

CHAPTER IV.~(Continued.)

Emile submissively hurried off.

"Emile," she called out, while they was eternally quiet.

Couriander? Why are you here so which the father bad quit, "Oh!" she cried, "I heard such afty ing up and down stars. H woke me, sot out of bed to fell my husband, You know I away set up and tell hait. "The to me multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which a start stee, "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have which start stee, "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father means and multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beers which is father multipation is not have the startue." "Beas w

to me?'

"But madame----" "Yes, mother," said a low voice be hind them, "he is dead." It was Mau-rice. He raised her gently and supported her; and they exchanged eyes.

"He's been murdered," she whispered. excitement. "I didn't know, I guessed."

"But you must have had some-She shook her head. "I just guessed." She was gently weeping. "Nothing that your father could do or that could happen to him would ever surprise me. I finished being surprised twenty years

voice. "You must go back to the house inform Mr. Berger." to Millicent." "Maurice!" she protested.

"Yes, please," he said authoritativekeep watch?'

Emile went instantly. Mary sobbed.

house. As they walked side by side, she told ness,

having fixed in his bedroom." Yard, I suppose," he muttered.

brusquely to his

"I'm going to father's bedroom."

went up in the lift together. of Carl Courlander. By were the electric button by which he Maurice. rang for Curits, his man, and the switch for the reading light. A copy of since the discovery of the murder, and

claud in the poignant atmosphere o The one being who could the room. It was a remarkable sight to see this middle-aged and luxuriously-tended dissipate it lay dead under the bulk of problems and queries. Carl Courlander had done

"Madame," he said, in just the right tone, "that is precisely what I was go-ing to ask you. When did you see Mr. so was wrapped in contemplation be-Courlander? Why are you here so fore the bed which the father had quit- manently seated in a chair at the teleted, with such strangeness and in such phone.

clock precisely at Tudor Hundreds. Maurice drew back. "How did you At nine o'clock precisely Maurice enknow?" he queried in a brief gust of tered the breakfast-room with its fause oval table of inlaid ebony. The table was bare.

He rang the bell which was answered not by a butler, but by a footman.. "Why is breakfast not ready?" "If you please, Mr. Maurice-"

"There is no Mr. Maurice here now." The interruption was curt and cold. "No, mother," he said in a trembling "Did Boncini imagine that no one was going to eat to-day? Let the meal be his exotic accent. ready in half an hour exactly. And "Certainly, sir."

What struck the footman was that "Emile, will you go up there and as an artist and had invariably been ep watch?" Emile went instantly. "I won't let you leave me!" Lady treated as such, was now summarily described as "Boncini." Not "Signor Boncini!" Not even "Mr.!" In one minute the kitchens and the servants' "I'm not going to leave you," said Maurice. "I will take you. Come!" the dark-eyed, dark-haired master of He led her in the direction of the the Hundreds was already showing his mettle, and that his father's decisivewithout his father's suavity him, in little patches of rapid talk, in- might be expected. The kitchens and terrupted by tears, what she had told Emile. He made no comment. from the excusable slackness into "I thought I heard that new bell of which they had been thrown by an your father's about two o'clock," she incredible disaster. And the employer's severity descended from grade to "What new bell " Maurice question- grade, becoming harsher at every step, and resulting finally in the whimpering "I don't know. A bell he has been of scullery maids. A sad, stout august figure was to be seen hurrying upstairs shall want men from Scotland immediately afterwards. It was the housekeeper on her way to Maurice's Arrived at the house, which was still absolutely silent in sleep, he said no fault could be found with their con-"Go yourself to Millicent and tell dition should he happen to enter them. "Maurice and Emile Berger breakasted alone together, eating little of the "And you? What are you going to meal whose perfection proved that Signor Boncini was anxious not to lose a post worth two thousand a year and In Carl's charber, of which the blinds all found. Lady Mary was prostrate in bowever, recorded in the viscount's girth, in fact, was enormous. And he ter afterwards? He would then have published memoirs "Town and City had brown whiskers, and full checks, to make the best of a bad job, and he were drawn, and would now remain bed, and Millicent had charge of her. drawn, the presence of the dead man | The two young men talked as sparingly seemed imminent. It was as if his spirit as they ate, discussing merely what permeated it. The room was perfectly in order, save for a white necktie that in order, save for a white necktle that lay on a chair. In its costly and large simplicity it was the very expression who was much affected by grief, seemthe bedside ed to take his cue, cautiously, from

What was the bell meant for? Was it part of an uncompleted communica-had taken command and everyone was happened to meet Maurice on the mysterious, who was dead to all human Maurice. tion with the statue? No other con-jecture could present itself, for the with alacrity that comes from awe. was finished and that Carl Courlander private address was divulged to none "The car was not there when the mailstatue loomed over the tragedy in a since the provide and that carl couriander private audress was divided to hone the carl was not three with the name with the name was not three with the name was not the three with the name was not a strang- had died from injury to the tricuspid but the chief commissioner of police, cart returned at five minutes to which was one of the few helflooms in up again, dressed himself, and want the courlander family. the statue exist? That enigma which Emile had he deigned to be confiden- small sharp instrument. And Curtis occasions at the Savoy, talking in low, "It is certainly strange," Maurice out. Someone persuaded him to get

VICTORIA TIMES, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1908.

changed man. He had become the

commenced with the arrival of the police, followed by a local doctor on middle-aged and interformer and queries. Carl counting, No woman, whose every daily habit was slothful, bland, and changelessly reg-one else had had any real duties. The one else had had any real duties. The slothful, bland, and changelessly reg-ular, hastening across the grounds over wet grass at five o'clock in the morning. Emile wondered what strange complication had happened within the house to arouse her at such an hour from the amiable torpor in which she passed her existence. She did not give him time to speak first. "Emile," she called out, while they "Emile," she called out, while they was eternally quiet. were yet thirty yards apart, "have you and the inheritor of that brain's They came from Scotland Yard, from were yet thirty yards apart, "have you seen my husband?" With one plump hand she was holding up the folds of a beautiful but fragile peignoir. Despite her years she made an extraordinarily her years she made as extraordinarily her years she made an extraordinarity graceful picture of pathos as she halted, in an attitude of heipless, childlike ap-peal, waiting for Emile's reply. "Madame," he said, in just the right

 The number of the state of the state of the condition s deared him to Carl. In the whole tenebrous affair of the murder, perhaps nothing had astonished Maurice more than that Curtis (he was named Curtis because for thirty years all Carl's valets had been named Curtisafter the first one) could throw no light whatsoever on the darkness. "I w "Curtis," said Maurice, swinging alone."

"I will see none of them." "Yes, sir."

"Tell Otway to tell them." 'Yes, sir.'

"I will see no more visitors to-day, except Mr. Beakbane, Mr. Crampiron and Miss Crampiron, the doctor, and the men from Scotland Yard. Understand-nobody!" "Yes, sir.

Curtis left the room with the strange npassivity of a god walking out of a temple, his arms crossed in his wide hanging sleeves.

Berger and the clerk, gathering up their papers, vanished. Curtis, with The instructions seemed simple and complete: but they proved to be futile the foreseeing instinct of the Oriental, There were men in the domain who had preceded them. meant to see Maurice and who did see him, invading even the fastness of the study. A viscount who nourished his distinguished blood on the directors' and who knew the geography of the thorpe?" said Maurice, eyeing the coat. "Not even Beakbane?" house, deliberately engaged the armies stranger who had carried in Curtis by of Otway, the butler, and after beatknocking.

Maurice, as dangerous as an explosive, summoned Curtis.

from 1855 to 1905.")

controlled, tragic-eyed sister! He was cepting and delivering every manner of a great wine that was offered only to down to see me to-day."

turned. His secretive and brooding demeanor baffied comprehension. In particular he had offered no shadow of a surmise as to the identity of the criminal. The frightful enigma that imposed itself on Tudor Hundreds like a heavy cloud through the bulk between a comparison of the corridor and Tudor Hundreds like a heavy cloud through the survey of the criminal the survey of the corridor and through the survey of the criminal the survey of the corridor and through the survey of the criminal the survey of the corridor and through the survey of the criminal the survey of the corridor and through the survey of the criminal the survey through which all objects were seen had the air of a nincompoon, but at tive. He made himself a detective, had proved that he was not exactly a and one early success established his. exist for him. Apparently he was too absorbed in the immediate conse-gates and as far as Curtis. quences of the crime to trouble him-self with its causes. The immediate consequences had

ton." "I must see Mr. Courlander," said the Yard laughed, and Sibthorpe, from the visitor, commandingly.

"No, sir," Curtis gravely replied. There was a pause. "But I must," said the visitor, per-has long since discarded the infantile

suasively. "No, sir," Curtis gravely repeated. dodge of disguise? He was 'married and lived in Argyll street, and his wife "But don't you know I'm private prime minister?" said the visitor, furi-ously. "I must see Mr. Courlanter. de standing a moment; mutely regard-

I've come specially. It's of the highest ing the inspector. Importance. "No, sir," Curtis gravely iterated. The earl rapidly considered within himself what was the most precious

ength, in a resigned tone. "Thanks," said Sibthorne, genially 'At your service," he repeated. thing in the world, and decided that it was his dignity. He therefore de-the desk and Sibthorpe in a vast Em-And they both sat down. Maurice at rarted, too proud to ask that a note should be sent in to Maurice. specially designed for him. specially designed for him. "I regret that you were not at my Maurice was unaware of such episodes. He sat now, as he had sat dur- service a little earlier-a good deal ing the major part of the day, calm and absorbed, at the broad desk in the vast study. Except Curtis, there was

.

me." Then he leaned across the bed and pushed the button which would arouse Curtis. It was his first definite act as head of the family. CHAPTER V. Mad found him starving, with miracul-tube disconcerting occurred a lit-him to the innumerable Courlander re-tube, in which he had soon achieved an important position. He was faith-ful, discreet, efficient, and mysterious "Please," said Carfax. And he left them, returning to the study. He could hear a murmur of talking through the closed door. Then, after quite: a short interval, the two men came back. "You are Mr. Maurice Courlander," First he had taken him for a rude, statue," Sibthorpe went on. "Thereclumsy and athletic clown, gifted with fore Berger must know more than he there?" "Have you turned out the light there?" questioned Maurice. The triviality of the detail showed to what "What do you want?" "I want to see you," said the indi-own ends. Then his verdict had "Berger knows no more than I do. pitch his nerves had been screwed. vidual, puffing, and depositing an un-moved Curtis on the ground. agreed with Mrs. Sibthorpe's. Then he He is my friend, and I have the ut-had been impressed and almost inti-most confidence in him." "Yes." said Carfax, relocking the "Who are you?" midated. Lastly he had half come "Emissarles are usually chosen for their skill in inspiring confidence," "Emissaries are usually chosen for "Sit down, Carfax," said the genial alone." "Then you will not tell me at all," took a naive pleasure in adopting a "Then you will not tell me at all," took a naive pleasure in adopting a Sibthorpe, apparently unconscious that he was making Maurice more and more "Curtis," said Maurice, swinging round on his pivoted chair, "how "Then you will not tell me at all," took a naive pleasure in adopting a theatrical pose. The detective was and took a few steps on the heatrica." "Saya moment," said the indi-"Savan sir." Curtis responded with vidual." "Vow, mar. courses in the spherical Sibthorpe "Put theatric, cold." He advanced to the desk. Maurice centre of the picture. Thus he had not ing down at the spherical Sibthorpe offered a word of respectful sympathy with a glance that might have remind-the for Maurice. For him the murder of ed Sibthorpe of Mrs. Sibthorpe's But he did not sit down. Nor did Carfax. Nor did Sibthorpe. "I merely wish to show you my card -you alone," emphasised the indi-vidual. "I have my reasons for show-ing it to you alone." "You were talking to your late father last night in the garden? "Yes. "At the other end of the lake?" to witness the cleverness of Solomon Gallic colleague. "I seriously suspect everybody," said Sibthorpe. "Pardon me if I inquire what pass-"Having examined the field," said he. "That is my rule in these mat-

Maurice, drily, "what is your next ters. For example, there is Abraham Crampiron.' "My next move is to examine you. "Examine me then." He swung his is Crampiron, is there? How many chair round on its pivot and faced Sibmurderers do you mean to discover?" Sibthorpe laughed contentedly. thorpe with a gesture that resembled "Seen him to-day?" he asked. tility.

"Whom do you suspect?" Sibthorpe demanded with gav amiableness. "I suspect no one."

"H'm!" murmured Sibthorpe gently, letting his hands flirt with each other

over the lowest button of his waistcastle?' "I saw Lord Doncastle at Downing street before starting." "You knew that he had been here?" "If Beakbane had any designs on my father's life, why should he have come "There are the newspapers," said Sibthdorpe, grandiosely. "Besides, down openly last night in a motor-car? Lord Doncastle is always-er-attendreplied Sibthorpe And he replied in a bland, cheerful tone such as might have been employ-down openly?" ed by us. I have also seen Lady Herm, and spoken to Sir Francis Par-"Didn't mean to! But he came." culier on the telephone." Maurice was apparently still unde-"Exactly. But supposing that he had cided whether to treat Solomon Sib-

thorpe as a real detective or as a travesty of one. His manner was large however, recorded in the viscount's girth, in fact, was enormous. And he ter afterwards? He would then have comic; his suspicions seemed to be chiefly ridiculous. Yet he had done and teeth that glearned in the midst would show himself boldly, hoping of his smile, and wavy hair. Yet he that his very boldness would disarm things; he had acted in a surprising way, in a way of which one could not "Order all the lodge-gates to be was never very far distant from any suspicion that might afterwards losed to everybody except the people tragedy. Famous he could not be callsay that it was not clever. Fancy the was dead?" Sibthorpe continued. "It's a theory," Maurice admitted. fellow having the ingenuity to call on I mentioned and the telegraph boys." ed; but he enjoyed a sort of sinister "Yes, sir." "Ut's a theory," Maurice admitted. fellow having the ingenuity to cal "But Beakbane left the Hundreds of Herminet And the Marchio of Herm before leaving London! Fancy him passing the whole day incognito at Tudor Hundreds! He had agination: that was indisputable. "Of course," said Sibthorpe, "Crampron had everything to gain!"

"That is one of our numbers," said

ing them off with great loss, fled with "At your service," replied Solomon his white moustaches and white gait-ers to the study and entered it without the exertion. tone such as might have been employed by a West End shopman of superior "Show out this gentleman," he said manners to a customer in search of to Curtis, "and then come back to me." pink ribbon. There was no sense of meant to come down secretly by night,

said the individual.

ing it to you alone.

faurice questioned.

"Very well."

"What do you want?"

shield the one or to attack the other.

Maurice inspected the card.

There was a dramatic silence.

"No one," said the individual.

Maurice glanced at Berger.

'No one knows who you are?"

CHAPTER VI

"Yes, sir," said Curtis, returning.

rang for Curtis, his man, and the switch for the reading light. A copy of "Marcus Aurelius" was open, face downwards, on the pillow. On the mar-ble top of a chest of drawers in a cor-ner lay a coll of wire and a bell; also a tox. But there was no attachment; the bell was not fastened to the wire the bell was not fastened to the wire that she heard ringing in the room. Death had evidently cut short Carl's in-tentions with regard to that bell. What was the bell meant for? Was

had agitated every breast hung like'a tial; not even to his capable and self- remained always in the corridor, ac- guarded tones to the chef, and sipping put in, "that Beakbane has not come up. That someone must have been in

The Two Detectives.

The showing out of the directorial tragedy about Solomon Sibthorpe. He and someone had recognised him,

"Yes, sir." subterranean celebrity. He was more "But Beakbane left the Hundreds" "And then stand outside this door." known of than known. His name oc- genuinely enough. He did really go."

"Yes, sir." "Thenceforward Maurice attended to armost always with the same formula: "I heard the car. The night was

failed for the navy; a little later he had

as his girth still went on increasing, a scandal, became a joke. After all, why should a detective not

"Will you sit down?" he said at

"I don't think that is strange," said Sibthorpe.

"You suggest-" "No. I simply mean that he has bee requested to hold himself at the disposition of the police in Dunstable.' "Then he did come down?" "Yes. I intercepted him."

"He's in custody?" "Not quite."

"How does he explain about the empty car?' "He doesn't explain. He hasn't been that we-that I know. I'm waiting to see if he will say anything that fails to fit in with the empty car.'

his own applause. "But why should Beakbane want to

kill my father?" "Puzzle," said Sibthorpe. "It would be easier to find a reason why Emile with gentle imperturbability. Berger should have killed your As for Maurice, he stood s father."

Another pause, in which the visitor glanced as if for moral aid at the other servant—aid not rendered. The invert in the first streng at the other mass first streng at the other Maurice, who corresponded much Maurice jumped up. It seemed as though he was prepared to play the sternly self-controlled heir up to a point, and as though Sibhorpe had Maurice jumped up. It seemed as point, and as though Sibthorpe had behind him, without noise. passed the point. "Berger!" he cried in violent protest.

Sibthorpe also rose, and waved his hands deprecatingly. "Let me beg you," he murmured, 'not to give way to nerves."

ner. "Please sit down," said the detective, commandingly, as soon as Maur-ice had sat down. "Thank you."

"No one knows what Berger was do-ing in the early hours of this morning. "Let me remind you," said Maurice,

"Oh." Maurice exclaimed. "So there

"Who? Mr. Crampiron? No." "I have. It seems he was very angry last night at the dinner." "He told you so?"

"No. Lord Doncastle told me." "You have interviewed Lord Don-

What does he sav? "Nothing. He was highly cautious." "Did you see Miss Crampiron?" Maurice asked self-consciously. "I did not. However, I may tell you Carfax also made a sign. Meanwhile frankly that I am by no means inclin- Maurice was not even regarding them. ed to suspect Mr. Crampiron. By no He was scrutinising his watch-chain.

"Why not?" "Because he is not a fool, and be-imagintd that he was carefully countcause he was not in this house last night. The key to the entire mystery lies in the answer to the question why

the house; that someone must be connected with the crime. You see, Lady Mary is quite positive that she saw your esteemed father in bed." "How do you know?

"I have questioned her." "You have seen my mother?" The ne was one of resentful astor

ment "Half an hour ago. Also your sister. They were the first persons, except the local police, to learn who I actually was.'

"Why did you not come to me first?"

"I thought I had already explained o fit in with the empty car." that to you," Sibthorpe answered with Sibthorpe's smile of satisfaction was There was a low double knock at the door; then a pause; then the knock was repeated "Come in, Carfax," said Sibthores,

As for Maurice, he stood speechless inarticulate with wrath and other sentiments. A very dark man, short and thin,

entered the room, shutting the door "My assistant," said Sibthorpe; and

he gazed lovingly at Carfax as though Carfax, besides being his assistant. was to be his next meal. The contrast between the two men was of the most striking character. There was no Maurice sat down, humiliated by the grandioseness in Carfax's demeanor, detective's soothing, patronising man- no largeness of style, no desire to impress. Carfax seemed to be all nose and eyes. "This is Mr. Courlander," said Sib-

thorpe. And Carfax bowed. At the same time he made a small circular movement on the floor with his left foot, which Sibthorpe noticed and which.

"I was urging him not to proceed

further with a certain financial oper-ation." "Whose success would involve the loss of many lives? I think you put it that way, didn't you?"

Maurice stared at the two men. "Yes." he muttered.

"Your father refused?" "Yes.

"Nothing else occurred?" "No. Just talk."

"Did not your father mention to his own death was the only possievent that could cause the current o affairs to take the direction that you wished?

"Yes," Maurice replied reluctantly. "You had forgotten that?" said Sibthorpe. "Someone must have overheard our

conversation," said Maurice, sharply "Obviously. After the talk you came into the house?" "Yes,'

"And went to bed?" "Yes,

Carfax during the cross-examination to be was gazing upon the floor. At this point he looked up. "And Mr. Berger wakened you this morning to tell you that your father

"I was already awake." "Been awake long?"

"No. "What time did you go to hed?"

"I suppose about one o'clock." The two detectives exchanged glance, as if to say to each "Now, while the iron is hot!" there appeared to be some slight difference of opinion between them as to which of them should strike the iron that was hot. Sibthorpe made a sign. which he moved to and fro slightly with his left hand. One might have ing the links in that chain-a very curious chain, by the way, which had come out of the ghetto at Mitau and the Courlander family.

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