PAUL VANE'S WIFE

La Bella Loraine rose with a glittering smile and faced him. The glasses touched rims, the ruby wine was quaffed, and, standing there in the glow of the fire-light, they drank to the future, and never dreamed how black that future was fated to be.

* * * * *

And where was Eugene Fairlie while this first week of beautiful Loraine's honeymoon drifted over the sea of love under the burning sun of passion?

He had been carried to Arcady in one of the wedding carriages, and installed in a quiet chamber, where he was attended by his physician and friends.

Loraine entered the sick room where he lay sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion that followed upon his momentary return to consciousness of his surroundings. With her luridly flashing eyes, her passionate face, loose dark hair, clinched white teeth, and trailing scarlet robe she looked like some fiery furnace fiend whose mission was destruction and death. Quickly glancing around the luxuriously furnished chamber, she advanced with a swift, serpentine motion toward the small stand on which stood the medicine prescribed for the sick man. A mocking smile of triumph lighted her face as she drew a small white package from her bosom and emptied its contents into the glass of medicine.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"I dare not let him live, for I suspect that he saw me cut the rope that night," Loraine muttered, as she bent over the sleeper, watching the pallid, handsome face and closed eyelids, the thick fringe of the dark lashes lying so heavily on the cheek that it seemed as though death had already claimed him for its own. Loraine remembered, with a strange thrill as she gazed, that once she had loved this man with all the passion of her nature, and that his indifference had changed her love to hate.

"Well, I shall have my revenge," she thought, dismissing the one thrill of softness that the man's helpless beauty had awakened in her heart; and as he stirred and opened his heavy eyes with a dreamy gaze, she lifted with an unfaltering hand the glass containing the death-powder she had received from the gypsy in the wood almost two years ago.

"Drink," she said, in a voice of entrancing sweetness, slipping her arm beneath his head and lifting it to meet the deadly draught she was pressing to his lips. He swallowed it almost mechanically, and Loraine turned away with a sharp little hiss of joy.

His languid senses, caught by the low, sibilant sound, returned to him. Opening wide his dreamy brown eyes, he stared at her doubtfully, wondering at the sinister, leering light in her dusky orbs. It foreboded some new ill, some lurking danger and, half lifting himself on the pillow, he muttered, shrilly:

"She-devil, why are you here."

Her low, defiant laugh rang through the room.

"Thanks, Colonel Fairlie, for the delicate epithets you so generously bestow on me. Your manners have not improved during your absence."

He scarcely heard the angry words, for a rush of painful memories suddenly overwhelmed him—a full remembrance of his terrible ride, his rush into Forest Church. But all after was oblivion.

Was he too late? he asked himself, despairingly. What had become of poor Vivian, whom he had left in the sleigh in his haste to stop the wedding. What had happened to the poor young wife who was so alone and desolate, when she should have been in the sheltering arms of her husband.

"Where is Vivian?" he cried, wildly, furiously. "You know, Loraine Lisle, fiend that you are! You know I have brought her back from the grave to punish you for your sins!"

"He raves!" Loraine cried, hoarsely, gazing at him in a sort of shuddering awe, expecting every moment to see him fall back dead upon the pillow; but he continued, fiercely:

"I swore vengeance on you, Loraine, that dark, dreadful night when I lay for hours on that grave which was a lie—swore that I would punish you for your sins, and I have struck the first blow; for, by the memory of my murdered friend—" He got no further, the fierceness of his passion died away, his eyes lost their steely glitter, the stern mouth relaxed. A subtle power was working in the sick man. While she gazed at him anxiously, yet tremblingly foreboding the death-scene, and hoping that it might not be too horrible to endure, Colonel Fairlie suddenly became endowed with strange new life. Tenderness, softness, flushed over his face; his lips parted in a trustful smile.

Startled, Loraine bent over him, curious to watch the effect of the fatal drug. What a change had come over him. Was death, then, so sweet?

She gazed curiously into his face. He smiled at her, swetly, languidly, and in another moment he held out his yearning arms and clasped the bending figure to his panting breast.

"And in mad tiger fashion,
As a she-tiger fondles her own,
I clasp her with fierceness and passion,
And kiss her, and shudder and groan."

Eugene Fairlie was in the wicked Circe's toils. Her weapon had recoiled on herself.

Loraine had made a fatal mistake in her choice of the deadly powders given her by the gypsy. It was not death she had mixed in the draught; it was love love—love, that resistless force, bearing all memory of the past, with Loraine's glorious face as the beacon-star of the now.

The truth flashed over Loraine, even as she struggled to free herself form that close embrace. She thought.

"Poor fool! he loves me. Ah! what would I not have given once for his love that now I dread and spurn. And yet it will keep him as much my slave as death itself. He will not betray me now, and I am saved, despite myself, from one more crime in the dark record of my unrepented sins!" A smile not good to see curved the full, crimson lips.

A light rap at the door. Paul Vane entered with a pleased smile on his mobile lips, and paused just inside the threshold, his head bowed reverently at what he saw.

His beautiful bride was rising from her knees, as though she had been praying for the sufferer. She turned to him with a gentle smile.

"Loraine, you are an angel! my loadstar of love!" he whispered, fondly.

She put her fingers to her lips, murmuring, softly:

"Come, away, Paul, dear. He is asleep; we must not wake him. The doctor says rest is what is needed"; and as they glided away and the door of the sick-room closed behind them, she thought, with dark triumph:

"Nothing shall daunt me! I have put my foot upon the path to happiness, and woe betide those who dare come between me and my love! I will fight to the bitter end!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Yes, Vivian Vane was trapped. In the very hour when she seemed about to be restored to home and love and her husband's heart, Fate, in the shape of Gordy Hall, had intervened to throw her back into the toils of a cruel destiny.

She revived from the half numb and dazed condition in which he had found her in the little red school-house to find herself the solitary occupant of the lonely, deserted rectory—once the scene of her married joy, now her prison.

A prisoner in her own home; locked in her own pretty sleeping-room, and no chance of escape!

The shutters were tightly barred, the windows nailed down, and night after night her cruel captor made his appearance with the necessaries of life—fuel and provisions—remaining at the door just long enough to refuse her wild entreaties for liberty. His heart was almost melted by her misery; but the time was not yet ripe for hi mto release her from her prison.

"Let them live in their fool's paradise yet a little longer. Let them quaff the full cup of happiness, that they may find how bitter are the lees," he thought, vindictively; yet he kept carefully to himself the truth of Paul's marriage to Loraine. Bad and cruel as he was, he yet could pity the unhappy Vivian, who had been cheated out of all that made life worth living.

It was al la mystery to the hapless prisoner, who, knowing nothing of all that had happened since their departure from Lisle, could not understand why she had been restored to her home in this strange fashion.

"Where is my husband?" she asked her jailer whenever he came; and once he answered:

"He is staying up at Arcady with the Lisles."

"How long have I been away?" she exclaimed, anxiously; but he answered, evasively:

"I can not tell you."

Was there no escape? In vain she racked her tired brain, that was still weak from the long thralldom in which it had been bound. Nt plan presented itself.

In those dreary, winter days, when the fair, sad young creature lay listlessly upon her bed or drooped wearily in her easy chair, past events had all come back to her mind—"echoes of harp-strings that broke long ago"—and she remembered all the happenings of that strange sky voyage with Colonel Fairlie down to the moment when the eagle bore her child away in its cruel talons. After that, time and place were almost wholly blank until the hour when Eugenie Fairlie's voice and face recalled her to "that fever which men call living."

"Oh, my dear husband, how cruelly you will be disappointed when you learn that our little one is dead!" she went bitterly; and from a little drawer she brought out some dainty little garments she had made for the expected little stranger in the days that seemed so far away now, before the fatal balloon ascension at Arcady. She went bitter tears upon those snowy little robes. She bent her golden head and prayed over them.

"Oh, God, send my husband to me—my Paul, my darling! It seems so long since I have seen him, although it can not have been long since we were parted. But I remember it was always like this. One day of separation seemed like a whole dreary month to me. Oh, heavens! how long has it been since he kissed me good-bye that night at Arcady under the summer stars? Oh, dear God, send me release from my prison and restoration to my husband's arms!"

Was it in answer to her prayer that she heard fotstoeps in the hall outside her door?

"It is Gordy Hall, my cruel jailer! Oh, what is the secret of this strange persecution? I will make one last appeal to him, and then, if not successful, I will try strategy." A clever thought came into her mind.

The key grated in the lock, but not before Vivian, with desperate strength, had flung the cover and the mattress from the folding bed down upon the floor. The door opened, and Gordon Hall stood inside carrying some parcels which contained her supply of food for the following day. Entering, with a look of surprise at her unwonted animation, he quite forgot that he had left the door unlocked behind him.

A clever scheme had entered the girl's mind. If she could manage to outwit this strong man and close him up in the folding bed, she could escape. It was a desperate plan, but it seemed her only chance.

Vivian looked around at Gordy Hall with a perfectly natural air, and asked him to replace the heavy mattress upon the open folding bed. He was thrown off his guard by her innocent air, and, advancing quickly to her asistance, lifted the mattress in his arms, but, his foot tripping on the tiny little member that Vivian adroitly thrust out, he fell forward, the mattress slipped from his grasp, and he found himself floundering for a moment upon the wire springs of the bed. That moment's accident was fatal to him, for with Vivian's desperate push the bed closed with a snap, burying the shrieking man in its locked embrace. His shrieks of rage followed the triumphant girl, as, pausing only to secure her hat and cloak, she sped lightly down the stairs out into the deepening twilight of the winter night, on toward Arcady and Paul.

"My darling! My darling! What a glad surprise this will be for you! It must be that you think me dead, or you would not have gone away and left our home!" she thought.

CHAPTER XLV.

Paul and Loraine had stolen away from their guests in the drawing room to spend that twilight hour alone in the conservatory, that, with its wealth of tropical sweets, natives of more fervid climes than this, seemed to match the fiery intensity of their love. She, this woman, with her dark, picturesque beauty, seemed at home in this tropic splendor of palms and cactuses and other magnificent foreign specimens of strange wild beauty. Seeing her there with her glowing face and her rich robe of fawn-hued velvet brocaded in dark silken flowers, a fervid imagination could easily picture her as some beautiful, tawny pantheress crouching with glittering eyes in its native jungle, waiting to spring upon its prey.

But to Paul Vane there came no such startling fancy. To him she was the embodiment of all grace, all beauty, all purity. The man, usually calm, self-centred and self-contained, had been drawn out of and beyond himself by the intoxication of Loraine's fervent love.. All he had felt for his lost Vivian seemed pale and tame in the glow of this passion. As he clasped warm arms about the sinuous, graceful form and held her closely strained to his heart, he whispered softly into her ear some burning love words from a poet's pen:

"You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man drunken with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then if death
Would come while my mouth were yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart could grow cold
While your arms wrapped me round in their passionate fold."

It was a striking picture there under the glow of the silvery lamps that shone like miniature moons above, so soft and chastened was their mellow light—the beautiful woman clasped in the arms of the stately, handsome rector, whose cheek was flushed, and whose grave eyes shone with the light of love. But what a sight for the poor wanderer outside in the falling snow and the bleak winter night, who, pressing her pale, spiritual face and startled, summer violet eyes against the long glass window, gazed in horror at the striking scene.

What strong tension was there about her heart that it did not break at that torturing sight? Her husband, her love, who had promised in the golden Maytime of their happiness to love her forever—why was he here with his arms about the beautiful, haughty heiress of Arcady? She clasped her cold, white hands to her aching brow, and moaned faintly like one dying.

"Ah, my dream, my dream! He, my husband, believing me dead, has fallen into the toil of this human serpent!"

(To be continued.)

THROAT CATARRH.

Delightful Cure Discovered That Cures Quickly.

A cough mixture slips over the sore spots, drops into the stomach and does little else but harm digestion.

It's different with "Catarrhozone," a remedy that cures because it gets at the trouble.

You inhale Catarrhozone.

Every breath you draw through the inhaler sends healing balsam and soothing antiseptics to the inflamed tissues.

You experience a pleasant sensation of warmth—tightness, soreness and coughing disappear—throat is strengthened and further attacks prevented.

Sick or well, use Catarrhozone, not because it cures, but because it prevents Catarrh, colds, bronchitis and throat trouble. Both pleasant and safe—try it.

Large one dollar outfit is guaranteed Small (trial) size 25c, all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

MAY USE ANOTHER'S BRAIN.

Sir Oliver Lodge's Views of Conditions After Death.

London, Feb. 5.—Sir Oliver Lodge, lecturing before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham on the connection between the psychical and physical, contended the science of the immaterial might be as valid as the science of the material. It might be as possible, he said, for one mind to use another brain as for an author to use another man's desk.

Speculating regarding the condition of the individual after death, Sir Oliver contended he might still exist in ether without his surroundings being altogether different. Science taught nothing more surely about the universe than the continuity of existence. There was no break in continuous, conscious identity. Genuine character, personality, memory and the culture of the affections and tastes were continued, while the terrestrial possessions of pain and disabilities were mostly taken away. The powers and faculties might be enlarged and insight acquired.

STOLE INFECTED RABBITS.

Thief Raided Doctor's Laboratory at St. Louis.

New York, Feb. 5.—The Herald has received the following despatch from St. Louis: Fearful retribution awaits the misguided wretch whose hunger or cupidity moved him to raid the laboratory of Dr. Nathaniel Allison. Incidentally the entire neighborhood of the Martha Parsons Hospital, with which the doctor is connected, is in a state of unrest. Dr. Allison was experimenting in the interest of science upon twelve rabbits, each of which he had inoculated with germs of a contagious disease, and they were being carefully watched during the period of incubation. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Allison went to the cage to see how the various diseases were progressing, when he was horrified to learn that his patients were missing.

Realizing what might result if the rabbits were used as food, he notified the police, and sent a general alarm throughout the neighborhood. Groceries and butcher shops were notified that the diseases ranged from smallpox to measles, and all have declared that no rabbits will be purchased unless each be accompanied by a clean bill of health.

FELL INTO SCALDING WATER.

Employe of London Factory Suffers Terrible Injuries.

London, Feb. 5.—Walter Guymer, of 715 Adelaide street, was severely scalded from his waist down, in an accident that happened at the Bolt Works this afternon. Young Guymer is 16 years old, and is employed at odd jobs about the place. In the building are a number of large vats full of water, which are used to cool the red hot iron, and at times these become almost boiling. They are usually covered, but it seems that the cover was left off one yesterday, and the boy walked into it. His cries attracted the attention of the men nearby, who at once came to his rescue.

Naphtha Reservoir Exploded.

Antwerp, Feb. 5.—The big naphtha reservoir here of the American Petroleum Company exploded to-day with a great roar. The flames were confined to the immediate neighborhood. There were no casualties.

The Dutch tank steamer La Campine is afire here as the result of an explosion on board. La Campine arrived at Antwerp February 1 from Philadelphia.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1908

Friday Bargain List

Worthy of the Store From Which It Comes

Friday is getting to be one of the busiest days of the week now and we are bending all our energies to make these Friday bargains of ours more interesting each week.

VISIT OUR BUSY STAPLE SECTION

Snappy Prices for Friday

Don't Fail to Take Advantage of Them

Odd Napkins

35 dozen Odd Napkins, good firm quality, slightly imperfect, worth $1.25, special ..... 10c each

50 dozen Odd Napkins, ⅝ size, pure linen, regular $2.50 and $2.75, slightly imperfect, for 15c each ..... $1.80 dozen

Table Cloths

100 Damask Cloths, 1 yard square, just the thing for hotel or restaurant use, worth $1.00, for 49c

75 Damask Cloths, 1¼ yards square, fine heavy quality, worth $1.65, for 89c

Bargains For Men

A special line of odd Wool and Fleece Lined Underwear, the regular price is 75c and $1.00, on sale Friday at 39c

100 dozen Black Cashmere Socks, all sizes, to sell on Friday at 23c, regular 35c.

Must be sold. These Ties are worth 50, 75c and $1.00, sale price Friday 34c

A special line of Scotch Wool Underwear to be sold on Friday at 59c, regular $1.00; it will pay you to see them.

Friday Specials in Hose and Underwear

Vests 47c

Ladies' Half Wool Vests, white or natural, long sleeves, with buttoned fronts, 65c values, special sale price ..... 47c each

Children's Hose 15c Pair

Children's Merino Hose, all sizes, seamless feet with spliced toes and heels, nice fine quality for girls, regular 25c pair, special sale price 15c pair

Big Reductions in Bedroom Furnishings

THE best day in the year to procure bed-room furnishings is Feb. 7th, Friday is economical houskeepers' day with big savings guaranteed on every article.

All Wool Blankets

Everything in the way of Blankets, especially the good wearing material, will be found at greatly reduced prices Friday. A few examples below:

Regular Price.	Saving Price.
$5.25, double bed size	$3.98
$5.75, double bed size	$4.48
$6.75, double bed size	$5.48
$4.25, double bed size	$2.98
$4.75, double bed size	$3.48
Grey Wool Blankets, large size.	
$4.00	$2.98
$5.00	$3.98

Flannelette Blankets

Heavy weight Flannelette Blankets, large size, for double bed, clear white body, with blue or pink border, regular price $1.40, saving price $1.22

Grey Flannelette Blankets, double bed size, blue or white border, regular $1.40, saving price $1.19

Bed Spreads

White Honeycomb Bed Spreads, with fringe all round, large size and good weight.

Regular Price.	Saving Price.
$2.10	$1.68
$2.35	$1.78
$2.75	$1.98

12 Bedspreads, white honeycomb and Marseilles, single bed, crib and ¾ bed size, your choice 78c

63 pairs dainty bed-room Curtains, Nottingham lace, regular price $1.25, special 89c

R. McKAY & CO.

RAILWAY CROSSINGS

SENATE COMMITTEE CONSIDERING MR. LANCASTER'S BILL.

Objections by the Railways to the Enforcement of the Measure—Would Prevent Running of Fast Trains and Cause Serious Loss of Business.

Ottawa, Feb. 5.—The Senate Railway Committee this morning considered Mr. Lancaster's bill to compel railways to protect all crossings in thickly populated localities or reduce the speed of their trains. The railways companies put up a strenuous argument against the bill, which, it is evident, will have a hard fight to get through, although the sentiment of the committee seems much more favorable than in previous sessions.

The case of the Grand Trunk was presented by Mr. T. H. Chrysler, K. C., who objected that the bill, as passed by the Commons, would compel railways to make changes on a very large number of level crossings within a year, or have to face the alternative of reducing the speed of their trains. He argued that the existing law and the powers of the Railway Commission gave the public ample protection. It would be impossible to give the protection asked for by the bill within the year specified. It would require years for the companies to place gates with watchmen in charge of them or construct overhead bridges or subways at every crossing. He pointed out that it took two miles to slow down a passenger train to ten miles an hour. If the bill were passed in its present form the result would be that the time for running the night train from Montreal to Toronto, and vice versa, which now took seven and a half hours, would be increased to thirteen hours.

Another important point was that the reduction of the speed of fast freight trains would deprive the Canadian roads of a large quantity of traffic in fresh meats and fruit, which would go to he United States roads. He pointed out that cattle trains now went through to Montreal in 24 hours. If the bill were enforced this would be impossible, and the cattle would have to be taken out of the cars, fed and watered, with the result that the business would go to American roads, which would not be hampered by similar regulations. The length of the freight trains would also have to be reduced. The C. P. R. had 1,375 and the G. T. R. 785 crossings which would be affected by the bill. The installation of gates cost at least a thousand dollars, and it cost about a thousand dollars a year each to maintain them, so that the problem which the railways had to face was apparent. The fact was that the passage of the bill would mean an expenditure by the railways of at least $50,000,000.

Mr. Chrysler argued that this was a matter which should be left to the Railway Commission, a body which knew what it was doing. In the west villages had grown up after the railways had gone there, and he argued that in such cases the municipalities should bear t least a share of the cost of providing such protection as was required by the bill.

Mr. G. A. Mountain, chief engineer of the Railway Commission, stated that the conimission was looking into the matter of protection at railway crossings. In the past three years its officers had examined and reported upon 503 crossings, and had ordered bells, gates or subways at most of them. To install a bell cost about $300; to put up a set of double gates about $700, while the cost of maintenance was about $1,000 a year. As an example of what the bill would involve he cited the case of the subway at Bank street, in Ottawa, which cost $75,000. In the case of all new railways, the highway crossing plans were referred to the municipal authorities, and permission was not given to the railway to construct until the permission of the municipalities had been secured. With the present staff it would take the commission several years to examine all the level crossings, but the number inspected was increasing every year. Each crossing ought to be dealt with on its merits.

Mr. Dillinger, traffic officer of the Railway Commission, said that to reduce the speed of a passenger train to ten miles an hour meant a minimum loss of time of three minutes, while in the case of freight trains it was twice as much. With ninety crossings between Montreal and Toronto, the increase in time for passenger trains would be from four to five hours.

Mr. Charles Drinkwater, speaking for the C. P. R., pointed out that his company had on the route a fast train, the Overseas Limited, to compete with the Suez Canal route to the Orient. This was scheduled to make the distance across the continuent in, first, 100 hours; then 84 hours, and now it had been reduced to 72 hours. If that train were compelled to reduce its speed to ten miles at crossings, it would mean going back to the 100-hour basis, and this would inevitably result in the loss of the British mail contract.

Senator Beique, in view of the large interests affected, suggested an amendment, which would give the Railway Board power to make exceptions to the ten-mile rule, and fix the speed of trains at any rate which they might think wise at any particular crossing for any particular train at any particular time of the day. But the committee rose before the amendment could be considered, and it will be taken up at the next meeting of the committee.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

G. T. R. Conductor Arrested.

Montreal, Feb. 5.—W. F. Bottomley, conductor of the G. T. R. freight train which was run into at St. Martin Junction and killed Engineer Symonds, was arrested for manslaughter. He pleads not guilty. The charge is that he had not protected his train by lights.

STEAMSHIPS

C.P.R. ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS
ROYAL MAIL EMPRESSES

LIVERPOOL.

To		From
Feb 7th	Empress of Ireland	Jan. 24
Feb. 21	Empress of Britain	Feb. 7
Feb. 29	Lake Manitoba	Feb. 12
Mar. 6	Empress of Ireland	Feb. 21
Mar. 14	Lake Champlain	Feb 26
Mar. 29	Empress of Britain	Mar. 6

Eastbound. Second cabin $33.75 on "Empresses", $31.25 "Lake Erie" and "Lake Champlain." Steerage $16.25 and $17.50

Westbound. Second cabin $30, minimum on all steamers. Steerage Liverpool to St. John via "Empresses" $22.50, other steamers $20.

"Lake Erie" and "Lake Champlain" carry one class second and steerage only.

For full particulars apply to steamship agents.

DOMINION LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

FROM PORTLAND.

Welshman	Jan. 25	Cornishman	Feb. 15
Ottoman	Feb. 1	*Dominion	Feb. 22
*Canada	Feb. 8	Welshman	Feb. 29

*These steamers carry passengers.

Steamers sail from Portland 2 p. m.

The Canada is one of the fastest and most comfortable steamers in the Canadian trade.

First-class rate, $50; second-class, $30.00 and upwards, according to steamer.

MODERATE RATE SERVICE.

To Liverpool, $40.00 and $42.50.

To London, $2.50 additional.

Third-class to Liverpool, $16.25, London, Londonderry, Belfast, Glasgow, $17.50.

PORTLAND TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).

Englishman ... Jan. 30 Manxman .. Feb. 13

For all information apply to local agent or DOMINION LINE,
17 St. Sacrament street, Montreal.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for entry or cancellation made personally at any Sub-agent's office may be wired to the Agent by the Sub-agent, at the expense of the applicant, and if the land applied for is vacant on receipt of the telegram such application is to have priority and the land will be held until the necessary papers to complete the transaction are received by mail.

In case of "personation" or fraud the applicant will forfeit all priority of claim or if entry has been granted it will be summarily cancelled.

An application for cancellation must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry, and only one application for cancellation will be received from an individual until that application has been disposed of.

Where an entry is cancelled subsequent to institution of cancellation proceedings, the applicant for cancellation will be entitled to prior right of entry.

Applicant for cancellation must state in what particular the homesteader is in default.

A homesteader whose entry is not the subject of cancellation proceedings, may, subject to the approval of Department, relinquish it in favour of father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister if eligible, but to no one else, on filing declaration of abandonment.

DUTIES—A settler is required to perform the duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 per acre. Not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

QUARTZ.—A person eighteen years of age, or over, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is $5.

At least $100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When $500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at $1 per acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2½ per cent. on the sales.

Placer mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entrance fee, $5; renewable yearly

An applicant may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental $10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2½ per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds $10,000.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

BLACHFORD & SON, Funeral Directors
57 King Street West
Established 1862. Private Mortuary.
BRANCHES—545 Barton East; 412 Ferguson avenue north.

RAILWAYS

NEW YORK EXCURSION
WEST SHORE R. R.
Tuesday, February 11th

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