Semi-Weekly Edition.

The News.

FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING
Give us a Trial, we do Good Work at REASONABLE PRICES.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY SEPT. 27th., 1898

We have opened up
A New Stock of
Stationery and Books.

A fine line of Combs & Brushes, Perfume and Toilet Waters, Tooth-brushes & Powders, French and English Toilet Soaps.

All New Goods.

Mason's Extract of Herbs for Summer Drink.

Poison Fly Paper, and Tanglefoot Insect Powder, and Bedbug Destroyers.

A complete line of Patent Medicines.

ONLY PURE DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

PEACEY & CO.

GIDEON HICKS & Co.,
P.O. Box 233 Victoria, B. C.
Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

Agents for the famous Mason & Risch pianos.
Tuning, repairing, polishing
Mail orders will receive prompt attention.
All kinds of music and musical instruments.

C. H. TARBELL
Dealer in
Stoves and Tinware
Plumbing and general Sheetiron work
PROMPTLY DONE
Agent for the
Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges
Manufacturer of the
New Air-tight heaters

FOR SALE

FOR SALE.—Two nearly new counters. Enquire at the NEWS OFFICE.

FOR SALE—Cumberland residental property on favorable terms by D. B. & L. Association.

FOR SALE.—My house and two lots in the village of Courtenay.
K. GRANT, Union.

FOR SALE, RANCH—One mile and a half from Union, contains 160 acres and will be disposed of at a low figure. Enquire of JAMES ABRAMS.

THIS IS A SNAP.—One half Lot 4 in Block 5, on Penrith Ave., second house west of English Church. Neat cottage, also stable. See Frank J Dalby, Agent.

FOR SALE.—My farm 160 acres, about 30 acres perfectly cleared, and about 30 acres cleared but not stumped, 3½ miles from Comox wharf, also one good milk cow for sale.—W. ANDERTON.

FOR SALE—One story and a half dwelling house of six rooms, hall, pantry, etc. on easy terms. Enquire of Jas. Canthew

FARMERS' BALL.

A "Farmers' Ball" will be given, under the auspices of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association, in their hall at Courtenay, on the evening of the 29th inst. commencing at 8:30 oclock, p. m. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

Ticket admitting lady and gentleman 7. All are cordially invited to attend.

EWE LAMBS.

I have for sale 60 ewe lambs, suitable for breeding purpose, which I will sell reasonably.

W. C. SPENCE
Hornby Island, B. C.

NAVAL CONTRACTS

TENDERS will be received on behalf of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty until Monday, 10th October, 1898, for supply and delivery into the boats of H. M. Ships at Comox, of such quantities of Fresh Beef, Vegetables, and Soft Bread, as may be required for Naval purposes for one year certain from the 1st November next.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Forms of tender may be obtained on application to the Staff Paymaster, H. M. S. Imperieuse, and when completed should be forwarded to the Senior Naval Officer at Esquimalt.

ROBT. A. MOORE, Staff Paymaster.
H. M. S. Imperieuse.
Sept. 13, 1898.

GORDON MURDOCK'S . .
LIVERY.
Single and Double Rigs to let
—at—
Reasonable Prices
Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

LATEST BY WIRE.

COLD BLOODED MURDER

Nanaimo, Sept 26.—A special from Red Ledge, Mon. says Wm. O'Conner, Supt. of Rock Forks' coal mines was yesterday shot down in cold blood by one Salmon, ex-president of Red Miners' Union. O'Conners died shortly afterward. Additional details indicate it was a deliberate murder and that the cowardly assassin lay in wait the night before for the purpose of waylaying and murdering O'Conners as he left his home to come up town. [Many here in Union will remember Salmon as one of the leaders of the Wellington strike, about eight years ago.

A SAD MESSAGE TREE-BLAZED

Vancouver, Sept. 26.—Messers Mills & Grant returned from a short trip to Wrangel to-day. They confirm the reports of terrible suffering on the trail. They tell a sensational story regarding the disappearance of Sir Arthur Curtis. They say every one on the trail state the Indians know where the body of Curtis is, half covered with mud and leaves, near a mountain stream; but they want $.1000 before they will locate the remains. When the trail at length disappeared in the mountains, this sad message which has broken the heart and spirits of many a man who has bravely struggled so far, is blazed on a tree: "One hundred and fifty miles to Glenora. No food. No trail. Good-bye. Rogers, Baker."

THE REMEDY FOR CRETE FOUND

London, Sept. 26th—The Cretan question has taken a step toward final solution and acceptance, which include dismissal of all Turkish troops and functionaries. The admirals of the powers in Cretan waters have decided that the ringleaders of the recent massacre are to be tried before a court martial, composed of British officers.

DEATH BY ACCIDENT.

Victoria, Sept. 26—A young man named Griell was instantly killed to-day through the breaking of a fly-wheel on a steam sawing machine.

SPARED IN BATTLE THUS TO DIE

Camp Wyckoff, Sept. 26—Two soldiers yesterday had a quarel over the possession of a Spanish coin brought from Santiago. One fired three shots into the other's body, killing him instantly. Both of them took part in the battle of Santiago.

EMPEROR OF CHINA DEAD.

London, Sept. 26—Word just received from Hong Kong confirming the news of the death of the Emperor of China. There is a rumor that he was poisoned.

PROMINENT STATESMAN DEAD

Deadham, Mass. Sept. 26.—According to the report of his physician to-day, Hon Thos. A. Bayard cannot survive 24 hours

Note.—Bayard was U. S. senator for many years, and afterwards during President Cleveland's first term, Secretary of State, then Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

FROM VICTORIA.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 26.—A Chinaman was to-day sentenced to three years for burglarizing three Fort street stores.

Steamer Columbia arrived from the Orient after a very rough voyage. She reports the loss of the German ship Trinidad in a recent typhoon off Japan.

The coroner's jury re J. Griell, killed by the bursting of a fly wheel of a woodsawing machine recommended the appointment of an inspector of stationery engines with employment of competent engineers to run them.

A. H. MCCALLUM, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms

McPHEE & MOORE
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise.
Cumberland, and Courtenay, B. C.

Courtenay Water-Works

Wm. Lewis, who is interested in the water-works here, is establishing a system for his own residence, taking the water from a spring back on the hill. He is now laying the mains down to the village of Courtenay, where he will supply the Courtenay House, and other buildings near.

CITY COUNCIL.

Council met Friday evening. Mayor and Aldermen all present.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A letter was received from Mayor and Aldermen of the City of New Westminster, inviting Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Cumberland to attend the Provincial Fair. The clerk was instructed to reply, thanking them for the invitation, and stating they would attend if possible.

FIRE HOSE.

The clerk reported the fire hose had arrived.

ACCOUNTS,

Gutta Percha Co., Toronto, for hose $320 90 cents; C. H. Tarbell, for tools, etc $3.00; C. S. Ryder, tools, $4.50; wages for street work up to the 24th of September $139.65; office expense, $1.10. Referred to Finance Commitee, if found correct to be paid.

BY-LAW.

The Sanitary By-Law passed its second and third reading.

AN ELECTION

An election was ordered to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Ald. Westwood, and the clerk was appointed returning officer for same.

CLOTHING AT VICTORIA PRICES.

Our Mr. Grant will be in Comox, Union and Cumberland for a few days with a full sample line of Woolens for fall trade. Reference measures taken free. A chance to secure stylish clothing at Victoria prices.

Thomas Bros. & Grant,
92 Government street,
Victoria, B. C.

NOTICE.

At Courtenay Hall,, Courtenay, Tuesday evening, Sept. 27th, there will be a meeting to discuss the question of Prohibition. Everybody invited. There will probably be singing.

BALL.

At Comox evening of October 6th there will be a ball. Refreshments will be provided. Good music. Admission for lady and gentleman 50 cents.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Conrtenay, at 8 o'clock p. m. September 28, 1898 for the election of directors of the association and the hearing of reports, and the transaction of such business as may be properly be brought before it.

WM. DUNCAN,
Secretary.

MARKETING.

Strive to produce such crops as the market calls for. Study the wants and fancies of consumers. I know a successful farmer who says he always endeavors to raise what others do not; then he is less troubled by competition. Never expect to make a quick fortune on a crop you are unfamiliar with because the price happened to be high last year. Ten chances to one the crop will sell below the average by the time yours is in the market. When the pendulum swings to one side it returns as far to the other. Learn to do something well and then stick to it till success is gained. Don't be the proverbial rolling stone.

REPUTATION.

It takes time to establish a reputation, but once secured it is the best capital a man can have. Do whatever you have agreed to do even if it costs you a little loss. The world is in constant need of men who can be depended upon to do whatever they undertake. The best customers are those who like to stick to a dealer as long as they are well used. Strive to secure such by using them as well as you know how, and don't imagine you know so much now that you can't learn any more.

A. W. CHEEVER.

A PARABLE.

And it came to pass that after he had advertised his goods there came unto him great multitudes from all the region round about, and did buy of him. And when his competitors saw it they marveled among themselves, saying: "How be it that this man is busy, while we loaf about our doors?" And he spake unto them saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, in this fast age of push and rustle, it is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a business man to flourish without advertising."

PRINTERS' INK.

C. B. Sword, ex-M. P. P. for Dewdney, in addition to being appointed dyking commissioner for the Province by the Semlin Government, has likewise been selected by Premier Semlin as his private secretary, as successor to R. E. Gosnell, the former librarian.

Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

FASHION'S MIRROR.

Plain covert cloths will be much worn in tailor made gowns.

Batistes with colored grounds will be covered with loose floral designs.

Sage green and golden brown form a pretty combination for spring gowns.

Small checked ginghams in all colors are finding favor with the fashionables.

A large white flower-de-luce on colored backgrounds will be popular this year.

A favorite trimming for shirt waists is a chemisette and revers of fine tucked white satin.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

Joints and Limbs were Swollen Three Times Their Natural Size—The Sufferer in Bed for a Year and a Half.

From the Echo, Wiarton, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Thew, who is well-known in the town of Wiarton, was a sufferer from heart trouble and articular rheumatism for a period of fifteen years. Lately her condition was so much improved that a reporter of the Echo called upon her to ascertain to what cause the change was due. Mrs. Thew, while not courting publicity, consented to give a brief statement of her case in hope that some other sufferer might be benefitted. She said:—"My joints were all swollen up to three times their natural size and for a year and a half I was unable to leave my bed. I secured medical treatment and the doctors told me I would never be able to walk again. I took medicine they prescribed but it failed to give any relief. I took patent medicines but they did not not help me. Having noticed an advertisment in a paper for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded to give them a trial and they gave me relief from the time I commenced using them about the first of January last. I have taken ten boxes. I am now able to go around without assistance and do all my own housework." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Wanted to Be Ready.

Servant—I've come to give notice, ma'am, as I am going to get married.

Mistress—Indeed, Mary! How long have you been engaged?

Servant—I ain't engaged at all, ma'am.

Mistress—Well, who is the happy man?

Servant—You know the big shop down the road. Well, the shopwalker looked at me the day before yesterday, and yesterday he smiled, and today he said, "Good morning," and I expect tomorrow he'll propose, and, you see, ma'am, I want to be ready.—London Answers.

A Man of Resources.

Proprietor (of paintshop)—Why don't those clothing store fellows come for this "Misfit Parlors" sign?

Assistant—They broke up in business last week.

Proprietor—Then that sign is a dead loss.

Assistant—Oh, I don't know. Can't you sell it to some divorce lawyer?—Chicago Tribune.

Every man stamps his own value upon himself, and we are great or little according to our own will.—Samuel Smiles.

When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom.—John Foster.

The highest prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness.—Emerson.

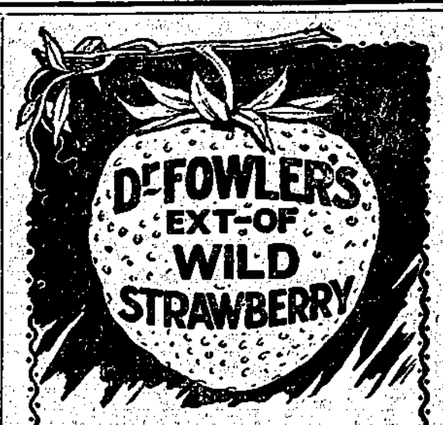
The best way for a young man to begin who is without friends or influence is, first, by getting a position; second, keeping his mouth shut; third, observing; fourth, being faithful; fifth, making his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him, and, sixth, being polite.—Russell Sage.

52 BOILS

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had *FIFTY-TWO BOILS* in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.



Is the most reliable and effective remedy known for the relief and cure of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA and SUMMER COMPLAINT. It settles the stomach, stimulates the heart, soothes and heals the irritated bowel.

NEVER FAILS.

"For several seasons we have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all summer complaints. A few doses always give relief and it never fails to cure. We think it a very valuable medicine—as precious as gold." MRS. F. C. WINGER, Font Hill, Ont.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Work For the Muscles.

"How is the beefsteak?" asked the landlady.

"It is excellent exercise," replied the new boarder.

"Exercise! What do you mean?"

"Didn't I tell you that I am the iron jawed man down at the museum?"—

Maternal Trials.

"Edie," cried the mother from the hall below, "what's all that noise up stairs? It's shocking."

"Oh, it's these two dolls of mine, mamma. I'm going to put them right to bed and see if we can't have a little peace."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ALCHYMISTS

FAILED IN THEIR WORK OF CHANGING METALS INTO GOLD.

DIAMOND DYES NEVER FAIL TO MAKE OLD AND FADED THINGS LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW.

Alchymists like Geber, Alfarabi, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Artephius and others, who pretended to be able to change all the base metals into gold, were, in there times, first-class imposters and deceivers.

The art of making old, faded and dingy dresses, capes, shawls, jackets, coats, pants, vests, and other articles of wearing apparel look as good as new has been brought to perfection by the introduction and use of the Diamond Dyes, those triumphs of modern chemistry.

Millions on this continent are saving money each year by using the Diamond Dyes in the home. They are true and faithful family benefactors, and so easy to use that a child can dye successfully with them.

Diamond Dyes have such an extended popularity, fame and immense sale in every locality that imitators have put on the market worthless and adulterated dyes in packages bearing a close resemblance to the "Diamond." It is therefore necessary for every woman, when buying dyes, to see that the name "Diamond" is on each packet. Package dyes without the name "Diamond" can never give satisfaction. Muddy, dull and streaky colors will be some of the disappointments met with. Diamond Dye colors are guaranteed brilliant, rich and full, and will last as long as the goods hold together.

Exceedingly handsome are toilet brushes and mirrors with solid silver backs enameled lightly in a subdued floral design of one or two colors.

Plain finish is much in evidence on silverware. An elegant vase seen depends for its effect almost absolutely on grace of form, only the foot of the standard being ornamented.

A Good Dictionary for Three Cents.

A dictionary containing the definitions of 10,000 of the most useful and important words in the English language, is published by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct.

In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of these common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. With this in view, where noun, adjective and verb are all obviously connected in meaning, usually one only has been inserted. The volume will thus be found to contain the meaning of very many more words than it professes to explain.

To those who already have a dictionary, this book will commend itself because it is compact, light and convenient; to those who have no *dictionary whatever*, it will be invaluable. One may be secured by writing to the above concern mentioning this paper, and enclosing a three-cent stamp.

Didn't Show Up Well.

Mrs. Lake Front—I don't think any painting looks well in the horrid electric light.

Hostess—Then perhaps you would prefer to remain in the drawing room, where the lamps and shades are.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Strictly According to Nature.

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.

Johnny—Yes, ma.

Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any.

Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.—Stray Stories.

"Blue Ribbon" Tea Baking Powder Coffee and Spices

You will find these goods reliable

E. B. Eddy Co.

NO PAIN. NO GRIPE.

Laxa Liver Pills a Perfect Cure for Constipation.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen—I am pleased to testify to the great benefit I have received from the use of Laxa Liver Pills. I was very much constipated and felt great distress after eating.

Your Laxa Liver Pills regulated my stomach and restored my entire system to healthy action. The effect of these pills is most natural and effective, free from any griping or pain. They cause not the least inconvenience. My advice to all who may see this is to try them, for I know they are good.

(Signed) JOHN DOHERTY,
25 North Street,
St. John, N.B.

Perry Patettio—Oh, well, they say that Fortune knocks once at every guy's door.

No person enjoys drinking in a conversation of the extra dry brand.

To the victors belongs the privilege of fighting over the spoils.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the *only* Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLAN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C. B

There are only a few women who know how to cook.

Quickcure heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc.

When a woman misses a social gathering, the rest of the women wonder if she didn't have clothes to wear.

Minard's Liniment the best hair restorer.

We women miss life only when we have never met the man to reverence.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Some folks idea of playing a good game of checkers is to be real slow.

An expert house cleaner is in a great deal more demand than a poor preacher.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Most people imigine that doing unto others as they would have others do unto them means to favor them.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions, is a modern discovery.

Use Vapors of Quickcure for Throat Troubles.

ANTISEPTIC SPRUCE . . . FIBREWARE

The perishable made imperishable.

The expense of packing transformed from an obstacle to a trifle.

These small pails of from 3 to 12 lbs. capacity, keep Butter, Lard, Mince Meat, etc., sweet and pure an indefinite length of time.

They resist corrosion and decay, and guard their contents from all contamination.

No danger of evil effects attending tinned goods.

Get samples and prices.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL.

TEES & PERSSE, Agents,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

It's in the quality of our goods that we excel.

Drop us a postcard for a sample packet **Free.** 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c per pound.

THE MONSOON TEA COMPANY,
7 Wellington West, Toronto.

DR. G. C. MATHISON
DENTIST,

Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ontario, University of Toronto, and Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia. Dental Rooms—Canada Permanent Block.
343 Main Street, WINNIPEG.
Telephone 553.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

BOECKH'S

BRUSHES and BROOMS.

For Sale by all Leading Houses.

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, Manufacturers
TORONTO, ONT.

Continuing the Trouble.

He—The trouble with too many people in this world is that they don't know enough to quit when they are ahead of the game.

She—I know it. I ought to have quit when I got your engagement ring, but I went ahead and married you.—Chicago News.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"There would be fewer unhappy marriages," said the Cumminsville sage, "if young men would give over the idea that woman would rather be petted than well dressed and fed."—

Sun Insurance Office,
Eastern Assurance Co.
Quebec Fire Insurance Company.
London and Lancashire Life Ins. Co.
British and Foreign Marine Ins. Co.
Lloyd's Glass Insurance Company.

W. R. ALLAN,
General Agent,
Winnipeg.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

BOVRIL

Is a condensed food, capable of preserving physical strength

Through Any Physical Strain

And is equally valuable to those requiring to use

GREAT MENTAL STRAIN.

It has no equal for giving

Strength to the Invalid

And it will agree with the weakest stomachs. Get it from your druggist or grocer and test its value.

While there's life there's Sope

Use Richards' Pure

IT'S THE BEST.

Be sure you get RICHARDS'. Sold by all grocers, or write D. Richards, Woodstock, Ontario, giving your full address, and I will return you FREE an Illustrated Book.

The Dressy Young Man

who a few years ago boasted to his friends of the high prices he paid his tailor, has seen the error of his way and now delights in showing how well he can dress upon half the amount he used to spend. He is able to get

Shorey's Ready to Wear Clothing

in every Fabric, Style and Trimming that the, so called, swell tailor gave him, but costing very much less because tailored in advance of his order. In quality, make, finish and fashion just as good. In short, everything the same but the price.

In the pocket he finds Shorey's Guarantee Card which means that if his clothes are not satisfactory in every way he may have his money refunded.

OLD KING COAL.

I am old King Coal, a dingy old soul
Who dwells in a cavern deep,
Where far away from the light of day
Some wonderful treasures I keep.
More years ago than you ever can know
My mine was a forest of bright, living green,
When time waved his hand with his strange magic wand
And made it the blackest coal ever seen.

After my birth, in the depths of the earth,
Many strange things I could do.
The heat which warmed me when I was a tree
I sent out again to warm you.
The busiest shop without me would stop,
For I work the machines of this land,
And the great ocean ship would make never a trip
Were it not for my helping hand.

A beautiful sight is the brilliant gaslight
Which I shed that at night you may see,
And my vigil I keep from the lamp as you sleep,
For the oil which it burns comes from me.
They tell me my tar is the best by far,
And my dyestuffs, too, bless my soul!
While the essence so sweet in the candy you eat
Once slept in a black lump of coal.
—Mildred H. Weeks in Brooklyn Eagle.

A MAD FLIGHT.

Day by day I had found myself growing more impatient for the dinner gong to sound. Had the bracing air of Llandudno put such a ravenous edge on my appetite? It was hardly that, for breakfast and lunch had no corresponding attractions. They were simply scampered through as necessary formalities. Was it, then, that the entrees were so excellent, the wines so choice, the liqueurs so piquant, the conversation so sparkling?

I asked myself these questions as I stood looking down into the placid waters which softly lapped the tall black pillars of the pier. Then I turned on my heel and for answer laughed a mocking negative to them all.

"I have seen her at table d'hote every night for a week," I soliloquized, and I believe I laughed again, and went all hot. Can you guess why? Somehow I fancy you can, and that you are laughing at me.

How lovely, how divine, a creature she was, or at any rate how lovely she seemed to me, I cannot tell you in cold print. I should only make myself foolish in the attempt. Let me ask you to take her beauty for granted—the rich black hair, the large, lustrous brown eyes, the rose tint of her cheek, the glorious—but here I am running into raptures. Let me simply set down once and for all that, as Christina's lover says in Browning:

She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her.

For a week, as I have said, I gazed at her where she sat, near the corner at the far end of the table. And meanwhile I sipped my wine, and now and then remembered that I might as well eat something.

The buzz of conversation was lost upon me. I took no heed of aught save her fair face. I was as one entranced. If some one asked me to pass the mustard, I found myself replying, "No, thank you," or if the waiter murmured, "Claret or 'ock, sir," I absently rejoined, "A few potatoes, please."

It was a bad case—a very bad case—and toward the end of the week I began to realize where I was drifting. So for the first time I deigned to speak to my right hand neighbor, a spry young fellow who had an air of knowing everybody and everything. I startled him out of his omniscience when I spoke, for I think he had wagered 50 to 1 that I couldn't utter a dozen words consecutively, but he recovered readily from the shock, and we prattled awhile concerning various matters. I didn't want to broach the subject nearest my heart too quickly, and we had got as far as the sweets ere I said, "Who is the lady at the top corner yonder?"

"The brown eyed lass with the sheeny locks?" he rejoined.

I could have kicked him for his irreverence.

"Yes."

"Oh, that Mrs.—Mrs.—ah, yes, Mrs. Faulkner."

"Oh. And the dark, disagreeable looking gentleman who always accompanys her?" I added in a tremor. "He is Mr."—

"Exactly, Mr. Faulkner, her— No; champagne, please. Yes, he's her"—

"Oh, thanks, thanks awfully," I stammered precipitately, and I rose from the table and hurried from the room with a lump in my throat and a mist before my eyes.

I crushed a hat on my head and walked or stumbled somehow out into the street. Anon I was pacing the pier, and right at the end in the darkest, loneliest corner I could find I sat me down. I smoked four cigars in half an hour, and all I said was ——. But I kept repeating it.

It was very late when I returned to the hotel, and in the morning I rose betimes and was off on my bicycle for a day awheel in the Conway valley. I am afraid I scorched terribly at times. "I must get this fever out of me somehow," I muttered, and so I rode hard the day through and toward evening was near Conway on my return, going as keenly as ever. Could it be that I was hurrying to be back in time for that dinner gong?

Suddenly I looked up and saw before me the figure, the face, which had haunted me all day. She was standing by the roadside holding her machine. I leaped off mine, discerning her plight.

"Can you oblige me?" she said in a voice that tingled in my ears. "I am so sorry to bother you, but I left my pump behind, very foolishly."

"I am delighted to be of assistance," I replied, starting to repair and inflate the tire. Would only that the other had been punctured! The job was too soon accomplished.

"You are staying at the —— hotel, aren't you?" she queried as she got ready to remount. "I have seen you at dinner. Oh, shall we be in time for dinner, do you think?"

I rather like the "we." It seemed to imply that I need not raise my hat and clear off. So I mounted and rode beside her.

"We can just manage it, I fancy," quoth I, looking at the time—"that is, if you ride a little quicker."

"You pace me," said she, laughing gayly.

And I laughed gayly, too, as if it were a capital joke.

* * * * * * *

She sat next me at dinner that night, and I did not glance at the top far corner once during the whole meal. Mr. Faulkner somehow did not put in an appearance. We chatted merrily and unceasingly, and the dapper youth, still on my right hand, looked at me with more astonishment than ever.

She overflowed with mirth and brightness, and I did too. Only now and again my inner conscience would say: "You are making a fool of yourself, and you will suffer for it. You are losing your heart to one who cannot give you her hand."

But as I looked at her and her eyes fell shyly beneath my ardent gaze I choked conscience back with a piece of chicken or submerged it in a glass of hock.

"Are you going to the Pavilion concert tonight?" I inquired, handing her a dish of strawberries which matched her lips to a nicety.

"Yes. Are—are you?" There was a nervous quaver in her voice I thought.

"Yes. Might I—that is—is Mr. Faulkner away?"

"Oh, yes; he has been called to town for a few days."

"Then perhaps I can help you to find the tollgate."

"As Mrs. Malaprop would say, that duty shall revolve upon you, if you will be so kind," was her reply.

It seemed to me this was the most sparkling wit I had ever encountered.

* * * * * * *

But, ah, let me draw a veil o'er it all! Why should I recall the bliss of those few days together—together on the pier, together in the happy valley, together laughing at the niggers, together scaling the slopes of the Great Orme? Why, indeed, when the recollection is but pain, and pain how lacerating, how torturing!

I was in love, and madly in love, and happy to be in love when I was with her. But when I was calmer and she was absent and the truth smote me I could have fled to the uttermost end of the earth with very wrath, with very shame. I felt I was a villain, and all the deeper dyed because it seemed to me I was not altogther objectionable to her, and that I was becoming less and less so each time we met.

My passion, however, only boiled within me. I took care of that. I let it have no tongue.

Her husband was away longer than she had anticipated, but he returned one afternoon quite unexpectedly. He jumped out of a brougham which had brought him from the station just as she and I were entering the hotel. The heel of one of her shoes had come off, and I had been compelled—upon what delicious compulsion—to give her my arm. He scowled at me darkly as he espied us, and her smile was distinctly abashed. He greeted her with a single snappish word and went off to his room, not vouchsafing to be introduced.

That look of his pursued me. I could not dismiss it from my mind's eye. It served only too well to call me to my right senses. I saw the quagmire I was stepping into. I saw jealousy and the divorce court and scandal and misery ahead.

So that night I did not appear at dinner. I had summoned up courage to fly. I remembered Colonel Newcome's story of how sometimes the bravest thing to do is to run away, helter skelter as fast as you can.

And at 9 o'clock I was at Colwyn bay—not far off, but far enough.

In the smoking room of the hotel I encountered the dapper young gentleman of Llandudno.

"Hello!" he cried. "You here. You look glum. What's up?"

"I always regret to leave Llandudno, you know," I muttered.

"Why did you, then?"

I changed the subject.

Next day I took a train to London. I deemed it best to get out of the neighborhood. My strength was giving way even in one night.

Somewhat to my annoyance the dapper youth came with me. I wanted to be alone—miserable and alone, and to think. He evidently wanted to be lively and to talk. But I kept him tolerably quiet by pretending to fall asleep at frequent intervals.

Near London, however, I gave in to him, and we chatted a little.

"Did you know Mrs. Faulkner well?" I asked after awhile. I felt so far away from her now that I thought I dare speak of her. He looked puzzled at my question. "Mrs. Faulkner, you know," I repeated, "who was stopping at Llandudno—the lady with the scowling husband, the dark whiskered gentleman."

"Oh, I know who you mean! No, I don't know them well, hardly at all—in fact, never saw them before in my life. But the scowling gentleman was not her husband, but her brother. She is a widow; married a man, curiously enough, of the same name as her own. I thought I told you. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I only feared I'd lost my ticket."

* * * * * * *

In a few hours I eagerly opened a telegram which I had been awaiting in reply to one of my own. It came from the manager of the Llandudno hotel and read:

"Mr. Faulkner and sister left here this morning. No address."—London Sun.

A Case Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

"One of the saddest incidents connected with my services here in many years," said an old county prison inspector, "was in connection with the hanging of a murderer. I believed at the time of the execution, and I still believe, that he was insane when he committed the crime for which he suffered death. He was supposed to be an unmarried man, and no one suspected that in reality he had a legitimate child whose mother had lived but a short period after its birth. It was on the third day preceding the execution that the prisoner sent for me. I had been doing what I could to prepare him for the end, and he said he wanted to tell me a secret and ask a favor. Then he revealed the fact that he had a daughter grown to womanhood, that she did not know he was her father and that he would like to see her before he suffered the penalty imposed by law.

"I argued with him that it was better that she remain in ignorance of her parentage, but he pleaded so hard that I made a half promise that I would see her and have her come to him. I found the young woman at the address he gave me—a girl who was fair to look upon and of apparently good education. My heart revolted against the shame that would be hers if I told her of her history, and I came away without explaining the original intent of my call. I told the condemned man in his cell right before the hanging of how I could not grant his last request, and, though he cried bitterly for a time, he said before I left him that it was for the best."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gems of Irish Literature.

I picked up two delicious literary curiosities during my stay in Ireland. The following notice was posted in a pleasure boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir: "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

The time I was in the country was just after the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. I clipped the following delicious advertisement from a Kingstown paper: "James O'Mahony, wine and spirit merchant, Kingstown, has still on hands a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by the Duke of York while in Dublin."—X. X. X. in London Spectator.

ANIGHT WITH THE DROWSIES.

Oh, a marvelous city is Trundlebed town,
And the home of the Drowsies is there,
And they gather at night on the hillocks of down
In the streets of that city so fair,
And the Dream people come there to join in their play
From the plains of the kingdom of Nod,
That beautiful country that borders, they say
On the luminous valleys of God!
Oh, the wonderful games that these Dream people play
And the fanciful tales that they tell,
And the Drowsy folk hearken and hasten away
To the land where the Dream people dwell,
And they gaze with delight at each curious thing
That they find in the kingdom of Nod,
While their ears catch a strain of the songs that they sing
In the luminous valleys of God!
Then the Drowsies return to the hillocks of white,
And the Dream people follow them there,
And they joyfully gambol the rest of the night
Through the streets of that city so fair.
Then at dawn they reluctantly hasten away
From those billowy byways of down,
While the Drowsies awake with the breaking of day
On the hillocks of Trundlebed town.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in Munsey's.

HUNTING A FORTUNE.

Thomas P. Corbins lives a mile or two out of Hartford, on rising ground, above a pretty tributary of the Connecticut. He is an excellent fellow, and, though his establishment is on a simple scale, because he happens to prefer it, he has made his pile.

His wife is dead, and he has only one child, a pretty daughter. At present Dorothy was acting as cook, her cook in a fit of wrath having taken French leave and her waitress having her hands full caring for the house.

It was a warm summer afternoon and Dorothy was alone in the kitchen, the ingredients for a sponge cake neatly laid out before her. The clock struck 3, and just as it struck the electric train stopped before the house and dropped a young man. He was fair, his eyes blue, his mustache light, but it was not the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon race. In fact, Max de Resal had only very lately arrived in America.

Opening the small wicket near the larger entrance through the high red paling, he walked up a white pathway, shadowed by tall trees, and took in the character of the house he was approaching at a picturesque ivy covered angle.

A Lapland wolf dog, aroused from his slumbers in an armchair on the veranda, broke the intense stillness that hung like a spell over the house, and his noisy alarm brought a tousy mop of hair to one of the Queen Anne windows in the roof. Max felt he was expected to explain himself and said interrogatively: "Mr. Corbins," but the maid, seemingly misunderstanding him, waved him around to the kitchen.

"Let us find the kitchen, then," he said to himself, "but Pierre shall hear of this, sending me to such a place, wasting my time."

A little farther on a door was open, with a screen drawn across it inside, and Max, without any ceremony, walked in. The shutters were half closed to keep out the light and flies, but he distinguished a woman's figure.

"I have an introduction for Mr. Corbins," he said, addressing her.

Miss Corbins took the envelope from his hand, pulled out the card it contained, and, to the horror of Max, calmly read it:

"The Marquis de St. Cybars begged to remind Mr. Corbins of their acquaintanceship, and to introduce his great friend the Vicomte de Resal, who was traveling in America for a few months."

While Dorothy read the letter, Max, becoming accustomed to the dim light, was making up his mind that the beauty of American cooks was quite as uncommon as their manners, and Dorothy was turning over in her mind schemes for baffling this would be fortune hunter. She spoke French fairly, and her next speech was in that language.

"So it's not on business you want to see Mr. Corbins?"

Up went Max's hands as if words were inadequate to express his amazement.

"She speaks French too," he cried. "Mademoiselle, in my country I should think you a disguised princess. But here I have sworn that, after all the strange things I have seen in the last month, nothing shall astonish me. Still I must confess I think Mr. Corbins' cook breaks the record, as you say. Yes, if I have still any vestige of sense left, I think I may say I only wanted to pay Mr. Corbins a visit of courtesy."

"Travelers like you," she said, a spice of malice in her tone, "are not very common in America. Frenchmen especially don't generally visit us just for the pleasure of it."

"But," he went on, seating himself on a pitch pine chair, "I give you my word, I am neither an engineer, a painter, a writer nor a singer."

"Well, then," said Dorothy, using the egg beater vigorously. "I know what has brought you here. You want to catch an heiress. Oh, you may as well tell the truth to a poor servant like me."

"When a young man wants a wife," said Max, "of course it's an heiress. You see, I'm poor myself, and what's more, incapable of earning my own living, so I must have a rich wife. But why shouldn't a rich wife love me? I shall never marry any one I don't love."

"I'll tell Miss Corbins everything you've said," she said. "But when you see her you won't want her. She's a monster. Her neck is down between her shoulders, and as to figure—well, she has none."

Max took from his pocket a French gold piece. "Look here," he said, "would you mind not mentioning my visit at all? I'll go back to New York and not see Mr. Corbins. I wouldn't like to spend my life with such a woman as you describe."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she said. "If you are, you will make mistakes, as the author of 'Otero-Mer' did."

"I might have expected that," cried Max. "You know Bourget, then? What a country. And to think I'm not likely to ever see you again!"

"Why not? You can see me tomorrow if you find me interesting."

Next day he had not to invent even the mildest of stratagems to carry out his purpose. For reasons of her own Dorothy made things easy for him, and, thanks to an exciting baseball match in the neighborhood, he found the house as empty as the day before.

"Well, you've come for the answer to your card?" she said. "Here it is. Miss Corbins wrote it before she had to go out. You really are unfortunate about her. But she has invited you to dinner tomorrow."

He interrupted: "Just now I am more interested in something else. You have read Bourget, I know. Do you remember what he said about girls in America—I mean girls who haven't much money, and who are so anxious to be well educated, that to go on with their studies they hire themselves out in the holidays as servants. That at any rate was true, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," she answered; "there was a girl here once who read Virgil and Xenophon, a housemaid, but she had to go, she was really too fond of books."

"Mademoiselle," said Max, faltering, "I am sure you are one of those interesting girls."

"You are paying me a compliment I don't deserve," she said presently. "I shall always be what I am now. And don't you think," she went on, with a charming smile, "that a good cook has her value?"

Then Dorothy turned to the table and went on with her jelly making. She tried to pull the cork from a sherry bottle, and the vicomte took it from her and drew it.

"This is not the sort of work you were intended for, my poor child," he said. "With your mental gifts you ought to do something more suitable." But Dorothy only smiled.

Then she said, "I presume you will accept Miss Corbins' invitation to dinner?"

"If I do, what good will it do for either you or me? I shall not so much as see you."

"Only come," she said. "You will see me, I promise you."

An hour or so later Miss Corbins received the Vicomte de Resal's formal acceptance of her invitation.

Before going to dinner the next day Max made all his preparations for leaving Hartford on the midnight train. When he reached the house, the flaxen haired Nova Scotian let him in and conducted him through large folding doors to the lair of the "monster."

Apparently the room was empty, and Max thought he was too early. Just then, through a half glazed door, he caught sight of soft puffs of tobacco smoke and heard the tones of masculine voices.

Corbins received him with the warm cordiality of an American, introduced him to the minister and then said:

"I ought to have been in there to receive you, but my daughter was at all events. You know her, I think?"

"Miss Corbins is not in the drawing room," said Max.

"Is she not? Oh, then there is some more bother or other in the kitchen. Ah, sir, dinners come into the world ready made in France. But here! It was just by the nearest shave my daughter hadn't to cook it again tonight herself."

"Again?" said Max, bewildered and conscious that he stood on the edge of an abyss.

"Oh, yes!" said Corbins. "For the past week she has been covered up in an apron, cooking—for a house full of people too. It seems to astonish you, sir, but wait a bit longer before you think you understand us. But here is my daughter."

"Come," she said; "dinner is ready."

She held out her hand to him as if no ceremony of introduction were required between them, and, taking his arm, led him into the dining room.

"Courage," she whispered to him, her face radiant with amusement. "Haven't I kept my promise?"

"Yes," said poor Max, "you have and to such purpose that I don't know how to look you or Mr. Corbins in the face."

Max never knew how he got through the dinner, and he thanked God when Corbins and the minister adjourned to the garden to smoke. Miss Corbins thought it too cool for her in her evening dress, but begged Max not to think of staying with her in the drawing room if he wanted to smoke too.

He looked at her a moment, then said: "No, thank you. I don't care for a cigarette tonight."

"I am afraid," she said, "you are going to leave us on bad terms."

"What do I care if I am the laughing stock of all America?" he answered. "I only mind being a fool in your eyes. If just for half an hour or even for a moment I was idiot enough to take you for the"—

"Don't say the word," said Dorothy, "if it hurts you so much. But, all the same, I'm proud of your mistake."

"Ah," he said, "making fun of me again as you did then, little as I supposed it!"

"Oh, I don't want to hurt your feelings!" said Dorothy. "You'll forget all about me. You will soon be on your way to Saratoga or the Catskills, according to the addresses on your introductions. You have some left, I suppose?"

"I have," he said, now in a white rage. "Here they are." And, taking them out of his pocket, he tore them to bits and threw them on the carpet at her feet. She watched him quietly, but when she spoke her voice was a little altered.

"I can give you better ones," she said, then stopped suddenly. There was nothing cruel about her, and she saw tears in his eyes. He turned away from her and, standing at the window, looked up at the deep blue vault above.—Providence Telegram.

Royalty In a Theater Gallery.

An amusing story is being told in London of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. A few nights ago they visited a London theater. They drove in royal carriages from Buckingham palace, the duke and duchess being in the first and Colonel Egerton, who was in attendance, in the second. The royal coachman made the extraordinary blunder of driving to the gallery entrance, and the duke and duchess, alighting, proceeded up the staircase, not knowing they were wrong. They had passed the ticket office, when the ticket seller called them back. He did not know who they were. All he saw was two persons about to enter the gallery without tickets. Meanwhile Colonel Egerton, who had been set down at the proper entrance and had been frantically rushing about in search of them, discovered the duke and duchess at the timely moment when the ticket man was also about to discover them. The duchess laughed merrily when the mistake was explained, and the duke also took the blunder in good part.

Genius Crushed Again.

The caller handed the editor a bundle of manuscript.

"For your humorous column," he said. "My wife makes fun of my attempts at wit, but I think you will find this about as good as the stuff you usually print."

The editor took the manuscript and looked over it.

"H'mph!" he ejaculated. "Your wife makes fun of your efforts, does she?"

"Y-yes, sir, as a general thing."

"She hasn't seen this lot, has she?"

"No, sir."

The editor handed back the manuscript. "Please ask her to make fun of this. Then you may bring it back again. Good day."—New York World.

No Lack of Attention.

Miss New—I can't get my watch to keep time properly.

Jeweler—Perhaps it needs regulating.

Miss New—Surely not. I move the regulator over the entire scale every day.—Jewelers' Weekly.

HORSES AND DRIVERS.

All Star, who recently brought $3,000 as a coach horse, has a trotting record of 2:40½.

The colt by Director for which George Starr paid $4,500 as a yearling has been named Central Trust.

It is said that the encroachments of Montreal will soon wipe out of existence the famous old Lepine track.

A 2-year-old sister to the pacing mare Whirligig, 2:10, is now being broken at Grattan stock farm, Half Day, Ills.

One of the curiosities of the running turf this year is a pure white 2-year-old, property of V. L. Kirkman, Nashville.

Many Canadian owners have entered their horses liberally in the hunter and jumping classes at the Detroit Riding club's horse show.

The improved grand stand at Aqueduct, near New York city, is built at such an angle as to give all spectators a chance to see all of a race.

Boyetz, an Orloff bred stallion, trotted four miles in a race in Russia last month in 10:07¾, beating both the American and European records.

WHY?

Why isn't courting an heiress a check suit?

Why aren't stenographers' notes figures of speech?

Why is it that we seldom see an auburn haired old maid?

Why doesn't a man lead a double life when he is beside himself?

Why is it that all the rogues manage to get into the other political party?

Why does a man usually show his wife more courtesies abroad than he does at home?—Chicago News.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Tall flower vases are in vogue in both china and glass.

Silver cut work over glass furnishes a charming combination in fancy pieces for the table.

Handsome pieces or sets in china and cut glass represent the up to date fancy for wedding gifts.

Enameling on articles of bric-a-brac shows the most vivid and richest of coloring, combining red, blue, green and gold.

The way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it.—Menenius.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Norsk Kvindestemmeretsforening is the name of the woman's suffrage society of Norway.

Long before the Roman conquest men were searching newly discovered rivers for pearls, and one of the reasons for the conquering of Britain was that the invaders heard pearls were to be found there in quantities.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Cumberland, B. C.

Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

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TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th, 1898

Thursday will be Farmers' Day. Let us all go to the country and enjoy it.

New Westminster is showing wonderful pluck and vitality for a burnt up town. Individual will be forced to the wall, but the city itself will arise from its ashes more beautiful and enterprising than ever.

England is acting nobly in the Cretan affair. Had she done her duty equally well during the Armenian massacres, thousands of victims would not now be looking down upon her with reproachful eyes.

QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

It may be that the International Conference at Quebec will not arrange for reciprosity in trade. The difficulty lies in the fact that we will not discriminate against England in any trade arrangement, and therefore can not give the United States any consideration, which will be satisfactory to her in return for any concessions on her part. But it will be of inestimable advantage if the various matters of dispute between us are settled, such as the northwest boundary, the sealing, and fishing questions. Trade can go on as it does now. It would be gratifying if the tariff bars could be let down in some things, but that is a subject about which we can have no quarrel.

THE ISTHMUS CANAL.

There is one good thing at least which will grow out of the Hispano-American war. The canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific will be built. America with her new possessions in the western waters must be able to reach them quickly with her navy. Her increased trade with them and China and Japan also demands the early completion of this work. President McKinley will undoubtedly recommend to Congress when it meets in December to take up and push through this enterprise as a matter of national importance. The result will be most beneficial to the Pacific coast, a benefit in which we will share. The canal will compete with the railways in freight rates, which will render them much less burdensome, because from the maratime provinces, eastern states and the old country shipments can be made all the way by water.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. Alex. Mellado will leave on Friday.

Farmers' Ball at Courtenay, Thursday the 29th.

Remember Thursday the 29th—Fair Day at Courtenay.

Fall threshing has commenced and grain is turning out well.

Capt. and Mrs. Freeman arrived on the Czar last week.

Vote on Prohibition before going to Courtenay, Fair Day.

Miss Roy will leave on Friday for Victoria for a visit of several weeks.

The W. C. T. U. have the contract for supplying the refreshments at the Fair.

One of the leading farmers of Comox valley will shortly sell off his stock at auction.

—For a pot or dish of delicious BOSTON BAKED PORK AND BEANS on SATURDAYS go to Douglas' Bakery and Ice Cream Establishment.

Mr. Alex. Dunsmuir and John Bryden, M.P.P. were here last week and took a spin around the lake.

The Glory of the Seas is at Departure Bay. Will probably come to Union Bay to finish loading.

Rev. Mr. Hicks delivered a very effective temperance sermon on Sunday evening to a good sized congregation.

Exhibition Day should be treated as a holiday. Visit the Valley, and put in an appearance at the Show.

The recent rain has laid the dust so that driving to Courtenay on Thursday to the exhibition promises to be fine.

Mrs. S. F. Crawford while riding down the Mission hill, Sandwick, met with an accident. The harness broke, horse ran away and she was pitched out, and suffered a fracture of her collar bone. She is being attended by Dr. Millard.

Mrs. Barrett, of Port Townsend, an eloquent lecturer, and noted evangelist, is expected here on Wednesday's boat. If she arrives in season she will take part in the meeting which the Temperance District Alliance will hold on Wednesday evening at the Presbyterian Church.

It would be well if those interested could agree on a suitable candidate for Alderman, in place of John Westwood resigned, so as to have but one candidate, who would be elected by acclamation, and save expense. There would seem to be no occasion for a contest as there is nothing in issue.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said elector at the City Hall, Cumberland, B. C. on the 7th day of October, 1898 at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a person to represent them in the Municipal Council as Alderman in place of John Westwood, resigned.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p. m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on the 11th day of October 1898 at City Hall, Cumberland, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification of candidates for Alderman is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years, and not disqualified under any law, and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner, in the Land Registry Office, of land or real property in the city of the assessed value on the last municipal assessment roll, of five hundred dollars or more over and above any registered incumberence or charge and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland the twenty-seventh day of September 1898.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

Passenger List.

Per City of Nanaimo, Sept. 21.—R. Munroe, J. Hanley, A. Gray, J. Nelson, W. Dellen, Jameson, D. Thomas, G. Leighton, Mr. Allsopp, R. McEatyre, L. Doolan, P. McCoy, D. Morrison, J. Maxwell, Joe Aspe E. Austin, J. Johnston, Carter, Mrs. J. Priestly, Miss Mabel Abrams, M. Nelson, Gus Lucta, Mrs. Addison, R. Day, A. Dick Bennett, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Stroud, J. Mrs. Willemar, Mrs Skinner, J. Pressetti, S. Magnone, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Mellado.

Special Prizes.

Mr. Dunsmuir, M.P.P. has kindly donated $100 towards the prize list of the Comox A. & I. Association $50 to the general prizes, and five special prizes of $10 each for the undermentioned exhibits.

1. Best collections of grains, 25 lbs each put in white flour sacks. Special entries.
2. Best collection of fruit.
3. Best exhibit of butter to be selected from first prizes.
4. Best general purpose team.
5. Best general purpose cow to be milked on grounds and milk to be tested by Babcock tester.

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SHOOTING PROHIBITED.

Whereas Sunday seems to be the day set apart by certain parties for shooting and respassing; therefore we, the undersigned, residents of Comox, hereby give notice that all shooting on our property on the Sabbath day is strictly prohibited.

John Mundell, J. P.,	Frank Childs,
Rev. Alex. Tait,	Wm. Parkin,
Berkly Grieve,	Sam J. Piercy,
Wm. Beech,	J. R. Berkley,
George Grieve,	Jos. McPhee,
R. J. Smith,	J. E. Masson,
M. H. Piercy,	S. F. Crawford,
Isaac Grieve,	James Rees,
Wm. C. Machin,	A. Salmond,
J. W. Smith,	W. E. Harmstone,
James B. Smith,	T. Cairns,
J. A. Halliday,	W. R. Robb,
H. W. Ross,	A. Urquhart,
Hugh Grant & Son,	R. McDonald,
Mrs. Oliver Duncan,	Rev. J. X. Willemar,
John Grieve,	Duncan Bros.

AGENTS.

Book business is better than for years past; also have better and faster selling books. Agents clearing from $10 to $40 weekly. A few leaders are:—"Queen Victoria," "Life of Mr. Gladstone," "My Mother's Bible Stories," "Progressive Speaker," "Klondike Gold Fields," "Woman," "Glimpses of the unseen," "Breakfast, Dinner and supper." Books on time.
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Time Table No. 31,

To take effect at 7 a.m. on Saturday Mar. 26th 1898. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily. A. M.	Sat. & Sund'y P.M.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	9.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.20	7.16
Ar. Wellington	12.45	.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily. A M	Sat. & Sund'y. P M
Ar. Victoria	12.07	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.46	4.32
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	4.25

For rates and information apply at Company's offices,
A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

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I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming At reasonable rates.

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A General Banking Business Transacted.

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Plants, Bulbs, Roses, etc., for fall planting. 54 varieties of Apples, 22 of Plums and Prunes, 15 of Pears, 14 of Cherry in one two, and three year olds. Thousands of Roses, most complete stock in the Province.

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