E.P. Oppenheim author of The Traitors.

The Betrayal

A Powerful and Fascinating Serial Story

(Continued from Page Six.)

been drawn closer and closer, Mr. Ducaine. Down in Braster you may be able to help me in narrowing it down till only one person is within it. Listen!

Lady Chelsford entered, gorgeous in white satin and a flaming tiara. She looked at me, I thought, a little gravely.

"Morton," she said, "I want you to spare me a minute. Mr. Ducaine will excuse you, I am sure."

Lord Chelsford and she left the room together. I, feeling the heat of the apartment, walked to the window, and raising the sash looked out into the cool dark evening. At the door, drawn up in front of Lord Chelsford's brougham, was a carriage with a tall footman standing facing me. I recognized him and the liveries in a moment. It was the Rowchester carriage. Some one from Rowchester House was even now with Lord and Lady Chelsford.

Fresh complications, then! Had the Duke come to see me, or had his suspicions been aroused? Was he even now insisting upon an explanation with Lord Chelsford? The minutes passed, and I began to get restless and anxious. Then the door opened, and Lord Chelsford entered alone. He came over at once to my side. He was looking perplexed and a little annoyed.

"Ducaine," he said, "Lady Angela Harberly is here."

"Lady Angela—here?"

"And she wishes to see you," he continued. "Lady Chelsford is chaperoning her tonight to Suffolk House, but she says that she should have come here in any case. She believes that you are going to China."

"Did you tell her?" I asked.

"I have told her nothing," he answered. "The question is, what you are to tell her. I understand, Ducaine, that Lady Angela was engaged to be married to Colonel Ray.

"I believe that she is," I admitted.

"Then I do not understand her desire t osee you," Lord Chelsford said. "The Duke of Rowchester is my friend and relative, Ducaine, and I do not see how I am going to permit this interview."

"And I," said a quiet thrilling voice behind his neck, "do not know how you are going to prevent it."

She closed the door behind her. She was so frail and so delicately beautiful in her white gown, with the ropes of pearls around her neck, the simply parted hair, and her dark eyes were so plaintive and yet so tender, that the angry exclamation died away on Lord Chelsford's lips.

"Angela," he said, "Mr. Ducaine is here. You can speak with him if you will, but it must be in my presence. You must not think that I do not trust you—both of you. But I owe this condition to your father."

She came over to me very timidly. She seemed to me so beautiful, so exquisitely childish, that I touched the fingers of the hand she gave me with a feeling of positive reverence.

"You have come to wish me Godspeed," I murmured. "I shall never forget it."

"You are really going away, then?"

"I am going for a little time out of your life, Lady Angela," I answered. "It is necessary: Lord Chelsford knows that. But I am not going in disgrace. I am very thankful to be able to tell you that."

"It was not necessary to tell me," she answered. "Am I not here?"

"Mine is not a purposeless exile—not altogether an unhappy one—now," I said. "I have work to do, Lady Angela, and I am going to it with a good heart. When we meet again I hope it may be differently. Your coming—the memory of it will stand often between me and loneliness. It will sweeten the very bitterest of my days."

"You are really going—to China?" she murmured.

I glanced towards Lord Chelsford. His back was turned to us. If he understood the meaning of my pause he made no sign.

"I may not tell you where I am going or why," I answered. "But I will tell you this, Lady Angela. I shall come back, and as you have come to see me tonight, so shall I come to you before long. If you will trust me I will prove myself worthy of it."

She did not answer with any word at all, but with a sudden little forward movement of both her hands, and I saw that her eyes were swimming in tears. Yet they shone into mine like stars, and I saw heaven there.

"I am sorry," Lord Chelsford said, gravely interposing, "but Lady Chelsford will be waiting for you, Angela. And I think I must ask you to remember that I cannot sanction, or appear by my silence to sanction, anything of this sort."

So he led her away, but what did I care? My heart was beating with the rapture of her backward glance. I feared neither for Ray nor the Duke nor any living person. For with me it was the one supreme moment of a man's lifetime, come too at the very moment of my despair. I was no longer at the bottom of the pit. The wonderful gates stood open.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Terrible Discovery

I called softly to Grooton from my room upstairs.

"Grooton!"

"Yes, sir."

"You are alone?"

"Yes sir."

"Is Mr. Hill still up at the Court?"

"He will be there until midnight, sir."

A gust of wind came roaring through the wood, drowning even the muffled thunder of the sea below. The rain beat upon the window panes. The little house, strongly built though it was, seemed to quiver from its very foundations. I caught up my overcoat, and boldly descended the narrow staircase. Grooton stood at the bottom, holding a lamp in his hand.

"You are quite safe tonight, sir," he said. "There'll be no one about in such a storm."

I stood still for a moment. The raging and tearing of the sea below had momentarily triumphed over the north wind.

"The trees in the spinney are snapping like twigs, sir," Grooton remarked. "There's one lying right across the path outside. But you'll excuse me, sir—you're not going out!"

"I think so, Grooton," I answered, "for a few minutes. Remember that I have been a prisoner here for three days. I'm dying for some fresh air."

"I don't think it's hardly safe, sir," he protested, deprecatingly. "Not that there's any fear of your being seen: the wind's enough to carry you over the cliff."

"I shall risk it, Grooton," I answered. "I think that the wind is going down, and there won't be a soul about. It's too good a chance to miss."

I waited for a momentary lull, and then I opened the door and slipped out. The first breath of cold strong air was like wine to me after my confinement, but a moment later I felt my breath taken away, and I was lifted almost from my feet by a sudden gust. I linked my arm around the trunk of a swaying pine tree and hung there till the lull came. Up into the darkness from that unseen gulf below came showers of spray, white as snow, falling like rain all about me. It was a night to remember.

Presently I turned inland, and reached the park. I left the footpath so that I should avoid all risk of meeting any one, and followed the wire fencing which divided the park from the belt of fir trees bordering the road. I walked for a few hundred yards, and then stopped short.

I had reached the point where that long straight road from Braster turned sharply away inland for the second time. At a point about a quarter of a mile away, and rapidly approaching me, came a twin pair of flaring eyes. I knew at once what they were—the head lights of a motor car. Without a moment's hesitation I doubled back to the "Brand."

"Grooton!" I called sharply.

Grooton appeared.

"Is any one at Braster Grange?" I asked.

"Not that I have heard of, sir," he answered.

"You do not know whether Mrs. Smith-Lessing is expected back?"

"I have not heard, sir. They left no servants there—not even a caretaker."

I stepped back again into the night and took the shortest cut across the park to the house. As I neared the entrance gates I left the path and crept up close to the plantation which bordered the road. My heart gave a jump as I listened. I could hear the low level throbbing of a motor somewhere quite close at hand. The lights had been extinguished, but it was there waiting. I did not hesitate any longer. I kept on the turf by the side of the avenue and made my way up to the house.

The library alone and one small window on the ground floor were lit. I crept up on the terrace and tried to peer in, but across each of the library windows the curtains were too closely drawn. There remained the small window at the end of the terrace. I crept on tiptoe towards this, feeling my way through the darkness by the front of the house. Suddenly I came to a full stop. I flattened myself against the stonework and held my breath. Some one else was on the terrace. What I had heard was unmistakable. It was the wind blowing amongst a woman's skirts, and the woman was close at hand.

I almost felt her warm breath as she stole past me. I caught a gleam of a pale face, sufficient to tell me who she was. She passed on and took up her stand outside that small end window.

I, too, crept nearer to it. About a yard away there was a projection of the front. I stole into the deep corner and waited. A few feet from me I knew that she too was waiting.

Half an hour, perhaps an hour, passed. My ears became trained to all sounds that were not absolutely deadened by the roar of the wind. I heard the crash of falling boughs in the woods, the more distant but unchanging thunder of the sea, the sharp spitting of the rain upon the stone walk. And I heard the opening of the window by the side of which I was leaning.

I was only just in time. Through the raised sash there came a hand, holding a packet of some sort, and out of the darkness came another hand eagerly stretched out to receive it. I brushed it ruthlessly aside, tore the packet from the fingers which suddenly strove to retain it, and with my other hand I caught the arm a little above the wrist. I heard the flying footsteps of my fellow-watcher, but I did not even turn round. A fierce joy was in my heart. Now I was to know. The veil of mystery which hung over the doings at Braster was to be swept aside. I stooped down till my eyes were within a few inches of the hand. I passed my fingers over it. I felt the ring——

Then I remembered only that mad headlong flight back across the park, where the very air seemed full of sobbing, mocking voices, and the ground beneath my feet swayed and heaved. I could not even think coherently. I heard the motor go tearing down the road past me, and come to a standstill at the turn. Still I had no thought of any danger. It never occurred to me to leave the footpath and make my way back to the "Brand," as I might well have done, by a more circuitous route. I kept on the footpath, and just as I reached the little iron gate which led into the spinney, I felt a man's arm suddenly flung around my neck, and with a jerk I was thrown almost off my feet.

"He is here, madam," I heard a low voice say. "Take the papers from him. I have him safe."

I think that my desperate humor lent me more than my usual strength. Almost immediately I heard the click of a revolver.

"If you move," a low voice said, "I fire!"

"What do you want?" I asked.

"The papers."

I laughed bitterly.

"Are they worth my life?" I asked.

"The life of a dozen such as you," the man answered. "Quick! Hand them over."

Then I heard a little cry from the woman who had been standing a few feet off. In the struggle I had lost my cap, and a faint watery moon, half hidden by a ragged bank of black clouds, was shining weakly down upon us.

"Guy," she cried, and her voice was shaking as though with terror. "Guy is that you?"

I lost my self-control. I forgot her sex, I forgot everything except that she was responsible for this unspeakable corruption. I said terrible things to her. And she listened, white—calm—speechless. When I had finished she signed to the man to leave us. He hesitated, but with a more peremptory gesture she dismissed him.

"Guy," she said, "you have not spared me. Perhaps I do not deserve it. Now listen. The whole thing is at an end. Those few papers are all we want. Your father is already in France. I am leaving at once. Give me those papers and you will be rid of us for ever. If you do not I must stay on until I have received copies of a portion of them at any rate. You know very well now that I can do this. Give me those that you have. It will be safer—in every way."

"Give them to you?" I answered scornfully. "Are you serious?"

"Very serious, Guy. Do you not see that the sooner it is all over—the better—the safer—up there?

She pointed towards the house. I could have struck the white fingers with their loathsome meaning.

"I shall take this packet to Lord Chelsford," I said. "I am down here as a spy—a spy upon spies. He is up at the house now, and tomorrow this packet will be in his hands. I shall tell him how I secured it. I think that after that you will not have many opportunities for plying your cursed trade."

"You know the consequences?"

"They are not my concern," I answered coldly.

She looked over her shoulder.

"If I," she said, "were as unwavering in my duty as you I should call Jean back."

"I am indifferent," I answered. "I do not value my life enough to shrink from fighting for it."

She turned away.

"You are very young, Guy," she said, "and you talk like a very young man. You must go your own way. Send for Lord Chelsford, if you will. Can't you see that such stern morality as yours is the most exquisite form of selfishness? Good-bye, Guy."

She glided away. I reached the "Brand" undisturbed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Traitor

"I do not understand you Ducaine," Lord Chelsford said slowly. "You have been a faithful and valuable servant to your country, and you know very well that your services are not likely to be forgotten. I want you only to be consistent. I must know from whom you received this packet."

"I cannot tell you, sir," I answered. "It was a terribly dark night, and it is not easy to identify a hand. Besides, it was snatched away almost at once."

"In your own mind, Ducaine," Chelsford said, "have you hazarded a guess as to who that unseen person might be?"

"It is too serious a matter to hazard guesses about, sir," I answered.

"Nevertheless," Lord Chelsford continued, eyeing me closely, "in your own mind you know very well who that person was. You are a bad liar, Ducaine. There was something about the hand which told you the truth—a ring, perhaps. At any rate, something."

"I had no time to feel for such things, sir," I answered.

"Ducaine," Lord Chelsford said, "I am forced to connect your refusal to hazard even a surmise as to the identity of that hand with your sudden desire to break off all connection with this matter. I am forced to come to a conclusion, Ducaine. You have discovered the truth. You know the traitor!"

"On the contrary, Lord Chelsford," I answered, "I know nothing."

Later in the day he came to me again. I could see that he had made no fresh discovery.

"Ducaine," he said, "what time did you say that you left here last night?"

"At midnight, sir."

"And you were back?"

"Before one."

"That corresponds exactly with Grooton's statement," Lord Chelsford said. "And yet I have certain information that from a few minutes before eleven till two o'clock not one member of the Military Board quitted the library."

I bowed.

"That is conclusive," I remarked.

"It is remarkably inconclusive to me," Lord Chelsford remarked grimly. "Whom else save one of your friends who are all upon the Board could you possibly wish to shield?"

"That I even wish to do so," I answered, "is purely an assumption."

"You are fencing with me, young man," Lord Chelsford said grimly, "and it is not worth while. Hush!"

There was a rap at the door downstairs. We heard the Duke's measured tones.

"I understood that Lord Chelsford was here," he said.

"Lord Chelsford has left, your Grace," Grooton answered.

"And Mr. Hill?"

"He has been at the house all day, your Grace."

The Duke appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"Grooton," he said, "I rely upon you to see that Lord Chelsford has this note shortly. I am going for a little walk, and shall probably return this way. I wish you to understand that this note is for Lord Chelsford's own hand."

"Certainly, your Grace."

"Not only that, Grooton, but the fact that I called here and left a communication for Lord Chelsford is also—to be forgotten."

"I quite understand, your Grace," Grooton assured him.

The Duke struck a match, and a moment or two later we saw him strolling along the cliff side, smoking a cigarette, his hands behind him, prim, carefully dressed, walking with the measured ease of a man seeking an appetite for his dinner. He was scarcely out of sight, and Lord Chelsford was on the point of descending for his note, when my heart gave a great leap. Lady Angela emerged from the plantation and crossed the open space in front of the cottage with swift footsteps. Her hair was streaming in the breeze as though she had been running, but there was not a vestige of color in her cheeks. Her eyes, too, were like the eyes of a frightened child.

Lord Chelsford descended the stairs and himself admitted her.

"Why, Angela," he exclaimed, "you look as though you had seen a ghost. Is anything the matter?"

"Oh, I am afraid so," she answered. "Have you seen my father?"

"Why?" he asked, fingering the note which Grooton had silently laid upon the table.

"Something has happened!" she exclaimed. "I am sure of it. Last night he came to me before dinner. He told me that Blenavon was in trouble. It was necessary to send him money by a special messenger, by the only person who knew his whereabouts. He gave me a packet, and he told me that at a quarter past twelve last night I was to be in my music room, and directly the stable clock struck that I was to open the window, and some one would be there on the terrace and take the packet. I did exactly as he told me, and there was someone there; but I had just held out the packet when a third person snatched it away, and held my hand close to his eyes as though to try and guess who I was. I managed to get it away and close the window, but I think that the wrong person must have taken the packet. I told my father today, and—you know that terrible still look of his. I thought that he was never going to speak again. When I asked him if there was a good deal of money in it—he only groaned."

Up on the top of the stairs I was shaking with excitement. I heard Lord Chelsford speak, and his voice was hoarse.

"Since then," he asked, "what?"

"A man came to see father. He drove from Wells. He looked like a Frenchman, but he gave no name. He was in the library for an hour. When he left he walked straight out of the house and drove away again. I went into the library, and —you know how strong father is—he was crouching forward across the table, muttering to himself. It was like some sort of a fit. He did not know me when I spoke to him. Lord Chelsford, what does it all mean?"

"Go on!" he answered. "Tell me the rest."

"There is nothing else," she faltered. "He got better presently, and he kissed me. I have never known him to do such a thing before, except at morning or night. And then he locked himself in the study and wrote. About an hour afterwards I heard him asking everywhere for you. The servants thought that you had come here. I saw him crossing the park, so I followed."

Lord Chelsford came to the bottom of the stairs and called me by name. I heard Lady Angela's little cry of surprise. I was downstairs in a moment, and she came straight into my arms. Her dear tear-stained little face buried itself upon my shoulder.

"I am so thankful, so thankful that you are here," she murmured.

And all the while, with a face of a man forced into the presence of tragedy, Lord Chelsford was reading that letter. When he had finished his hands were shaking and his face was grey. He moved over to the fireplace, and, without a moment's hesitation, he thrust the letter into the flames. Not content with that he stood over it, poker in hand, and beat the ashes into powder. Then he turned to the door.

"Take care of Angela, Ducaine," he exclaimed, and hurried out.

But Lady Angela had taken alarm. She hastened after him, dragging me with her. Lord Chelsford was past middle age, but he was running along the cliff path like a boy. We followed. Lady Angela would have passed him, but I held her back. She did not speak a word. Some vague prescience of the truth even then, I think, had dawned upon her.

We must have gone a mile before we came in sight of him. He was strolling along, only dimly visible in the gathering twilight, still apparently smoking, and with the air of a man taking a leisurely promenade. He was tolling up the side of the highest cliff in the neighborhood, and once we saw him turn seaward and take off his hat as though enjoying the breeze. Just as he neared the summit he looked around. Lord Chelsford waved his hand and shouted.

"Rowchester," he cried. "Hi! Wait for me."

The Duke waved his hand as though in salute, and turned apparently with the object of coming to meet us. But at that moment, without any apparent cause, he lurched over toward the cliff side, and we saw him fall. Lady Angela's cry of frenzied horror was the most awful thing I had ever heard. Lord Chelsford took her into his arms.

"Climb down, Ducaine," he gasped. I'm done!"

I found the Duke on the shingles, curiously unmangled. He had the appearance of a man who had found death restful.

CHAPTER XL.

The Theories of a Novelist.

The novelist smiled. He had been buttonholed by a very great man, which pleased him. He raised his voice a little. There were others standing around. He fancied himself already the centre of the group. He forgot the greatness of the great man.

"In common with many other people, my dear Marquis," he said, "you labor under a great mistake. Human character is governed by as exact laws as the physical world. Give me a man's characteristics, and I will undertake to tell you exactly how he will act under any given circumstances. It is a question of mathematics. We all carry with us, inherited or acquired, a certain amount of resistance to evil influence, certain predilections towards good and vice versa, according as we are decent fellows, or blackguards. Some natures are more complex than others, of course—that only means that the weighing up of the good and evil in them is a more difficult matter. There are experts who can tell you the weight of a haystack by looking at it, and there are others who are able at Christmas-time to indulge in an unquenchable thirst by accurately computing the weight, down to ounces, of the pig or turkey raffled for at their favorite public house. So the trained student of his fellows can also diagnose his subjects and anticipate their actions."

The Marquis smiled.

"You analytical novelists would destroy for us the whole romance of life," he declared. "I will not listen to you any longer. I fear ignorance less than disillusion!"

He passed on, and the little group at once dispersed. The novelist was left alone. He went off in a huff. Lord Chelsford plucked me by the arm.

"Let us sit down, Ducaine," he said. "What rubbish these men of letters talk!"

I glanced towards the ballroom, but my companion shook his head.

"Angela is dancing with the Portuguese Ambassador," he said, "and he will never give up his ten minutes afterwards. You must pay the penalty of having married the most beautiful woman in London, Guy, and sit out with the old fogies. What rubbish that fellow did talk!"

"You are thinking——" I murmured.

"Of the Duke! Yes! There was a man who to all appearances was a typical English gentleman, proud, sensitive of his honor, in every action which came before the world a right-dealing and a right-doing man. To do what seemed right to him from one point of view he stripped himself of lands and fortune, and when that was not enough he stooped to unutterable baseness. He was willing to betray his country to justify his own sense of personal honor."

"In justice to him," I said, "one must remember that he never for a moment believed in the possibility of a French invasion."

Lord Chelsford shook his head.

"It is too nice a point," he declared. "We may not reckon it in his favor. I wonder how our friends on the other side felt when they knew that they had paid fifty thousand pounds for false information? We ought to make you a peer, Ducaine. The Trogoldy money would stand it."

"For Heaven's sake don't!" I cried. "What have I done that you should want to banish me into the pastures?"

"You talk too much," my companion murmured. "In the Lords it wouldn't matter, but in the Commons you are a nuisance. I suppose you want to be taken into the Cabinet."

"Quite true!" I admitted. "You want young men there, and I am ready at any time."

"A man with a wife like yours," Lord Chelsford remarked, thoughtfully, "is bound to go anywhere he wants. Then he sits down and takes all the credit to himself."

Angela passed on the arm of the Ambassador. She waved her hand gaily to us, but her companion drew her firmly away. We both looked after her admiringly.

"Guy," Lord Chelsford said, "we have both of us done some good work in our time, but never anything better than the way we managed to hoodwink everybody—even herself, about her father. Amongst the middle classes he remains a canonized saint, the man who pauperized himself for their sakes. Ray was too full of Blenavon's little aberrations to suspect any one else, and our friends across the water who might—I mean the woman—have been inclined for a little blackmail, were obliging enough to make a final disappearance in the unlucky Henriette. The woman was saved, though, by-the-bye."

"The woman is still alive," I told him, "but I will answer for her silence. I allow her a small pension—all she would accept. She is living in the south of France somewhere."

"And Blenavon," Lord Chelsford said, with a smile, "has married an American girl who has made a different man of him. What character those women have! She hasn't a penny, they tell me, until her father dies, and they work on their ranch from sunrise. She will be an ornament to our aristocracy when they do come back."

"They are coming next spring," I remarked, "if they can do it out of the profits of the ranch—not unless. Blenavon has carried out his father's wishes to the letter, and cut off the entail of everything that was necessary."

"What a silly ass that novelist was!" Lord Chelsford declared vigorously.

THE END.

STOVES and HEATERS

As the Winter Season is coming on rapidly a heater will soon be necessary. We have them in all sizes and prices. Also the largest stock of Stoves and Ranges in the province. . . . .

Catalogue Sent for the Asking

Albion Stove Works

LIMITED.

Victoria, B.C.

Notice.

Thirty days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated in the Omineca Mining Division of Cassiar District: Commencing at a Post on the East bank of the Skeena River and five chains South of where the Kshuqtigeiqus Creek empties itself into the Skeena River, marked "W. H. P. Southwest Corner Post," thence North 80 chains, thence East 80 chains, thence South 80 chains, thence West 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated September 24, 1906.

W. H. PIERCE, Locater.

o25

NOTICE is herey given that 30 days after date I intend to make application to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on the west side of Redonda Island, Northwest District: Commencing at a stake planted on the west side of Redonda Island about 2 miles from north end of Lewis Channel, thence east 80 chains, thence south to shore of Teakerne Arm, thence in a northerly direction to place of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the foreshore opposite lot 158, Renfrew District.

Vancouver, B. C., September 1, 1906.

s2 THOMAS HORNE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, B. C., for permission to purchase the following described land, situated on Portland Canal, in the Skeena district:

Commencing at a post planted on the beach about one-quarter of a mile below the mouth of Swamp Point Creek, marked "J. S. Harkley, S. E Corner," thence 80 chains North, thence 40 chains West to the beach, thence 40 chains in a Southeasterly direction along the beach to place of commencement; containing 160 acres, more or less.

Located this 3rd day of September, 1906.

J. S. HARKLEY,

s22 R. O. Jennings, Agent.

MINERAL ACT (Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Lion Fraction, Orwell, Rock Bluff and Lawarance Mineral Claims, situated in the Victoria Mining Division of Somenos District. Where located: All on Mount Sicker, Vancouver Island, the Lion Fraction East of the Lawarance, Orwell West of and adjoining the Rock Bluff, Rock Bluff South West of Lion Fraction, Lawarance West of and adjoining Lion Fraction.

TAKE NOTICE that I, James L. Hird, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 7088, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such a Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 11th day of October, 1906.

JAMES L. HIRD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, 30 days after date, I intend to make application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated in Bear River District, Portland Canal:

Commencing at a post 40 chains West of bridge and on South bank of Bitter Creek, thence East 40 chains, thence South 80 chains, thence West 40 chains, thence North 80 chains to commencement point.

October 1, 1906.

C. BEBEAU.

C. H. Dickie, Agent.

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Comissioner of lands and works for permission to purchase the following described land situate in Range five Coast district, B.C. Comencing at a post planted at the northeast corner of lot 364 running west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less. Located September 2nd, 1906.

C. PORTER.

By J. Dean, Agent.

Dated, Essington, Sept. 17th, 1906.

MUNICIPALITY OF SAANICH.

Municipal Elections, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in order to qualify as voters in the forthcoming municipal elections as householders, such persons are required during the month of November to make and subscribe before a Supreme of County Court Judge, Justice of the Peace, Stipendiary or Police Magistrate or Notary Public, the statutary declaration provided by the Municipal Elections Act.

This declaration may be made before the Clerk of the Municipality at the municipal office on Glanford avenue.

Note.—Assessed real estate owners and those who have bought real estate in the municipality during 1906, are requested to call at the municipal office and see that their names are duly entered and declaration made before the Municipal Assessor (H. O. Case) according to statute.

The municipal office is open to the public between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. Saturdays, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays and legal holidays excepted.

HENRY O. CASE, C. M. C.

NOTICE.

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, situated at Lion Point, Portland Canal:

Commencing at a post placed at the S.W. corner of lot 467, and marked "A.H.P.'s N.W. Corner," thence along the Southern boundary of lot 467 to the S.E. corner of said lot, thence South 40 chains, thence West 40 chains, thence North 40 chains, to the shore of Portland Canal, thence along the shore in an Easterly direction to point of commencement.

Stewart, B. C.

ARTHUR H. PIGOTT,

o18 Per Wm. Pigott, Agent.

To Fannie R. Kiersted and Edgar F. Kiersted:

TAKE NOTICE that I intend, one month after date of this notice, to sell under a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage dated October 1, 1902, all that parcel or tract of land known as part of Section Seven (7), Victoria District, and more particularly known as Lot Five (5) of Sub-division of Lots Ten (10) and Eleven (11), of Block A, of Extension A, Cloverdale, Map 436; unless the principal and interest now owing under said mortgage are paid before the expiry of said month.

M. Z. RICHARDSON,

Mortgagee.

Dated at Victoria, B. C., October 25, 1906. o26

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Commissioner of Lands and Works for the purchase of the land situate at West end of Bablne Portage, starting from a post marked "S. W.," thence running East 40 chains, thence North 40 chains, thence West 40 chains, thence South to starting point 40 chains, and containing 160 acres, more or less.

Bablne Portage, August 1, 1906.

N. COCOLA.

o26

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 license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situated on south side of Toba Inlet: Commencing at a stake planted on south side of Jason river, about 40 chains from the mouth, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to place of commencement.

E. W. WYLIE.

Read Island, B. C., October 20th, 1906.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land for cannery and fishing purposes:

Beginning at a post marked "B. W. L., N.W. Cor.," situate at the S. W. corner of Pre-emption No. 75, in Sec. 29, Township 30, Rupert District, thence East 20 chains, thence South 80 chains, thence West to the shore, following the shore line North and East to the point of commencement, being 160 acres, more or less.

Dated this 8th day of September, 1906.

B. W. LEESON.

o2 R. E. MONTGOMERY.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty (60) days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the foreshore for booming purposes: Beginning at a stake marked "D. Drysdale's northeast corner," planted on north side of West Arm of Cumshewa Inlet; thence west 40 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of beginning.

D. DRYSDALE,

By C. T. Moore, Agent.

Dated September 28th, 1906.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease 160 acres of land for agricultural purposes, described as follows:

Commencing at a post adjoining my pre-emption on N. W. corner, running North 40 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence South 40 chains, thence West 40 chains, containing 160 acres, situated on North shore of Francis Lake, in Coast District.

J. W. HENKEL,

e18 Francois Lake.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, in accordance with the Land Act, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of unsurveyed land on the Bulkley river, about four miles from South Bulkley telegraph office, Coast District, described as follows:

Starting at Initial post N. W. Corner, thence South 40 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence North 40 chains, thence West 40 chains to point of commencement.

July 19, 1906.

J. C. BOYD,

Locator.

s2 W. H. Boyd, Agent.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, sixty days after date, we intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease, for twenty years, as a fishing station, the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the West shore Kildala Bay, about one mile North of Lot 5, Range Two (2), Coast District, thence West 20 chains, thence South 20 chains, thence East 20 chains more or less to Kildala Bay, thence Northwesterly, following along the said shore line of Kildala Bay, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

KILDALA PACKING CO., LTD.

D. Groves, Director.

Dated at Rivers Inlet, B. C., September 4, 1906. s18

NOTICE RE APPLICATION TO PURCHASE

NOTICE is hereby given that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for permission to purchase the following described land, situate: In Range 5, Coast District, B. C.: Commencing at a Post on the North bank of the Skeena River, at or near a point known as Kitsap, running North 80 chains, thence East 80 chains, thence South 80 chains, thence West 80 chains to point of commencement; containing 640 acres, more or less. Located September 5, 1906.

Dated at Esington, September 17, 1906.

E. D. ORDE.

o4 By J. Dean, Agent.

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 lands, situated on Union Island, Kynuqut Sound, Vancouver Island, about one mile West of Chatanwell Point: Commencing at a post marked "J. McM., S.W. Corner," thence West 20 chains, thence North 20 chains, thence East 20 chains to shore line, thence following shore line to point of commencement; containing 40 acres, more or less

o8 JOHN MACMILLAN.

That, 60 days after date, I intend to make application to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situate on the Northern bank of the Nass River: Commencing at a post standing on the S. E. corner of the Red Cliff Indian Reserve, thence East 40 chains, thence North 20 chains, thence West 40 chains, thence South 20 chains, to point of commencement; containing 110 acres, more or less.

Dated September 24, 1906.

s27 HERBERT T. COLLISON.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, in the Renfrew district of Vancouver Island:-

1. Commencing from a stake planted at the N. W. corner of Section 79; thence N. to the N. E. corner of Section 78; thence W. 20 chains along North Boundary of Section 78; thence N. 40 chains; thence E. 116 chains; thence South 20 chains more or less to the N. W. corner of Section 84; thence continuing South 24 chains more or less to the North Boundary of Section 91; thence West along North Boundary of Section 91 to the N. W. corner of Section 92; thence South to the North Boundary of Section 79; thence West to the N. W. corner of Section 79, being the point of commencement.

2. Commencing at a stake planted at the N. W. corner of application No. 1, being 20 chains West and 40 chains North of N. E. corner of Section 78; thence 80 chains North; thence 80 chains East; thence 80 chains South; thence 80 chains West to point of commencement.

Victoria, B. C.,

Oct. 2, 1906.

WILL G. DE ROUSIE,

o9 ALEXANDER LIPSKY.

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 lands, situated in Coast District. B. C., Range IV:

Commencing at a stake planted on the Northeast shore of Bakers Inlet and about 3½ miles from Granville channel; described as follows: Thence East 40 chains, thence South 40 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence South 60 chains, thence West 80 chains, thence North 100 chains to place of commencement.

Located September 19, 1906.

ALVEN C. JONES,

o8 Port Essington.