Tainted Gold.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,
Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's theatre, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wild West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager's, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcome, introduces himself as a friend of "F. E. Z.," and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by the millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing. During the performance that evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theatre, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope Newcome, still lounging at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcome orders him down, and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and, evidently with great regret on the part of the manager, told that she is not suitable for the role she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she knows also from what quarter the blow falls, for, as she leaves the manager's room, Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits all the theatrical agents and managers in vain for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dick Gray in Clover.

Dick honestly believed that his sister was making a tremendous fuss about nothing; and, being a young man with a very good opinion of himself, he was nettled that she should put him aside as a mere dummy, a cat's-paw by which a chestnut was to be dragged out of the fire. Besides, he had been half frantic with delight at the thought of so splendid an engagement, and he simply could not give up the radiant prospect which for the last few hours had dazzled his youthful eyes.

He thought Winifred a pretty girl, and clever enough; but, being her brother, he was unable to realize the fascination she might possess for other men, and he was sure that she flattered herself far too much in fancying that a man like Lionel Macaire should be at such desperate pains either to win or punish her.

"I'll ask von Zellheim to come here, and you can talk to him," he said when Winifred continued to cry.

"No!" she ejaculated, quickly. "He must not come here. I never wish to see him again. I shall write to him myself to-night, and—tell him so."

"And the reason, too?"

"He will understand that well enough, without explanation. Dick, you will write to Mr. Macaire, won't you? Even if you think I'm mistaken, do this for love of me. Oh, you could not go to him—you could not shame me by living in his house, taking his money!"

"By Jove, what it is to talk business with a girl!" groaned Dick. "They fly into hysterics. I've given my word to Macaire to begin his work to-morrow. He's written to lots of chaps who were dying for it to say the matter's settled. I must have money somehow, for mother's sake and yours, as well as my own——"

"Do you think I'd touch what you had from that man, or let mother touch it?" the girl flung at him.

Dick let the question pass. "I've debts to pay—more than you know of. I shall never get such another chance. Macaire hinted that if I did well he might think of me as editor of one of the papers he owns——"

"The one that told lies about your sister, perhaps!" cried Winifred, desperately. Never had she been really angry with Dick before through all the trying episodes of their youth together, but she was trembling and white with anger now.

"Maybe, if there were lies, that's the reason he'll get rid of the present editor," retorted Dick. "Anyway, my whole career's at stake, and I'd be a fool to give it up for a girl's morbid prejudice. I don't believe——"

"Don't repeat that again," she commanded, her eyes blazing. "I have told you the truth. You do not believe me. You do believe my worst enemy. I can say no more as to that. But I do say, Dick, that if you go to his house you must not come back here—not while you are in his pay. And you may tell him why your mother and sister will not see you."

"Speak for yourself!" exclaimed Dick.

"Mother and I will be one in this. "We've only each other left in the world now."

* * * * * * *

Winifred slept not at all that night. She told herself that never before had she known what real unhappiness was. She could have borne to give up her lover, but to know him unworthy—to know him, to whom she had surrendered her whole confidence, her whole heart, in the plot against her, perhaps from the very first—seemed more than she could bear and live.

Early in the morning she heard Dick stirring in his room, which was next to hers. At first she hoped that he had risen betimes to come and tell her that he was sorry for last night, that he had made up his mind, if only for her sake, not to go to Lionel Macaire. But she soon found out her mistake. Dick was packing. He did not even come to her door before he went, though he passed it, dragging the box, which he would leave in the hall outside for the janitor of the flats to carry down.

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"If only he tells Lionel Macaire why I have refused to see him—my own brother—while he lives under his roof!" she thought. At least she would like to feel that Macaire had little upon which to congratulate himself.

But Dick had no intention of telling his new employer anything of the kind. If, as he argued, he "went blabbing" to Macaire all Winnie's silly fancies, probably he should soon find himself out in the cold. Naturally, Macaire would not wish to keep for his secretary a young man whose sister imagined that he entertained a wild passion for her, and plotted for her undoing. He had decided not to say anything to young Baron von Zellheim either, for what von Zellheim heard Macaire would hear also, as they appeared to be such intimate friends. Winnie had said that she would not explain; von Zellheim "would understand" why he was forbidden to see her, without that; and whether he did understand or no was not Dick's business. Winnie and von Zellheim could fight their quarrel out between them.

Dick was rather unhappy for a few hours, for he was fond of Winifred in his way, and was sorry to have gone against her, though he did not for a moment really regret what he had done. But, established in his new quarters at Macaire's beautiful house, far more magnificent than anything he had ever seen, his spirits bounded up again. Macaire treated him right royally, and Dick was more indignant than ever that Winnie should cherish such unjust suspicions of so good a fellow.

He found that he was not Macaire's only secretary. There was another, an elderly man of a retiring disposition, who apparently loved work for its own sake; but he was on a very different footing in the big household from that on which Dick was at once placed. Either from his own choice or because Macaire preferred it, this person had his meals served in the rooms where he attended to his correspondence, and was seldom seen outside it, except when taking instructions from the millionaire; while, on the contrary, Dick was constantly in request. His daily task, apparently, was to do nothing more arduous than sending out or answering notes of invitation to entertainments, though even that bade fair to occupy him for a couple of hours each morning.

The first day in his new berth he lunched with Macaire and half-a-dozen rich city men, who had been asked to the house. He drank a great deal of champagne, smoked several cigars, which he thought fit for Olympus, and was excited and happy, contrasting the present with the past in scorn of the latter. The man who sat next him at the table took him quite seriously, despite his youth, and talked so alluringly of the stock market that Dick resolved as soon as he could scrape enough sovereigns together to go in for a little plunge of his own.

That afternoon he went with Macaire to the park to try a pair of two thousand-guinea horses. Not a word was said about Winifred, who seemed to vanish into the background, appearing of less and less importance among so many really big interests in her brother's eyes.

Macaire was dining out in the evening, but a dinner was served for Dick such as could have been prepared at only a very few of the best London hotels; and that the millionaire's famous chef, whose salary was one thousand five hundred pounds a year, should exert himself for the insignificant second secretary was flattering.

Dick was just finishing a bottle of Nuite St. George, which filled his veins with a tingle as of electricity, when a footman of whom he still stood in awe informed him that Baron von Zellheim was anxious to see him. "Ask him to come here and have a coffee and liqueur with me," commanded the young man with his lordliest air; and two minutes later Newcome, still in morning dress, was shown into the dining-room, looking pale, even haggard.

"Nothing at all for me, thanks," he said, impatiently brushing Dick's hospitality away with a gesture. "Do you mind having in what you want and sending the servants away?"

Dick did mind the strain of dismissing such stately beings, but he managed it with the best grace he could, and he and his guest were left alone.

"I don't know that I ought to have come to you," said Newcome, "but I couldn't resist. If you think I have done you a good turn in introducing you to Macaire, for heaven's sake be frank with me, and tell me if you know what I have done to offend Miss Gray."

"I had a letter from her this morning forbidding me to attempt to see her again or to write, and offering not a word of explanation. Of course, I could not sit still under that. I did go to see her—immediately. But the door was not opened."

"Perhaps she was out," suggested Dick. "There's no servant in the house; though, of course, that and many things will be different now that I'm making money."

"She was at home. The janitor told me that before I went upstairs. She must have been firm in her resolve not to see me. I then sent her a letter by messenger, imploring her to tell me what I had done, to give me a chance at least of defending myself. The letter was returned to me unopened in an envelope addressed by her. I am absolutely at a loss to understand it. The only thing left was to come to you. For heaven's sake, don't keep anything back if you know what my offence is."

Dick reflected for a moment, and his forehead, under the boyish rings of hair, grew moist. He could not tell this man of the monstrous treachery of which Winifred accused him and Macaire together. No man would stand it. He (Dick) would only be breaking a wasps' nest about his own ears, without doing good to anybody, so far as he could see.

"Winnie doesn't often confide in me," he said at last. "She thinks I'm too young to be much good. I've been racking my brains as to what you can have done; but you know what girls are, especially actresses. They pride themselves on being whimsical and capricious; I believe they fancy it's fascinating. She's like all the rest. Perhaps by to-morrow she'll be sorry, and will write you a sweet little note, just as if nothing had happened——"

"She's not like that," said Newcome. "She must have heard something which has turned her against me, though I'm conscious of no sin which deserves such punishment."

"Maybe she's brooding over something you said to her," suggested Dick, "and feels differently about it from what she did at first."

A spark leaped up in Newcome's dark eyes. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and gave no hint to Dick of what was in his mind, though it was Dick who had struck out the spark. His thoughts had gone back to three nights ago, when he had told Winifred of his mission which was to wreak vengeance upon a murderer. That confession had made the one rift in the lute that had played the sweet music of love. Dick had inadvertently hit upon the explanation, perhaps. The rift had widened, and the music was to be for ever mute.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Moonstone Sphinx.

Weeks went on, and life pressed hardly upon Winifred Gray. The one comfort she had was that her mother, though still frail and very, very weak, was no longer in danger, and that they were together again.

The flat was given up, for Winifred had had a chance to let it furnished, and, though the amount paid by the new tenants was ridiculously small, that, with Mrs. Gray's pension, was something to depend upon. When the invalid was strong enough they moved into cheap lodgings in Westminster, and Winifred tried again to find an engagement.

The girl was driven at last from the theatrical agents to those who made a speciality of engaging music hall artistes, and strove to persuade her mother that she was delighted when she was given a chance to sing a ballad at a "hall" on the Surrey side.

For this she received two guineas every Saturday night; and as she did not know that she had been engaged on the strength of the "Mazeppa" reclame rather than for her charming young face, her reputation as an actress on her genuine talent as a singer, she made the best of the new life, never telling her mother of the coarse things she often had to see and hear behind the scenes at the hall.

Mrs. Gray had had to be told the truth about Dick, however, as soon as she was well enough to bear it, for her questions had called for answers which could not be denied. And after he had replied almost harshly to the one appealing letter she wrote him he had to be left to go his own way. Once he sent home money; but this was promptly posted back again, and his mother and sister heard from Lionel Macaire's secretary no more.

But Macaire was not in ignorance of Winifred's movements, and they all coincided well enough with his wishes. The only thing he did not know of her doings was the episode of the masked minstrels, and her brief "partnership" with Hope Newcome. He saw no reason to believe that her acquaintance with Newcome had been more than his new protege admitted—a few words of gratitude for championship of her cause near the stage door of the Duke of Clarence's theatre, so long ago, and perhaps a meeting when Newcome had found his way to the flat to engage Dick Gray as his secretary.

This method of securing Dick had been carefully planned by Macaire, however, so that, in case Winifred had remembered handsome, picturesque Newcome with admiration, he would be stained black in her eyes for ever.

The millionaire knew her feelings towards himself well enough to be sure that if Newcome were associated with him in her mind he would at once become hateful to her. He had exacted Newcome's promise to preserve the secret of their bargain, so that their acquaintance should not be prematurely known; and then, Dick once engaged as his secretary, he had opened the bag with a malicious chuckle, that the cat might spring out.

Once or twice, during the short interval that Winifred was left alone in the flat between her brother's going and her mother's homecoming, the desire for a desperate coup had haunted him, beating about in his head like a great moth round a flame; but he had put it away for three sufficient reasons. In the first place, Winifred would at such a time, after her late experiences, be on her guard; in the second, the failure of such a scheme would be fatal to others in the future; while in the third, and most important place of all, the purpose for which he had taken Dick to live in luxury in his house was in a fair way of being accomplished; and its successful accomplishment would surely give him Winifred, revenge and triumph, all in the grasp of one outstretched hand.

Meanwhile, he amused himself by throwing bait which Dick Gray was the unsuspecting fish to snap at, and in watching the Baron von Zellheim's success in society. He laughed in his sleeve to see how people took up the handsome young man whom he had introduced, and at the romantic stories regarding him. He laughed to see how well the new Baron played his part, and, more than all, he laughed at the thought of the surprise he had in store for everybody, including his protege, at the end of the stipulated six

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months.

With all his wealth Macaire had not been able to gain an undisputed foothold in the most exclusive set, though he had lent money to lesser royalties, and in consequence secured them for his dinner parties. But Baron von Zellheim was more fortunate in this regard. In a few months he did what Macaire had not been able to do in years. A great lady who tolerated the millionaire took a fancy to the young Baron von Zellheim, and his way was made easy. His title, but an insignificant one, though the pride of an old German family, was not disputed, or, if disputed, only enough talked about to make him a piquant personality; and he was invited everywhere—to many houses, indeed, where Macaire had never been asked until the handsome young man in his gratitude obtained him a welcome.

Nobody, not even Macaire himself, dreamt of the true reason of the "Baron's" insatiable fondness for society, his eagerness to make new acquaintances among the mighty ones of the land. But there was such a reason beneath all the young man's actions, deep under the surface as some currents in the sea, and as darkly hidden. If it had not been so he would not have had heart or courage, after the loss of his love, for the life into whose vortex he had thrown himself.

He went wherever it was fashionable to go, wherever he was likely to meet people intent on the spending of much money for their own pleasure, and he stayed nowhere long; he seemed possessed by the spirit of restlessness. Sometimes he was in London; sometimes in Scotland; sometimes in Paris, in Rome, or in the Riviera; but his visits (save one to Germany, on private business) were only long enough to see for himself what personages of importance were amusing themselves in a place, and the personages in whom alone he appeared interested were English, or at least English speaking.

Baron von Zellheim had the reputation of being a very rich young man, not because he had ever said that he was rich, but because he lived luxuriously and was a great friend of Macaire, who found the society of most par men too dull; and because Macaire had hinted at his protege's wealth.

And this was another cause of laughter to Macaire; for he had the best of reasons for knowing exactly what the Baron's income was, on what it depended and how long it would last. He rather liked Hope Newcome, though he was jealous of his strength, his youth and his good looks; nevertheless, he looked forward to the day which he had set for the great crash—the day on which society should see how it had been fooled; the day on which F. E. Z.'s "friend" would learn what the early folly of F. E. Z. had done for him.

Though the scheme in which Dick was the leading marionette worked well, it worked slowly, and to hurry it on Macaire at last decided that the long-talked-of trip to Monte Carlo should be undertaken.

The night before starting he invited a number of very young men in a fast set to dine with him, and he entertained them afterwards by what he called "slumming." Having plied his guests with so much wine of many kinds that the world flosted before their eyes in a haze of rainbow colors, he took them to a box at Winifred's music hall, where they behaved so uproariously that they would have been turned out by the police had they been persons of less importance.

When Winifred appeared, Macaire led the applause, which his friends kept up so stormily that the poor girl was obliged to stand silently waiting for it to cease, conscious that Macaire was staring at her and that all the audience saw him stare. If Dick had not been at home in Park lane getting ready for the journey next day, even his anger might have been excited against the man who could do no wrong.

The trip to Monte Carlo was to be made in Macaire's steam yacht, which was supposed to be the second largest, the second handsomest and the first in speed, on the seas. The millionaire took with him a party of a dozen friends, besides his highly favored secretary, and among these were several women more conspicuous for beauty than dignity, and not too particular to flirt a little with Dick Gray when for the moment there was no better way of keeping their hands in.

Every night after dinner they played poker, or bridge, or ecarte, in the beautiful cabin of the yacht, and stakes were high. Dick was asked to join, and could not bear to refuse. Fortunately for him, Macaire had made him one or two presents, and, besides, luck was often with him; still to play as the others played subjected him to a severe nervous strain.

Then came Monte Carlo, and—the beginning of the end. Life for Dick Gray began to be a brilliant dream, a delirium. Where everybody had plenty of money, he lost his head, and fancied that he had plenty too. Macaire encouraged him in the fancy, and finding that the gambling rooms fascinated his secretary, he told him to "go in and win, and be a good-placed one." Beginners were always lucky. Who knew but Dick would break the bank, like that chap Wells a few years ago? What was a sovereign here or there, when there was any fun to be had? He would see that Dick didn't come to grief.

Thus cheered into the thick of the fray, Dick let himself go, and ceased to resist the maddening excitement which sang in his viens a wonderful song.

Rouge et Noir was the game which held him its willing slave, for he had evolved a system which worked well for a time. He won two hundred pounds in a couple of days, and as Macaire seemed to have forgotten that Dick was merely his secretary and not a guest with the others, there was plenty of time to spend in testing the system. But one night it failed—failed unaccountably. The two hundred pounds melted away like gold in a furnace. Dick's small savings from what he had made on board the Diavola followed, until, with his last three pounds, luck began again to change. He staked on red, and red won; on black; the same thing happened. He grew excited, and lost his all, but he was sure this was because in his confusion of mind he had forgotten the system. If he only had something to go on with!

Then he remembered that in his pocket was an uncommon trinket of Macaire's, which the millionaire had tossed to him that afternoon, carelessly asking if he would take it to be repaired. It was supposed, his employer had said, to bring luck to its possesor, and he was rather superstitious about the thing, having carried it with him in his pocket for years. Still, judging from Macaire's tone and indifferent way of handing it over to him for repairing, Dick did not believe that the millionaire really attached great importance to the feitch.

The young man searched in his pocket, and brought out in his hand a very curious jewel.

It was an exact representation of the Sphinx's head, exquisitively carved from a single large Egyptian moonstone, holding in its depths a marvellous blue light, radiant, elusive, like a soul imprisoned in the stone and striving to escape. Underneath was a small gold screw, by which the luck-giving talisman could be fastened into the coat or the pocket of the wearer for safety; and it was the screw which had been broken.

"I wonder if the bank would lend me anything on this?" thought Dick. "I could get the think back in a few minutes, for I feel I should have luck, if I only had the chance. And supposing I should muff it, why, I need merely pretend that the jeweller hadn't finished his work till I could reclaim it. Macaire's such a good-nautred fellow he wouldn't cut up rough at a little delay."

Dick regretted the roll of bank notes with which Macaire had entrusted him the day before to buy various more or less useless odds and ends that the millionaire fancied he wanted. The secretary had had forty or fifty pounds of his employer's in his pockets when he walked to the Casino last time, and, indeed, now he thought of it, Macaire had often thrust money upon him since coming to Monte Carlo. He had always faithfully disposed of it by carrying out the commissions, and last nights case had been no exception to the rule, for he had expended the money, according to instructions, the first thing in the morning. But now he wished that he had not been in such a hurry.

(To be continued.)

RECORD OUTPUT.

More Than Twenty-Five Thousand Tons of Ore Sent From Boundary Mines.

(Special to the Times.)

Phoenix, Dec. 16.—For the first time in Boundary's history the weekly ore shipments ran over 25,000 tons this week. The output follows: Granby mines to Granby smelter, 19,703 tons; Mother Lode to B. C. Copper smelter, 3,296 tons; Brooklyn-Stemwinder to Dominion Copper Co. smelter, 1,530 tons; Rawhide to Dominion Copper Co. smelter, 240 tons; Sunset to Dominion Copper Co. smelter, 600 tons; Emma to Nelson smelter, 287 tons. Total for the week, 25,636 tons; total for the year to date, 883,530 tons.

The Boundary smelters treated this week: Granby smelter, 13,622 tons; B. B. Copper Co. smelter, 2,835 tons; Dominion Copper Co. smelter, 2,376 tons. Total for the week, 23,827 tons; total for the year to date, 868,250 tons.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Five Men Killed by Explosion of Nitro-Glycerine.

Detroit, Dec. 16.—A News special from Marquette, Mich., says:

"Five men were killed by an explosion to-day at the Dupont Company's dynamite works here. About 1,400 pounds of nitro-glycerine exploded in the mixing house of the company's factory, which is three miles distant from Marquette. The dead men, all workmen employed by the Dupont Company, were blown to shreds. Of the thirty buildings in the plant few escaped damage and some were badly wrecked. The mixing house was totally destroyed.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Question Regarding Ownership Will Be Decided By the Courts.

Ottawa, Dec. 16.—The courts will be called upon to decide the ownership of Niagara Falls before the Dominion or United States government can take steps to prevent them being piped to turbines by power companies. The point in dispute on this side is whether the British North America Act gives Canadian water to Ontario or to the federal government. A recent judgment indicated that the ownership of the river bed was with the province, but that the water belonged to the Dominion. Both the province and Dominion have chartered power companies to use the water. The United States has a similar ownership dispute to settle with the state of New York concerning power rights on the American side.

Nick Moes, a young German living near Avon, Wash., committed suicide by hanging Friday. A brother with whom he lived was away at the time.

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SELLING FAMOUS FARM.

Dispatch Says That Edna Wallace Hopper's Estate Near San Lenadro Must Be Sold.

An Oakland dispatch says: Souther Farm, the princely home of Edna Wallace Hopper, the actress, near San Leandro, which she inherited from her mother, the late Josephone Dunsmuir, is to be sold to pay the claims against it. W. S. Leake, the executor of the will of Mrs. Dunsmuir, stated to Judge Ogden this morning in the Probate court that there were $30,000 worth of claims for bric-a-brac bought by Mrs. Dunsmuir against the estate, besides $16,886 worth of debts, and that he saw no way in which to pay them off unless the place was sold.

In regard to the claims for bric-a-brac, there are several suits pending against the estate which Judge Ogden advised be compromised, as he says that he has one of the suits in his department and he cannot see how the estate can get out of paying the claims. He made the necessary order to sell the place at public or private sale.

Souther Farm, consisting of several hundred acres of land, is one of the most beautiful country residences in Alameda county, and was laid out by the late Alexander Dunsmuir on a scale of magnificence in proportion to his great wealth. The land is appraised at $125,000, but this gives no indication of the cost of the place, which, with its drives, electric plant and other appointments, is said to have cost $500,000.

SHOT BY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Girl Killed Negro Who Threatened to Take Her Life.

Logan, W. Va., Dec. 16.—Herman Nolan, a negro, was to-day shot and killed by Miss Daisy Wilkinson, a school teacher. The shooting occurred on the highway running through a woodland near the Guayandotte river. Miss Wilkinson was walking to her school and was overtaken by the negro. He made advances and threatened to kill her. Miss Wilkinson drew a pistol and sent a bullet through his brain. The girl then walked to a farmhouse and told her story. The negro's body after lying in the road several hours, was thrown by citizens into the Guayandotte river. The girl has not yet been arrested, and the indications are that she will not be.

Miss Wilkinson is but 20 years old. She boarded more than half a mile from her school, and friends had advised her to carry a pistol.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

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No. 2.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 1; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 3.—Commencing at a post located at the southwest corner of No. 2; thence west 80 chains; thence north 90 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to place of commencement.

No. 4.—Commencing at a post located at the southwest corner of No. 3; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 5.—Commencing at the S. W. corner of No. 4; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 6.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 5; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 7.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 5; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 8.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 4; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 9.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 3; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 10.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 8; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 11.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 8; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 12.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 6; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 13.—Commencing at a post located at the S. W. corner of No. 6; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

No. 14.—Commecing at a set post located at the S. W. corner of No. 13; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

J. M. TULLER, Applicant.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned intend to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for the incorporation of North Saanich District by Letters Patent under the Public Seal into a District Municipality to be known as the Corporation of the District of North Saanich.

JAMES BRYCE.
GEORGE SANGSTER.

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The head office of the Company is situate at the City of New York, in the State of New York.

The amount of the capital of the Company is two million dollars, divided into eighty thousand shares of twenty-five dollars each.

The head office of the Company in this province is situate at Vancouver, and James T. Fahay, superintendent, whose address is Vancouver, is the attorney for the Company.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, province of British Columbia, this 21st day of November, one thousand nine hundred and five.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are:

To make insurance upon the lives of individuals and every insurance appertaining thereto or connected therewith, and to grant, purchase or dispose of annuities.

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