Tainted Gold.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,
Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

Still holding her hand so tightly that she could not wrench it away, Macaire led her further into the room, nearer to the group of men and women, who had stopped their conversation to listen and look at the new comer.

The men were already on their feet, but the women remained seated. Four or five painted faces under hair bleached golden or dyed to the sheen of copper stared up at her with bold, laughing eyes. Winifred shrank back with a horrified catching of her breath. She was an innocent girl who had known little of the world until she began to earn her living on the stage, but instinct rather than knowledge told her with one blinding flash of enlightenment what these women were whom Lionel Macaire had asked her to meet.

Some of the men she had seen before, though not to one had she ever spoken. There was a Frenchman with royal blood in his veins; there was a great city magnate; there was a young English earl who had lately been made bankrupt; there was a man better known on the race course than in drawing-rooms.

A word from Macaire to the Frenchman brought him to be introduced to "the Miss Gray of whom he had so often heard." He bowed, with a broad compliment, and looked at Winifred from head to foot as no man had ever looked at her before.

"Dinner is served," announced a footman. Macaire pulled Winifred's resisting hand under his arm, and held it firmly as he made her walk by his side across the room. The girl was deadly pale, but she did not cry out, as Macaire's watchful eyes told that he half expected her to do.

They reached the marble dining-room, with its purple hangings, its pink granite pillars and blue-domed ceiling, Winifred's place was by Macaire's side, and she sank into the chair which a footman offered her. She must drink her cup to the dregs, or Macaire would say that she had not kept to the bargain. Having gone through so much, she must endure to the end, or she might better never have come to this horrible house. She could only hope that she knew the worst now. And perhaps, she told herself, even this was better than to have been forced by her promise to dine with Macaire alone.

"Why don't you eat?" asked Macaire, when she had let several courses go by untasted.

"I do not wish to," she answered in a low tone, lost in the babel of hilarious voices.

"Then I shall not consider that you have kept your word. To dine with a man is not merely to sit at his table, but to eat his food and drink his wine. You haven't bring yourself to do that in my house I am freed from my half of the bargain."

Desperately Winifred made a feint of taking something from her plate, even knowing what she ate. "That is better. Now drink some wine. I insist, or you know the consequences. Surely it isn't much to ask. I don't often have to urge my guests to touch the wine that comes from my cellars."

Champagne, in a jewelled Venetian glass, was sending up from its depths to the golden gleaming surface a stream of bubbles. Winifred raised her glass to her lips and drank. As she did so her tortured eyes met Macaire's, and the glint of satisfaction that darted from his, though he would have hidden it, startled her. She set down the glass quickly. What had that look meant? Was he pleased that she had drunk his wine only because of his triumph in compelling her obedience, or was there a more subtle reason?

Her heart knocked against her side, and her hands grew cold as her gaze travelled questioningly from one hard face to another. Was there one in this strange company who would sympathize or help her if she went down on her knees to implore it? She did not believe that there was one. And Baron von Zellheim did not come.

Fearful lest she had made a serious mistake, she watched her own feelings. Had she experienced any different sensations, she asked herself, anxiously, since she had drunk those few sips of wine?

At first she hoped that her excited fancy alone conjured up the imagined differensce, but slowly she was obliged to acknowledge that she felt a slight giddiness, a weakness of the limbs of which she had not been conscious before. Her eyelids drooped, and she lifted them with an effort. There was a faint prickling in the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. The beating of her heart, which had been like the wild fluttering of a bird against the bars of a cage, slowed to a heavy, measured throbbing at longer intervals. The shrill laughter of the women at the table sounded metallic, unreal and far away. A mist rose between her and the faces to which a few minutes ago she had turned a vainly appealing gaze.

CHAPTER XL.

The Eye of the Moonstone.

How the dinner went on Winifred did not know, for she was like one in a dream. Macaire had talked to her and forced answers at first, but now he let her alone, well pleased, perhaps, with the progress of events. Some of the guests who appeared to know each other well, had addressed a remark to her now and then, but when she scarcely replied they turned their attention elsewhere.

"I've been drugged, I've been drugged," Winifred kept saying to herself, as if the repetition of the startling words must rouse her failing energies to some supreme effort. But, though her mind struggled with the creeping lethargy, the body would not answer the call to arms.

As the champagne went round the laughter grew louder, the women bolder. Strange jests were made, such jests as Winifred had never been forced to hear even behind the scenes at the Salisbury, nor did she hear them now. The words drummed upon her ears without conveying a meaning. All the voices seemed to join in a wild babble, inarticulate as the voice of a river fed from many rushing brooks.

Winifred was going to sleep, and so dulled were all her faculties that she no longer cared.

Her head, with its crown of bright, waving hair—so different from the artificial structure of her neighbors'—nodded on the slender throat, like a lily shaken on its stem by the wind. Her lashes fell.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Macaire. "See, our Miss Ingenue is missing her beauty sleep! She would have us believe that she's in bed every night at ten."

"You've plied her with too much champagne, oh, generous host!" cried one of the women.

"Perhaps," confessed Macaire, while everybody laughed. "The child must not have any more to-night. Next time you meet her I warrant she'll do better. In a month she'll hold her own with any of you."

"To the next meeting!" Glasses were lifted, and much champagne was drunk.

"Poor little dear, she doesn't look very comfortable!" giggled a lady in many diamonds and a small allowance of bodice. "She won't be able to sit up with us bigger children for dessert."

"I'll give instructions for her to be taken away where she can have her nap out in peace," said Macaire, his eyes viciously bright. He nodded to a footman, who moved forward respectfully to take his master's order; and at this instant, without being announced, Hope Newcome came into the house.

"Von Zellheim!" exclaimed one of men.

Winifred's closing eyes opened wide for the fraction of a second. They were no longer bright, but dull and curiously glassy. "Help!" she whispered, rather than spoke, straining to make her voice heard as one tries to scream and break the cold spell of a nightmare. Then her head fell forward again, and she would have slipped from her chair to the floor had not Macaire caught her.

It was the movement, not the scarcely audible whisper, which drew Hope Newcome's eyes to the drooping figure in white; and, seeing the lovely, pallid face of Winifred Gray, he sprang towards her, his eyes blazing incredulous horror at her presence here.

"This is a pleasant surprise, my dear Von Zellheim," said Macaire, his expression somewhat belying his words. "Your pardon for one moment while I see to Miss Gray's comfort, and a place shall be made for you. Our young friend's head is not as strong as it might be, and she has been overcome by a little more champagne than she's been accustomed to taking."

For an instant Hope Newcome had lost self-control; but in the short interval occupied by the millionaire's excuses he had regained it. He knew Winifred Gray; and he knew Macaire—at last! Never in his life of vicissitudes, perhaps, had he received such a shock as the sight of Winifred Gray at Macaire's house, dining in this company, had given; but, though he was absolutely ignorant of the circumstances which had led up to her coming, it took him no longer than a second to divine that she was the victim of some plot—possibly not the first web which this cunning spider had spun for her undoing. And at the end of that one second he had made up his mind how to act.

"Whatever has caused Miss Gray's indisposition it is certainly not due to champagne," he said, in a loud, cold voice, to be heard by everyone. "I know her well enough to vouch for that, since she is to be my wife. And as she is to be my wife it is my place to take care of her. I will relieve you of the trouble, Mr. Macaire."

As he spoke he stepped forward as if to remove her from Macaire's arms.

It was the first time that the millionaire had touched Winifred Gray more familiarly than to take her hand. The fragrance of her yellow-brown hair was intoxicatingly sweet in his nostrils; he had been half drunk with the joy of success at last; and with an oath he drew back from the younger man who had just announced himself his rival. There was no reason for holding his fierce temper in, so far as he knew, and he loosed it savagely.

"How dare you?" he demanded. "She's nothing to you, you liar. She's mine, or she wouldn't be here tonight."

Newcome did not answer, but, grasping Macaire's wrist with one of his brown, strong hands, he twisted it back so that the joint cracked in its socket, and the millionaire gave a shrill, irrepressible squeal of pain.

Quietly Newcome took Winifred from him, holding her against his shoulder, and defying Macaire with the cold menace of his dark eyes.

Always hideous, the red, glazed face of Nero the Second was appalling in his rage. At sight of it the women sprang up from the table, pale under their paint. Glasses were overturned, and eyes that had gazed on many a strange scene opened wide to behold something of more than common interest.

"You dog; you common cur that I took from the gutter!" shrieked Macaire. "You puppet that I hired with my money to dance at my bidding! You thought you might presume on your brute strength to come here and insult me in my own house, I suppose, since our contract wasn't out yet. But it's got hardly a month more to run——"

"We'll call it cancelled now," said Hope Newcome. "You and I will have no more contracts in future."

"Everyone here shall know who you are," Macaire went on, furiously. "All the world that I've been laughing at shall know to-morrow, and where will you be then? Why, kicked back to your kennel by the women who've made you their pet."

"My kennel's rather a nice one," said Newcome, "Schloss Zellheim, on the Rhine. It is no longer a ruin. I have had it restored in these last few months. I hope to take Miss Gray there; only she will then be the Baroness von Zellheim, and any man who has told lies about her will have been horse-whipped into publicly apologizing."

"Schloss Zellheim!" sneered Macaire. "The money you've saved out of what I flung to you wouldn't have bought it."

"The ruined castle has been the property of my family for many years, though they were absentees, and too poor to restore it. That has been my privilege."

"Pshaw!" laughed Macaire, hatefully. "These friends will know how much to believe of that, and what to tell in their clubs to-morrow when I say that you've no more right to the name of Von Zellheim than I have. I gave you the name, to be sport for myself, and sport I've had, but there's better to come. For six months your pay for breaking Joey Nash and being at my beck and call was to continue—good pay, a thousand pounds a month, to say nothing of the sum you go down to start with——"

"It's trebled now," cut in Newcome, coolly. "You gave me such excellent advice as to speculations. I took it, and succeeded beyond my best hopes. That's the one thing for which I have to thank you."

"There speaks your dog's ingratitude. But many a servant's got rich in his master's service; and you're my servant—or you're bound by your own word to be—till the end of the six months, and everybody shall know it; everybody shall hear the great joke now and laugh with me. You bound yourself, in your gold-greed, to do anything I exacted of you when the six months should be up. What I meant to make of you was a groom in my stables, a place you're well fitted for, and you can't refuse it without breaking your word, the same as obtaining eight thousand pounds on false pretences. How will Miss Gray fancy being the wife of my groom? We must ask her up when she wakes from her fainting fit."

"Let me first ask you a question," said Newcome. "Whose property is this?"

He supported Winifred's slender, white-clad body with his left arm, and pressed it close against his heart. With his right hand he held up a moonstone, cut in the shape of a Sphinx's head. As he raised it aloft the light touched the stone, and struck out a strange blue gleam, like an eye that peered through a cloud, searching, searching for something that sooner or later it would find.

"That is mine!" said Macaire, and sprang towards it. But Newcome lifted the stone beyond his reach.

"You are sure it's yours?" he asked again.

"I've had it for years, till it was stolen from me. Unless you want to be called 'thief' as well as dog and liar, you will hand it back."

"You have had it for years?" Newcome echoed. "I thought so. It was you who stole it from Harold Norman."

For once in his life Lionel Macaire visibly quailed. His hideous face seemed literally to wither, his body to shrink; but in a moment he was himself again, all traces of emotion gone, save for a quivering of the nostrils, a slight twitching of the marred eyelids.

"I don't know the name," he said.

Hope Newcome turned a sudden blaze of hatred and contempt upon him. "You know it as well as that of Leland Marmion, the Californian murderer!" he flung at the millionaire.

Speechless, Macaire stared at him, with mouth falling open, jaw dropped down. Then, his voice coming back, he gasped: "You scoundrel!"

"I am Harold Norman's son," answered the man who had called himself Hope Newcome. "His son, and the son of F. E. Z. I am Harold Norman's namesake, and I have lived for this night, lived to be his avenger."

"Great heavens!" he heard Macaire mutter, beneath his panting breath. Even for that iron self-control, the stubborn courage that could inflict horrible self-mutilation, for bare life's sake, and safety's sake, was broken down. But again it was only for a moment.

"I wonder if you know what you are talking about?" Macaire sneered, his voice coming back to steadiness. "I only know that you seem to be threatening. Take care or I will have you arrested."

Hope Newcome—or Harold Norman—laughed. "Try it," he said. "You will never have so good a chance. The police are outside now, for they have seen certain letters found long ago, but not too long for justice, in the pocket of a dead man—one of those whom you, Leland Marmion, murdered."

As that last word leaped like a sword from the accuser's lips, a strange thing happened. The women at the table cried out in terror, and in the same instant utter darkness fell. The brilliant lights that had made vivid the blue and gold and purple and marble-white vanished like a burst bubble, and the room was black as a night of plague. The screams and the sudden darkness came together. The quickest eye and ear could not have sworn with certainty which was first.

Someone had turned off the electric lights—how, nobodby knew. There was a soft fluttering and rustling of women's dresses, hysterical exclamations and the crash of breaking dishes and falling chairs as people pushed away from the table, blinded and confused by the black darkness.

Only Hope Newcome did not move. Even if he lost his revenge, he would not put Winifred away to recover the chance slipping from him. She was waking from her stupor, and clung to him, murmuring the name by which she had known him. And, stooping closer, he thought he heard her whisper:

Partner, partner, if you could forgive!"

CHAPTER XLI.

Never for one moment had Lional Macaire been unprepared for the possibility of the blow which had fallen to-night.

He had not expected it; he had told himself a thousand times that it would never fall upon him—that it could not fall. Still, he loved life, and he had worked hard to make it worth living. He had shed blood to make it worth living, and he did not mean that Nemesis should strike him from behind.

The millionaire had not a house nor a room of his in one of his houses where all electric lights coudl not be turned off by means of a single button. His steam yacht, waiting his orders in harbor, was always ready to start at ten minutes' notice. Once he would have had to depend upon horses for a dash to the sea, but now he had the means by which he could outdistance the fastest horse on earth.

In his stables stood a racing Daimler auto-car of fifty horse-power, though its seating capacity was but for two persons. Like the yacht, it was kept ready by its engineer for an instant start, filled with petrol and water, its machinery oiled.

To-night, as he switched off the lights from the dining-room, he flung himself at a swinging door behind the purple drapery—a door by which the servants entered through a passage leading to the huge kitchens. The door moved noiselessly, and Macaire's artificial foot limped over the thick felt with which the floor was covered faster than it had ever done before.

Half-way down the passage was a door which opened near the stables. A moment, and Macaire was in the room where the motor car was kept, for the key was on his chain, and only the engineer, absent now, had a duplicate.

Macaire sprang to the car and lit the electric lamps, his heart pounding in his ear, for the great crisis had come, and he was working for life or death.

True, Hope Newcome might have lied; he might suspect, yet not have the proofs he hinted at. But it would not do to risk his having lied. If Macaire could reach Gravesend, where the Diavola lay (he hoped that few knew she was there), before the police of London had warned the police of Gravesend by telegraph, there was a chance for him still. He would trust the yacht to show her heels to anything afloat. The seas were wide. There were countries where he could hide himself; and there was money on board the Diavola—money and thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds which he kept there in a safe in case of such necessity as had arisen tonight. He would be comparatively poor, yet he would want for nothing, and he would at least have defied the hangman.

In two minutes the car was ready to start, the stable doors flung open. By this time those whom he had left groping in the dark would have light again. The police would be in if the dead man's son had told the truth—but they were not here yet.

He ran limping from the opening doors back to the car and climbed on board. Then, with a rush and throbbing of its machinery, the Daimler tore into the street.

Let them come now if they would. What did he care? Who could catch him now? What was there fast enough to follow even so far away as to guess at his destination?

Out in the street he put on the fastest speed, recking nothing of the law, for none could stop him.

With its two electric lamps like great white dragon eyes blazing in the night, the Daimler tore through the streets at the rate of thirty miles an hour. People flung themselves wildly out of the way, shrieking for the police, shouting that there was a madman on a motor car; cabmen lashed their snorting horses up side streets to avoid destruction or drove in desperation on to the pavement, the wheels of their vehicles here and there smashing a window, adding the keen, high treble of crashing glass to the uproar.

Policemen yelled to the hatless man bent forward over the steering gear, bidding him stop on pain of desperate penalties, but Macaire only laughed. Rain had begun to fall, and the wind and the water, spraying against his hot face, cooled his brain, giving him a sense of power and exhilaration. He felt like Juggernaut, and longed for victims for the wheels of his rushing car, which flew faster than the flying minutes, bearing him out of danger to a new life.

He did not think of all that he had left behind, all that he must sacrifice, for that way madness lay. Yet Winifred's sweet girlish face would rise before him. He would not have had this thing happen until he had crushed the butterfly under his heel and broken its wings so that it must lie for ever in the dust. And Hope Newcome, the son of the man he had done to death; he would fain have sent him after his father.

"To think that she should have been Harold Norman's wife, and I never guessed it! Fool—fool!" he railed madly against himself.

He had passed the suburbs now. London and London's lights would soon be left behind. He would do the trick. The Daimler and his Diavola would save him yet.

Suddenly it was as if a figure rose out of the earth before him, flitting in front of the car as it rushed on along a white ribbon of winding road. It was radiant with a strange, pale radiance, and out of a faint golden mist gleaned a face—the face of F. E. Z.

"I'm mad!" he cried. "I'm mad. It's not there—it's a delusion."

Yet the eyes looked at him from the pale, lovely face that he had seen in countless dreams, that he had fancied he saw duplicated in Winifred Gray's, and he could not run it down.

In another instant the face would have been under his wheels, crushed out of all semblance of beauty. With a jerk of the steering lever he swerved the car to the right. The moment was too sudden for the tremendous speed at which the car was going, and, with a crash, the Daimler leaped from the road into the ditch at the side, turning over as it fell. Macaire was flung off, and with a grinding, rending pain in his leg, fell into unconsciousness.

Then came dreams, a changing kaleidoscope of dreams, with flashing lights and the booming of cannon. He was dragged back by sheer physical agony to consciousness again.

At first he hoped, well nigh prayed, that this waking was the false waking of a dream. He dreamt—or was it true?—that the car had fallen on him, pinning him underneath, writhing and helpless, in an agony of pain. He dreamt—or was it real?—that the whole sky was bright with the weird, pale light from a pillar of flame that shot far up into the purple night, up, straight up, higher than the tree tops.

The lamps had ignited the petrol with the falling of the car, and the whole fabric was on fire. Oh, the pain, the horror! Yes, it was true, and he must die here, like a rat in a trap.

In his agony faces crowded round him, faces that he had struck life out of long, long ago. For what they had suffered, for what he had made many suffer, was he paying now.

Heavens, how long it lasted! How long it took a man to die! Perhaps even now it was a dream. It was too horrible to be true.

* * * * * * * *

Yet the papers said next day that it had been true; and the world that had known Macaire was shocked. No one grieved for the man who was gone. But a girl, hiding her face against her lover's arm, shuddered, sobbing that in spite of all she would have saved him from so terrible an ending if she had had the power.

"The mills of the gods, my darling," answered the man who loved her, and would never let her go far from him again, "are slow in their grinding, but they grind exceeding small.

[The End.]

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THE CITY MARKETS

The city markets this week remain practically the same as they were during last week. In a few instances there has been a temporary cut in a few lines which were essentially holiday goods. The regular prices, however, remain the same as before. The retail prices are as follows:

Hungarian Flour—	
Ogilvie's Royal Household, per sack	$ 1.80
Ogilvie's Royal Household, per bbl.	6.10
Lake of Woods, per sack	1.60
Lake of Woods, per bbl.	6.10
Okanagan, per sack	1.60
Okanagan, per bbl.	6.10
Moose Jaw, per sack	1.60
Moose Jaw, per bbl.	6.10
Excelsior, per sack	1.60
Excelsior, per bbl.	6.10
Oak Lake, per sack	1.60
Oak Lake, per bbl.	[illegible]
Hudson's Bay, per sack	1.60
Hudson's Bay, per bbl.	6.10
Enderby, per sack	1.60
Enderby, per bbl.	6.10
Pastry Flours—	
Snowflake, per sack	1.40
Snowflake, per bbl.	5.50
O. K. Best Pastry, per sack	1.35
O. K. Best Pastry, per bbl.	5.25
O. K. Pop Star, per sack	1.35
O. K. Four Star, per bbl.	5.25
Drifted Snow, per sack	1.35
Drifted Snow, per bbl.	5.25
Three Star, per sack	1.50
Three Star, per bbl.	5.80
Grain—	
Wheat, per ton	40.00
Oats, per ton	28.00
Oatmeal, per 10 lbs.	45
Rolled Oats (B. & K.)	5
Feed—	
Hay (baled), per ton	17.00
Straw, per bale	75
Corn	33.00
Middlings, per ton	27.00
Bran, per ton	25.00
Ground Feed, per ton	30.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	60
Vegetables—	
Sweet Potatoes, per lb.	5
Cabbage, per lb.	3
Island Potatoes, 100 lbs.	1.25
Onions, silver skin, per lb.	8
Turnips, per lb.	1½
Cucumbers, per doz.	30
Watercress, per lb.	25
Meats—	
Hams (American), per lb.	18@ 20
Bacon (American), per lb.	22@ 27
Bacon (rolled), per lb.	20
Shoulders, per lb.	13½
Bacon (long clear), per lb.	16
Beef, per lb.	10@ 18
Pork, per lb.	11@ 15
Mutton, per lb.	12½@ 18
Lamb, hindquarter	1.25@ 1.75
Lamb, forequarter	1.00@ 1.50
Fish—	
Salmon (spring)	12½
Salmon (steel head)	10
Salmon (smoked)	15
Halibut	10@ 12½
Halibut (smoked)	10
Codfish	8
Herrings	6
Kippers	10
Rock Cod	10
Bass	8
Shrimps, per lb.	40
Bloaters, per lb.	8
Haddies, per lb.	10
Fruit—	
Cocoanuts, each	10
Apples (local), per box	1.00@ 1.25
Peaches, per box	1.50
New Jordan Almonds (shelled), per lb.	60
Valencia Almonds (shelled), per lb.	50
Valencia Raisins, per lb.	12@ 15
Sultana Raisins, per lb.	15
Valencia Oranges, per doz.	25@ 40
Oranges (Jap.), per box	60
Pineapples, each	40@ 50
Farm Produce—	
Fresh Island Eggs	40
Butter (Delta Creamery)	35
Best Dairy	25@ 28
Butter (Cowichan Creamery)	35
Butter (Victoria Creamery)	35
Cheese (Canadian)	20
Lard, per lb.	15
Poultry—	
Dressed Fowl, per lb.	20@ 25
Ducks, per lb.	25
Geese (Island), per lb.	20@ 25
Geese (Eastern), per lb.	15@ 20
Turkey (Island), per lb.	25@ 30
Turkey (Eastern), per lb.	20@ 25
Coal Oil—	
Pratt's Coal Oil	1.50
Eocene	1.60
Sugar—	
B. C. Granulated, per 100 lbs.	5.00

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Island Potatoes, per ton	$ 18.00
Sweet Potatoes, per lb.	3½
Onions (Californian), per lb.	2
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	90
Lettuce, per crate	1.50
Bananas, per bunch	3.00@ 3.50
Lemons	4.00@ 4.50
Oranges, California Navels	2.50@ 3.00
Oranges (Jamaica)	2.25
Oranges (Jap.), per box	55

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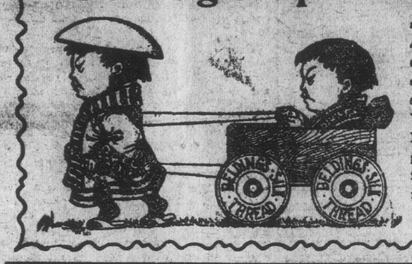

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Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the southerly and westerly line of the land staked and applied for by E. S. Rowe on Frederick Island, on the westerly shore, marked "Initial post northwest corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 23rd day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

W. J. GILLINGHAM.

Witness: C. W. Mills.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by E. Coates, at a point on the southeast corner marked "Initial post southeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 12th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile, to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

GEORGE G. MELDRUM.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at a point of intersection of the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Rennie and the southerly line of the land staked and applied for by John Scott, and marked "Initial post northwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

L. D. CUMMINGS.

Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection of the easterly and southerly line of land herein described and applied for by G. Meldrum, and marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 12th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

E. COATES.

Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by A. Clemett, at a point in the northwest corner marked "Initial post southeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

JOHN A. COATES.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection of the northerly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Rennie and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by John Scott, marked "Initial post southeast corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

W. J. RENNIE.

Witness: N. Ross.

Dry Figs, per lb.	6½@ 7½
Walnuts (Eastern), per lb.	15½
Walnuts (Californian)	18@ 20
Garlic, per lb.	10
Grape Fruit, per box	3.25
Pineapples, per doz.	3.50
Apples (local), per box	30@ 1.40
Pears (local), per box	1.25@ 1.50
Grapes (Malaga), per barrel	7.75
Citrons, per lb.	1¾
Bell and Chili Peppers, per box	1.50
Cocoanuts, each	8
Butter (Creamery), per lb.	25@ 27
Eggs (ranch), per doz.	38
Chickens, per lb.	12½
Ducks, per lb.	12½
Hay, per ton	16.00
Oats, per ton	27.00
Peas (field), per ton	45.00
Barley, per ton	28.00
Beef, per lb.	8
Mutton, per lb.	11
Pork, per lb.	11

When Miss Edith Burleigh was married to Francis Paul at Great Chesterford, Eng., recently, she knelt on a cushion made out of her fiance's love letters.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office. $30 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each province. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Ass'n, Dept. 22, London, Can.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the northerly line and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Gillingham on Frederick Island on the westerly shore, marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 23rd day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east, one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated the 30th November, 1905.

ELLIOTT S. ROWE.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, at a point in the southwest corner, marked "Initial post southwest corner of coal and petroleum lands, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile to point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

ALFRED CLEMEIT.

Witness: N. Ross.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by P. C. Coates and the northerly line of the land staked and applied for by L. D. Cummings, marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 14th day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to point of commencement.

Dated the 30th day of November, 1905.

J. A. SCOTT.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by R. Bittancourt, at a point in the northeast corner marked "Initial post northeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence west one mile, thence north one mile, thence east one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

R. E. BITTANCOURT.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the intersection of the northerly line and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by W. J. Gillingham on Frederick Island on the westerly shore, marked "Initial post southwest corner coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 23rd day of September, 1905," thence running north one mile, thence east, one mile, thence south one mile, thence west one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated the 30th November, 1905.

ELLIOTT S. ROWE.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, at a point in the southwest corner, marked "Initial post southwest corner of coal and petroleum lands, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile to point of commencement.

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Dated the 30th day of November, 1905.

J. A. SCOTT.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, and the westerly line of the land staked and applied for by R. Bittancourt, at a point in the northeast corner marked "Initial post northeast corner of coal and petroleum claim, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running south one mile, thence west one mile, thence north one mile, thence east one mile to the point of commencement.

Dated 30th November, 1905.

R. E. BITTANCOURT.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

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Dated the 30th November, 1905.

ELLIOTT S. ROWE.

Witness: W. F. Gregg.

Notice is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described land, situate on Graham Island, in the Queen Charlotte Group of Islands, in the Province of British Columbia: Commencing at a post planted at the point of intersection between the southerly line of the land herein described and the easterly line of the land staked and applied for by J. A. Coates, at a point in the southwest corner, marked "Initial post southwest corner of coal and petroleum lands, containing 640 acres, located the 11th day of September, 1905," thence running east one mile, thence north one mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile to point of commencement.

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