The Crimson Blind

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"A hint to me," David muttered. "stupid that I should have forgotten the directions to read the number over the fanlight. Also it is logical to suppose that I am going to find lights at No. 219. All right, my friend; no need to swear at me with that bell of yours."

He quickened his pace again and finally stopped before one of the big houses where lights were gleaming from the hall and dining-room windows. They were electric lights by their great power, and, save for the hall and dining-room, the rest of the house lay in utter darkness. The cycle bell let off an approving staccato from behind the blankety fog as Steel pulled up.

There was nothing abnormal about the house, nothing that struck the adventurer's eye beyond the extraordinary vividness of the crimson blind. The two side windows of the big bay were evidently shuttered, but the large centre gleamed like a flood of scarlet overlaid with a silken sheen. Far across the pavement the ruby track struck into the heart of the fog.

"Vivid note," Steel murmured. "I shall remember that impression."

He was destined never to forget it, but it was only one note in the gamut of adventure now. With a firm step he walked up the marble flight and turned the handle. It felt dirty and rusty to the touch. Evidently the servants were neglectful, or they were employed by people who had small regard for outward appearances.

The door opened noiselessly, and Steel closed it behind him. A Moorish lantern cast a brilliant flood of light upon a crimson carpet, a chair and an empty oak umbrella stand. Beyond this there was no atom of furniture in the hall. It was impossible to see beyond the dining-room door, for a heavy red velvet curtain was drawn across. David's first impression was the amazing stillness of the place. It gave him a queer feeling that a murder had been committed there, and that everybody had fled, leaving the corpse behind. As David coughed away the lump in his throat the cough sounded strangely hollow.

He passed into the dining-room and looked eagerly about him. The room was handsomely furnished, if a little conventional—a big mahogany table in the centre, rows of mahogany chairs upholstered in morocco, fine modern prints, most of them artist's proofs, on the walls. A big marble clock, flanked by a pair of vases, stood on the mantelshelf. There were a large number of blue vases on the sideboard. The red distemper had faded to a pale pink in places.

"Tottenham Court Road," Steel smiled to himself. "Modern, solid, expensive, but decidedly inartistic. Ginger jars fourteen guineas a pair, worth about as many pence. Moneyed people, solid and respectable, of the middle class. What brings them playing at mystery like this?"

The room was most brilliantly lighted both from overhead and from the walls. On the shining desert of the dining-room lay a small, flat parcel addressed to David Steel, Esq. The novelist tore off the cover and disclosed a heap of crackling white papers beneath. Rapidly the fluttered the crisp sheets over—seventy-five Bank of England notes for £10 each.

It was the balance of the loan, the price paid for Steel's presence. All he had to do now was to place the money in his pocket and walk out of the house. A few steps and he would be free with nobody to say him nay. It was a temptation, but Steel fought it down. He slipped the precious notes into his pocket and buttoned his coat tightly over them. He had no fear for the coming day now.

"And yet," he murmured, "what of the price I shall have to pay for this?"

Well it was worth a ransom. And so long as there was nothing dishonorable attached to it, Steel was prepared to redeem his pledge. He knew perfectly well from bitter experience that the poor man pays usurious rates for fortune's favors. And he was not without a strange sense of gratitude. If—

Click, click, click. Three electric switches were snapped off almost simultaneously outside, and the dining-room was plunged into pitchy darkness. Steel instantly caught up a chair. He was no coward, but he was a novelist with a novelist's imagination. As he stood there the sweetest, most musical laugh in the world broke on his ear. He caught the swish of silken drapery and the subtle scent that suggested the fragrance of a woman's hair. It was vague, undefined, yet soothing.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Steel," the silvery voice said. "Believe me, had there been any other way, I would not have given you all this trouble. You found the parcel addressed to you? It is an earnest of good faith. Is not that a correct English expression?"

David murmured that it was. But what did the speaker mean? She asked the question like a student of the English language, yet her accent and phrasing were perfect. She laughed again noiselessly, and once more Steel caught the subtle, entrancing perfume.

"I make no further apology for dragging you here at this time," the sweet voice said. "We knew that you were in the habit of sitting up alone late at night, hence the telephone message. You will perhaps wonder how we came to know so much of your private affairs. Rest assured that we learnt nothing in Brighton. Presently you may gather why I am so deeply interested in you; I have been for the past fortnight. You see, we were not quite certain that you would come to our assistance unless we could find some means of coercing you. Then we go to one of the smartest inquiry agents in the world and say: 'Tell us all about Mr. David Steel without delay. Money is no object.' In less than a week we know all about Beckstein. We leave matters till the last moment. If you only know how revolting it all was!"

"So your tone seems to imply, madam," Steel said, drily.

"Oh, but truly. You were in great trouble, and we found a way to get you out. At a price; ah, yes. But your trouble is nothing compared with mine—which brings me to business. A fortnight ago last Monday you posted to Mr. Vanstone, editor of the Piccadilly Magazine, the synopsis of the first four or five chapters of a proposed serial for the journal in question. You open that story with a young and beautiful woman who is in deadly peril. Is not that so?"

"Yes," Steel said, faintly. "It is just as you suggest. But how——"

"Never mind that, because I am not going to tell you. In common parlance—is not that the word?—that woman is in a frightful fix. There is nothing strained about your heroine's situation, because I have heard of people being in a similar plight before. Mr. Steel, I want you to tell me truthfully and candidly, can you see the way clear to save your heroine? Oh, I don't mean by the long arm of coincidence or other favorite ruses known to your craft. I mean by common sense, logical methods, by brilliant ruses, by Machiavelian means. Tell me, do you see a way?"

The question came eagerly, almost imploringly, from the darkness. David could hear the quick gasps of his questioner, could catch the rustle of the silken corsage as she breathed.

"Yes," he said, "I can see a brilliant way out that would satisfy the strictest logician. But you——"

"Thank heaven! Mr. Steel, I am your heroine. I am placed in exactly the same position as the woman whose story you are going to write. The setting is different, the local coloring is not the same, but the same deadly peril menaces me. For the love of heaven hold out your hand to save a lonely and desperate woman whose only crime is that she is rich and beautiful. Providence had placed in my hands the gist of your heroine's story. Hence this masquerade; hence the fact that you are here to-night. I have helped you—help me in return."

It was some time before Steel spoke.

"It shall be as you wish," he said. "I will tell you how I propose to save my heroine. Her sufferings are fiction; yours will be real. But if you are to be saved by the same means, heaven help you to bear the troubles that are in front of you. Before God, it would be more merciful for me to be silent and let you go your own way."

CHAPTER III.

The Voice in the Darkness.

David was silent for some little time. The strangeness of the situation had shut down on him again, and he was thinking of nothing else for the moment. In the dead stillness of the place he could hear the quick breathing of his companion; the rustle of her dress seemed near to him and then to be very far off. Nor did the pitchy darkness yield a jot to his now accustomed eyes. He held a hand close to his eyes, but he could see nothing.

"Well?" the sweet voice in the darkness said, impatiently. "Well?"

"Believe me, I will give you all the assistance possible. If you would only turn up the light——"

"Oh, I dare not. I have given my word of honor not to violate the seal of secrecy. You may say that we have been absurdly cautious in this matter, but you would not think so if you knew everything. Even now the wretch who holds me in his power may have guessed my strategy and be laughing at me. Some day, perhaps——"

Thes peaker stopped, with something like a sob in her throat.

"We are wasting precious time," she went on, more calmly. "I had better tell you my history. In your story a woman commits a crime: she is guilty of a serious breach of trust to save the life of a man she loves. By doing so she places the future and the happiness of many people in the hands of an abandoned scoundrel. If she can only manage to regain the thing she has parted from the situation is saved. Is not that so?"

"So far you have stated the case correctly," David murmured.

"As I said before, I am in practically similar case. Only in my situation, I hastened everything and risked the happiness of many people for the sake of a little child."

"Ah!" David cried. "Your own child? No! The child of one very near and dear to you, then. From the mere novelist point of view, that is a far more artistic idea than mine. I see that I shall have to mend my story before it is published."

A rippling little laugh came like the song of a bird in the darkness.

"Dear Mr. Steel," the voice said, "I implore you to do nothing of the kind. You are a man of fertile imagination—a plot more or less makes no difference to you. If you publish that story you go far on the way to ruin me."

"I am afraid that I am in the dark in more sense than one," David burmured.

"Then let me enlighten you. Daily your books are more widely read. My enemy is a great novel reader. You publish that story, and what results? You not only tell that enemy my story, but you show him my way out of the difficulty, and show him how he can checkmate my every move. Perhaps, after I have escaped from the net——"

"You are right," Steel said, promptly. "From a professional point of view the story is abandoned. And now you want me to show you a rational and logical, a human way out.

"If you can do so you have my everlasting gratitude."

"Then you must tell me in detail what it is you want to recover. My heroine parts with a document which the villain knows to be a forgery. Money cannot buy it back because the villain can make as much money as he likes by retaining it. He does as he likes with the family property; he keeps my heroine's husband out of England by dangling the forgery and its consequences over his head. What is to be done? How is the ruffian to be bullied into a false sense of security by the one man who desires to throw dust in his eyes?"

"Ah," the voice cried, "ah, if you could only tell me that! Let my ruffian only imagine that I am dead; let him have proofs of it, and the thing is done. I could reach him then; I could tear from him the letter that—but I need not go into details. But he is cunning as the serpent. Nothing but the most convincing proofs would satisfy him."

"A certificate of death signed by a physician beyond reproach?"

"Yes, that would do. But you couldn't get a medical man like that to commit felony."

"No, but we could trick him into it," Steel exclaimed. "In my story a fraud is perpetrated to blind the villain and to deprive him of his weapons. It is a case of the end justifying the means. But it is one thing, my dear lady, to commit fraud actually and to perpetrate it in a novel. In the latter case you can defy the police, but unfortunately you and I are dealing with real life. If I am to help you I must be a party to a felony."

"But you will! You are not going to draw back now? Mr. Steel, I have saved your home. You are a happy man compared to what you were two hours ago. If the risk is great you have brains and imagination to get out of danger. Show me how to do it, and the rest shall be mine. You have never seen me, you know nothing, not even the name of the person who called you over the telephone. You have only to keep your own counsel, and if I wade in blood to my end you are safe. Tell me how I can die, disappear, leaving that one man to believe I am no more. And don't make it too ingenious. Don't forget that you promised to tell me a rational way out of the difficulty. How can it be done?"

"In my pocket I have a cutting from the Times, which contains a chapter from the history of a medical student who is alone in London. It closely resembles my plot. He says he has no friends, and he deems it prudent for reasons we need not discuss to let the world assume that he is dead. The rest is tolerably easy. He disguises himself and goes to a doctor of repute, whom he asks to come and see his brother—i.e., himself—who is dangerously ill. The doctor goes later in the day and finds his patient in bed with severe internal inflammation. This is brought about by a free use of albumen. I don't know what amount of albumen one would take without extreme risk, but you could pump that information out of any doctor. Well, our medical man calls again and yet again, and finds his patient sinking. The next day the patient, disguised, calls upon his doctor with the information that his 'brother' is dead. The doctor is not in the least surprised, and without going to view the body gives a certificate of death. Now, I admit that all this sounds cheap and theatrical, but you can't get over facts. The thing actually happened a little time ago in London, and there is no reason why it shouldn't happen again."

"You suggest that I should do this thing?" the voice asked.

"Pardon me, I did nothing of the kind," Steel replied. "You asked me to show you how my heroine gets herself out of a terrible position, and I am doing it. You are not without friends. The way I was called up to-night and the way I was brought here prove that. With the aid of your friends the thing is possible to you. You have only to find a lodging where people are not too observant and a doctor who is too busy, or too careless, to look after dead patients, and the thing is done. If you desire to be looked upon as dead—especially by a powerful enemy—I cannot recommend a more natural, rational way than this. As to the details, they may be safely left to you. The clever manner in which you have kept up the mystery to-night convinces me that I have nothing to teach you in this direction. And if there is anything more I can do——"

"A thousand, thousand thanks," the voice cried, passionately. "To be looked upon as 'dead,' to be near to the rascal who smiles to think that I am in my grave. . . And everything so dull and prosaic on the surface! Yes, I have friends who will aid me in the business. Some day I may be able to thank you face to face, to tell you how I managed to see your plot. May I?"

The question came quite eagerly, almost imploringly. In the darkness Steel left a hand trembling on his breast, a cool, slim hand, with many rings on the fingers. Steel took the hand and carried it to his lips.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he said. "And may you be successful. Good-night."

"Good night, and God bless you for a real gentleman and a true friend. I will go out of the room first and put the lights up afterwards. You will walk away and close the door behind you. The newspaper cutting! Thanks. And once more good night, but let us hope not good-bye."

She was gone. Steel could hear the distant dying swish of silk, the rustling of the portiere, and then, with a flick, the lights came up again. Half-blinded by the sudden illumination Steel fumbled his way to the door and into the street. As he did so Hove town hall clock chimed two. With a cigarette between his teeth David made his way home.

He could not think it all out yet; he would wait until he was in his own comfortable chair under the roses and palms leading from his study. A fine night of adventure, truly, and a paying one. He pressed the precious packet of notes to his side and his soul expanded.

He was home at last. But surely he had closed the door before he started? He remembered distinctly trying the latch. And here the latch was back and the door open. The quick snap of the electric light declared nobody in the dining-room. Beyond, the study was in darkness. Nobody there, but—stop!

A stain on the carpet; another by the conservatory door. Pots of flowers scattered about, and a huddled mass like a litter of empty sacks in one corner. Then the huddled mass resolved itself into the figure of a man with a white face smeared with blood. Dead! Oh, yes, dead enough.

Steel flew to the telephone and rang furiously.

"Give me 52, police station," he cried. "Are you there? Send somebody at once up here—15, Downend terrace. There has been murder done here. For heaven's sake come quickly."

Steel dropped the receiver and stared with strained eyes at the dreadful sight before him.

CHAPTER IV.

In Extremis.

For some time—a minute, an hour—Steel stood over the dreadful thing huddled upon the floor of his conservatory. Just then he was incapable of consecutive ideas.

His mind began to move at length. The more he thought of it the more absolutely certain he was that he had fastened the door before leaving the house. True, the latch was only an ordinary one, and a key might easily have been made to fit it. As a matter of fact, David had two, one in reserve in case of accidents. The other was usually kept in a jewel drawer of the dressing table. Perhaps——

David went quietly upstairs. It was just possible that the murderer was in the house. But the closest search brought nothing to light. He pulled out the jewel drawer in the dressing table. The spare latch key had gone!

Here was something to go upon.

Then there was a rumbling of an electric bell somewhere that set David's heart beating like a drum. The hall light streamed on a policeman in uniform and an inspector in a dark overcoat and a hard felt hat. On the pavement was a long shallow tray, which David recognized mechanically as the ambulance.

"Something very serious, sir?" Inspector Marley asked, quietly. "I've brought the doctor with me."

David nodded. Both the inspector and doctor were acquaintances of his. He closed the door and led the way into the study. Just inside the conservatory and not far from the huddled figure lay David's new cigar case. Doubtless, without knowing it, the owner had whisked it off the table when he had sprung the telephone.

"'Um," Marley muttered. "Is this a clue, or yours, sir?"

He lifted the case with its diamonds gleaming like stars on a dark night. David had forgotten all about it for the time, had forgotten where it came from, or that it contained £250 in bank notes.

"Not mine," he said. "I mean to say, of course, it is mine. A recent present. The shock of this discovery has deprived me of my senses pretty well."

Marley laid the cigar case on the table. It seemed strange to him, who could follow a tragedy calmly, that a man should forget his own property. Meanwhile Cross was bending over the body. David could see a face smooth like that of a woman. A quick little exclamation came from the doctor.

"A drop of brandy here, and quick as possible," he commanded.

"You don't mean to say," Steel began; "you don't——"

Cross waved his arm, impatiently. The brandy was procured as speedily as possible. Steel, watching intently, fancied that he detected a slight flicker of the muscles of the white, stark face.

"Bring the ambulance here," Cross said curtly. "If we can get this poor chap to the hospital there is just a chance for him. Fortuantely, we have not many yards to go."

As far as elucidation went Marley naturally looked to Steel.

"I should like to have your explanation, sir," he said, gravely.

"Positively, I have no explanation to offer," David replied. "About midnight I let myself out to go for a stroll, carefully closing the door behind me. Naturally, the door was on the latch. When I came back an hour or so later, to my horror and surprise I found those marks of a struggle yonder and that poor fellow lying on the floor of the conservatory."

"'Um. Was the door fast on your return?"

"No, it was pulled to, but it was open all the same."

"You didn't happen to to lose your latch key during your midnight stroll, sir?"

"No, it was only when I put my key in the door that I discovered it to be open. I have a spare latch key which I keep for emergencies, but when I went to look for it just now the key was not to be found. When I came back the house was perfectly quiet."

"What family have you, sir? And what kind of servants?"

"There is only myself and my mother, with three maids. You may dismiss any suspicion of the servants from you mind at once. My mother trained them all in the old vicarage where I was born, and not one of the trio has been with us less than twelve years."

"That simplifies matters somewhat," Marley said, thoughtfully. "Apparently your latch key was stolen by somebody who has made careful study of your habits. Do you generally go for late walks after your household has gone to bed, sir?"

David replied somewhat grudgingly that he had never done such a thing before. He would like to have concealed the fact, but it was bound to come out sooner or later. He had strolled along the front and round Brunswick square. Marley shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it's a bit of a puzzle to me," he admitted. "You go out for a midnight walk—a thing you have never done before—and when you come back you find somebody has got into your house by means of a stolen latch key and murdered somebody else in your conservatory. According to that, two people must have entered the house."

"That's logic," David admitted. "There can be no murder without the slain and the slayer. My impression is that somebody who knows the ways of the house watched me depart. Then he lured his victim in here under pretence that it was his own house—he had the purloined latch key—and murdered him. Audacious, but a far safer way than doing it out of doors."

(To be continued.)

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
Cures Deep seated Colds, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis
LARGE BOTTLES 50c
MEDIUM 50c TRIAL SIZE 25c

EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE HOTEL FIRE

Several Guests Were Suffocated Before They Could Escape From the Burning Building.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 10.—Eight persons dead of suffocation or of injuries sustained in leaping from a "fire proof" hotel building, a score of persons injured and a building damaged $25,000 by smoke and water is an epitome of the ravages caused by a disaster which befell the West hotel, Hennepin avenue and Fifth street to-day, throwing seven hundred guests and employees into a panic.

The dead: Fire Chief John Berwin, fell from the fourth floor to the Fifth street sidewalk, while attempting to save a woman's life; W. G. Nicholas, Minneapolis, suffocated; Thomas Summersville, Springfield, Mass., suffocated; J. E. Wolf, northwestern agent for Sperry and Alexander company of New York, suffocated; Clinton B. Lammeny, travelling man, suffocated; J. B. Peiseigner, New York, travelling man, jumped from the seventh story; Mrs. M. E. Hodges, Minneapolis, jumped from the seventh story, and Wm. Black, New York, suffocated.

The fire started in a packing room on the first floor near the elevator. The wood in the elevator shaft caught fire and burned like tinder. A sheet of flame 20 feet wide mounted the shaft to the seventh floor, carrying an immense volume of smoke, which started a panic.

There was so much smoke that the guests the moment the door was opened were compelled to crawl out of the windows to avoid suffocation. Many were hurt in breaking windows with hands or feet.

Many persons were not dressed when the fire started. The crowd that gathered saw the high windows at the corner of the hotel occupied by men and women with bleeding hands and feet, some in negligee. Frantic cries of "don't jump!" from spectators prevented most of these persons from leaping. The smoke spread to most parts of the hotel. Five persons were found suffocated in their rooms.

The excitement was so intense that J. B. Peiseigner, of New York, and Mrs. M. E. Hodges, of Minneapolis, who were on window ledges near an alley, not being encouraged by the crowd, leaped from the seventh floor to the pavement. Peiseigner's clothing caught and he tumbled through the air. He struck a railing and was cut in two.

RAILWAY REBATES.

Two Bills Against Companies Reported by United States Grand Jury.

Utica, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The United States grand jury, which has been in session in the government building for over a week, reported two bills of indictment to-day for alleged violations of the Elkins law against the giving of rebates to shippers. Both defendants are corporations. One indictment was against the New York Central & Hudson River railway, and the other against the Delaware & Hudson Company, and both corporations are charged with giving a rebate of twenty cents a ton to the General Electric Company at Schenectady on all shipments of freight incoming and outgoing. This practice, it is claimed, has been in operation since the establishment of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, and it has continued after the passage of the Elkins law.

The Elkins law prescribes a penalty of $20,000 for each and every violation of the law. The issues involved will be tried eventually before a jury.

SEARCHING THE DEBRIS.

Three Bodies Found in Ruins of Disaster Caused by Landslide.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Jan. 10.—Three bodies were found to-day in ruins of the disaster caused by the landslide here Monday night. They were so badly crushed and charred that identification has not been possible. Coroner Eberlong took charge of the bodies, and placed them in care of an undertaker, who will hold them for further identification. Two hundred men worked all day among the ruins. A large force is continuing the search to-night.

RICH STRIKES.

Seward, Jan. 10.—J. T. Cunliffe and Austin Scogsberg report big strikes for thirty-six miles along the creek and benches on the upper Yenta, near Kahiltna. The formation is similar to that of the Klondike.

Builders' Hardware AND General Hardware
THE HICKMAN TYE HARDWARE CO., LD.
32 and 34 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C.
P.O. DRAWER 613. TELEPHONE 59.

We, the undersigned, being petitioners for the incorporation of the Districts of Lake and South Saanich Districts and part of Victoria District into a Municipality, hereby give notice of our intention to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for Letters Patent under the Public Seal, incorporating into a District Municipality under the name of "The Corporation of the District of Saanich" the Districts of Lake and South Saanich (except such portions thereof as consist of Indian Reservations) and that part of Victoria District lying to the north of the City of Victoria, and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at the intersection of the city of Victoria boundary line with the western boundary line of the said District on the Victoria Arm at or near Harriet road, thence along the said Harriet road following the said city boundary line eastward till it meets the western boundary line of Section 28, thence northward along the western boundary lines of Sections 28 and 31 to the northwest corner of Section 31, thence southeasterly along the northeasterly boundary line of Section 31 to high water mark on Cadboro Bay, thence along the said high water mark to the left to the northern boundary line of the said Victoria District on Cordova Bay, thence westerly along the said northerly boundary line of the said District to the head of Portage Inlet, thence south and southeasterly along the westerly boundary line of the said District on the said Portage Inlet and Victoria Arm to the point of commencement.

JOHN SLUGGETT.
THOMAS A. BRYDON.
D. R. KER.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the northerly line and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Gillingham on Frederick Island on the westerly shore, marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 23rd day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east, one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated the 30th November, 1905.
ELLIOTT S. ROWE.
Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by P. C. Coates and the northerly line of the land staked and applied for by L. D. Cummings, marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of November, 1905.
J. A. SCOTT.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by R. Bittancourt, at a point in the northeast corner, marked "Initial post northeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence west one mile, thence north one mile, thence east one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
ALEX. HENDRY.
Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection of the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by L. D. Cummings and the southerly line of the land staked and applied for by P. C. Coates, and marked "Initial post northeast corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence west one mile, thence north one mile, thence east one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
W. J. RENNIE.
Witness: N. Ross.

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.

AN ARTISTIC CALENDAR.

For Richness, Beauty and Artistic Merit the Malt-Nutrine Calendar for 1906 Outstrips All Others.

The Art Calendar for 1906 issued by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association is an unquestioned triumph of artists' genius. It is composed of five panels, each 24x10 inches in size, representing the four seasons, the extra panel being a Calendar of the year.

The panels are lithographed in twelve colors, picked out with gold, and are bound together with silken cord.

The subjects, from the brush of Maud Humphrey, the celebrated artist, are idealized female figures, handled with the chaste delicacy and feeling which characterize Miss Humphrey's work.

Surrounding the central figures are descriptive border designs from the brush of C. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist. These are representative of this great artist and in common with all his productions are indeed a symphony of color harmonies.

We understand that this handsome calendar, with the season panels entirely free from advertising, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents or the tops of twelve red tin foil caps from Malt-Nutrine Bottles, sent to the Malt-Nutrine department of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis Mo.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the southerly and westerly line of the land staked and applied for by E. S. Rowe on Frederick Island, on the westerly shore, marked "Initial post northwest corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 23rd day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
W. J. GILLINGHAM.
Witness: C. W. Mills.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, at a point in the southwest corner, marked "Initial post southwest corner of coal and petroleum lands, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
ALFRED CLEMETT.
Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by E. Coates, at a point on the southeast corner marked "Initial post southeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 12th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
GEORGE G. MELDRUM.
Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at a point of intersection of the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Rennie and the southerly line of the land staked and applied for by John Scott, and marked "Initial post northwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
L. D. CUMMINGS.
Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by A. Clemett, at a point of the easterly line distant about two miles in a northeasterly direction from Tar Bay, and marked "Initial post southeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
JOHN A. COATES.
Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection of the easterly and southerly line of land herein described and applied for by G. Meldrum, and marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 12th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
E. COATES.
Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, one of the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the westerly line of the land herein described and applied for by Alex. Hendry and the southerly line of the land herein described and applied for by Alf. Clemett, at a point in the northwest corner and marked "Northwest corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
R. E. BITTANCOURT.
Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection of the northerly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Rennie and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by John Scott, marked "Initial post southeast corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.
P. C. COATES.
By his Attorney in Fact,
J. A. COATES.
Witness: N. Ross.

EVERY WOMAN WANTS IT—Threads cutting thimble; sells like hot cakes; gold mine for agents. Sample, 10 cents. Catalogue free. Write to-day. H. B. Watson Co., Dept. V., Moores, Pa.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES

Pond's Extract
The Old Family Doctor
CURES:—Burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, sprains, wounds, lameness, soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sunburn, bites, stings.
STOPS:—Nose bleed, toothache, earache, bleeding lungs, hemorrhages, and all pains.
Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.