THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS

BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

fender.-No: he was not quite dead

Ere Janet could answer her mother

and her hoarse bark sounded hollow in

certain to come back, for where could

time, by trying to improve the appear-

even now, had the instinct to embel-

"There's nae wind!" said Janet.

"Mother!" he panted, "there's some

"What is it. John?" said his mother

Mrs. Gourlay lay staring at the dark-

coughed hoarsely at his ear.

-trying to stifle another cough.

"Ave." said Janet. "it's a gey hoast."

through the paved yard in his tacketty

Next morning Postie came clattering

HIDNEY DISE

"-I thocht it was himsell!

thing in my room

home.

CHAPTER XXV .- (Continued.) in the big bedroom, Janet in the place

The bringing of the steps, light that had been her father's. He had though they were, was too much for been buried through the day, the sec-Janet's weak frame, and she stopped ond day after his murder. Mrs. Gourin a fit of coughirg, clutching the ladder for support, while it shook to her get the corpse out the house as soon as possible. And there had been

"Tuts, Jenny, this'il never do," said nothing to prevent it. "Oh," said Doc-Gourlay, not unkindly. He took the tor Dandy to the gossips, "it would ladder away from her and laid his have killed any man to fall from such hand on her shoulder. "Away to your a height on to the sharp edge of you bed, lass! You maunna sit so late." But Janet was anxious for her bro- when I got to him. He opened his eyes ther, and wanted to sit up till he came home. She answered, "Yes," to her life went out of him with a great father, but idled discreetly, to consume | quiver."

"Where's my hammer?" snarled she was seized with a racking cough, Gourlay.

"Is it no by the clock?" said his wife the silence. At last she sat up and "Oh, I remember, I remem- gasped fearfully, "I thocht-I thocht I ber! I gied it to Mrs. Webster to heard something moving!" break some brie-stone, to rub the front He would pass the time till the door-step wi'. It'll be lying in the prodigal came back-and he was almost porch! "Oh, aye, as usual," said Gourlay; he go in Barbie-he would pass the

"as usual!" "John!" she cried in alarm, "you ance of the House. He had spent don't mean to take down the gun, do | money on his house till the last, and |

"Huts, you auld fule, what are you lish it. Not that it mattered to him Ere he had driven a nail in the rafter and on the rich brown rafters there fire, taking up the great poker, as if hanging of Gourlay's sticks and fish- of the bond?" to cover his nervousness. If Gourlay ing rods. His gun was up there, too, lower rounds. The hammer he had the time by putting them up. hand clutched about its haft.

like a paviour's hammer.

your rounds? Did he compliment you heard.' on your return?"

At the quiet sneer a lightning flash thought. tense, quivering

"Did you see Thomas Brodie when bloodless face looked gray. you were out?" came the sauve en-

"I saw him." said John, raising fierce eyes to his father's. He was proud of in surprise and fear. the sudden firmness in his voice. There was no fear in it, no quivering. He ther, I'm feared, I'm feared! Oh, mowas beyond caring what happened to ther, I'm feared!" He sang the words feverishly, "waken John and we'll gang the world or him.

'Oh, you saw him," roared Gourlay, at the end as his anger leapt to meet the anger

"By God. I'll kill ye," screamed John, standing in the living darkness. springing to his feet, with the poker in his hand. The hammer went whiz- into the bed, burrowing down between zing past his ear. Mrs. Gourlay the women till his head was covered screamed and tried to rise from her by the bed clothes. He trembled so screamed and tried to rise from her chair, her eyes goggling in terror. As violently that the bed shook beneath his head, the upturned whites showing them.

an ashen face, his eyes mere showing his head, the upturned whites showing them.

an ashen face, his eyes mere showing his head, the upturned whites showing them.

an ashen face, his eyes mere showing them. brow. The flercest joy of his life was chattering jaws. "Oh, let me bide wi' the dirl that went up his arm, as the ye! I daurna gang back to that room steel thrilled to its own hard impact by mysell again.' on the bone. Gourlay thudded on the His mother put her thin arm round

At the blow there had been a cry as bide wi' us. Janet and me wouldna of animals, from the two women. There let anything harm you." She placed followed an eternity of silence, it seem- her hand on his brow caressingly. His ed, and a haze about the place, yet hair was damp with a cold sweat. He not a haze, for everything was intense- reeked of alcohol. ly clear, only it belonged to another world. One terrible fact had changed playing a concertina. That sound of the universe. The air was different the careless world came strangely in now; it was full of murder. Everything upon their lonely tragedy. By contrast in the room had a new magnificence, a the cheerful silly noise, out there, seemsinister meaning. The effect was that ed to intensify their darkness and isoof an unholy spell.

As through a dream Mrs. Gourlay's were heard from roysterers going voice was heard crying on her God. John stood there, suddenly weak in wisp of grizzled hair stuck to the she was ready to meet it for the sake between the sharp edge and the bone. It was the sight of that bit of hair seen accuser. that roused him from his stupor-it ! sticking all by itself to the poker. "I oblivion hard." Now that the frenzy had left him, he failed to realize the force of his own blow. Then with a horrid fear on You'll waken your brother." him, "Get up, faither," he entreated, "get up, faither; oh man, you micht

Janet, who had bent above the fallen plainingly, "that's surely an unco hoast man, raised an ashen face to her bro- ye hae!" ther, and whispered hoarsely, "His heart has stopped, John; you have kill-

ed him!' Gourlay shook off the apathy that held air, his ferretty eyes searching Mrs. ed the poker from her son, and thrust from his hand. But she betrayed nothit in the embers.

"Run, John; run for the doctor," she nothing of her husband's affairs, and voices in the parlor. There was a look screamed.-"Oh. Mrs. Webster. Mrs. Webster, I'm glad to see ye. Mr. Gourlay fell from the top o' the ladder, and smashed his brow on the muckle fender."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Mother!" came the statled whisper, "Mother! Oh, woman, waken and

No comforting answer came from the darkness to tell of a human being close at hand: the girl, intently listening, was alone with her fear. All was silent in the room and the terror deepened. Then the far-off sound in the house

was heard once more. "Mother-mother, what's that?" "What is it, Janet?" came a feebly complaining voice, "what's wrong wi"

ye, lassie? Janet and her mother were sleeping

had Janet by her side. It was so many years since he had allowed her to take an active interest in their common life (indeed he never had) that she was as helpless as a child. "It's to faither," said Janet, "shall I

"No. puir fellow, let him sleep," said his mother. "I stole in to look at him neow, and his face was unco wan lying down on the nillow I'll open the letter mysell, though, as your faither used to tell me, I never had a head for business.'

She broke the seal and Janet, looking over her shoulder, read aloud to her slower mind: "Glasgow

"March 12th, 18on me, once-a terrible look-and then "We desire once more to call your attention to the fact that the arrears of interest on the mortgage of your house have not been paid. Our client is unwilling to proceed to extremities, but unless you make some arrangement within a week, he will be forced

to take the necessary steps to safeguard his interests. "Yours faithfullw. "Brodie, Gurney & Yarrowby." Mrs. Gourlay sank into a chair, and the letter slipped from her upturned

palm, lying slack upon her knee. "Janet," she said appealingly: "what's this that has come on us? Does the house we live in, the House with skirling for? D'ye think I mean to now, still he could carry out a small the Green Shutters, not belong to us

"He never teiled me about anything, had been on the floor he would have just above the hearth. It had occur- cried Mrs. Gourlay with a sudden pasgrappled with him there and then. But red to him about a month ago, how- sion. "I was eye the one to ge keepit the temptation to gloat over his vic- ever, that a pair of curving steel rests, in the dark-to be keepit in the dark tim from his present height was irre- that would catch the glint from the and sore hadden doon. Oh! are we sistible. He went up another step, and fire, would look better beneath his gun left destitute, Janet-and us was eye sat down on the very summit of the than the dull pegs, where it now lay sae muckle thocht o'! And me, too, ladder, his feet resting on one of the against a joist. He might as well pass that's come of decent folk, and brought her in the room. "Ruin and murder," him a gey pickle bawbees! Am I to she said slowly; "and madness; and been using was lying on his thigh, his "It would be the wind," plained her be on the parish in my auld age?-Oh, death at my nipple like a child! When mother; "it would just be the wind, my faither, my faither!"

'Aye man, you've been taking a bit John's asleep this strucken hour and Her mind flashed back to the jocose mair. I sat by his bed for a lang and well-to-do father who had been John made no reply, but played with while, and he prigged and prayed for but a blurred thought to her for 20 the poker. It was so huge, owing to a dose o' the whiskey ere he won away. years. That his daughter should come Gourlay's whim, that when it slid through his fingers, it came down on the muffled hearthstone with a thud fear on him—an unco fear. But try was astonished by her sudden passion and fa'owre," she soothed her daugh- in feebleness. Even the murder of "I'm told you saw the Deacon on ter. "That would just be the wind ye her husband had been met by her weak mind with a dazed resignation. For her natural horror at the deed The stair creaked. The two women was swallowed by her anxiety to shield showed John that Allardyce had quiz- clung to each other, gripping tight the murderer; and she experienced a zed him, too. For a moment he was fingers, and their hearts throbbed like vague relief-felt, but not considered- mean? conscious of a vast self-pity. "Damn big separate beings in their breasts, at being freed from the incubus of them, they're all down on me," he There was a rustle, as of something Gourlay's tyranny. It seemed, too, as Then a vindictive rage coming, then the door opened, and John if she was incapable of feeling any- the drucken young swine that he got against them all took hold on him, flitted to the bedside with a candle in thing poignantly, deadened now by his hand. Above his night shirt his these quick calamities. But that she, that Tenshillingland's daughter, should come to be an object of common char-

ity, touched some hidden nerve of pride, and made her writhe in agony. Oh, mo- to comfort her. "Waken John," said her mother in a hysterical chant, his voice rising through his faither's dask. There may be something gude amang his papers.

The door of the bedroom clicked. It There may be something gude!" she of his son. "And what did he say to you, may I spier? . . Or may be I door went to gently, as if someone something gude: "But will this be true, think ye?" something gude! In the dask; in the something gude! In the dask; in the something gude! The something gude: "But will this be true, think ye?" you, may I spier? . Or may be I door went to gently, as if someone should spier what he did. . . Eh?" closed it. John dropped the candle dask; there may be something gude! In the dask; in the said Brodie. "About the horrors, I closed it. John dropped the candle dask; there may be something gude! In the dask; in the said Brodie. "About the horrors, I mean. Did he throw the tumbler at from his shaking hand, and was left in the dask!" "Save me!" he screamed, and leaped where his mother sat, he reeled and wer on a chair where he lay with

then they went through to the parlor, and opened the great desk that stood in the corner. It was the first time fender, his brow crashing on the rim. him. "Yes, dear," she said; "you may John took up a letter lying loosely on they had ever dared to raise its lid. the top of the other papers, and, after a hasty glance, "This settles it!" said he It was the note from Gourlav's banker, warning him that his account was overdrawn.

Someone went through the Square "God help us!" cried Mrs. Gourlay, and Janet began to whimper. John slipped out of the room. He was still in his stocking feet, and the women dazed by this sudden and appaling news, were scarcely aware of his de lation here. Occasional far-off shouts

He passed through the kitchen, and stood on the step of the back door, his limbs, and stared, as if petrified, ness with intent eyes. What horror looking out on the quiet little paved at the red poker in his hand. A little might assail her she did not know, but yard. Everything there was remarkably still and bright. It was an early square of it, severed, as by scissors, of John. "Ye brought it on yoursell," spring that year, and the hot March sun beat down on him, paining his bleared and purty eyes. The contrast a write scuring in his face. The work and unholy, But he most and unholy. But he most and unholy, But he most and unholy and retires with a support. seemed so monstrous and horrible, a heavy sough told her he had found in on him with a sudden sinking of the "He's won owre," she murdidna strike him so hard," he pleaded, mured thankfully. At times he mut- sonal abasement. He realized, howstaring vaguely, "I didna strike him so tered in his sleep. And, at times, Janet ever obscurely, that he was an eyesore in nature, a blotch on the surface of the world, an offence to the sweet-"Jauet, dinna hoast sea loud, woman! breathing heavens. And that bright black-rotten," he said at last. silence was so strange and still. He "Janet was silent. Then she choked could have screamed to escape it. 'Woman!" said her mother com-

The slow ticking of the kitchen no appeal. clock seemed to beat upon his raw

ping. ing to his curiosity since she knew listen, he heard the murmur of women's your mind." his eyes glittered with desire. The same fixity in his voice and gaze. seized the bottle greedily, and, tilting voice, only a dull level of intensity. it up, let the raw liquid gurgle into

flood his parched being with a new calm your mind for ye." vitality.

had no fear, therefore, of what the let- ward on a litter of dry straw, and in the broad licht, but in the lobby," he

Esquire." She turned it over in a silly dream, flinging his arms up, to ward aye keep thegither, though they're aye puzzlement, and, "Janet!" she cried, off a face that had been pressing on moving. That's why I canna pin them. his own. Were the eyes that had and it's because I ken they're ave his own. Were the eyes that had burned his brain still glaring above watching me, watching me, watching dressed to her dead tyrant, unless she him? He looked about him in drunken me, that I get so feared. They're red, golden light came slanting into the . . . they're red." His mouth gaped ose box, living with yellow motes in horror, and he stared as if he saw of golden light came slanting into the the dimness. The world seemed dead; he was alone in the silent building, and from without there was no sounds Then a panic terror flashed on his his drunken hysteria he was to see mind, that those eyes had actually them always. The vision he beheld been here—and were here with him still against the darkness of his mind, pro -where he was locked up with them alone. He strained his eyeballs in a horrified stare at vacancy. Then he brain, and for that reason there was shut them in terror, for why did he no escape. Wherever he went it follook? If he looked, the eyes might lowed him. burn on him out of nothingness. The innocent air had become his enemypregnant with unseen terrors to glare at him. To breathe it stifled him: each draught of it was full of menace. With a shrill cry he dashed at the door, and felt in the clutch of his ghostly enemy when he failed to open it at once, breaking his nails on the baffling lock. He mowed and chattered and stamped, and tore at the lock, frustrate in fear. At last he was free! He broke into the kitchen where his mother sat weeping-she raised her eyes to see a dishevelled thing, with bits of straw scattered on his clothes and nair. "Mother!" he screamed, "Mother!"

and stopped suddenly, his starting eyes seemed to follow something in "What are ye glowering at, John?" she wailed.

"Thae damned e'eu," he said slowly they're burning my soul! Look, look!" shoot the dog? Set back on your creepie, and make less noise, will ye?" The kitchen was ceiled in dark timber, "I don't ken," whispered Janet with dresser! A-ah" he screamed in hoarse John came in, and sat down by the were wooden pegs and bars, for the big eyes. "Did faither never tell ye execration. "Would ye then?"—and he hurled a great jug from the table at the pursuing unseen.

The jug struck the yellow face of the clock, and the glass jangled on the

Mrs. Gourlay raised her arms, like gaunt sibyl, and spoke to her Maker, quietly, as if He were a man before will Ye be satisfied?"

Drucken Wabster's wife spread the news, of course, and that night it went humming through the town that young Gourlay had the horrors, and was throwing tumblers at his mother! "Puir body!" said the baker, in the long-drawn tones of an infinite compassion; "puir body!" "Aye," said Toddle drily, "he'll be

ter killing his faither.' "Killing his faither?" said the baker with a quick look, "what do you

"Mean? Ou, I just mean what the doctor says! Gourlay was that mad at the 'plexies, fell aff the ladder, and ther. And soon he was asleep, felled himsell deid! That's what I Janet was reading a novel. Th the sharp question.

Tam Wylle. "It did seem queer Gour-"It mayna be sae bad," Janet tried lay's dying the verra nicht the prodigal cam hame. He was a heavy man, too; he would come down with an infernal thud. It seems uncanny, though, it seems uncanny." "Strange!" murmured another, and they loked at each other in silent won-

to make sure o' the matter with my Oh, what's that?" own eves I lyet on I wanted to horand he drank and was recovered. And life! I mean to bid for some o' you I have killed my faither. And he's folwhen the rowp comes. Weel, as I was lowing he. . . he's foll-owing me. saying, I let on I wanted the wee saw, . . . he's foll-owing me." It was the and went into the kitchen one end's voice of a thing, not a man. It swellerrand. The tumbler (Johnny Coe says ed dwelt on the "follow," as if the horit was a bottle, however; but I'm no ror of the pursuit made it moan. "He's avised o' that-I spiered Webster's foll-owing me. . . he's foll-owing me wife, and I think my details are correct)—the tumbler went flying past his a dark mist—and e'en like hell. Oh, mother, and smashed the face o' the they're foll-owing me!" His voice eight-day. It happened about the midhour o' the day. The clock had stop- tance. It was like a lost soul moan- greatest weekly, British Columbia's pit, I observed, at three and a half ing in a solitude. minutes to the twelve."

"Hi!" cred the Deacon. "it'th a pity allow thith day!"

A cry of the night came from far away.

A cry of the night came from far away.

The dog was barking in the street.

A cry of the night came from far away. auld Gourlay wathna alive thith day!" have sorted him? He would have grave. It brought the other world inrimmed the young ruffian!"

"No doubt," said the Deacon gravely; 'no doubt. But it wath scarcely that ence of the unknown. It was their I wath thinking of. Yah!" he grinned, own flesh and blood that spoke the "thith would have been a thiap in the words, and by their own quiet hearth. face till him!" Wylie looked at him for awhile with

bleared and puffy eyes. The contrast a white scunner in his face. He wore head on her lap, as from something heart, a sense of degradation and per- in itself, to brood over a sight of un- and she edged nearer to supply his natural cruelty. The Deacon grew unneed. Possessed with a devil or no, north 40 chains to the point of cor comfortable beneath his sidekard, esti- he was her son. mating eye.

The Deacon blinked and was silent. Tam had summed him up. There was suppose he said that before anybody

"John, dear," said his mother that brain. Damn the thing, why didn't it evening, "we'll take the big sofa into with sudden passion; "how daur ye, get a place as a teacher or something; stop-with its monotonous tick-tack; our bedroom, and make up a grand how daur ye? My God!" she broke I'm sure you would make a grand tick-tack; tick-tack?—he could feel it bed for ye, and then we'll be company down and wept, "they would hang him, inside his head where it seemed to to one another. Eh, dear?" she plead- so they would; they would hang my boots, and handed in a blue envelope strike innumerable little blows, on a ed. "Winna that be a fine way? When boy; they would take and hang my like of Wilson for an awmous, streekscullery. In the fear of discovery Mrs. at the back door with a business-like strained chord it was bent on snap- you have Janet and me beside you, you boy!" winna be feared o' ainything coming Her paralysed. She spring up, snatch- Gourlay's face, as she took the letter He tiptoed back to the kitchen on near you. You should gang to bed John slept, his head twisted over on noiseless feet, and cocking his ear to early, dear. A sleep would restore his mother's knee, his eyes sunken, his

> "I don't mean to go to bed." he said of slyness and cunning in his face; and slowly. He spoke staringly, with the whiskey was still on the table. He There was neither rise nor fall in his "You don't mean to go to bed, John! him like cooling water. It seemed to What for, dear? Man, a sleep would ten her.

"Na-a-a!" he smiled, and shook his "The furniture may bring something. "Oh. I doubt we'll be gey ill-off!" he head like a cunning madman, who had And you and me can aye thole." heard his mother's whine, and, at that detected her trying to get round him. reminder of her nearness, he checked "Na-a-a! No sleep for me-no sleep two greasy notes to the table, and the great satisfied breath he had begun for me! I'm feared I would see the red placed them in her son's slack hand. to blow. He set the bottle on the table, e'en," he whispered, "the red e'en; He was saner now; he had slept off his bringing the glass noiselessly down coming at me out o' the darkness—the drunken madness through the night. upon the wood, with a tense, unnatur- darkness!" he nodded, staring at her precision possible only to drink- and breathing the word, "the dark- "you maunna stay here, laddie, steadied nerves—a steadiness like the ness! the darkness! The darkness is gie up the drink when you're away numming top's whirled to its fastest. the warst, mother," he added in his will ye na?—and then thae e'en ye're Then he sped silently through the natural voice, leaning forward as if he sae feared of 'll no trouble you ony courtyard and locked himself into the explained some simple curious thing of mair. Gang to Glasgaw and see the stable, chuckling in drunken triumph every day. "The darkness is the lawyer folk about the bond. And, Harrison has wide interests in various as he turned the key. He pitched for- warst, you know. I've seen them in John dear," she pleaded, "if there's enterprises in the North

ter might portend. She received the missive with a vacant unconcern. It a huge wave of darkness. when it was dark; in the lobby they was addressed to "John Gourlay, An hour later he woke from a terrible were trerible. Just two e'en, and they wonder. From a sky-window a shaft he nodded and whispered, "they're red

> them now. He had boasted long ago of being able to see things inside his head; in jected itself, and glared at him. He was pursued by a spectre in his own

"Oh, man, John," wailed his mother; 'what are ye feared for your faither's e'en for? He wouldna persecute his

"Would he no?" he said slowly. "You ken yoursell that he never liked me! And naebody could stand his glower. Oh, he was a terrible man, my faither! You could feel the passion in him when he stood still. He could throw himsel at me frae beyond the grave." Mrs. Gourlay beat her desperate

hands. Her feeble remonstrance was a snowflake on a hill, to the dull intensity of this conviction. So colossal was t that it gripped herself, and she glanced dreadfully across her shoulder. But, in spite of her fears, she must plead with him to save,

"Johnnie, dear," she wept passion ately, "there's no e'en! It's just the drink gars you think sae." "No," he said dully; "the drink's my refuge. It's kind thing, drink. It helps a body.

"But, John, nobody believes in these things nowa-adays. It's just fancy in you. I wonder at a college-'bred man like you giving heed to a wheen nonsense!

"Ye ken yoursell it was a by-word in the place that he would haunt the House with the Green Shutters." "God help me!" cried Mrs. Gourlay;

'what am I to do?" She piled up a great fire in the parlour, and the three poor creatures gathered round it for the night. (They were afarid to sit in the kitchen of an evening, for even the silent furniture seemed to talk of the murder it had witnessed.) John was on a carpet stool by his mother's feet, his head resting on her knee.

They heard the rattle of Wilson's brake as it swung over the town-head from Auchterwheeze, and the laughter of its jovial crew. They heard the town clock chiming the lonesome paswanting to put an end to her next, af, sage of the hours. A dog was barking n the street.

Gradaully all other sounds died away. "Mother," said John, "lay your hand Regular alang my shoulder, touching my neck. Price I want to be sure that you're near

"I'll do that, my bairn," said his mo-Janet was reading a novel. The chilmean, no less!" said Toddle, nettled at dren had their mother's silly gift, a gift of the weak-minded, of forgetting "Aye man! That account for't," said their own duties and their own rows, in a vacant interest which they found in books. She had wrapped a piece of coarse red flannel round her head to comfort a swollen jaw, and her face appeared from within like a Price tallow oval. "I didna get that story finished."

said Mrs. Gourlay vacantly, staring at the fire open-mouthed, her mutch strings dangling. It was the remark mean. Did he throw the tumbler at ly of anything. "Does Herbert Mont-John staggered into the kitchen five minutes later. Half way to the table minutes later. Half way to the table "I gaed into the kitchen, on purpose, war. It's a gey pity of him, isn't it gomery marry Sir James' niece?" "No," said Janet, "he's killed at the Price

It was John talking in his sleep. "I have killed my falther," he said \$5 15

. . he's foll-owing me. A face like

seemed to come from an infinite disgreatest paper and a world-renowned The dog was barking in the street.

That voice was as if a corpse opened F. S. Wright, Canadian Agent, the "Faith, aye," cried Wylie. "He would its lips, and told of horrors beyond the Times. Ottawa. Ontario. to the homely room, and made it all demoniac. The women felt the presence of the unknown. It was their own flesh and blood that spoke the words, and by their own quiet hearth. But hell seemed with them in the room.

My Coulem of the women felt the presence of the words after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in Barkley District: Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions at a stake planted in characteristic commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions at a stake planted in the commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and the commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and the commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and the commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and the commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described mentions and the commissioner of Lands and the commissi Mrs. Gourlay drew back from John's head on her lap, as from something Section No. 10, Sarita River, thence east

nating eye.
"Mother!" gasped Janet suddenly,
"Deacon Allardyce, your heart's the white circles of her eyes staring from the red flannel, her voice hoarse with a new fear, "Mother, supposefor Janet and me, will ye no? You've else!"

"Don't mention't," cried her mother a grand education, and you'll surely with sudden passion: "how daur ye, get a place as a teacher or something: those who have bought real estate in municipality during 1906, are requested as a deather or something: call at the municipal office and see teacher. Ye wouldna like to think of

They stared at each other wildly. mouth wide open.
"Mother," Janet whispered, "you in doon the brae. Doon the brae it must send him away."

"I have only three pounds in the world," said Mrs. Gourlay-and she put her hand to her breast where it was, but winced as if a pain had bit-"Send him away wi't," said Janet.

In the morning Mrs. Gourlay brought

"John," she said in pitiful appeal, ed, "there's something at the boddom Ve'll o' this, if a body could find it out!"

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and either one of the others

For \$3.30

A great chance to obtain England's

thence west 40 chains, thence north

Located Oct. 17th, 1906. R. S. HUGHES.

nothing left for us, you'll try to work

your mother trailing every week to the

ing out her auld hand for charity. The

folk would stand in their doors to look

would cry ben to each other to come

oot and see Gourlay's wife gaun slink.

brae it would be"-and her mind drift-

ed away on the sorrowful future which

was only John's going that roused her.

from a shop door festooned in boots

his leather apron in front, and his

thumbs in the armholes of his waist-

coat, as befitted an important man,

saw young Gourlay pass the Cross

with his bag in his hand, and dwindle

'Where's he off to now?" he mutter

up the road to the station.

Thomas Brodie, glowering abroad

would be," she repeated, "doon

her fear made so vivid and real.

Regular

POST

FREE

YEAR

NEAR YATES STREET.

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste Use it under our guarantee yeur money refunded if it doesn't make the herse greatend. Most case cured by a single we seemd. Most case cured by a single we refund the seement of the seeme ute application—occasionally two re-red. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and ebone, new and old cases alike. Write detailed information and a free copy of Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Notice is hereby given that, 30 da after date, I intend to apply to the He Chief Commissioner of Lands and Worfer special license to cut and carry aw timber from the following describlands, situated in Barkley Essirict: Comencing at a stake planted at the N. corner of Section No. 8, Sarita Laithence south 80 chains, thence west chains, thence north 80 chains, then east 80 chains to the point of commentment.

Located Oct. 17th, 1906.
R. S. HUCHES,
Fer E. J. Conner, Agen

Notice is hereby given that, 30 after date, I intend to apply to the Commissioner of Lands and Works is special timber license to cut and caway timber from the following deserged lands situated in the Highland trict, Vancouver Island: Commencing a post placed at the N. W. corner of tion 46, thence running E. 120 che thence S. 40 chains, thence W. 20 che thence S. 40 chains, thence W. 40 che thence N. 40 chains, thence W. 60 che thence N. 40 chains to the place of mencement, containing 640 acres. nencement, containing 640 acres. W. A. LORIMER.

Dated 16th Nov., 1906.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated in Alberni District:

Claim No. 1.—Commencing from a point about half a mile east of the northwest post of Timber Limit No. 78, on the south shore of Two Rivers Arm, Sproat Lake, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence ast 80 chains to point of commencemen Claim No. 2.—Commencing at the north east corner of No. 1, thence south chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains. oint of commencement.

Dated at New Alberni, November 21st

A. E. WATERHOUSE

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon-Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land in Barkley District:

Claim No. 1.—Commencing at a post on a small bay north of Marble Cove, on the west shore of Copper Island, thence east 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south to shore, thence westerly and northerly along shore to the point of commencement.

Claim No. 2.—Commencing at a post on the west shore of Copper Island opposite Friend Island, thence east 80 chains, thence north 60 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence southwesterly along shore to the point

Victoria, Nov. 27th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that, so a after date, we intende to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands Works for a special license to cut carry away timber from the follow described land in Clayoquot Distr described land in Clayoquot Distriction of timber claim east of Brought Peaks, Barkley Sound, thence west chains, thence south 60 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north chains, thence east to shore, then toutherly along shore to the point commencement. ICLUELET MERCANTILE

Municipality of Saanich

Victoria, Nov. 27th, 1906.

Municipal Elections, 1907

Notice is hereby given that in qualify as voters in the forthen nunicipal elections as householders persons are required, during th November, to make and subsc fore a Supreme or County Court Judy Stipendiary or Police Magistrate, Just of the Peace or Notary Public, the ary declaration provided by the "Mu cipal Elections Act."

This declaration may be made before the Clerk of the Municipality a municipal office on Glanford avenue. NOTE .- Assessed real estate owners their names are duly entered an claration made before the Municipal sessor (H. O. Cace), according to state The municipal office is open to between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. Saturdays 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays legal holidays excepted HENRY O. CASE.

Notice is hereby given that, after date, I intend to apply Commissioner of Lands and W purchast the rollowing lands: E on the left bank River 40 chains south of C. E. N pre-emption and marked J. E. W.'s i west corner, thence running 80 east, thence 20 chains south, then chains more or less west to bat Skeena River, then northerly along of river to point of commence taining 160 acres more or less. taining 160 acres
Located Sept. 23.
J. E. WISE, Locator.
J. E. BATEMAN, Agent

DOMINION HOTEL, Victoria, B. C. Maintained on the hignest standard; rates \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. Free 'bus. Stephen Jones, Prop.

ernment agent, is at the Dominion. Mr. FARM TO LET-40 acres cleared. 800 buildings. Lake District.

"Farm," Times Office,

No. 38

Mrs. Paterso Keeper,

(From Saturd Huddling together water-logged barque ing the seas carry a ging and counting separated them fr rocky coast off Ca erouched for shelter ing yesterday while fought her way thre twelve miles of bro Cape Beale lighthou creek cable station The Colomba was Everett laden with straining in the hering with a gale for seams opened, her and she drifted, a

Water-Logged, toward the rocks of Mrs. Paterson, wife keeper at Cape Be morning, she tram over the rough gr lighthouse and the send the Quadra to fortunate crew. sel had steam up, standing by during ready in case the a and, in a few man way to

The Distres The Colomba was Cape Beale was Hackett observed the shore about to capitu isiande, Pachena Bay, when aster occurred. The barque was tion, her bowsprit a

zen masts gone by cargo of lumber to seams. Nearly ever bons, and a mass of dragged in the seas her. On the poop nine men clustered relief. They had : and, after twelve i physical torture, realise their good f bore in as close a ed by Second Mate men Fisher, Evans, The five men pul gained the stern o and it was here tha

ed their Most Diffic Fending the boat of barque they held it sible, and as it rose wave the shipwrec in. One by one th to safety, and ther safely to the Quad freight.

The men of the Co told privation durin that they had been out food or shelter, a footing and drend the waves which, vessel, threatened men to death. Once the men were pro clothing and food, a er headed for Es arrived at half-past On the trip down were encountered, dropped, and a c run was made. T steamed to her berth for and the men of by United States The rescued men

Praise of Mrs. for it is to this coura they really owe their been making signals for several hours b taken off the sinki thinking they had I they resigned thems Mrs. Paterson had, h vessel and at daybres the Bamfield creek s the Quadra was lyin and arduous tramp but she covered the miles by 10 o'clock, told her story. No the steamer, the and and, with commend run was made at scene of the impen After taking off the immediately headed ing the battered C ward the rocks and of lumber over the Gustave Bloome, m ed vessel, when inter

"We left Everett Wednesday night in which we dropped a We had a load of 620,

reporter, said:

for several hours before At 10 p.m. the wind v night it was blowing

stowed both below Made Good