. So that my meditations might not be interrupted, I left the chateau and walked into the forest. For hours I considered the possible relations of the governor's arrival to mademoiselle's safety and my own, to that of my men and our cause, and to my intention of delivering M. de Varion from prison. But I could arrive at no conclusion, for I knew neither the governor's intentions, nor what information he had concerning me. There were so many possibilities and so many possible combinations of them that at last I threw the whole matter from my mind, determining to await events. On the way back to the chateau I reproached myself for having wasted so much time in making useless guesses, for when I found myself at the gate it was night, and the moon had risen.

I stopped at the entrance and stood still to listen. I saw no one, but Blaise, who rose in the courtyard in the words of a psalm. He sang it with a gentleness the very reverse of the feeling his voice had expressed in the war hymn a few hours earlier. From a sound that came between the words now and then, I knew that he was engaged in one of his favorite occupations, that of polishing his weapons.

Pleased to hear him singing in the moonlight, I stood at the gate, lest by entering I might interrupt the psalm.

Presently, at the end of the stanza, I heard another voice from the doorway of the chateau.

"Ah, Blaise," said Jeannotte, "it is the spirit of your mother that controls you now."

He made no answer, nor did he resume his singing. Then I recalled that for the past few days he has not shown his former susceptibility to the maid's charms; he had indeed, exhibited toward her a kind of disapproving shyness. I had not attached any importance to this.

"Why do you not go on singing your psalm?" Jeannotte asked, coming nearer to him.

His answer was a strange one. It was spoken with a kind of contemptuous irony and searching interrogation. The words were:

"Mademoiselle's boy Pierre has not yet come back to us."

"What has happened to do with your singing?" she asked. "We all know it very well. Poor Pierre! To think that he may have been taken by Monsieur de Berquin!"

"It is well that he did not know the place of our destination when he was away," said Blaise, in the same insignificant tone, "else M. de Berquin might to have the secret out of him and carry it to the governor of the province. For M. de Berquin knows now that my master is La Tournoire. It would not be well for the boy, or any one else, to be the means of the governor's learning La Tournoire's hiding place."

After which words, spoken with a kind of ominous menace, Blaise abruptly left the girl, and strode around the corner of the chateau. The maid stood still for a few moments, then went into the chateau.

Completely mystified, I crossed the courtyard and called Blaise.

"M. de la Chatre is at Clochonne," I said abruptly, as soon as he was before me.

He stood still, returning my gaze. Presently he said:

"Do you think that he has learned where you are?"

"Through M. de Berquin?" I said, as if completing his question.

"Or any one else?" he said, in a low voice. "There was the boy who disappeared, for instance."

"But he did not know our hiding place when he left. He did not know how near we then were to it. He did not then know that I was La Tournoire."

"But there was much talk of La Tournoire on the journey. Did you at

any time drop any hint of this place, and how it might be reached?"

"None that could have reached his ears. I told only Mlle. de Varion, and we were quite alone when I did so."

Blaise looked at the ground in silence. After some time he gave a heavy sigh, and raising his eyes, said:

"Monsieur, I have been thinking of many things of late. Certain matters have had a strange appearance. But—well, perhaps my thoughts have been absurd, and, in short, I have nothing to say about them except this, Monsieur: it is well to be on one's guard always against every one!"

I was about to ask him whether he meant that the boy Pierre had been guilty of eavesdropping and treachery, and to reprove him for his unworthy suspicion, when there was a noise at the gate. Looking thither, I saw two of my men, Sabray and Roqueuil, conducting into the courtyard three starry-eyed fellows, who leaned wearily on one another's shoulders and seemed ready to drop with fatigue.

"We found these wretches in the woods," explained Sabray. "They are Catholics, although that one tried to hide his cross and shouted, 'Down with the mass!' when we told them to surrender in the name of the Sieur de La Tournoire."

"It is true that I was a Catholic," I said to the man in the middle, "but I belonged to De Berquin's band of four; but I was just about to abjure when these men came up."

"I will abjure twice over, if it pleases monsieur," said the tallest Spaniard, looking ruffian. "Nothing would delight me more than to be a Huguenot. By the windpipe of the Pope, for a flagon of wine I would be a Jew."

"And a damned infidel Turk," wearily added the fat comrade, "for a roast fowl, and a place to lay my miserable body!"

At this moment the top of his eyes fell on Blaise.

"Saint Marie!" he cried, falling to his knees. "We are dead men. It is the big fellow we trusted up at the inn!"

"Belly of Beelzebub, so it is!" belatedly exclaimed Blaise, pulling out his sword. Turning to Jeannotte, who had just reappeared in the courtyard, he roared: "It is now my father's spirit that controls me!"

Whereupon he fell to belaboring the three poor, weary, hungry, thirsty rascals with the flat of his sword, till all of them yelled in concert. They were too limp to resist or even to run, and he had his way with them until Sabray, the third captive, howled with laughter. At last I ordered him to stop, and to confine the men in a chamber, where they should be fed and questioned. So they limped away moaning like cattle by Blaise, who promised them that if they would only surrender to honest people in the dark for some time to come, Jeannotte followed, out of curiosity, as did Sabray and Roqueuil.

Left alone in the courtyard, I sat on the stone bench, which was not in part yellow with moonlight, and began to ponder. I could doubtless learn from the three captives whether De Berquin had any hand in the coming of La Chatre to Clochonne. Anxious as I was to inform myself, I was yet in no mood to question the men, and I preferred, preferring to wait and hear the results of Blaise's interrogations.

While I was thinking, my arms folded and my eyes turned to the ground, I suddenly heard a deep sigh very near me.

I looked up and saw Mademoiselle de Varion standing before me in the moonlight. My gaze met hers, and in the delicious glow that her presence sent to my heart I forgot all in the world but her.

CHAPTER XIII.

How De Berquin Invited Death.

"Mademoiselle!" I whispered, starting up and taking her hand.

She trembled and averted her eyes from me. But she did not draw away her hand.

"You are still disturbed by Marianne's news," I said. "But you have little to fear, for when M. de la Chatre is at Clochonne then it is he who is at the other end of the province."

"Yet I do fear, monsieur," she said, in a low tone, "for your sake."

"I take great happiness in knowing that it is for me. But this is no place or time for fear. Look and listen. The moonlight, the sounds of the forest, the song of the nightingale, all speak of peace."

"The song of the nightingale may give place to the clash of swords and the cries of combat," she replied. "And because you have delayed here with me, you now risk the peril you are in."

"Peril is familiar company to me, mademoiselle," I said, gayly. "It comes when I wish, and is a very welcome guest when it brings with it the sweetest lady in the world."

Talking thus, I led her around the side of the chateau to the old garden, where, in a place now given up to wild weeds, stood its former use indicated by a broken statue, a crumbling grotto, and in its centre an old sun dial overgrown with creepers. The path to the sun dial was again passable, thanks to my frequent visits to the spot since my first arrival at Maury. It was up this path that we now went.

"The moonlight and the presence of mademoiselle made the place a very paradise to me. We two were alone in the garden. The moon spread beauty over the broken walls of the chateau and the green vegetation around us leaving some places in mysterious shade. The sun dial was all in light, and so was mademoiselle standing beside it. I breathed sweet wild odors from the garden. From some part of the chateau came the soft twang of the strings responding to the

fingers of the gypsy. I held the soft hand of mademoiselle, I raised it to my lips.

"I love you, I love you!" I whispered. She made no answer, only looked at me with a kind of mingled grief and joy, bliss embittered by despair.

"I cannot be," I went on, "that heaven would permit so great a love to find no response. Will you not answer me, mademoiselle?"

"What answer would you have?" she asked, in a perturbed voice.

"I would have love for love."

"Her answer was arrested," by the sound of the gypsy's voice, which at the instant rose in an old song, that one in which a woman's love is likened to a light or a fire. These are the first words:

"Bright as the sun, more quick to fade; Fickle as court beauty, fickle as the wind; Where brightest, casting deepest shade— False flame of woman's love."

"Heed the song, monsieur," said mademoiselle, in the tone of one who warns vaguely of a danger which dare not be spoken openly.

"It is an old, old song," I answered. "The raving of some misanthrope of bygone time."

"It has truth in it," she said.

"Nay, he judged all women from some bitter experience of his own. His song ought to have died with him, ought to be shut up in the grave wherein he lies, with his sins and his sorrows to his doom."

"Though the man is dead, the truth he sang is not. Heed it, monsieur, as a warning from the dead to the living, a warning to all brave men who unwarily trust in women."

"I needed no song to warn me, mademoiselle," I said, thinking of Mlle. d'Areny and M. de Noyard. "I have in my own time seen something of the treachery of which some women are capable."

"You have loved other women?" she said, quickly.

"Once I thought I loved one, until I learned what she was."

"What was gypsy's voice, she asked, slowly, as if divining the answer, and dreading to hear it.

"She was a tool of Catherine de Medici's," said I, speaking with all the more contempt when I compared the girl's court beauty, Mlle. d'Areny, with the pure, sweet woman before me; "one of those creatures whom Catherine called her Flying Squadron, and she betrayed a very honest gentleman to his death."

"Betrayed him!" she repeated.

"Yes, by a pretended love trust."

Mademoiselle trembled, and held out her hand to the dial for support.

"Something of her attitude, something in the pose of her slender figure, something in her white face, her deep, wide-open eyes, so appealed to my love, to my impulse to protect her. I stepped in my arms and drew her close to me. She made no attempt to repulse me, and into her eyes came the look of surrender and yielding."

"Ah, mademoiselle, Julie," I murmured, for she had told me her name, "do not shrink from me, your hand clings to mine, the look in your eyes tells what your lips have refused to utter. The truth is out, you love me."

She closed her eyes, and let me cover her face with kisses.

Presently, still holding her hand in mine, I stepped to the other side of the sun dial, so that we stood with our backs to each other, and I turned down the precipice. Blaise stood for a time looking over. We heard a series of dull concussions, a sound of the flight of detached small stones, and then nothing.

"I speak clearly, M. de Berquin," said I, thinking that he was taking the wrong way to get my confidence. "It is impossible that any one having my esteem should need hindrance from a fool."

De Berquin stood perfectly still and looked me straight in the face, saying: "Is it a foul deed to betray a man into the hands of his enemies?"

"I have no doubt," I answered, wondering that he should try to begin that way at accusing some one else of intending it.

"Then, monsieur," he went on, "look to yourself, for I have had to do."

But I looked at him instead, with some amazement at the assurance with which he continued to face me.

"And what man of any following would you accuse of intending to betray me?" he asked.

"No man," he said, still meeting my gaze steadily, and not changing his attitude.

"No man?" I repeated, for a moment puzzled. "Oh, ho! The boy, Pierre, perhaps, who left the inn when I was in the inn by the forest road? Well, monsieur, you speak falsely. I would stake my arm on his loyalty."

"It is not to tell you of any boy that I have sought you in these many days in this wilderness," said De Berquin, all the time standing as motionless as a statue, and speaking in a very low voice. "It is not a boy that has come from M. de la Chatre, the governor of the province, to betray you."

"Not a man nor boy," I said, curious now to learn what he was aiming at. "What, then?" Mademoiselle's maid, honest Jeannotte? You must take the trouble to invent something else, M. de Berquin. You become amusing, very quietly, putting a stress on the word 'maid,' and facing me as boldly as ever.

"It dawned on me what he meant. Slowly a tremendous indignation grew in me against the man who dared to stand before me and make that accusation. Yet I controlled myself, and I became as calm as a low as his, but slowly drawing my sword:

"By God, you mean her!"

"Mlle. de Varion," he answered, never quailing.

"Filled with a great wrath, my powers of thought for the time paralyzed, my mind capable of no perception but that of Mademoiselle's sweetness and purity opposed to this horrible charge of betrayal, I said to myself: 'What? Then the devil is no more the king

of liars, unless you are devil! Come, Monsieur de Berquin, I will show you what I think of the service you would do me!"

With drawn sword in hand, I walked across the courtyard and pointed to the way leading around the side of the chateau to an open space in one part of the garden. I knew that there was no one there but myself.

"As I waited for De Berquin to precede me I chanced to look at Blaise. A strange, thoughtful expression was on his face. He, too, stood quiet still. De Berquin looked at my face for a moment longer, then seemed to realize the hopelessness of his attempt to make me credit his accusation, shrugged his shoulders and said, courteously:

"As you will, monsieur!"

And he walked before me around the side of the chateau to the bare space in the garden. Blaise, having received no orders, did not presume to follow. He stood off to one side, and other encouragements, De Berquin raising his sheathed sword and very gracefully unsheathing it by throwing the scabbard off into the air, so that it fell some distance away in the garden.

Twice before that night he had been shown that I was the more skillful swordsman, yet now he stood without the least sign of fear. If he had formerly retreated, on being disarmed, he now stood firm, and he was not to be figured ridiculously, and could not endure to remain before Mlle. de Varion. Also, he had sought to preserve his life, so that he might have revenge. But now that events had taken their turn, he showed himself not afraid to face death.

"It is a pity," I said, "that a brave man should be so great a liar."

"Rather," he said, "that so grave a man should be so easily fooled. He included to me—'should be so easily fooled, and that so fair a woman should be so vile a traitor.'"

And, seeing that I was ready, he put himself into a posture of defence.

"I have been waiting, having been already filled to overflowing, it was impossible for me to be further engaged by this. But there came on me a desire to let him know that I was not at all ill-informed as he had thought me, and that perhaps he was the greater fool. So, holding my sword lowered, said:

"You should know, monsieur, that I am aware, who undertook the task of betraying me to La Chatre."

"And yet you say that I lie," he replied.

"I know even how the matter was to be conducted," I went on. "The spy was first to lead my place of refuge and the information to La Chatre. The governor is already at Clochonne. The spy, doubtless, learned where I hid and sent word to La Chatre."

"Doubtless," he replied, impassively, "inasmuch as you speak of one of Mademoiselle's boys having left you. He was probably the messenger."

"Monsieur," I said, "you desire to leave a slander on mademoiselle that may afflict me or her after your death; but your quickness to perceive circumstances that seemingly fit your lie will not avail you. A thousand facts might seem to bear out your falsehood, yet I would not heed them. I would know them to be accidental. For every lie there are many circumstances that betraying me to La Chatre. So do not, in doing felicitate yourself on leaving behind you a lie that will live to injure her or me. Your lie shall die with you."

"You tire me with repetitions, monsieur," he replied, calmly. "Since you will maintain that I have lied, do so. It is you who will suffer for your blindness, not I. I told you the truth, not really because I wished to do you a kindness, but because there was a chance of my serving my own purpose. The woman came here to find your hiding place and betray you to the governor. La Chatre engaged her to do so. His secretary, Montignac, took it into his head to betray her, and he became sole possessor of Mademoiselle's time and attractions. But he could not undo the governor's plans, nor could he hope for the woman's co-operation, as she seems to have taken a dislike to him. He had had her over to the governor's soldiers, she should go to Fleurieu to receive her reward. She had made a condition so that she might keep on the way of Montignac. Now he dared not interfere to prevent her from doing the governor's errand, but he hoped to see more of her after that should be completed. Such, as it was, was the state of his mind when I came along. I ordered from court, hounded from Paris by creditors, ragged and ready for what might turn up, near Fleurieu Montignac turned up in La Chatre's cavalcade. He was a man set to keep the woman's secret to Clochonne, keep my eyes on her, know when she had settled your business, and when she was about to start for Fleurieu, keep her as his guest in a house that I was to hire in Clochonne. But why do I grow chilly telling you all this, when you do not intend to believe me? Shall we not begin, monsieur?"

"Doubtless you are vain of your skill at fabrication, monsieur," I said, wishing to deprive him of the satisfaction of thinking me deceived by his story, "but you have no reason to be. That woman should be set to betray its being believed of it is to me that you tell it, and it is of Mlle. de Varion you complained a while ago of being chilly. Let us now warm ourselves!"

And so we went at it. I had no reason now to repeat the trick by which I had before disarmed him. Indeed, I wished him to keep sword in hand that I might have no scruples about killing him. I never could bring myself to give the death thrust to an unarmed man. Yet I was not to disturb his brain whence had sprung so horrible a story against my beloved should invent no more, that the lips which had uttered the accusation should not habitual act might betray the deception.

"Enough, M. de Berquin," I said. "I do you wish the credit of admitting that so well-wrought a lie was never before told. Only two things prevent its being believed of it is to me that you tell it, and it is of Mlle. de Varion you complained a while ago of being chilly. Let us now warm ourselves!"

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"Doubtless," he replied, impassively, "inasmuch as you speak of one of Mademoiselle's boys having left you. He was probably the messenger."

"Monsieur," I said, "you desire to leave a slander on mademoiselle that may afflict me or her after your death; but your quickness to perceive circumstances that seemingly fit your lie will not avail you. A thousand facts might seem to bear out your falsehood, yet I would not heed them. I would know them to be accidental. For every lie there are many circumstances that betraying me to La Chatre. So do not, in doing felicitate yourself on leaving behind you a lie that will live to injure her or me. Your lie shall die with you."

"You tire me with repetitions, monsieur," he replied, calmly. "Since you will maintain that I have lied, do so. It is you who will suffer for your blindness, not I. I told you the truth, not really because I wished to do you a kindness, but because there was a chance of my serving my own purpose. The woman came here to find your hiding place and betray you to the governor. La Chatre engaged her to do so. His secretary, Montignac, took it into his head to betray her, and he became sole possessor of Mademoiselle's time and attractions. But he could not undo the governor's plans, nor could he hope for the woman's co-operation, as she seems to have taken a dislike to him. He had had her over to the governor's soldiers, she should go to Fleurieu to receive her reward. She had made a condition so that she might keep on the way of Montignac. Now he dared not interfere to prevent her from doing the governor's errand, but he hoped to see more of her after that should be completed. Such, as it was, was the state of his mind when I came along. I ordered from court, hounded from Paris by creditors, ragged and ready for what might turn up, near Fleurieu Montignac turned up in La Chatre's cavalcade. He was a man set to keep the woman's secret to Clochonne, keep my eyes on her, know when she had settled your business, and when she was about to start for Fleurieu, keep her as his guest in a house that I was to hire in Clochonne. But why do I grow chilly telling you all this, when you do not intend to believe me? Shall we not begin, monsieur?"

"Doubtless you are vain of your skill at fabrication, monsieur," I said, wishing to deprive him of the satisfaction of thinking me deceived by his story, "but you have no reason to be. That woman should be set to betray its being believed of it is to me that you tell it, and it is of Mlle. de Varion you complained a while ago of being chilly. Let us now warm ourselves!"

And so we went at it. I had no reason now to repeat the trick by which I had before disarmed him. Indeed, I wished him to keep sword in hand that I might have no scruples about killing him. I never could bring myself to give the death thrust to an unarmed man. Yet I was not to disturb his brain whence had sprung so horrible a story against my beloved should invent no more, that the lips which had uttered the accusation should not habitual act might betray the deception.

Bowel Troubles of Childhood

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of FRUIT-A-TIVES as a medicine for children. They contain no opium or cocaine—no dangerous drugs of any kind.

Fruit-a-tives are fruit juices—concentrated and combined with the most valuable tonics and internal antiseptics known to medicine.

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Get a box now—today. 50c a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

\$1.00 PER CANADA

ATTEMPT TO ADMIRAL

Vol 37.

COMMANDER OF BL SEA FL

The Mutiny on Russian

Attributed to His Crew

Sebastopol, July 11.—Made at 1 o'clock the assassin Vice-Admiral commander of the Black Sea fleet. The admiral was wounded to a hospital.

Vice-Admiral Choublin was blamed for his error in the treatment of the crew that the mutiny on the ship Kniaz Potemkin last year was attributed to him.

COULD NOT

Sergeant Rockwell's Prison

Trucking Prisoners

Edmonton, July 10.—Returned from the evening, tells of an adjutant General Rockwell, who had returned from the landing to a prison, and was committed to the hospital.

Sergeant Rockwell had returned from the landing to a prison, and was committed to the hospital.

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Notice is hereby given that, after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, in the Skeena Coast District: Commencing at a post on the Skeena River, and extending north 40 chains to the Skeena River, and thence north 40 chains to a place of commencement, containing 100 acres, more or less.

H. W. POWELL, Agent.

Frank's Landing, Skeena River, B. C., April 28th, 1906.

to the scene. I knew that Blaise would keep the men away, but he would not presume to betray Mademoiselle. He wished, too, to have the thrust made before my antagonist should begin to show weakness of body or uncertainty of eye. But he maintained a good guard, and also required me to give much time and attention to my own defence. Indeed, his point once passed through my shirt under my left shoulder, my left arm being then raised. But I caught him between my ribs as he was coming forward, and was almost as though he had fallen on my sword. I missed his own sword only by quickly turning sidewise so that his weapon ran along the front of my breast without touching me.

(To be continued.)

WEDNESDAY HALF HOLIDAY.

Early Closing For Summer Months to Be Inaugurated This Week

—Excursion.

From this week until the end of September practically every retail store in the city will be closed on Wednesday at 1 p. m. The following agreement was entered into on the part of the merchants has been almost unanimously agreed to close our places of business every Wednesday at 1 p. m., and remain closed for the rest of the day, during the months of July, August and September, except on the Wednesday of a week in which a public holiday occurs, and Wednesday, August 1st. The agreement to commence with Wednesday, the 12th of July.

W. G. Ross, B. C. Furniture Co., Stone & Anderson, Smith & Champion, M. W. Watt & Co., Hicks & Lovick, Piano Co. Ltd., Fletcher Bros., Bell Piano Co., W. Downes, Henry Young & Co., Drayton, Spencer, Limited, J. W. Robinson, West, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Vigor, Miss E. A. Mesher, B. Williams & Co., Sea & Gowen, W. G. Cameron, Allen & Co., W. J. Wilson, Finch & Finch, B. W. Anderson, Henry Rutherford, The West End Grocery Co., Fred. Campbell, Windsor Grocery, J. W. Speed, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria, Robert Porter & Sons, Douglas, Wallace, Victoria Roadhouse Co.-Opposite Association, Ltd., William Aton, Wm. Jones & E. B. Jones, Wm. B. H. Alex. Hunter, Saunders Grocery Co., H. H. & Co., P. E. Plumb & Co., G. W. Clarke, A. Burt, Fell & Co., F. J. Schreder, Dixi H. Ross & Co., S. Greenhalgh, T. Redding, A. Schroeder, J. McDonald, Alexander Adam, Neil McNeil, J. Talbot, T. Proctor, L. Dickson, Sons & Co., A. G. Robertson, H. Lester, A. Thornton, F. G. Goldworth, Jos. Renouf, H. W. Walker, B. C. Marked, L. Goodacre & Sons, H. Stanley, Victoria