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Port Moody Gazette.

VOL. 1. PORT MOODY, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884. NO. 26.

A HEROINE.

I suppose that the world contains as many odd things and odd people as ever it did, but I never now come across such quaint persons as I saw every day in my early youth. The old sexton was an oddity if ever there was one; and there was a poor old woman who used to come and beg for money to buy snuff, of which she took an immense quantity when she could get it. Her third husband—a miserable old man—was a sufferer from asthma; her second, to the best of my recollection (I trust that I do not wrong his memory) had been hanged; her first, who formed the chief topic of her conversation, had been a soldier, and had died in the service of his country. She had been a heroine in little, if her account of herself could be credited, and I believe that she told it truly. A century or so back from now, her husband's regiment had been at the island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies, and it had some sharp encounters with French troops, who contended with us for that colony. On one occasion when the red-coats had had to retire, there was consternation and affliction among them, not so much on account of the check which they had received (for that they hoped to retort upon the enemy shortly), but because the colours were missing. They had, in the hurry of retreat, been secreted somewhere near the field of action. It was not thought that they were in the enemy's possession; but there was the greatest reason to fear that the Frenchmen, who had advanced as the English retreated, would in rummaging the neighbourhood discover and seize them. The colonel, at the thought of having to report the loss of his colours, was well-nigh distracted. He would think of nothing else, and could hardly be got to issue the necessary orders for the safety and sustenance of those under his direction. But he would seem to have been a favourite of the regiment; because, great as was the general danger and privation, it was a sorrow all round that the commanding officer took the loss of the colours so much to heart. He was assured that they would retake them, or perish in the attempt; but he could not bear that things so precious should be dishonoured by being in the enemy's keeping for an hour.

Now it was that my old friend began to be prompted to do a deed of heroism. All through the camp the men were lamenting the colonel's affliction, and inventing all sorts of senseless plans for recovering the colours and relieving his anxiety. One soldier spoke of a way by which a black man might, by following certain paths, get unsuspected to the place of concealment, and, if he were at all adroit, bring off the silk hid in some parcel of farm stuff. But to this scheme it was objected that a black man, though he could be sufficiently cunning when after any deviltry of his own, would be likely to make a bad adventure in a case like this, where discovery would be followed not only by failure, but probably by punishment also. It was, moreover, considered highly inexpedient to disclose the hiding-place to a slave, who might sell the secret to the enemy.

The woman heard all this discussed, but said nothing to the soldiers. She however, thought over what had been said, and formed a resolution. As soon as it was dark she repaired to the colonel's tent, asked to see him on a matter of importance, and obtained admission. She told him how sad it made everybody to know the trouble he was in, and that she would make an effort for relieving his distress if he would explain to her accurately the whereabouts of the place of hiding, and would give her a pass to get beyond the English sentinels. After speaking with her for a short time, he looked kindly upon the idea, and gave her all the information which had found its way to himself. He also wrote with his own hand the necessary passport.

"Now God bless you, my woman!" said he: "if you succeed, you will save the honour of the regiment, and if you fail, and come back to us, you shall have the thanks of the whole corps for your daring."

"Sir answered she, "I don't vally my life the point of a pin when there's so much trouble. If the luck isn't very much against me, I'll make my way to the place you've a-described; and, please God, I'll come again with some comfort for 'ee."

The night, fortunately, was pretty dark. She dressed herself in sombre habiliments and set off on her quest. With great cleverness and patience she made her way unobserved through the enemy's lines, and crawling and crouching, then making a run when a chance offered, she, by following the directions which she had received, reached the place which she was seeking, torn and bleeding from passages through the the bush, and with her limbs sprained from working over rugged ground and rocks. But she was at last rewarded by putting her hand upon the precious colours. They had been torn from their staves, and put away under a rock or in a hollow tree, I forget which. Her courage revived on having so far succeeded, and she set to work with fresh energy. Having taken off her gown, she sewed the colors in between the stuff and the lining. This being part of her plan, she had been prepared with needle and thread; but it must have been a work of some skill for a woman, tired and torn as she was, and in the dark, to achieve such a job. It was, however, managed, and the dress put on again; and then she started to perform the other half of her task, glowing with the thought that, happen what might, the colours were probably safe from the enemy. If I recollect aright, she managed so as to escape observation altogether, and not to be challenged at all. Arrived in the English camp, she lost no time in extricating her charge, which just after daybreak she took to the anxiously expectant colonel. His relief and joy were beyond expression; as the old lady put it, he was ready to jump out of his skin.

For this achievement she got her full meed of celebrity, and probably some more substantial earnest of the officers' and soldiers' gratitude. I am afraid, however, that the poor thing did not benefit in the way of gratuity or pension from the public purse. This may have been because her connections with the regiment was soon afterwards dissolved by the death of her husband, who fell with harness on his back, and his breast to the foe. Another fight, in which artillery took part, had ended, as I suppose, in the success of our side, because the field seems to have been accessible to our camp-followers after the action. The woman went on to the ground impelled, as she herself said, by a sad misgiving that he had perished. We know that there have been such presentiments in people of all stations.

"I was as sure that a was dead as if I'd seed un killed," the old body said years after, to a lady from whom she would often beg snuff.

"And did you find him?"

"I made un out, my dear, amongst the dead and wounded."

"Was there no hope?"

"None. Stone dead."

"How horrible. How I pity you! What did you do?"

"I kneeled beside un, put my arm round his waist, and kissed (ay, that I did) his dear hand."

"Did you not put your arm round his neck and kiss his lips?"

"My dear, the head of un was a-knocked off."

BURYING ALIVE.

The distinguished physican Sir Henry Marsh used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Colonel H——, struck down suddenly by apoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied and at the end of a few days to all appearance breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend, and ofttimes boon-companion, of the deceased. A bottle of port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin. 'Ah my poor friend!" he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off; "this was his favourite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory," he cried; and another, and another followed, until the wine, rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick. "Why should you not pledge me now for the last time?" exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and, to Sir Henry's inexpressible disgust at such revolting levity, pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the colonel's throat! Sir Henry stood amazed, his eyes, which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse. The jovial doctor, sobered in a moment, staggered back. "Can a dead man drink?" he cried. "Give him more—more!" exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle A tinge so light that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon his heart. There was no movement; but they lifted the body out of the coffin and proceeded to adopt the measures proper for resuscitation. Meanwhile the hearse stood an the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside—carriages arriving, while within all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives in obedience to the doctors' commands; the latter plying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out, and the startled family, half paralysed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups. Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the graveclothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfil their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning. Colonel H—— was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five-and-twenty years had passed away after the memorable morning were his friends summoned—this time to pay him the last tribute.—*Chambers's Journal.*

JUST IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English commissioner at the upcountry station at Hutte-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone upon the veranda with his wife and his two guests, the colonel and major of the—th light infantry, to enjoy the cool of the evening.

On three sides the house was surrounded by its compound, a large enclosed space, serving the purpose of a court yard, but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which native women were passing with their little pitchers on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo Indians, viz., the character of the natives and the best method of dealing with them,

"There's only one way," said the colonel, emphaticalyl, "Tell 'em what they are to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's my way."

"Well, I venture to differ from you there, Colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly. "I've had to do some thrashing once or twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently I assure you."

"I wish you'd been in my place, then," retorted the colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the rascals down at Sutteepoor, because there wasn't another queen's officer within reach—just like my confounded luck!—there was no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove, sir! I had to be everything at once—my own quartermaster, my own sergeant-major, my own caterer, and——"

"And your own trumpeter, Colonel Annesly?" asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch smile.

The colonel's broad face reddened ominously, and an explosion seemed imminent, when a sudden clamor of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half drunken English soldiers swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native boy who was running past; and one of them, enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully,

"Serve the young whelp right," shouted the colonel rubbing his hands; "that's just what they all want."

The other officer, Major Armstrong—popularly called Major Strongarm—was a huge, brawny silent man, whose forte lay in acting rather than in talking.

During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at sight of this man ill-using this child he woke up rather startlingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault over the high stockade beyond, was the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier, in low, compressed tone of a man who means what he says:

"Be off with you!"

"And who the deuce are you, shovin' yer nose in where you ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the major's plain evening dress bore no token of his being an officer; "jist you——"

At the sound of that insolent defiance, Armstrong's sorely tried patience gave way altogether, and the powerful right hand which had hewed it way through a whole squadron of Sikh cavalry, fell like a sledge hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.

"Well, done, Major Armstrong!" shouted Mr. Currie from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake."

At that formidable name, the soldier took to his heels at once; and Armstrong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the hurts of the boy.

The latter was sorely bruised in many places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.

"You're a brave lad, and you'll make a soldier some day," said the major to him in Hindoostanee. "Come with me, and I'll see that no one molests you again."

The lad seized the huge brown hand which had defended him so bravely, and kissed it with the deepest reverence; and the two walked away together.

Six months had come and gone. Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is trampled into dust and mire, and the bodies of men are lying thick among the fragments of the half-destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loop-holed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, showing how steadily the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless enemies whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half-ruined building and matted thickets all around.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky-high over Northern India, and Colonel Annesly is blockaded in Hutte-Bagh, with a certainty of a hideous death, for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes speedily.

Day was just breaking when two men held a whispered council in one of the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong; "but even upon half rations, the food will be out in four days more."

"And then we will go just right at them and cut our way or die for it!" growled the the old colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his harshness and injustice, Colonel Annesley was grit to the backbone. "We mustn't say anything to them about it, though," added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "Major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room, with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib!" cried he, "there is a hope for us yet! A detachment of Ingleez (English) are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass we are saved!"

"How do you know?" asked the major, eargerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so while I was lying hid amoung the bushes yonder," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder!" roared the colonel, facing around. "Have you really been in the midst of those cut throat villains, listening to what they said? Whatever did you do that for?"

"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake," replied the boy, proudly; "because he was good to me."

The colonel turned hastily away, to hide the flush of not unmanly shame that overspread his hard face; and Armstrong smiled slightly as he heard him mutter:

"By Jove! these chaps aren't so black as they're painted, after all."

"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie who awakened by the shouting, had risen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word."

"Fear nothing for that, mem-sadib," (madam), answered the Hindoo boy, quietly, "I will carry them word myself."

"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mrs. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, sahib," answered Ismail, "I will slip out of the house and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them, and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridge as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I'll tell them that you are all dying of thirst, and that they need only wait one day more to be sure of you, so that they won't care to make another attack. Then, when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of themselves, I'll steal away and slip across the river."

"But you are quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Major Armstrong, doubtfully."

"They'll believe this anyhow," replied the boy, delibrately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder and staining his white frock with the blood as he glided from the room, followed by Armstrong.

The plan was soon explained to the men below, and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of the firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him.

In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Colonel Annessley; "but he seems to be showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was our doing."

At that moment an exulting yell from the enemy came pealing through the air.

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the major; "it was a very good thought of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer, there may be time for help to arrive yet.

Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were almost helpless.

(To be continued.)

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The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21 1884.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The married ladies in Victoria may live to shine as "Grand Jurors." This week they attended at the polls and voted for school trustees. A man and his wife are supposed to be one, but now we know that a man and his wife are two. At this election in Victoria no one thought of asking a lady to produce her qualification. Where is your marriage certificate? would be a very proper question to ask each of these pettycoated politicians.

Two members of the Victoria bar will proceed to London next week to represent in the law courts there the plaintiff and defendant in the Thresher case. We expect to see their faces illustrated in "Punch," but we hope their speeches will not be reported *verbatim*.

A correspondent who writes from Clinton says: "Mr. Justice Walkem is an ornament to the Bench."

Newspapers in the United States and the local home-made rags contain, under glaring headlines, a report of the Vanderbilts in Fleetwood park. "Three hundred millions in capital, and three hundred thousand in horse flesh."

Wouldn't a jackass dancing be as great a curiosity as Vanderbilt driving? The Yankees have the Olympian games, but they have no Cæsar. Vanderbilt is only a slave master who goes fast and makes the vulgar stare.

In reply to Baker & Shakespeare, of Victoria, Sir Hector Langevin says: "The building of the dock must be delayed. No acceptable tenders have been received. Modified plans and specifications will be prepared. We must advertise again." And he should have added: "The Local Government should be sent to school. The art of making contracts and the art of making laws deserves their best attention.

Our local railroad contractors have celebrated a famous anniversary. On the 18th inst.. the iron horse, irresistible as the Iron Duke, bounded over the Frazer and took the city of Lytton by surprise. In a little while the iron horse will get a full view of the Rockies, and then we shall hear the old cry "up guards and at them."

On Ascension day, at noon, a royal salute was fired from the great guns on board Her Majesty's warship Constance, now lying at Esquimalt Harbor. The artillery is well employed when it says in thunder "Glory be to God."

Hendry & Cunningham voted again in the Town Hall against the resolution declaring that lands should be thrown open to settlers in the New Westminster District. They are a precious pair of representatives. One of them represents the forest, which he hopes to lease, and the other represents every dollar he can make for himself. And the people admire the pair of nonentities.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

What shall we do with Egypt? The powers of Europe are waiting anxiously for the answer, which cannot be long delayed. A partnership of European powers ruling Egypt cannot be tolerated; and it is evident that Germany, France, and Italy, are all hoping to aid us in managing the land of the Pharoahs. Indeed, the general impression is that strange European alliances will be formed before the Egyptian question is finally settled.

The fate of the Franchise Bill is creating a sensation in the United Kingdom. At a great meeting in Manchester last week, one of the speakers said: "The lords may conspire to treat the will of the House of Commons with contempt; but if they reject the bill it must be sent back to them by the Commons; and if it is rejected a second time it will be returned them by the population of the United Kingdom." When the people of the United Kingdom agree to do anything opposition is useless.

A diamond two inches in length and an inch and a quarter in diameter has been discovered at the Cape, and is now in London. The Kohinoor is eclipsed completely by this little mountain of light.

General Hamley, K. C. B, delivered a lecture in London on the slow and stealthy approaches Russia is making towards India. Indeed, he proved very clearly that it is time to cripple the bear and high time to get rid of the cowardly "liberals" who rule the United Kingdom.

At a great meeting in Dublin on

THE UNITED STATES.

At West Roylston, Mass, a place supposed to be very near the hub of the universe, Mrs. Mary Bemis was killed last week, by a quack doctor. He rolled her up in flannel and steeped her in kerosene oil until she died. He was tried by a jury and convicted of manslaughter. Five other quacks swore that his treatment of the patient was judicious; and one who wished to see him acquitted swore the woman would die in a short time even though she had not been immersed in the liquid.

The United States is a free country where any ignorant booby may practise as a physician, And in our own Dominion the law shields every assassin who chooses to practise as a doctor. In England, the law guards the people, and the quack is played out. In this country a cow doctor can practise the art of killing men with drugs. And this is a free country.

At Frenchman's Creek, Nebraska, twenty one cowboys camped for the night, on the evening of the 10th inst. They were all asleep when the sentinel on watch shouted "To arms." In a moment the boys were up and armed, but they could not oppose the floods. A water spout burst higher up the creek, and a wave ten feet high came down the valley and swept the cowboys, their cattle and waggons into the shadows and out of the world.

Christopher Schreiver, a German, was a widower. He resided at Albany, N.Y. Ten years ago he married for love and made the wife his banker. Every dollar he earned was given to her. The sum deposited in her hands exceeded $300. Las week the husband discovered that his bank was ike General Grant's—dead broke. The money was gone; the husband was enraged, and struck his wife. Then he went to see a friend. The wife put four of the children to bed and cut their throats; then took the fifth with her to the railway track and held the child by her until both were shattered by a passing train. What scenes of terrible misery occur in this great country.

The scene at Blaine's nomination i Chicago was extraordinary. A negro named Lynch was elected temporary President of the Assembly. Women were there shouting for a prohibitory plank; the Irish National League demanded a hearing; the New York boys shouted for Mahone until the walls were shaken by their yells; and sensible people heartily sick of the whole proceeding imagined themselves in a mad house.

Professor Westbrook locked himself up last Monday in his room at 78 Canal St, New York, and proposes to live there sixty days on milk. When the sixty days are ended he will travel through the country and exhibit himself as the man that did not eat any food for sixty days. And he hopes to make money. The Professor is on y a calf on two legs, and such a calf as that is no curiosity.

Miss Ida Lewis, who is truly the American Grace Darling, is dangerously ill at Lime Rock Lighthouse of which she is the keeper.

By way of intensifying the cyclone of defalcations, a clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington turned up short on Monday last. Only $45 000 missing. He lived at the rate of $10,000 a year, but he was a Colonel of the Grand Army.

James G. Blaine's new book "Twenty Years of Congress from Lincoln to Garfield," is very popular. He describes some of the scenes that preceded the war and is just to the South. He says Lincoln was not a coarse, ignorant man, and that the vulgar stories told of him were invented by his enemies. The book is proof sufficient to show that Blaine will be a famous President.

Two Western inventors have recently obtained patents for the use of sawdust instead of sand in p astering. Half the mortar is to be plaster of Paris and the other half sawdust It has been tested and is a substantial compound.

"Harper's Weekly" has damaged Blaine & Logan, and the 13 h Senatorial Republican Club have declared that 'every good Republican will try to hinder the circulation of that journal.

If "Jim" Blaine becomes President he will get the big Republic into hot water. It will be cut in two by his foreign policy. Europe will not permit the Monroe doctrine to be the home policy of Uncle Sam. A fifty million mob is more dangerous than six Vanderbilts.

Monday last, the Marquis of Waterford proposed that the Government be requested to give every facility to Irish tenants to purchase land.

Mr O'Mahony, another Irish landlord, said "The first thing landlords have to do is to create a war fund, not to be expended on daggers or dynamite, but to defend the rights of property." The Government said O'Mahony intended to rob the landlords, but they are resolved not to sell one foot of their estates for less than twenty years purchase.

Ten Maori chiefs were present at Divine Service in St. Paul's on the 8th inst.

On Tuesday morning last the Lord Lieut. of Ireland left for Belfast. All over the great Northern Irish City the Union Jack was at half mast, and the representative of royalty received a cold reception. A thousand soldiers, horse and foot are in Belfast, prepared to keep the rival factions in good order.

THE ELECTION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[From the Mainland Guardian.

The approaching struggle, although like all the Presidential elections in the United States, the whole country is raised to an unusual degree of excitement, is likely to be the severest that has ever taken place in the great republic. James G. Blaine has received a very large vote at the Chicago Convention; but the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Mr. Blaine may be beaten. The reasons for this are many, although they do not appear on the surface. The fact is, that the American people are tired of the heavy taxation that presses so severely on the lower middling class, as we may style it—the people with small, fixed incomes, the members of the various professions, clerks, and more particularly the laboring classes. Competition and dull times have rendered the gaining of a livelihood more difficult than it was some years ago, and the surpluses from the revenue which are not expended to the popular taste, lead people to think that some modification, at least, in internal taxes, should be made. This is not likely to be the case with Blaine as President. To use the cant phrase in England during the Beaconsfield Government, Blaine would certainly endeavour to inaugurate "a vigorous foreign policy." This would involve a heavy increase in the army and navy, and render any reduction of taxation, impossible. Of course, his aim is to bid for the votes of the bellicose section of the voters, and he will doubtless poll a very large vote, but we do not think he will be elected. In the first place there is a decided split in the republican ranks. Blaine is disliked as being connected with the election of R. B. Hayes who is now one of his declared supporters. He is also regarded as a supporter of the monopolists. Jay Gould has declared himself a supporter of Blaine. The result is that what are called the Independents and a great many of the supporters of Arthur, will cast their votes against him. The democrats were desirous that Arthur should have received the nomination instead of Blaine, under the impression that they could have defeated the former with greater ease. This we believe to be a fallacy. There is a very numerous class of voters that would have supported Arthur, that the ordinary election agents never calculated upon. The increase of wealth in the United States, and with that, foreign travel, has completely changed the views of the better classes. They are strongly opposed to the demagogues and sand lot orators; they don't like such displays as that at the Cincinatti riots, and are, in fact, in favor of law and order. Arthur has made himself a prime favorite with these classes; his gentlemanly manners, his moderation in everything relating to foreign politics, and his having kept his hands clean in relation to rings and cabals, has placed him in a high position in matters Presidential. The admirers of Arthur are much opposed to Blaine, and will vote against him if the democrats bring forward anything like a respectable candidate. There is also a large vote from those who advocate a tariff for revenue—not free trade. There can be no doubt but that Blaine calculates a great deal upon what may now be termed a dead issue—the Monroe doctrine. This silly cry is not the policy of the United States, as it arouses the attention of foreign nations to the progress of the United States in what may be termed the true Monroe doctrine; she is quietly but surely bringing the whole of the American continent under her control to wit Mexico, and, of course, all the small neighboring republics. She does not desire that any noise be made about it, because it is being done inexpensively, whereas, if there was any bluster, difficulties might be thrown in the way. Thus, the more far-seeing politicians of all shades will vote against Blaine. Now, the democrats have a great card to play. Much dissatisfaction has arisen at the policy of the republicans, more or less arising from their long tenure of place and their inability to satisfy all the hungry aspirants for office. The impression exists that a change should be tried, and the democrats have a turn. There is the old story about the rejection of Tilden which still rankles in the minds of democrats, and many republicans feel ashamed of the affair. There is also a strong feeling amongst many republicans that if Cleveland and Carlisle were nominated, they could conscientiously step over the traces. Even Bayard might be palatable, notwithstanding his supposed sympathy for the lost cause. With this knowledge it will no doubt be the great object of the democratic leaders to bring forward a candidate who will be popular with democrats and acceptable to dissident republicans. Then it must be remembered that their long existence in the cold shades of opposition has created in the democratic camp a firm determination to succeed this time if possible, and to that end they have been straining every nerve. We feel strongly inclined to think that the democrats will be successful this time, but how long they will hold the reins of power, is something that cannot be told.

FIGHTING CANADA.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

The big babies of ministers we have were constantly drumming in our ears at the commencement of their career, the dreadful sin of "fighting Canada." According to their unsavory channel—the "Colonist"—fighting Canada was as bad as parricide or breaking a mother's heart. To save us from such a dreadful sin, became the mission of our sapient ministers, and to this task they set themselves in earnest. It was found, however, that our step-mother, Canada, was rather mercenary, and that to conciliate her we must give up all claim to compensation for delays in carrying out her promise of a railroad; that we must make over to her three and a half million acres of land, and for a small lollipop that we must let her off her obligation to build a graving dock, or at least that we should accept her promise to build it "some day." She had some very good lands of her own which we had given her to induce her to build a railroad, and these we wanted her to sell to help us make a country; this the old lady promised to do; but having rid herself of the obligation to us for compensation, and having secured the three and a half million acres of land, she now finds herself so busy with other matters that she cannot find time to keep her engagements with us. Our noodles of ministers began to "smell a mice" some time ago, and sent the tallest member of the quartette to try and frighten the old woman into doing justice by British Columbia, but she only laughed at him, chucked him under the chin, and told him to be a good boy and she would do something for him some day. He pretended to get into a pet and sent word to his chums to kick out the Chinese if they showed themselves about the door; the old lady gave him a sound lecture and he was glad to inform his chums that the Chinese might come in. The fact is, that this old lady has a true "stepmotherly" regard for British Columbia, and will take care that her own offspring are carefully provided for first, and she does not regard it as any sin to take a few articles from the wardrobe of the latest addition to her flock to clothe her first-born. This fact has now become patent, and it begins to dawn on the feeble intellects of our childish ministers, that the old lady is not only selfishly inclined but rather unreliable. The consequence of this discovery is, that our ministers, in their silly and impotent rage, are inclined to do what none of our previous ministers ever did, and what they pretended they were not going to do—fight Canada. Of course, the old lady sits back in her easy chair and shakes her matronly sides at the absurd efforts of these big boys to look like ministers, and she will be greatly amused with our doughty Attorney-General when he arrives at Ottawa to try and wheedle or bully the mistress of the house. It will be seen from the foregoing that the impudent clap-trap of our so-called ministers about conciliating Canada was the merest bosh, made use of to deceive the green ones amongst the members of the Legislative Assembly, and although such a trick would be ridiculed outside of this Province, it was eagerly swallowed by men unaccustomed to be humbugged. Before the honest John Government succeeded by fraud in scrambling into power, this Province held a very dignified position at Ottawa, It is true that some of the representatives there did not shine in the brightest colors, but they all did their best to obtain justice for our Province. The demand for compensation, to which we were justly entitled was constant; and the request on the part of the Ottawa authorities for more land than they were entitled to by their agreement, was as steadily resisted But in an unlucky moment we allowed the honest John ministry to crawl into the treasury benches, and they lost no time in conveying to the Ottawa Government that they were prepared to do anything, so long as the Federal Government would enable them to hold their places. Like a penny showman, they estimated the public intelligence at a very low standard. They supposed that they had dandled the graving dock little black doll sufficiently before the eyes of the mainlanders to make them glad to get rid of it at any sacrifice, and then they tickled them with the idea that we should get a certain large sum for the dock, which was to be spent on the mainland alone. They were idiotic enough to suppose that mainlanders could be easily cheated, as they counted on the proceeds of the dock to feed the hungry maws of their supporters. They supposed that if they secured the Island railway—no matter if they gave away the whole Province for it—they would be strong enough in Vicforia to bear down all opposition. The eagerness with which the aid of Canada was sought to achieve these two points, was clearly evident to Sir Alexander Campbell when he was here, and lawyerlike, he pressed for the best bargain he could make for his clients, the Eastern Provinces. He was rather surprised, we are sure, at his own success, and we have heard it stated that what he had done was not favorably received by his colleagues; in fact, they were ashamed of the manner in which they had taken advantage of this young Province. But the thing was done, and now they will insist on the terms of the Settlement bill, as we recede from the terms of Union made for us by Messrs. Trutch, Helmcken, and Carrall. The honest John Government have managed to do more mischief to this Province than all the previous Governments put together, since confederation. If they have done more in one way than another, it is to force us into the unpleasant position of being compelled to "fight Canada."

☞ For artistic monumental work apply to George Rudge, "Victoria Marble Works," Douglas Street Victoria.

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BEDROOM SETS, CHAIRS, TABLES, CRADLES, COT BEDS, WHATNOTS, SOFA MATRESSES, PICTURES, MIRRORS, PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.

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NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our own correspondent).

BOOMING FOR PRESIDENTS.....BANK DEFAULTERS AND EXTRADITION THEORIES.... IMMIGRATION MATTERS.....MISCELLANY.

New York, June 5, 1884.

The Presidential boom is still swelling on the gale that blows from Chicago, where the Republican Convention is being held. The excitement is very great, of course, and the Democrats are watching their rivals as anxiously as a cat watches a mouse. The candidates that are not dark horses are Blaine, the plumed Knight from Maine, and President Arthur, who obtained access to the White House per favor of the late Charles Guiteau. As regards numbers in the Convention, they are about equally matched, and hence the probability of a dark horse—Edmunds from Vermont most likely—winning the race at a canter; who shall say after this that under universal suffrage the choice of the people is elected as nominee of a party much less as President, If Blaine does not receive the nomination he will be counted a peculiarly unfortunate politician. At the convention which nominated Hayes in 1876, he had the largest number on the first ballot and yet not sufficient to win; at the convention of 1880 he stood close to Grant, but neither of them was successful, and all the indications point to a like disappointment for Blaine to-morrow. They say his sons have a barrel containing $100,000 which is to be pretty freely used in the purchase of delegates whose minds are not made up. Arthur is playing a masterly game of inactivity. He is in Washington and sees to it that all his Cabinet are there too. He will not allow them to go to Chicago and stump for him, and this negative action of his will have its effect on the country. Still better, no finger can be pointed to any act of his administration which will not bear the closest scrutiny.

The democrats look on with profound interest, as I have remarked. They would prefer to see Arthur nominated, being pretty positive they can beat him in his own state by opposing Tilden to him. Tilden can carry New York beyond doubt, and it is on the empire state with its large electoral vote the contest will pivot. Tammany will go for Tilden too, with enthusiasm, while for any other democratic nominee it might be uncertain.

Next to the Chicago convention, public interest centres on the defaulting bank directors. One of them—Hinchley—is safe in England; another of them—John C Eno—has been captured in Canada, but released, his crime being declared unextraditable by the Quebec judges, before whom he was tried yesterday. Eno's defalcations foot up to the respectable sum of $5,000,000. Ferdinand Ward, another of the Napoleons of finance is in Ludlow jail, New York, and is the cause of much anxiety to several distinguished men. Ward threatened at one time to divulge secrets that would bring General Grant within the grasp of the law, and it is generally believed he can do so if he likes. Grant's first deposit with his partner, Ward, was $100,000. On hearing rumors outside—as it is alleged—militating against Ward's integrity, he went to the bank, and expressed his doubts about things in general. "Well, General," said Ward, "I don't want to keep you against your will; the bank is now established and can stand alone; here is a cheque for $1,400,000 which your deposit has grown to under my management. Grant is avaricious, and took the bluff. He tore up the cheque and—then came the panic when all his money was into the whirlpool at Wall St., and his good name with it as most people now believe. A priest named Father Ducey, well known in fashionable circles in New York, figures in connection with Eno as something like an accomplice. He was always with him, is supposed to have smuggled him out of his house in female apparel, from under the nose of the detectives, and escorted him safely over the border into the Dominion of Canada. American newspapers make a great show of righteous indignation over the unwillingness of Canada to give up Eno, forgetting that here in New York, as in Philadelphia, Boston, and other large American cities, there are colonies of Canadian swindlers whom the Dominion authorities would like to have extradited, forgetting above all, that this is the spot where O'Donovan Rossa hatches his dynamite plots and issues his fulminations against British Commerce.

The newspapers are agitating the union of New York and Brooklyn in order to have a great Imperial city, which will in time forge ahead of London and whip all creation in the way of size, wealth, and population. Brooklyn is, however, not as willing as "Barkis" was; she is not so heavily taxed at present as the sister city, nor so given up to boss rule, and besides, her citizens are proud of her individuality; an individuality she would lose if absorbed by New York. There is little doubt that New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Hoboken, Williamsburg, and other cities around New York harbor, will form one city in the future, but the time is not yet.

We are making great capital here about the discontent in Manitoba, fanning the flame ever so gently and inviting the Prairie Province to come and join fortunes with us who have an annual surplus, while they are laboring under deficits and monopolies, all of which is refreshing, seeing that monopoly stares us in the face at every turn and anaconda-like, threatens to strangle the republic if the republic doesn't anticipate matters by strangling Monopoly before it becomes omnipotent. Monopoly has hold of the press at present. The New York "Herald," "Telegram," and "Truth" are owned by Gordon Bennett, who partly owns the new cable; Gould controls the "Tribune;" Cyrus Field the "Mail" and "Express;" and so on. "Truth" is nominally owned by Thomas Connery, for so long chief editor and manager of the New York "Herald," but every one knows Bennett is the controlling power, and will furnish all the money necessary to make it a success.

The tide of immigration continues to roll hither from Europe in volume ever increasing. It comes at the rate of 2000 a day from Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, and Ireland; it comes in its squalor and its ignorance, but also in its strength. We are all immigrants and descendants of immigrants, and so let us not be hard on the last comers, though, certes, they do not look nice.

She weather is very hot, but, bless you it will be much hotter, and those who can afford it are fleeing to Europe and the watering places.

IT has been decided by the late school election in Port Moody, that E. C. Coon, of the "Colonial Drug Store," shall have the full patronage of the people, on account of his low prices and the safe and reliable manner in which drugs are compounded therein.

PIONEER STORE

QUEEN STREET, PORT MOODY.

D. B. GRANT, Proprietor

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Just Received!

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs the citizens of Port Moody and vicinity thas he has just received a large and varied assortment of seasonable

DRY GOODS

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes

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ETC., ETC.,

Which can be bought at Reasonable Prices.

Vegetables and Fruit IN SEASON.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

FARE to Westminster and return has been reduced to one dollar since the Colonial Drug Store reduced the price of drugs in Port Moody.

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New Westminster

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LANDS

—IN THE—

FRASER VALLEY

AND OTHER SECTIONS OF NEW WESTMINSTER DISTRICT.

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MONEY TO LOAN

ALL ORDERS FOR SURVEYING WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES, PASTRY ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ A CALL SOLICITED.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884.

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table.

PORT MOODY.

Mixed train arrives Mondays & Wednesdays, 6:35 p.m
" " leaves Tuesdays & Thursdays, 5:00 a.m
Freight train arrives every Friday..... 6:35 p.m
" " leaves every Saturday..... 5.00 a.m

Passengers entering trains without tickets, at stations where tickets are sold, will be subject to an additional charge of 75 cents.

The above time table to take effect on Saturday, June 28th, 1884.

M. J. HANEY,
Gen'l Supt.

A. ONDERDONK,
Gen'l Manager. je14

INSECT Powder at the "Colonial Drug Store."

THE case of Johnstone *vs.* Clarke has been appealed, and will come up for a rehearing before a full bench in the Supreme Court, on the 26th inst.

FOR some time past postmaster Watkis has been mentally deranged, and on Tuesday last he was induced to go to Westminster. There he was taken in charge by the proper authorities, and we hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

THANKS.—Dr. Heslop wishes to tender his most sincere thanks to all those who have, by their constant attendance and watchful care, contributed so much to the recovery of Mrs. Heslop from her late severe illness.

MR. Geo. Thompson is making preparations to build himself a handsome residence on Ottawa Street It will be a seven-roomed cottage, and the site chosen is on a gently sloping hillside, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the bay and surrounding country.

THE trout are jumping lively in the Coquitlam, and that picturesque stream is visited daily by a number of local disciples of Isaak Walton. Those who know the shady pools wherein the fish do sport get their baskets filled, and the others get—left.

BY the fall of two large trees some time during Monday night, the Clark Road was blocked for several hours on Tuesday. Mr. Lundbom had the obstructions removed. The blockade was just at the top of the hill, outside of Port Moody.

CHURCH NOTES.—The disagreeable weather of Sunday had a decidedly dampening effect on the attendance at Church and Sunday School. Rev. Mr. Blanchard had an interesting discourse, however, and the service was appreciated by those present.... Rev. Mr. Robson conducted the Methodist service.

WE had the pleasure of looking over the plans for Capt. Clarke's new residence, soon to be erected on the corner of Johns and Albert streets. It will be a very fine structure, and from its commanding situation will be an ornament to the city.

PERSONAL.—H. H. Horsey, Ottawa, Dr. and Miss Smith, Portland, were in Port Moody this week....Miss Florence Clarke, eldest daughter of Capt. Jas. A. Clarke, who has been attending school in Victoria for some months past, returned to her home on Wednesday last....Captain Clarke has returned from a business trip to Victoria.

IS IT KLEPTOMANIA?—There is a gentleman in Port Moody who has an unfortunate habit of picking up odds and ends here and there, and appriating them to his own use. Pieces of sidewalk, etc., are beginning to disappear, and people are taking notice of the fact. It would be well for the gentleman to give over the practice before the law interferes.

THE QUEEN STREET CROSSING.—Some weeks ago a petition was forwarded to the Government Agent at Victoria, praying that a crossing be built at the intersection of the railway and Queen street. This week an answer was received, to the effect that it was a part of Mr. Onderdonk's contract to put in all necessary crossings, and as Queen street seemed to be the most eligible point, a suitable crossing would be built in due course.

THERE is war amongst the stage men, and the traveling public are filled with joy thereat. By working the wires aright, a passenger can now go from here to Westminster for nothing, with a cigar thrown in, and it is really amusing to see three or four stage drivers hovering around a solitary passenger, each one offering greater inducements than the other to induce him to go by that line.

SERIOUSLY ILL.—On Thursday of last week Mrs. Dr. Heslop was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and for several days her life hung by a single thread. Careful nursing and constant medical attendance averted the danger, however, and the lady is now in a fair way towards recovery. The doctor succumbed to fatigue and anxiety on Tuesday, and was quite ill for several days, but we are pleased to state that he is now able to resume his place in our midst.

MOVED.—That jolly coterie of gentleman who have so long kept bachelor's hall in "the bungalow" attached to the telephone office, have changed their quarters, and now occupy the upper portion of Mr. Gilbert's new building on Douglas street. We hope these gentlemen will always Foster the remembrance of the many pleasant Weeks spent in the old "bungalow," and that many Moore of the same kind may still await them. They have an Arm-strong enough to—but Ah Me? this thing has gone far enough.

WEDNESDAY'S *Columbian* says our McGillivray article of last week was "scandalous and libelous," and "contains statements." as false as they are vindictive." We challenge them to proof of these assertions, and hereby offer the use of our columns to Mr. McGillivray in order that he may refute them—if he can. If the "esteemed friend" does not see fit to take up this offer we shall have to do as the *Columbian* advises, and cease "casting our pearls before swine."

STEAMER NOTES.—The R. C. P. M. Co.'s tug "Lillie" arrived with a scow load of lumber in tow from New Westminster on Monday afternoon. She returned to Granville the same evening, where she received a cargo of shingles, etc., for New Westminster..... The steamer Robt. Dunsmuir arrived from Victoria on Monday evening, with a cargo of general merchandise and several passengers. She cleared the same evening for Comox.

SCOTT'S Emulsion, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

RAILWAY NOTES.—Under the new time card, we should have had a train on Monday evening but it was 4:30 Tuesday morning before it arrived. The delay was caused by the locomotive and three cars leaving the track at Skow-wash Creek on the Haney Reserve, 45 miles above Yale. The damage was trifling. A large band of cattle came down by this train for the Victoria and Westminster market....Wednesday's train arrived ahead of time, with a number of passengers and some freight....Large quantities of ties and other construction material are being taken up country by every train ....The first train ran direct from Port Moody to Lytton on Thursday last, and the track is now being laid beyond the latter point at the rate of a mile per day....Mr. W. Tilley, formerly of the railway shops, Yale, has been promoted to the position of nightwatchman on the locomotives at Port Moody....The fencing of the line between Port Moody and Yale is near completion.

UNGRATEFUL.—It is not at all surprising to learn that the attempt to defeat Capt. Clarke at the school election this week, was a scheme of that middlesome person McGillivray. But it is at once surprising and humiliating to know that such scheme was concurred in by men who should have used greater caution, when they knew the polluted source from whence the plan emanated. But they were duped by the false representations of this person who spread a false report that the friends of Capt. Clarke had combined to cinch the other members of the retiring School Board and elect new men in their stead. That such an idea was ever entertained by either Capt. Clarke or his supporters there is not the slightest reason to believe—in fact the state of the polls at the close gives plain proof to the contrary. But there is nothing so fickle as public opinion, and our citizens forgot for the time being how much they are indebted to Capt. Clarke for the establishment of a school in Port Moody. We had hoped to escape the ignominy of publishing the name of McGillivray again in these columns, but his action in this matter is so suggestive of the viper that turns and sting its benefactor, that we are forced to call public attention to it. The government,—if they must have an emissary in Port Moody—should select some man who will not commit the silly mistake of attempting to accomplish the defeat of the only person who has ever done them a real service in the place. It was at once an ungrateful and an ungraceful piece of business.

SQUATTERS' MEETING.

On Saturday evening last a meeting was held at Temperance Hall, at 7 o'clock p. m. pursuant to adjournment from 7th June.

Dr. Heslop resumed the chair, and Col. Hamilton the position of secretary.

The minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

The Secretary reported from the committee appointed at the last meeting to prepare a memorial to the Governor-General, to be printed and circulated through the squatter settlement of the mainland, for signature, and draft of such memorial read.

On motion, it was *Resolved*,—That such draft of memorial, as read, be adopted.

On motion, it was *Resolved*,—That the secretary prepare subscription lists, to be opened for signature in Port Moody; and also to be forwarded into the interior along with the Memorial, a draft of which has been read this evening, to meet the expenses already incurred, and to be incurred, in advocating squatters' rights.

The meeting then adjourned until Saturday, June 21st, at 7 o'clock p. m.

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING AND ELECTION OF TRUSTEES.

The first annual meeting of the Port Moody school district convened at the Court House, in Port Moody, on 16th inst., at 11 a. m. Col. P. S. Hamilton was chosen to act as Chairman, and Mr. Wm. McLean as Secretary.

Mr. R. B. Kelly, on behalf of the School Trustees, presented the following report:—

REPORT OF TRUSTEES, PORT MOODY SCHOOL.

"The trustees beg leave to report that they engaged Miss A. Dallas as teacher, and school opened on the 18th of May, and is now prospering most favorably. The number of children on the roll is twenty-six, and the average attendance about twenty-two. The board have much pleasure in congratula ing the public generally on the position of educational affairs in this town, and on retiring from office have to thank not only the public, but the government also, for their liberal support, and trust the same consideration may be extended to their successors to enable them to carry out the cherished hope of making the public school at Port Moody second to none in the province."

(Signed) R. B. KELLY, } Trustees
GEO. ANNAND }

The report was adopted, and the thanks of the meeting tendered to the retiring trustees.

The Chairman then announced that the meeting was open to receive nominations, and at 12 o'clock the following gentlemen were announced as candidates:—R. B. Kelly, Geo. Annand, J. A. Clarke, Allan Noon, and F. F. Nelson.

Polling commenced at 12 o'clock, and it was announced that 4 o'clock would be the hour for closing—this announcement being based on a misapprehension on the part of the Chairman, and it was discovered a few minutes before the close of the polls that 3 o'clock was the hour set in the amendment to the "School Act of 1879." A considerable number of voters, several of them ladies, were thus debarred from casting their ballots, but it was through no fault of any of the friends of the several candidates. The vote polled was smaller than at the former election, and great care was exercised in seeing that none but legal votes were cast, it being a well-known fact that a number of people lacking the necessary qualifications had voted at the former election. The number of votes cast was thirty-six, divided amongst the various candidates as follows:—

R. B. Kelly	23
Geo. Annand	22
Jas. A. Clarke	15
William Noon	11
Frederick Franklin Nelson	7

The chairman then declared R. B. Kelly, Geo. Annand, and Jas. A. Clarke as school trustees elect, to serve for the term of three, two and one years, respectively, in the order above named. The meeting then adjourned.

AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

A correspondent of the Winnipeg "Free Press," writing from Victoria on May 26th, has the following to say of Port Moody:

"At Port Moody, the terminal city of the C. P. R., a great deal of improvements are being made. New roads, leading from the future metropolis in various directions, are being constructed by the Government and local enterprise. The site of the city is being rapidly cleared, and when denuded of the timber, presents a different aspect entirely to what it does with the immense monarchs of the forest in their full growth. Pure spring water is to be found everywhere pouring down the rising ground surrounding the city. At present there are about 100 buildings erected and more going up. The Government wharf is a substantial one, 2,000 feet long, by 200 feet in width. The grading of the track from Port Moody to a considerable distance above Yale where the Fraser is crossed is completed so as to enable construction trains to run. Ballasting will now speedily follow, and then traffic will begin from Port Moody to Kamloops. Real estate in Port Moody is now very high and still going up. It is reported that close upon 1,500 acres have already been surveyed into city lots. Outlaying properties there to-day are higher than similarly located property in Winnipeg was during the palmy days of the "boom." In the business portion of the city lots are sold by the foot, at prices ranging from $20 and upwards. Port Moody harbor is an admirable one. The whole of Burrard Inlet is a natural harbor 14 miles in length. Being determined to see it throughout in company with Mr. A. W. Ross, M. P., Mr. E. V. Bodwell and another gentleman, I had the pleasure (?) of pulling in a boat against the tide the entire distance from the wharf at Port Moody to Coal Harbor. So strong was the tide that it took our party close upon seven hours to reach our goal. The Inlet is already studded with flourishing industries, the principal ones being saw mills whose products are sent to all parts of the world in vessels that come direct to the mills and there receive their cargoes. On the completion of the C. P. R. a very extensive shipping is certain to be done on the Inlet in connection with the transcontinental trade, so that wharves are likely to extend a considerable distance along the inlet from the present one. Beyond doubt a very important city Port Moody will be, and for a large one it is admirably located so as to admit of easy drainage, gradients in streets, which run at right angles, and a never-failing supply of spring water No danger of floods here. The rise and fall of the tide is 16 feet. The mud flats can be reclaimed by erecting a sea wall, which will give a further acreage to the city of about one thousand acres."

ALL kinds of medicines, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

It is greatly to be regretted that an enterprise like the Canadian Pacific Railway, in whose success the people of Canada have so deep an interest, should be made the object of so much lying opposition in a certain portion of the press. Scarcely a day passes that some new story of financial embarrassment, or of fresh demands upon the government, is not published. The despatches from Ottawa in the *Globe* and the new York papers which appear to vie with each other in the manufacturing of *canards*, are invariably designed to create want of confidence in the ultimate success of the enterprise, or to throw doubt upon the good faith of the company charged with carrying it out. Here is a specimen, taken from the New York *Times*, which reached here yesterday:—

"Ottawa, Ontario, May 28.—Mr. Grenfell a New York banker, had an interview with Sir John Macdonald, the Dominion premier, here to-day in reference to the prospects of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It has been ascertained that President Stephen has found it impossible to dispose of any stock in England since the Dominion Government has refused to release their mortgage upon the road, and some other means of raising money must be adopted. Mr. Stephen will return to Canada at once, and a meeting of the Canadian Pacific shareholders will be called to consider a proposal to issue bonds. As these would have little value while the mortgage remains on the road, an effort will be made to induce the government to guarantee 5 per cent. interest on them for 30 years. If this can be accomplished, an effort will be made to float the bonds in London and New York."

This coming under the notice of Mr. Grenfell, he promptly contradicts in the following terms: "Mr. Grenfell, referring to a "despatch from Ottawa published in a morning paper, says that President Stephen has "not attempted to dispose of any stock in "London, and, as the government loan will "provide ample funds to finish the road, "there is no intention of obtaining money "from any other source." That denial should certainly have influence in making people very cautious about accepting the sensational statements which are telegraphed from Ottawa. In this case the contradiction of the story has come promptly after its publication. But in many cases it has not been considered worth while to notice the stories. In fact, if they were all contradicted that were untrue, the officers of the company would have their hands full. What is surprising is that these statements should meet with any credence at all. The legislation of last session was designed to save the company from the necessity of going on to the money market for funds with which to complete their contract. That was its motive as well as the justification. The opposition to the enterprise came from quarters in the United States which were influenced by a determination to prevent the success of a Canadian Pacific Railway, with the object of making the trade of the Northwest tributary to American railways and American interests. To defeat that opposition was a national duty on the part of the people of Canada, and to that end the company were placed beyond the influence of the bulls and bears of Wall Street. They gave up the right as well as the power to raise money from outside sources. They bound themselves to confine their energies to the task of completing their contract; and the government on its part granted a loan, taking ample security for its repayment, sufficient to enable them to carry on the work to completion. To start stories immediately that the company is embarrassed because it cannot do what it was not authorized to do, what it has just been relieved from the necessity of doing, shows the confidence which the army of Ottawa correspondents have in the gullibility of the public. Mr. Grenfell's contradiction in this case is complete and emphatic, but we have no hope it will stop the sensationalists. They will go on with their falsehoods in the belief that contradictions never fully overtake them, and that if they do no serious hurt to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, they may at least accomplish what is after all their chief object, the creating of distrust as to the future of the country itself.—*Montreal Gazette*

WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

Not content with suppressing the newspapers, Count Tolstoi has now "gone for" the reviews on which Russians so much depended for literary food.

Sunday public house closing has proved a failure in Wales. A clergyman who signed the petition in its favor says he is convinced now that no act of Parliament will make a people sober.

There is a fortune in so small a thing as a device for fastening a necktie. One of the patents in that line has just been sold to a company for $1,000,000 in cash and royalties that may amount to as much more.

Notwithstanding Lourdes entirely failed to give eyesight to their son and heir, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, steadfast in the faith, are now there on another pilgrimage, this time for the latter's health.

St. Petersburg, June 8.—Twelve artillery officers have been arrested in Odessa, charged with Nihilism.

Fifty male and female pupils in three high schools at Kischeneff have also been arrested on a charge of Nihilism.

According to the *Clinical Record*, Dr. Brinton has always looked with a certain amount of disbelief on carbolic acid, but finds corrosive sublimate to be the coming antiseptic. Prof. Koch has shown that solutions of one part of sublimate to 1,000 parts of water will destroy all bacteria, germs, and spores.

London, June 6.—The Orangemen, at a meeting here to-day, protested against the proclamation of Earl Spencer. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, directed against the meeting of their brethren which was announced for to-day at Newry, expressed their sympathy with the loyalists of Ireland, and resolved to give them every assistance in their power. Before the meeting separated, telegrams were received saying that 850 Orangemen had started for Newry by the Stanrear route, and that 650 more had sailed from Fleetwood, and 1,200 from Barrow-in-Furness for the same destination.

The Nationalists erected green arches in various parts of Newry during the forenoon, and paraded the streets with bands and banners. Messrs. O'Brien and Sullivan, members of Parliament, and a number of their supporters arrived by train at 3 p. m. A procession was formed and proceeded through the principal streets. A meeting was held in a field outside of the town, and the usual resolutions were adopted. On the return of the Nationalists from the meeting they threw stones, and when the procession reached the Protestant quarter of the town the Protestants retaliated. The police finally separated the combatants. When the Nationalists arrived opposite Orange Hall they threw stones at the building and broke the windows. Several shots were fired. The police and troops interfered, and four Nationalists and several Orangemen were arrested, the latter in Orange Hall, where it is said the shots were fired. Many persons were injured in the affray.

By advice of Lord Arthur Hill, the Orangemen held no counter demonstration in Newry The Orangemen arrested inside of their hall were discharged, except two who were remanded on the charge of firing with intent to kill.

The Orangemen who were to have started from England for Newry were stopped by the Secretary of the Orange Society, owing to Earl Spencer's proclamation.

Henri Rochefort's paper *L'Intransigeant*, says that several Irishmen have been warned to leave France in order to avoid early expulsion. The Irish convention called by James Stephens, the ex-Fenian Head Centre, will meet in Paris on July 12. Delegates from America, Ireland and England are expected to attend.

TERMS OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

Earl Granville and M. Waddington have agreed upon the basis of the conference on Egyptian affairs, and the terms of the agreement have been imparted to the powers. They affirm the principle of the temporary occupation of Egypt by England, to which, however, no limit is fixed, and propose an international control of the powers to audit the whole system of revenue and expenses of Egypt. England recognizes the suzerain rights of the Porte throughout all Egypt, including the Soudan, and France formally abandons all claim to a dual control.

A despatch from Cairo says that nightly attacks are being made on Suakim by Osman Digma's Arabs. Col. Stephenson has asked the English Government for permission to send a force of cavalry to Suakim to clear the environs.

A man who has arrived at Wady-Halfa from Dongola reports that Khartoum is strongly fortified, and that there is an abundance of wheat in the town. The Nile is rising rapidly, and the rebels, fearing the arrival of an army from Cairo, are about to retire to Kordofan.

TROUBLE BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA.

A despatch from Belgrade says that the Servian Government announces that a number of escaped revolutionists, whom Bulgaria allowed to live in the vicinity of the Servian frontier around Widdin and Sofia, invaded Servian territory, burned the house and killed the Mayor of Bountchie, near Vratanitza, and occupied Mount Drvenik, near Rescovitz. Kamen is also threatened, and the entire Timok district is alarmed. The Premier has demanded satisfaction from the Bulgarian Government, and in case it should be refused the Servian mission at Sofia will be withdrawn on Sunday. The Bulgarian Premier caused the Prefect of Widden to occupy the frontier post of Cregvo, near Negotine, driving out the Servian guards who had occupied the post since the treaty of Berlin. The Skuptschina has approved the action of the Government, and declared its readiness to act in defence of the rights of Servia.

BOSCHEE'S German Syrup at the "Colonial Drug Store."

FRANCE AND THE EASTERN ELDORADO.

There is no longer any doubt that by the recent treaty of Tien-Tsin France has obtained the exclusive right to trade with the Chinese provinces bordering. This concession is an infraction of the most favored nation clause in treaties previously made with other Western countries, and when the value of the commerce thus monopolized is generally recognized, the United States will join England and other treaty powers in protesting against the violation of their established rights. Why is it that France is anxious to keep in her own hands the traffic with Yunnan and the contiguous provinces of Kuang-Si and Kuang-Tong?

Of this mountainous district, which forms the southwestern corner of the Middle Kingdom, and from which the Mekong, Songkoi, and Yang-tse-Kiang diverge, something has been made known to geographers by the travels and writings of Margary, Brown, Yale, and Baron Richthofen, but their observations have not as yet entered into the stock of facts informing and moulding English and American opinion. It is clear, however, from the concurrent testimony of these and other authorities, that the mineral wealth of Yunnan is greater and more varied than that of any other part of the Chinese empire. Gold is found in the sand of some rivers, and silver mines were worked successfully up to the outbreak of the Mohammedan rebellion. There are, toward the north of the province, deposits of rock salt, and beds of anthracite as well as bituminous coal are encountered at many points of the central plateau. Although only the most primitive processes of reduction are employed, lead and iron are produced in such quantities as to leave a large surplus that would be available for export. Copper is abundant, and even during the civil war the mines in Ning-yuen-Fu continued to make considerable outputs of copper and zinc ores. The existence of mines of quicksilver is asserted by more than one explorer, and it is also said, though on this report we lay no stress, that rubies and other precious stones are relatively plentiful and cheap in Yunnan. The tin mines, of which we shall speak presently, could probably be made the most prolific in the world. While such are the mineral resources of the province, its valleys are fertile and produce silk, gum, tea, and opium, the two commodities last named having hitherto formed with tea the chief staples of export. In brief, the more carefully the records of exploration are examined, the more promising appear the productive and commercial capabilities of Yunnan. It would not be at all surprising of this province, once thrown open to foreign enterprise and trade should justify the name given it by Capt. Cæsare Moreno —the California of China.

For some years past the French authorities in Cochin China and Tonquin have been much more keenly alive to the value of Yunnan than the diplomatic and consular representatives of England and the United States in eastern Asia. Their primary source of information was the expedition under Dondart de Lagree and Francois Garnier, which, in 1866-68, ascended the Mekong to its source, proved the non-navigability of that river, and brought back a minute report on the resources of southwestern China. Then, in 1871, came the first voyage of Dupuis, a French trader, who, having penetrated Yunnan by way of the Yang-tse-Kiang in search for healthy silk worms, crossed the province to Mang-Hao, and, embarking with a single servant, followed the Song-koi down to the Gulf of Tonquin. The true route to Yunnan was thus revealed, and two years later Dupuis carried up the river a cargo of arms to the Chinese Governor at Mang-Hao, receiving his pay in bar tin, which was sold at a great profit in Hong Kong. This conclusive proof of the advantages derivable from a control of the tin mines of Yunnan made a deep impression on the French officials, and Dupuis, who has remained their adviser throughout the war with Annam, would naturally urge them to secure a monopoly of so lucrative a trade. His assertions, moreover, were verified in 1877 by Lieut. de Kergaradec, who was sent up the Song-koi for the express purpose of closely inspecting the products of the Chinese border provinces. From Mang-Hao he proceeded to visit the tin mines of Ko-Kieou, which have been worked since the times of the Sung dynasty (A. D. 900-1200), and in which, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country, he found 10,000 men employed. Before the rebellion, which for many years put a stop to production, the annual output of these mines—which are by no means the only known deposits of tin in Yunnan—reached eleven million pounds of metal. This, too, although the appliances for extracting and reducing the ores were of the rudest character.

While the statements of a trader like Dupuis might, if unsupported, have been taxed with extravagance, they are proved to have much foundation by the cautious investigations of men like Kergaradec, Margary, and Richthofen. Yunnan would unquestionably prove a prize to any European nation, and we can understand the motives which prompted the provisions of the Tien-Tsin treaty. But we are at a loss to know on what grounds France can ask, or China give, rights of access and intercourse to the exclusion of other treaty powers which have been guaranteed against any such discrimination.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

Last year two swallows, male and female, built a nest in the letter box on board the steamer Reliance which is now in port. The birds went up and down the river to Yale with the boat and appeared to be a happy pair. In a little while five smooth pledges of bird love decorated the nest in the letter box, and the lady bird commenced to discharge the duty of hatching. The purser, and other persons, looked at this interesting female every day; she was not at all alarmed by the touch of human hands, and permitted several persons to take her off the nest, to which she returned the moment she obtained her liberty. By some unlucky mischance the eggs were broken and the nest slightly damaged. This was a misfortune regretted by all on board. The beautiful bird that hoped to be a mother, repaired the nest at once and laid more eggs. It was too late; the other swallows prepared to seek homes for the winter in Southern climes, and the happy pair that trusted wicked man, abandoned the nest and went with the crowd. But, long before they left, the purser folded a piece of wire loosely round the leg of the lady bird, because he wished to know her in case she returned. Six weeks ago the swallows came back, and the lady with the wire garter proceeded at once to build a nest in the letter box. She has a family of five charming birds, and every one of them will be the picture of papa. The old birds are not at all surprised by the presence of man. Yesterday, in our presence, the polite, good-natured freight clerk, Mr. Henry Goater, took one of the young birds out of the nest, and mama perched on the rail to admire the position occupied by one of her babies. He replaced the little beauties in the box, and his hand was scarcely out of the way until mama darted in with a worm; and in a moment after papa came with a portion of the dinner, but he was cautious and kept moving in circles until he saw the purser a yard from the box; then he darted in and fed the little ones.

It is really surprising to see the confidence these two birds place in the wickedest things that walk. Man can scarcely trust his fellow man, but here we see the birds confiding in him. This lady-bird must have had no experience when she made the first nest. Her instinct enabled her to see that a weasel could not steal the eggs, and she was forced by the law of Nature to trust in man. Aswallow with brains in her head would not be guilty of such an indiscretion. Therefore we believe this bird has a bone head and no brain, and that it is quite possible the four little ones, if they are males, may live to be presidents or legislators. If the swallows make laws it is certain that four birds without brains will be chosen to make them.

The boat is anchored at Irving's wharf and will be there for a month. In a week the young ones will be ready to fly. They deserve no more notice than four babies, but their silly headed mama, that tempted papa into that hole, is a curiosity. When she sits on the rail looking at baby on the purser's hand, she represents the fond mother in the most inimitable manner. Her husband must be shocked by her want of sense and may obtain a divorce when the family are fit to fly.—*Guardian.*

BURDOCK Blood Bitters, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

IRON Tonic Bitters, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

WARNER'S Safe Cure, at the "Colonial Drug Store."

STAGE LINE
—TO—
Port Moody

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RUN A first-class

Four-Horse Stage!

Between New Westminster and Port Moody; leaving New Westminster every morning; returning, will leave Port Moody between 3 and 4 p. m. These stages go over the new road to Port Moody direct, carrying both Passengers and freight.

JOS. M. WISE.

Annual School Meeting.

A PUBLIC MEETING OF THE RESIdent householders and freeholders of Port Moody School District, will be held on the 3rd Monday in June, 1884, at the Court House, Port Moody, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing three fit and proper persons to serve as School Trustees in place of the present Trustees, whose term of office has expired.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

JAMES A. CLARKE,
Secretary.

KYLE & TILTON
IMPORTERS
—AND—
Wholesale Dealers in
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Provisions, Liquors, etc.
FRONT STREET,
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CLOTHING,
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GOODS!

MERCHANT
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We have the finest assortment of
TWEEDS
Casimeres, Diagonals,
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SUITS MADE TO ORDER
From $20.00, at Short Notice.
Good Fit Guaranteed.

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DEALERS IN
Hardware, Paints and Oils,
AT FACTORY PRICES

WE ARE PREPARED TO CONTRACT with parties building, to supply them with all material in the above-named line, at BOTTOM PRICES.

Orders by Telephone or Stage attended to with promptness.

Auctioneers
AND AGENTS FOR
SINGER MACHINE CO

Messrs.
HOWSE & RICKMAN,
RESPECTFULLY BEG TO INFORM the public of New Westminster and District, that they have commenced business as
LAND SURVEYORS,
DRAUGHTSMEN,
Real Estate Brokers & Agents
CONVEYANCERS.
ACCOUNTANTS, Etc.
And are now prepared to receive instructions in their several branches.

All Business placed in their hands will receive Prompt Attention.

Office: Front Street,
OPP. C. P. N. CO.'S WHARF.

HOWSE & RICKMAN,
OFFER FOR SALE
Valuable Town Lots at Port Moody.

ALSO,
TOWN AND SUBURBAN LOTS AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

ALSO,
FARMING LANDS ON THE LOWER FRASER.

ALSO,
TOWN LOTS AT PORT HAMMOND

ALSO,
LOTS ON TOWNSITES AT HASTINGS, GRANVILLE, AND ENGLISH BAY.

Office: Front Street,
OPPOSITE CANADIAN PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.'S WHARF.

DOMINION

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COMPANY.

(LIMITED)

Richard St., New Westminster

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of

Rough & Dressed

LUMBER!

Shingles,

Laths,

Pickets,

Doors,

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Mouldings,

Orders from the Country Promptly Filled.

ESTIMATES

of quantity and cost of material for building carefully prepared free of charge.

FIRST-CLASS

Grain-Edged Flooring

A SPECIALTY.

A. MENNIE - - - Agent
PORT MOODY.

Weeks

AND

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AT

PORT MOODY.

B. C.

OFFICE:

With the N. W. & P. M. Telephone Co.

LOTS offered in every portion of the townsite; also a few desirable ESTATES in the immediate vicinity of Port Moody.

For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to those of the last Tudors, the Tower of London was the official residence of the kings of England, and hence the scene of much of its political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have inhabited it, and for three centuries kings started from it for their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two are buried within its walls. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church, in the White Tower, that it stands to-day much as it was in the days of the Norman and Angevin kings.

The fact that photographic portraits are so rarely good likenesses is attributed by a writer in *Chamber's Journal* to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colors their true shade value. What is meant by this is that yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black; red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light, comes out black, and blue photographs perfectly white; such changes, of course playing sad havoc with complexions and contrasts of color generally. According to a recent French process, however, the trouble or draw back in question can be obviated, the plan consisting simply in the addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photopraphic surface of one per cent, of cosine. A modification of the crystoteum process is now being introduced. The photograph, printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naptha, paraffine, mastic drops, ether, and vinegar; this treatment makes it quite transparent, so that body colors in oil, if laid broadly on their places on the back of the picture show through with a good effect.

"Accustomed," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as one is to the sentimental verdicts of French juries when there is a lady with a grievance and a bottle of vitriol, or a revolver, in the case, the recent acquittal of an Aisne farmer's wife who was tried for the murder of her husband strikes one as a specially gross miscarriage of justice. Mme. Luce seems to be a jealous woman, and her husband's conduct was calculated to keep her jealousy continually on the rack. His nights, in particular, he devoted to 'frog fishing'—a pretext which never imposed on Mme. Luce. One night she knocked at a female neighbor's door with a loaded gun in her hand. The pair went to a wood near the house, where they presently perceived at some little distance another couple, whom in the moonlight Mme. Luce took to be her husband and one of her rivals. She fired at the pair at once, killing one and dangerously wounding the other. The dead man proved to be her husband; his companion was—his own nephew. For once Luce really was engaged in the sport which he had so often used as a cloak for his peccadilloes, and had taken his nephew with him. The jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving the box"

According to the *Lyon Medical*, suicides by drowning are more frequent during the summer, while hanging and poisoning are preferred in winter. Poisoning was once the favorite mode of suicide, but hanging has gradually become more popular. In France mature men generally hang themselves, and young men shoot themselves in the head. Women throughout Europe except Russia, prefer death by drowning.

At a recent vestry meeting at St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, in London, one of the speakers complained that, although the rector of the Parish is in receipt of an income £1,065 a year, his duties are entirely delegated to a curate, who receives an annual stipend of $140 only. It was stated that since the legal contest between the parish and the rector, on the subject of ritualistic practices, which ended in a victory for the church wardens, seven years since, the rector had not been seen in the parish.

Count Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior, is said to be preparing a reform in Russian prisons, with the intent of making them more like the prisons of the other European States. The reorganization will be framed upon English and German models, and their supervision will be intrusted to special commissions. It is also proposed that homes for released prisoners shall be built, where they can find work and shelter. For the multitudes of beggars, which are now a nuisance in the street of every Russian town, large workhouses are also to be erected.

Except for those who may have wealthy friends living in the interior in a favorable locality, Australia has been practically found to be not a suitable place for invalids. Any one who has made acquaintance with a bush hotel would be slow to recommend it as a residence, even to a man in health, and would certainly advise an invalid to avoid it. The most eminent physician in Melbourne has recently stated that out of hundreds with weak lungs who had consulted him during a period of twenty-five years, not one of those who had remained on the coast had materially improved.

The enormous outer coffin of Prince Leopold was so long that it literally could not have been lowered into the vault, as the space is not a large one. It was therefore removed, and the inner coffin or shell was carried to the grave, and finally deposited in the royal vault. It was not replaced in the French case, but is enclosed in an oak one, made like all the rest in the vault. It seems a matter of etiquette that royal coffins should be as bulky and as heavy as possible. At one funeral (Princess Sophia's) the bearers gave way, and the coffin fell with a crash into the grave.

The other afternoon the Mayor of Vienna was accosted by a servant, who gave him a parcel containing two smaller sealed packets, To one was fixed a letter informing the Mayor that the packet contained 100,000 florins, which he might immediately devote to any charitable institution of which he considered Vienna to be in the most urgent need. To the second packet was fixed a fragment of a visiting card. The Mayor is to keep it unopened until 1890, when he is to give it to whomsoever presents the missing fragment of the card. If no one presents himself, or no communications are received, the contents of the second packet are to be devoted to the same charitable institution.

Of English doctors, Radcliffe made over $35,000 a year in the height of his fame; Mead, $25,000; Baillie, 45,000; Sir H. Halford, $55,000, and Sir B. Brodie, $85,000 in the year but one before his retirement, the largest income known. Radcliffe once received $8,000 as special fee for visiting Lord Albemarle at Namur, Granville $5,000 and his travelling expenses for a visit to St. Petersburg; and recently Sir W. Gull $5,000 each for two visits to Pau and $7,000 for travelling to Perthshire and remaining a week with a patient. But the fee of fees was that received by Dr. Dinesdale in 1768 for inoculating the Empress Catherine and her son at St. Petersburg, viz., $60,000 paid down, a pension of $2,500 for life, and the dignity of a baron.

The recent report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters shows that no fewer than 2,872 hotels in the United States have been destroyed by fire during the past eight years, an average of 359 yearly.

A Frenchman said to a Berliner: "Your Iron Cross the highest Prussian order, is simply ridiculous—it has an intrinsic value of scarce five sous." The Prussian replied: "But it has cost you two Napoleons."

La France states that, in view of the constant recurrence of deficits in the receipts, several members of the French Budget Committee have resolved to propose the sale of the State railways.

An *Alliance Francaise* has been established for the propagation of the French language. The idea is to establish schools and professorships along the Mediterranean coast and elsewhere. The society was formed after the fact was shown that the number of those who spoke French was gradually decreasing.

A contributor to a London scientific paper says that a very simple and effective way of coloring a meerschaum bowl is by painting it while you are smoking, and after it becomes, warm, with the creamy surface of good milk (or with cream), by means of a common hair pencil, which brings out the brown and yellow colors beautifully, and as if by magic.

In the revolution of 1830 a law student in Paris was kicked by one of the King's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away and lived to fight another day. The officer was Patrice de McMahon and the law student Jules Grevy.

Speaking of Sir William Thompson's announcement of a belief in a "possible magnetic sense," the *Alienist and Neurologist* thinks that we might as well be logical and liberal, and add to the present senses the touch sense, the self sense, the power sense, the logical sense, and the psychic, muscular, and electro-magnetic senses. To divide and subdivide is believed to be a growing habit with medical writers.

One of the events at the Gymkhana meeting at Malta on on the 24th of May is a "saddle and smoke race." The regulations to be fulfilled by the competitors are: "To stand by their ponies' heads with saddles over their arms. At the word 'Go,' to saddle and ride off, lighting a cigar before so doing. At the first bridge to dismount on the usual side, and remount on the off side. The same to be done at the second bridge. Winner must come in with cigar alight and girth secure."

A curious scene took place at the auction of the library of a London rector, at Sotheby's rooms. The dealers, who were there in crowds, were left no where, one of the daughters of the deceased having, in deep mourning, placed herself beside the auctioneer and bid in all the books. So keen was the competition between her and some other relatives of the deceased that books which would ordinarily reached ten or twelve shillings, to the surprise of the trade, reached as many pounds.

Lately in a Roman court a handsome young man of 26 and his wife, 17, were charged with theft. He had been cook and she housemaid in an Irish gentleman's family. A robbery having occurred, the young couple were suspected and imprisoned. When brought before the bench recently both burst into tears. As soon as they could be calmed, the young man, as usual, was asked his name, and, covering his face, he replied that he was Count Riccardo Strozzi, a legitimate descendant of one of the most illustrious families in Italy. The wife is also of a very good family. They had fallen in love with each other and run away, travelling about in disguise in order not to be discovered. At last being penniless, they entered the above family as servants. Fortunately, their innocence was proved as clear as day. The coincidence of their flight with the day of the robbery was thoroughly explained, and they were set at liberty amid the cheer of the whole court.

The late great conductor, Sir Michael Costa, had wonderful rapidity of eye, ear, and glance. He had a habit of listening to the musicians likely to go wrong and they never escaped him. On one occasion, when the swan in "Lohengrin" failed to make its appearance at the right moment, he called out, "Where's that goose?" At another time, in "William Tell," when a storm, accompanied by the usual atmospheric disturbances, ought to have come and did not, "Where's the thunder?" roared Costa. "Gone to dinner," was the answer.

Mario had not even a piano in his room of later years, and was never known to sing, except on one occasion, when the Queen of Italy begged for a few notes to give her an idea of what his voice was in its prime. He then sang her an old favorite romance by Donizetti, "Ragio d'Amor Parea," an effective piece written for Cartagenova, a baritone. But it gave no idea of the sweet true tenor *timbre* that used to drive the ladies of so many countries wild.

The D'Oyley family can be traced as far back as the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror created his friend and follower, Robert D'Oyley, Baron Hackmorton, A. D. 1067, and granted him valuable land on the condition of the yearly tender of a table cloth of three shillings value at the feast of St. Michael. Agreeably to the fashion of the time, the ladies of the D'Oyley family were accustomed to embroider and ornament the quitrent table cloths; hence these cloths becoming curiosities and, accumulating in the course of years, were at length brought into use as napkins at the royal table, and called D'Oyleys.

Truth was not quite right in its story about Bismarck complaining of being checked for whistling on the Sabbath in Scotland. What he said was: "The English and American mode of Sunday observance is a terrible form of tyranny. The first time I set foot on English soil was at Hull, and I began whistling in the streets, when an English fellow traveller said, 'Oh, pray don't.' 'Why,' said I, 'is it prohibited?' 'No,' was the reply, 'it's not against the law, but don't you know it's Sabbath?' I was so angry that I left the town at once and took the next steamer for Edinburgh." Here the Chancellor seems to have whistled along Princes street with impunity.

A gentleman writes to the London *Times*; "I have recently twice crossed the Atlantic, in both instances in steamers of great tonnage and the highest speed, and I have gone down to my cabin at night to turn in with a feeling that nothing but the Providence which sits up aloft, and, in looking after poor Jack, has to perform the same duty for passengers, could avert a fatal accident if any vessel approached ours at the same speed. Through dark, thick nights amid blinding storms of hail, still we drove ahead at fifteen or sixteen knots (seventeen or eighteen miles an hour roughly), with the most reckless disregard of what we may chance to meet. It is true that every known precaution was taken, lookout men on both sides forward, and the officers most vigilant, but still I contend that with two vessels of such immense length it would have been absolutely impossible to sheer out of the way of a vessel lying to under close reefs or a steamer coming end on."

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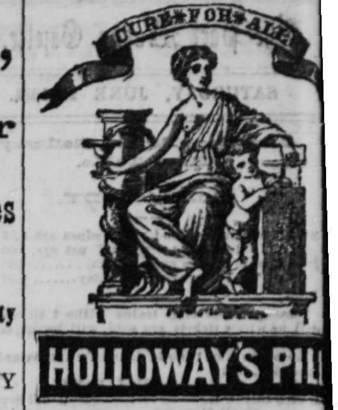

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