THOROUGHBREDS

BY W. S. FRASER.

CHAPTER XVI.

After Dr. Rathbone had left Mike and Carter went down to the stables.

"I'll jest have a look at that broke rein," said Gaynor; "that sthrap was strong enough to hang Diablo. If there's not some dirty business in this, I'll eat me hat. T'umbs up! but it was a gallop, though. The black kin move whin he wants to."

"But what do you think of old Lauzanne?" exclaimed Carter. "He just wore Diablo down, hung to him like a bulldog, an' beat him out."

"It was the girl's ridin'; an' Lauzanne was feared, too. He's chicken-hearted; that's what he is. Some day in a race he'll get away in front av his horses, an' beat 'em by the length av a street. He'll be hun'red to wan, an' nobody'll have a penny on."

When they arrived at the stable Mike headed straight for the harness room. The light was dim, coming from a small, high, two-paned window; but Mike knew where every bridle and saddle should be. He put his hand on Diablo's headgear, and bringing it down carried it through the passage to a stable door where he examined it minutely.

"Jest what I t'ought. Look at that," and he handed it to Carter for inspection. "How do ye size that up, Ned?"

"The rein's been cut near through," replied Carter. "I wonder it held as long as it did."

"A dirty, low-down trick," commented Mike. "I'll hang it back on the peg just now, but don't use it again fer a bit."

As he re-entered the saddle room briskly his heel slipped on the plank floor, bringing him down. "I'd take me oath that was a banana peel, if it was on the sidewalk," he exclaimed, after a gymnastic twist that nearly dislocated his neck. "Some of ye fellows is pretty careless wit' hoof grease, I'm thinkin'."

More out of curiosity than anything else he peered down at the cause of his sudden slip. "What the divil is it, onyway?" he muttered, kneeling and lighting a match, which he held close to the spot. "Bot' t'umbs!" he exclaimed, "it's candle grease. Have aither of ye b'ys been in here wit' a candle? It's agin the rules."

"There isn't a candle about the barn, an' you know it, Mike," cried Carter, indignantly.

Mike was prospecting the floor with another light.

"Here's two burnt matches," he continued, picking them up. "An' they were loighted last night, too. See that, they're long, an' that means that they wasn't used for lightin' a pipe or a cigar—jes' fer touchin' off a candle, that's all. I know they was loighted last night," he said, as though to convince himself, "fer they're fresh, an' ain't been tramped on. If they'd been here fer two or three days, roight in front of the door, they'd have the black knocked off 'em wid ye boys' feet. This wan didn't light at all hardly, an' there's a little wool fuzz stickin' to it. Gee! that manes some wan shtruck it on his wool pants. Git the lantern, Ned, p'raps we'll fin' out somethin' more. The light from that high up winder ain't good enough fer trackin' a bear."

When the lantern was brought, Mike continued his detective operations, nose and eyes close to the floor, like a black tracker.

"What's that, Ned?" he asked, pointing his finger at a dark brown spot on the boards.

Carter crouched and scrutinized Mike's find. "Tobacco spit," and he gave a little laugh.

"Roight you are; that's what it is. Now who chaws tobaccie in this stable?" he demanded of Carter, with the air of a cross-examining counsel.

"I don't."

"Does Finn?"

"No; I don't think so."

"Didn't Shandy always have a gob of it in his cheek—the dirty pig?"

"Yes, he did, Mike."

"I t'ought so; I t'ought it was that blackguard. But how did the swine get in here? The stable was locked, an' I had the key in me pocket. I'll take me oath to that."

Carter took his cap off, ran a hand reflectively up on down the crown of his head, canvassing every possible entry there might be to the stalls. Suddenly he replaced his cap and whistled softly. "I know, Mike; he crawled through the dung window. I've seen him do it half a dozen times. When he was too lazy to go for the keys, he'd wiggle through that hole."

Mike said nothing, but led the way to the back of the stable. There he climbed upon the pile of rotting straw, and examined closely the small, square opening, with its board slide, through which Shandy had passed the night before.

"God! I t'ought so!" he ejaculated. "Here's more tobacco spit, where the cutt'roat divil stood when he opened the winder."

Looking down, his eye caught the glint of something bright deep in the straw. He dug his hand down into the mass and brought up a knife. "Whose is that, Ned?" he queried.

Carter looked at it closely. "Shandy's," he answered; "I swear to that. I've borrowed in from him more than once to clean out the horses' hoofs."

"Bot' t'umbs up! I'd hang that b'y to a beam if I had him here. He cut that rein as sure as God made little apples," declared Mike, vehemently. "An' the gall av him to go an' sit there in the ould stand to watch the black run away wit' somewan an' kill 'em. Now jest kape yer mouth shut, Ned, an' we'll put a halter on this rooster. By hivins! when I git him I'll make him squale, too!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The seriousness of Porter's accident became clearer to Doctor Rathbone the following day. He imparted this information to Allis; told her that in all probability it would be weeks before her father would be strong again.

"In the meantime, little woman, what are you to do with all these hungry horses on your hands?" he asked.

The girl's answer came quickly enough, for she had lain awake through all the dreary night, thinking out this problem. Without medical knowledge she had felt certain that her father was badly injured, and the gloomy future had come to her in the darkness instead of sleep.

"I'll look after them," she answered the doctor, quite simply.

A smile of skepticism hovered about his full lips, as he raised his eyes to the girl's face, but the look of determination, of confidence that he met put his doubts to flight. "I believe you can do it, if any man can," and he put his big hand on her slight shoulders, as much as to say, "I'm behind you; I believe in you."

Of course an inkling of Porter's condition had to be given his wife, though the full gravity was masked. This was done by Allis, and Mrs. Porter immediately became a prey to abject despair.

The first thing to be done was to get rid of Diablo. She was too gentle to ask that he be shot, but he must go, even if he be given away. She would willingly have sacrificed all the horses. Always with their presence had come financial troubles, spiritual troubles; now the lives of those dear to her were in actual peril. No wonder the good woman was rendered hysterical by the strong emotions that swayed her.

In her depression she somewhat startled Allis by insisting that they must send for Mr. Crane at once. After all, it was not so unreasonable; with the master of Ringwood helpless, who else could they consult with over their entangled condition? For the past year Porter had found it necessary to keep in constant touch with the bank; so they must become familiar with the details of the entanglement.

Mrs. Porter had come to have the utmost confidence in Crane's friendship and ability; he was the one above all others to have Diablo taken off their hands. So Philip Crane, to his intense delight, was summoned to Ringwood. This was his first knowledge of Porter's mishap, for he had been in New York.

Crane was supposed to possess a rare magnetism; most certainly men came under the influence with a noiseless, cheerful complaisance. It may have been that there was a slight fascination in the oblique contour of his eyes, but in reality his power lay in his exquisite finesse; people delved for him under the impression that they were laboring according to the dictates of their own sweet wills. Figuratively speaking, he twisted Mrs. Porter round his finger, and so delightfully, that she was filled with gratitude because of Crane's kindness in their hour of trouble.

The matter of Diablo was settled in a minute; he would buy the horse himself, and the price could be arranged when Mr. Porter was able to discuss the matter—that is, definitely; in the meantime he would pay a thousand for him. He understood Porter had bought him for that price. With a touch of kindly humor, Crane declared that he would have a small bet on the horse for Allis the first time he started.

Beyond parting with Diablo, Allis would not go farther in the matter of selling the horses; this was the full extent of her concession to the mother. Had she known that her father had entered Diablo in the Brooklyn handicap she might even have refused to part with the horse. As it happened, Porter had entered both Lucretia and Diablo in the Brooklyn a day or so before his accident, but had not spoken of it.

Crane assured Mrs. Porter that she need not distract her mind over money matters, the bank could easily carry their load until her husband was himself again. No matter how things turned out, it was a delicate matter to touch upon, the possibility of Porter's condition taking a serious turn, but coming from Crane it seemed like an earnest of his sincerity—well, Mrs. Porter would find a friend in him, quite willing and able to smooth their difficult path.

Crane had meant to defer any protestations of regard for Allis until a propitious future, but with his quick perception he saw that the psychological moment had been moved forward by the sudden effacement of the master of Ringwood. If he spoke now to Mrs. Porter it would give her a right to call upon his services. He would appear in the light of a debtor; it would break down barriers which might seem to exist because of their non-relationship.

Crane had not been without a suspicion that the younger man, Mortimer, might prove a rival; heroics such as the Diablo episode were apt to give young people a romantic interest in each other; Fate had more than evened matters up by giving him the present opportunity. He thought with some satisfaction how perfectly helpless Mortimer was in the present instance, for he was most undeniably poor. It was an opportunity to be grasped; and Crane never let the tide pass its flood in the waters of his life.

So the banker spoke to Mrs. Porter of his strong love for Allis; so delicately, and with so much sincerity, that she was completely won over. It is true, the ground had been prepared for the seed, for the mother had long feared that Allis might become attached to some one of the Porter's racing associates. Though strong in spiritual matters, the good woman was not without worldly instinct. She was pleased with Crane personally; he was not by any means a racing man; a rich banker, who would make a most desirable husband for her daughter. Of course, it would rest with the girl herself. Mrs. Porter would not coerce nor influence her; but why should not Allis come to care for Crane under the influence of his strong love?

Mrs. Porter's mind had rebounded from its dazed condition after her husband's accident, and was now acute. All these thoughts came to her with rapidity, as Crane talked with masterly judgment.

To the mother's suggestion that he speak to Allis he put forward a plea of delicate consideration for the girl; he would rather deny himself; he would wait patiently until her mind was in a happier condition. Cleverly enough he knew that Mrs. Porter was now his ally, and would plead his cause with less chance of failure than if he startled Allis by the sudden fronting of life's great problem.

When Crane had gone Allis found her mother calmed by his visit; his assurances had driven away distressing clouds of financial worry.

Almost immediately Mrs. Porter transmitted to the girl what had come to her of Crane's declaration.

"It seems almost like an answer to my prayer," she said to Allis; "not, of course"—she interrupted herself—"that I've been praying for a husband for you, but this wicked racing has warped the whole woof of my life; it seemed inevitable in the strength of its contaminating atmosphere that you would be wedded into it, though one were better dead than willingly choose a path of sin."

"Then you've settled it, mother!" Allis' big eyes took on a dangerous look of rebellion.

"No, daughter; you must choose for yourself; only you will be wise not to go contrary to your parent's wishes. I did—"

"But you are not sorry, mother?" there was reproach in the girl's voice.

"Not for having wedded your father, but because of his racing life. I should have been firmer, and asked him to give it up before I married him. He might have done it then. Mr. Crane is a gentleman, Allis. That is a great deal nowadays, and he loves you most sincerely. Words often mean very little, but one can tell—at least when they've come to years of discretion they can—from a man's voice whether he is in earnest or not. I suppose it is very worldly to speak of his riches, but in poverty one can do very little, very little good. I had rather that you didn't have to look with misgiving into the future, Allis; it has taken much joy out of my existence. The dread of poverty is a nightmare; it wears one's life threadbear. To the young, buoyed up by confidence in the rosy future, this may seem sordid, but this feeling of insecurity mars many lives which might otherwise be happy.

"You see, Allis," her mother continued, "I know you are heart-whole, so I can't cause you any misery by my well-meant advice. You've been a good girl, and there has been nobody of your class about. Mr. Mortimer is, I dare say, a gentleman, and I must confess I was afraid that you might mistake a feeling of generosity to him for something stronger; but that was only an idle fancy, I see. It would have for he is very poor indeed. His small been unfortunate if it were otherwise, salary must be all taken up in keeping himself, his widowed mother, and a younger sister."

Allis gave a sudden start. She had not know these particulars of Mortimer's life; but they carried certain explanations of his conduct. Quite casually she had formed an impression that he was penurious; something he had dropped about not being able to afford certain pleasures. That was where the money went—to support his mother and sister. Unwittingly her mother was pleading the cause of two men.

The mother's talk depressed Allis geratly. Why should this troublesome matter come to her when she had so much to bear, so much to do. It gave her quite a shock to find that as her mother talked she was not thinking of Crane at all. She could not picture his face, even; just the narrow-lidded eyes peeped at her in her thoughts once or twice; it would be horrible to look into them forever and ever. The face of Mortimer, pale and firm-set as it had been in that day of strife, was always obliterating the other visage. Was her mother right? Was she so heart-whole?

As if her thoughts had bearing on her mother's mind, the latter said: "I wouldn't have spoken to you of this matter while your father is so ill if it weren't for the fact that our position is very precarious. I can't understand just how badly off we are, but if anything were to happen your father, I hardly know what would become of us."

"And Mr. Crane has promised to help us if—if—" There was a hard ring in the girl's voice as she spoke, getting not past the "if," refusing to put into words the distressing thought.

"There is no 'if' about it, daughter. Mr. Crane is our friend, your father's friend, and he is going to help us; and he only spoke of his regard for you by way of an excuse—it was delicacy on his part, thinking that I would have less compunction in accepting his good offices. All I ask, girl, is that you will try to like Mr. Crane; if you can't, well, you won't find me making you unhappy. But I can tell you this, Allis, unless matters mend, and how the change is to come I can't say, your father will lose Ringwood and it will belong to Mr. Crane. Even if the horses were sold off, the money would not clear the debts; besides, I think that even the horses are encumbered."

Allis stood in indecision for a little, thinking deeply; then she went up to her mother, and, taking her face in her hands, kissed her.

"I understand, mother," she said, "you are worrying over the dear old place, over my future, and over father, and it is nothing but worry, worry, worry all the time. But I'll save Ringwood for you, mother. I hope father will soon be well again and that luck will change; but anyway, mother, I promise you that no matter what effort it costs me you sha'n't sacrifice the dear old place."

Mrs. Porter's eyes were wet with tears of gratitude. She was thinking only of the redemption of the place through Crane; but Allis' words had meant far more than she had taken from them. They were inspired by a faith that she could save their fortunes without sacrificing herself to Crane. If not, if she failed, she was brave, she was a Porter, and would keep her word and save Ringwood, even at that price.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journeying back to New York, Crane reviewed in detail his interview with Mrs. Porter. He congratulated himself upon his wisdom in having instituted his love suit by proxy. With all his masterfulness he was very considerably in awe of Miss Allis. There was a not-to-be-daunted expression in her extraordinary eyes which made him feel that a love tilt with her would be a somewhat serious business. He pictured himself as an ardent lover; he would cut a droll figure in that role, he knew; emotions were hardly in his line. He might feel such an assertive emotion as love quite as strongly as anyone, in fact, did, but could he express himself with faultless consistency? He rather doubted it. His usual slow-advancing method was certainly ordained of this intricate endeavor; and he had made great progress with the mother, the one above all others to be placated; adversity, continues as it promised to be, would probably settle Porter's influence in his favor. His plan of action plainly was to be often at Ringwood to familiarize the household with his presence. The acquiring of Diablo would facilitate that.

Diablo—a skate! He laughed to himself over his purchase. Certainly Langdon would laugh at him, too; not openly, of course; Crane wouldn't tolerate that. What an influence this girl had over him, to be sure! Any man who had endeavored to sell him a bad horse would have had a hopeless task; with but a nod of encouragement from Allis he would have bought every horse—all the useless crooks they had; the stable was full of them, Lauzanne among the rest.

The influence was dividing his nature into a dual one; starting into life infantile thoughts of a generous morality; an unrest of great vigor was coming to him, retribution; possibly the power to feel the difference between an avariciousness, fathering dishonesty, and this new recognition of other rights.

On his arrival in New York he sent for his trainer.

"I bought a horse at Ringwood. I want you to look after him, Langdon," he said. "Their man, Gaynor, will send him direct to your stables."

The trainer's face brightened. "Did you get Lucretia after all?"

"No; I bought a big black, Diablo."

The look of delight faded from Langdon's eyes quickly. "The devil!" he exclaimed.

"That's what I said; that's his name."

"But he's the most uncertain brute that ever wore a set of plates. You'll get no good of him, sir; he's bad, clean through. It's come down to him from his second sire, Robert the Devil, without a bit of the good, either. He'd break a man that would follow him."

"He won't break me," answered Crane, quietly; "nor you, either, Langdon—you've got too much sense."

This subtle tribute mollified the trainer.

Crane proceeded: "I remember the horse quite well. Four thousand was paid for him as a yearling; as a two-year-old he was tried out good enough to win the futurity; but when it came to racing he cut it and finished in the ruck."

"That's right," commented Langdon. "He owes me a good bit, that same Johnny; his people thought him a lead-pipe cinch, and I went down the line on him to my sorrow."

"Just so. You know him as well as I do. It's a great way to get acquainted with them, isn't it, Langdon; put your money on, and have the good thing go down?"

Langdon had the highest possible opinion of his master's astuteness and began to waver in his antipathy to Diablo.

"You think he's really good, then, sir; did he show you a fast trial?"

"I didn't even see the horse," Crane answered, looking dreamily out of the window. "I bought him to—"

He paused in reflection; he couldn't tell Langdon why he had bought him, and he hardly cared to have his prestige with the trainer destroyed. He continued, shifting the subject-matter a trifle, "You did John Porter up over Lauzanne last summer, Langdon—"

"Me?" questioned the trainer. Was Crane forgetting his share in the matter?

"Yes, you!" affirmed the other, looking him steadily in the eye. "You sold him Lauzanne, and Lauzanne was loaded."

Langdon said nothing. What the devil was coming?

"Well," drawled Crane, "Porter's badly hurt; he's out of the race for some time to come. They're friends of mine—"

"They're friends," mused Langdon; "who in thunder are they?"

"They're friends of mine, and I offered to buy Lauzanne back, just to help them out; but the old man's daughter has got the chestnut for a hack, and she won't sell him. It was Diablo's fault that Porter got the fall, so they were willing to part with him, and I took the brute."

This was certainly a new role for Crane to play, Langdon thought; his employer helping people out when they were in difficulties was a revelation. The trainer felt inclined to laugh. No doubt there was something back of it all; some tout must have given Crane information of a fast gallop Diablo had done, and he had gone to Ringwood to buy the horse, thinking that Porter would be selling some of his racers owing to the accident.

Langdon tried to remember what Shandy had said about Diablo, or whether the boy had mentoined his name at all.

"I wonder what condition he's in?" the trainer remarked, questioningly.

"Physically I think he's all right; it seems he galloped something under 40 miles with Porter before he came a cropper. But I understand they had an imp of a boy, Sheedy, or Shandy—"

"Shandy," corrected Langdon.

"Yes, that's the name," affirmed Crane, drawing a semicircle in the air with his cigar, "and he's a devil on wheels, by all accounts. Diablo's no angel, as you've said, Langdon, and this boy made him a heap worse. You've handled some bad horses in your time, and know more about it than I do; but I'd suggest that you put Westley—he's a patient lad—to look after the black; give him quite a bit of work, and when you've got him right, try him out with something, and if he shows any form we'll pick out a soft spot for him. Let me see, he's a maiden—fancy that, buying a four-year-old maiden!"

Langdon laughed approvingly. Crane was evidently coming back to his view of the case.

"Well, as I've said, he's a maiden, and we'll try and graduate him out of that class. It will be a great chance for a killing if we can round him into his early two-year-old form; and you can do it, Langdon, if anybody on earth can."

"Now I've got him on his reputation," thought Crane, idly brushing specks of cigar ash from the front of his coat.

"Just as I thought," mused Langdon; "the old man's got a horse after his own heart. Everybody thinks Diablo's no good, but the boss has found out something, and is on for the biggest kind of a coup."

"How's The Dutchman coming on?" asked Crane, intimating by the question that the subject of Diablo had been closed out, for the present, at least.

"Great. He cleans up his four quarts three times a day, and is as big as a cart horse. I never had a better doer in my hands. If he keeps well, and I think he will, you have a great chance with him for the Brooklyn Derby."

"That's encouraging. There are some good horses in it, though, White Moth and others. However, I'll back The Dutchman to win fifty thousand, and there'll be ten thousand in that for you, Langdon, if it comes off." The trainer's mouth watered. Money was his god. Horses were all right as a means to an end, but the end itself was gold. He would stop at nothing to gain that end; his avaricious mind, stimulated by Crane's promise, came at once to the disturbing element in the pleasant prospect, Shandy's report of Lucretia's good form.

"Did you find out anything about Porter's mare Lucretia? I know White Moth's form; both fit and well. The Dutchman holds him safe over the Derby journey."

"No; I didn't hear anything about Porter's mare."

"I have," said Landgon, decisively. "I paid a boy to keep an eye on her, and he says she'll be hard to beat."

Crane frowned. "What boy?" he asked, abruptly.

"Shandy."

"Well, just drop that; chuck that game. John Porter has his own troubles. If he can win, let him. He can't if The Dutchman keeps well; but anyway, our own horses will keep us fully occupied."

Langdon was dumbfounded. If Crane had opened the Bible and read a chapter from St. Luke he would not have been more astonished. It had occurred to him that he had done a remarkably smart thing; he had expected commendation for his adroitness in looking after his master's interests. This disapprobation of such a trivial matter as the touting off of an opponent's horses was another new discovery in his master's character. Where were they at, anyway? Presently Crane would be asking him to give the public a fair run for their money each time out.

All at once a light dawned upon Langdon. Crane was doubling on him. He saw it like a flash. His employer had a tout on the ground himself; that was how he had got next some good performance of Diablo's. My, but it was clever; he could appreciate it. Crane rose in his estimation again.

Quite humbly he answered: "Very well; it's not my funeral; I'll bring The Dutchman to the post fit to run the race of his life. If Lucretia beats him it won't be my fault. I thought perhaps you might want to hedge a bit on Porter's mare."

"I don't think it. I'll stand The Dutchman; there are too many in to start backing them all. Let me know if the black gives you any encouragement, and I'll see about placing him."

After Langdon had gone Crane lighted a fresh cigar and let his thoughts circle about Allis and Diablo. It would be just like the play of Fate for the horse to turn out good, now that John Porter had got rid of him. When evil fortune set its hard face against a man he could do little toward making the wicked god smile, and Porter, even when he was about, was a poor hand at compelling success.

* * * * * * * *

Jakey Faust learned of Diablo's transition from Porter's to Langdon's stable. This information caused him little interest at first; indeed, he marveled somewhat at two such clever men as Crane and Langdon acquiring a horse of Diablo's caliber.

Faust's business relationship with Crane was to a certain degree tentative. Crane never confided utterly in anybody; if agents obeyed his behests, well and good; and each transaction was always completed in itself. He had discovered Faust and used him when it suited his purpose.

Some time after the purchase of Diablo, Jakey, reading his Morning Telegraph, came with much interest upon the entries for the Brooklyn handicap, published that day. They were all the old campaigning handicap horses, as familiar to Faust as his fellow members of the betting ring. As his eye ran down the long list a sudden little pig grunt of surprise bubbled up through his fat throat. "Gee, Diablo! Oh, ho, Mr. Crane!"

He tore out the list and put it in his pocket; then he sat for a time, thinking. The result was a run down to Gravesend to pay just a friendly visit to Langdon.

As far as Crane was concerned, The trainer and the bookmaker were like two burglars suddenly coming upon each other while robbing the same house; they were somewhat in a condition of armed neutrality toward each other.

Faust hoped that Langdon would talk about Diablo; but the trainer was like most of his guild generally, a close-mouthed man, so Jakey had to make his own running.

"What's the boss goin' to do with Diablo?" he asked Langdon.

(To be continued.)

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Take notice that, 30 days after date, I intend to make application 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 the Barkley District:

Claim No. 4.—Commencing at a stake planted at the S. W. corner of Section No. 9, Sarita Lake, thence east 120 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north to south shore of lake, thence following shore of lake to point of commencement.

Claim No. 5.—Commencing at a stake planted about 40 chains west of S. W. corner of Section No. 9 on lake shore, thence south 80 chains, thence west about 50 chains to the east line of Section No. 8, thence north to N. E. corner Section No. 8, thence west to east line of west ½ of N. E. ¼ Section 13, thence north 40 chains, thence east about 20 chains to lake shore, thence following lake shore to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

E. L. BAILEY.
Per E. J. Conner, Agent.
Staked Aug. 3rd, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land, situated in Clayoquot District: Commencing at the northeast corner of Section 58, thence northeasterly along shore of Mayne Bay to a point about 60 chains east, thence 40 chains east, thence south to the north boundary of Section 19, thence west to shore, thence along shore and boundary of Indian reserve to the southeast corner of Section 58, thence north to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

GEORGE T. FOX.
Victoria, B. C., August 1st, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that, 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, on the Skeena River, Coast District: Commencing at a post at F. A. Turner's southwest corner and marked I. W. P.'s northwest corner; thence running east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains to place of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

I. W. POWELL.
H. L. FRANK, Agent.
Frank's Landing, Skeena River, B. C., April 28th, 1906.

I hereby give notice that, 60 days after date, I intend to make application to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land, situated on the west shore of Naden Harbor, Graham Island, Q. C. I.: Commencing at a post marked W. N.'s northeast corner, thence running 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains east, thence following the shore line to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated August 10th, 1906.

WM. NOBLE.

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 land situated on Skeena River, Coast District:

Claim A.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Skeena River at the mouth of Trout River, thence northeasterly 100 chains along the bank of Trout River, thence north 60 chains, thence west to the bank of Skeena River, thence along bank of river to the point of commencement.

Claim B.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Skeena River about 1½ miles above the mouth of Trout River, thence east 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north to the bank of river, thence along bank to point of commencement.

WILLIAM J. SUTTON.
Victoria, Aug. 8th, 1906.

WANTED—Girl attending High school to take care of children in exchange for board and room and $5 monthly. Apply Box 25, this office.

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

No. 1. Commencing at a stake planted at the N. E. corner of Section No. 9, Sarita Lake, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

No. 2. Commencing at a stake planted at the N. W. corner of Location No. 1, thence east 120 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement.

GEORGE D. FARRAND.
Per E. J. Conner, Agent.
Alberni, August 30th.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to cut and carry away timber from the following lands, situated on Naas river, Coast District:

Claim No. 2.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about four miles below the canyon, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north to branch of river, thence along bank of river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 3.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about five miles below the canyon, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east to the bank of river, thence to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 4.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about six miles below the canyon, thence south 120 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence north to slough, thence along bank of slough and river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 5.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about seven miles below the canyon, thence west 40 chains, thence south 100 chains, thence east to bank of river, thence to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 6.—Commencing at the south-east corner of W. J. Sutton's claim No. 5, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east to the bank of river, thence along bank of river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 7.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about nine miles below the canyon, thence south 100 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence north to bank of river, thence along bank of river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 8.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about two miles below the canyon, thence west 80 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east to bank of river, thence along bank of river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 9.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about six miles above Greenville, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west to the bank of river, and thence to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 10.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about five miles above Greenville, thence north 120 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east to bank of river, thence along bank of river to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 11.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river about four miles above Greenville, thence east 80 chains, thence south 100 chains, thence west to bank of river, and back to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

Claim No. 12.—Commencing at a post on the bank of Naas river nearly opposite Fishery bay, thence south 60 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west to the bank of river, thence northeasterly to point of commencement. Containing 640 acres more or less.

WILLIAM J. SUTTON.
Victoria, August 1st, 1906.

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

WORKMEN BURIED.

Collapse of Building Under Construction at Elyria, Ohio—Three Men Reported Killed.

Elyria, Ohio, Sept. 6.—A section of a big factory building under construction by the Garford company, of Cleveland, collapsed to-day, burying a number of workmen. Three men are reported to have been killed and six badly injured.