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Port Moody Gazette.

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BOURGONEF.—PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SECOND VICTIM.

(From Blackwood.)

(Continued.)

Such a correspondence in the essential features inevitably suggested an appalling mystery of unity in these crimes.—either as the crimes of one man, committed under some impulse of motiveless malignity and thirst for innocent blood or as the equally appalling effect of *imitation* acting contagiously upon a criminal imagination, of which contagion there have been, unfortunately too many examples—horrible crimes prompting certain weak and feverish imaginations, by the very horror they inspire, first to dwell on, and finally to realise their imitations.

It was this latter hypothesis which found general acceptance. Indeed it was the only one which rested upon any ground of experience. The disastrous influence of imitation, especially under the fascination of horror, was well known. The idea of any diabolical malice moving one man to pass from city to city, and there quietly single out his victims—both of them, by the very hypothesis, unrelated to him, both of them at the epoch of their lives, when

"The bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne."

when the peace of the heart is assured, and the future is radiantly beckoning to them,—that any man should choose such victims for such crimes, was too preposterous an idea long to be entertained. Unless the man were mad, the idea was inconceivable; and even a monomaniac must betray himself in such a course, because he would necessarily conceive himself to be accomplishing some supreme act of justice.

It was thus I argued; and indeed I should much have preferred to believe that one maniac were involved, rather than the contagion of crime,—since one maniac must inevitably be soon detected; whereas there were no assignable limits to the contagion of imitation. And that it was which so profoundly agitated German society. In every family in which there happened to be a bride, vague tremors could not be allayed; and the absolute powerlessness which resulted from the utter uncertainty as to the quarter in which this dreaded phantom might next appear, justified and intensified those tremors. Against such an apparition there was no conceivable safeguard. From a city stricken with the plague, from a district so stricken, flight is possible, and there are the resources of medical aid. But from a moral plague like this, what escape was possible?

So passionate and profound became the terror, that I began to share the opinion which I heard expressed, regretting the widespread publicity of the modern press, since,—with many undeniable benefits, it carried also the fatal curse of distributing through households, and keeping constantly under the excitement of discussion, images of crime and horror which would tend to perpetuate and extend to excesses of individual passion. The mere dwelling long on such a topic as this was fraught with evil.

This and more I heard discussed as I hurried back to Munich. To Munich? Yes; thither I was posting with all speed. Not a shadow of doubt now remained in my mind. I knew the assassin, and was resolved to track and convict him. Do not suppose that *this* time I was led away by the vagrant activity of my constructive imagination. I had something like positive proof. No sooner had I learned that the murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe, than my thoughts at once carried me to a now memorable visit I had made there in company with Bourgonef and two young Bavarians. At the hotel where we dined, we were waited on by the niece of the landlord, a girl of remarkable beauty, who naturally excited the attention of four, young men and furnished them with a topic of conversation. One of the Bavarians had told us that she would one day be perhaps one of the wealthiest women in the country, for she was engaged to be married to a young farmer who had recently found himself, by a rapid succession of deaths, sole heir to a great brewer, whose wealth was known to be enormous.

At this moment Sophie entered bringing wine, and I saw Bourgonef slowly turn his eyes upon her with a look which then was mysterious to me, but which now spoke too plainly its dreadful meaning.

What is there in a look, you will say? Perhaps nothing: or it may be everything. To my unsuspecting, unenlightened perception, Bourgonef's gaze was simply the melancholy and half-curious gaze which such a man might be supposed to cast upon a young woman who had been made the topic of an interesting discourse. But to my mind, enlightened as to his character, and instructed as to his peculiar feelings arising from his own story, the gaze was charged with horror. It marked a victim. The whole succession of events rose before me in vivid distinctness, the separate details of suspicion gathered into unity.

Great as was Bourgonef's command over his features, he could not conceal uneasiness as well as surprise at my appearance at the *table d'hote* in Munich. I shook hands with him, putting on as friendly a mask as I could, and replied to his question about my sudden return by attributing it to unexpected intelligence received at Salzburg.

"Nothing sent us, I hope?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will prove very serious," I said. "But we shall see. Meanwhile my visit to the Tyrol must be given up or postponed."

"Do you remain here, then?"

"I don't know what my movements will be."

Thus I had prepared him for any reserve or strangeness in my manner; and I had concealed from him the course of my movements; for at whatever cost I was resolved to follow him and bring him to justice.

But how! Evidence I had none that could satisfy any one else, however convincing it might be to my own mind. Nor did there seem evidence forthcoming from Grosshesslohe. Sophie's body had been found in the afternoon lying as if asleep in one of the by-paths of the wood. No marks of a struggle; no traces of the murderer. Her affianced lover, who was at Augsburg, on hearing of her fate, hurried to Grosshesslohe, but could throw no light on the murder, could give no hint as to a possible motive for the deed. But this entire absence of evidence, or even ground of suspicion, only made *my* case the stronger. It was the motiveless malignity of the deed which fastened it on Bourgonef; or rather, it was the absence of any known motive elsewhere which assured me that I had detected the motive in him.

Should I communicate my conviction to the police? It was possible that I might impress them with at least sufficient suspicion to warrant his examination—and in that case the truth might be elicited; for among the many barbarities and iniquities of the criminal procedure in Continental States which often press heavily on the innocent, there is this compensating advantage, that the pressure on the guilty is tenfold heavier. If the innocent are often unjustly punished—imprisoned and maltreated before their innocence can be established—the guilty seldom escape. In England we give the criminal not only every chance of escape, but many advantages. The love of fair-play is carried to excess. It seems at times as if the whole arrangements of our procedure were established with a view to giving a criminal not only the benefit of every doubt, but for every loophole through which he can slip. Instead of this, the Continental procedure goes on the principle of closing up every loophole, and of inventing endless traps into which the accused may fall. We warn the accused not to say anything that may be prejudicial to him. They entangle him in contradictions and confessions which disclose his guilt.

Knowing this, I thought it very likely that, however artful Bourgonef might be, a severe examination might extort from him sufficient confirmation of my suspicions to warrant further procedure. But knowing also that *this* resort was open to me when all others had failed, I resolved to wait and watch.

CHAPTER IX.—FINALE.

Two days passed, and nothing occurred. My watching seemed hopeless, and I resolved to try the effect of a disguised interrogatory. It might help to confirm my already settled conviction, if it did not elicit any new evidence.

Seated in Bourgonef's room, in the old place, each with a cigar, and chatting as of old on public affairs, I gradually approached the subject of the recent murder.

'Is it not strange," I said, 'that both these crimes should have happened while we were casually staying in both places!"

"Perhaps we are the criminals," he replied, laughing. I shivered slightly at this audacity. He laughed as he spoke, but there was a hard, metallic, and almost defiant tone in his voice which exasperated me.

"Perhaps we are," I said quietly. He looked full at me; but I was prepared, and my face told nothing. I added, as in explanation. "The crime being apparently contagious, we may have brought the infection from Nuremburg."

"Do you believe in that hypothesis of imitation?"

"I don't know what to believe. Do you believe in there being only one murderer? It seems such a preposterous idea. We must suppose him, at any rate, to be a maniac."

"Not necessarily. Indeed there seems to have been too much artful contrivance in both affairs, not only in the selection of the victims, but in the execution of the schemes. Cunning as maniacs often are, they are still maniacs and betray themselves."

"If not a maniac," said I, hoping to pique him, "he must be a man of stupendous and pitible vanity,—perhaps one of your constant-minded friends, whom you refuse to call bloodthirsty."

"Constant-minded perhaps; but why pitiably vain?"

"Why? Because only a diseased atrocity of imagination, stimulating a nature essentially base and weak in its desire to make itself conspicuous, would or could suggest such things. The silly youth who 'fired the Ephesian dome,' the vain idiot who set fire to York Minster, the miserable Frenchmen who have committed murder and suicide with a view of making their exit striking from a world in which their appearance had been contemptible, would all sink into insignificance beside the towering infamy of baseness which—for the mere love of producing an effect on the minds of men, and thus drawing their attention upon him, which otherwise would never have marked him at all—could scheme and execute crimes so horrible and inexcusable. In common charity to human nature, let us suppose the wretch is mad; because otherwise his miserable vanity would be too loathsome."

I spoke with warmth and bitterness, which increased as I perceived him wincing under the degradation of my contempt.

"If his motive *were* vanity," he said, "no doubt it would be horrible; but may it not have been revenge?"

"Revenge I exclaimed. "what! on innocent women?"

"You assume their innocence."

"Good God! do you know anything to the contrary?"

"Not I. But as we are conjecturing I may as well conjecture the motive to have been revenge, as you may conjecture it to have been the desire to produce a startling effect."

"How do you justify your conjecture?"

"Simply enough. We have to suppose a motive; let us say it was revenge, and see whether that will furnish a clue."

"But it can't. The two victims were wholly unconnected with each other by any intermediate acquaintances, consequently there can have been no common wrong or common enmity in existence to furnish food for vengeance."

"That may be so; it may also be that the avenger made them vicarious victims."

"How so?'

"It is human nature. Did you ever observe a thwarted child striking in its anger the unoffending nurse, destroying its toys to discharge its wrath? Did you ever see a schoolboy, unable to wreak his anger on the bigger boy who has just struck him, turn against the nearest smaller boy and beat him? Did you ever know a schoolmaster, angered by one of the boys' parents, vent his pent-up spleen upon the unoffending class? Did you ever see a subaltern punished because an officer had been reprimanded?. These are familiar examples of vicarious vengeance. When the soul is stung to fury, it must solace itself by the discharge of that fury—it must relieve its pain by the sight of pain in others. We are so constituted. We need sympathy above all things. In joy we cannot bear to see others in distress; in distress we see the joy of others with dismal envy which sharpens our pain. That is human nature."

"And," I exclaimed, carried away by my indignation, "you suppose that the sight of these two happy girls, beaming with the quiet joy of brides was torture to some miserable wretch who had lost his bride."

I had gone too far. His eyes looked into mine. I read in his that he divined the whole drift of my suspicion—the allusion made to himself. There often passes into a look more than words can venture to express In that look he read that he was discovered, and I read that he had recognised it. With perfect calmness, but with a metallic ring in his voice which was like the clash of swords, he said—

"I did not say that I supposed this: but as we were on the wide field of conjecture,—utterly without evidence one way or the other, having no clue either to the manner or his motives I drew from the general principles of human nature a conclusion which was just as plausible—or absurd if you like—as the conclusion that the motive must have been vanity."

"As you say, we are utterly without evidence, and conjecture drifts aimlessly from one thing to another. After all, the most plausible explanation is that of a contagion of imitation."

I said this in order to cover my previous imprudence. He was not deceived—though for a few moments I fancied he was—but replied—

"I am not persuaded of that either. The whole thing is a mystery, and I shall stay here some time in the hope of seeing it cleared up. Meanwhile, for a subject of conjecture, let me show you something on which your ingenuity may profitably be employed."

He rose and passed into his bedroom I heard him unlocking and rummaging the drawers, and was silently reproaching myself for my want of caution in having spoken as I had done, though it was now beyond all doubt that he was the murderer, and that his motive had been slightly guessed; but with this self-reproach there was mingled a self-gratulation at the way I had got out of the difficulty, as I fancied.

He returned, and as he sat down I noticed that the lower part of his surtout was open, He always wore a long frogged and braided coat reaching to the knees—as I now know, for the purpose of concealing the arm which hung (as he said, withered) at his side. The two last fastenings were now undone.

He held in his hand a tiny chain made of very delicate wire. This he gave me saying—

"Now what should you conjecture that to be?"

"Had it come into my hands without any remark, I should have said it was simply a very exquisite bit of iron-work but your question points to something more out of the way."

"It *is* iron-work," he said.

Could I be deceived? A third fastening of his surtout was undone! I had had seen but two a moment ago.

"And what am I to conjecture I asked.

"Where that iron came from? It was *not* from a mine."

I looked at it again, and examined it attentively. On raising my eyes in inquiry—fortunately with an expression of surprise, since what met my eyes would have startled a cooler man—I saw the fourth fastening undone!

"You look surprised." he continued, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the iron in your hands once floated in the circulation of a man It is made from human blood."

"Human blood!" I murmured.

He went on expounding the physiological wonders of the blood,—how it carried, dissolved in its currents, a proportion of iron and earths; how this iron was extracted by chemists and exhibited as a curiosity; and how this chain had been manufactered from such extracts. I heard every word, but my thoughts were hurrying to and fro in the agitation of a supreme moment. That there was a dagger underneath that coat—that in a few moments it would flash forth—that a death struggle was at hand—I knew well. My safety depended on presence of mind. That incalculable rapidity with which, in critical moments, the mind surveys all the openings and resources of an emergency, had assured me that there was no weapon within reach—that before I could give an alarm the tiger would be at my throat, and that my only chance was to keep my eyes fixed upon him ready to spring on him the moment the next fastening was undone, and before he could use his arm.

At last the idea occurred to me, that as, with a wild beast, safety lies in attacking him just before he attacks you, so with this beast my best chance was audacity, Looking steadily into his face, I said slowly—

"And you would like to have such a chain made from my blood." I rose as I spoke, He remained sitting, but was evidently taken aback.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," said I, sternly, "that your coat is unfastened, and that if another fastening is loosend in my presence, I fell you to the earth."

"You're a fool!" he exclaimed.

I moved towards the door, keeping my eye fixed on him as he sat pale and glaring at me.

"*You* are a fool," I said—'and worse if you stir."

At this moment, I know not by what sense, as if I had eyes at the back of my head, I was aware of some one moving behind me, yet I dared not look aside. Suddenly, two mighty folds of darkness seemed to envolop me like arms. A powerful scent ascended my nostrils There was a ringing in my ears, a beating at my heart. Darkness came on, deeper and deeper, like huge waves. I seemed growing to gigantic stature. The waves rolled on faster and faster. The ringing became a throbbing. Lights flashed across the darkness. Forms moved before. On came the waves hurrying like a tide, and I sank deeper and deeper into this mighty sea of darkness. Then all was silent. Consciousness was still.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. But it must have been some considerable time. When consciousness once more began to dawn within me, I found myself lying on a bed surrounded by a group of eager, watching faces, and became aware of a confused murmur of whispering going on around me. "Er lebt" (he lives) were the words which greeted my opening eyes—words which I recognised as coming from my landlord.

I had had a very narrow escape. Another moment and I should not have lived to tell the tale. The dagger that had already immolated two of Bourgonef's objects of vengeance would have been in my breast. As it was, at the very moment when the terrible Ivan had thrown his arms around me and was stifling me with chloroform, one of the servants of the hotel alarmed or attracted by curiosity at the sound of high words within the room had ventured to open the door to see what was going on. The alarm had been given and Bourgonef had been arrested and handed over to the police. Ivan, however, had disappeared; nor were the police ever able to find him. This mattered comparatively little. Ivan without his master was no more redoubtable than any other noxious animal. As an accomplice, as an instrument to execute the Will of a man like Bourgonef, he was a danger to society. The directing intelligence withdrawn, he sank to the level of the brute. I was not uneasy therefore, at his having escaped. Sufficient for me that the real criminal, the Mind that had conceived and directed those fearful murders, was at last in the hands of justice. I felt that my task had been fully accomplished when Bourgonef's head fell on the scaffold.

The recent Papal encyclical against the Freemasons is aimed at no less than 138,065 lodges throughout the world, with 14,160,543 members, whose annual receipts are estimated to amount to about $890,000,000, of which sum fully two thirds are expended in charities.

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JOS. M. WISE.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14 1884.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The people of Vancouver Island begin to see that the Settlement Bill is only a delusion. They say the Dominion Government have done nothing with the dock, and keep the lands in the railway belt on the mainland locked up This, they say, is an injustice. But Mr. Cunningham, M. P. P., and town councillor Hendry, believe it is just as it ought to be. They are a well-matched pair of good-for-nothings.

In the case of Johnston vs. Clarke, Chief Justice Sir Matthew Begbie has delivered judgment. He says, "the Southern boundary line of lot 202 was not an extension of the line on Lot 201, and that Clarke shall have only what his Crown grant calls for, Jemmett's southern boundary line to be the defendant's limit.

In one of those exclusive despatches to the "Colonist" we see that $250,000 is the sum which the Nicaraguan government demands from the United States to build an interoceanic "coral."

A school trustee in Victoria is ambitious. He wishes to shine as a patron of the public schools, because he is—a grocer. The sixteen school teachers are his customers, and the profits he makes on their accounts are very large. A teacher would take any kind of tea from a school trustee. Buy your groceries at my store, and do what you please in school is the ukase issued by the school trustee. In other words, "pay me for your tea, and you will prove that you are fit to teach the rising generation.

The Hon. A. C. Elliott has received his commission from Ottawa and will leave next week for Metlakathla.

In May last, two hundred citizens of Victoria signed a requisition to the Mayor asking him to call a meeting. He called the meeting, and the city fathers refused to pay for the advertisement Like the tailors of Tooley St., they imagine themselves to be—the people.

It appears by a published report on the adulteration of food in the Dominion, that no one knows what he eats if it has been purchased. Half the coffee is chicory and pea meal. Tea is gypsum, Prussian blue, foreign leaves, and rubbish. The art of labelling is practised in the dairies at Montreal, and a great quantity of the thing called butter is—something else. Potatoes, salt, water, and vegetables have not been adulterated yet. How to escape from poison put into food will very soon become one of the great questions of the day. Man is more mischievous than a monkey and proceeds deliberately to make a hell upon earth.

THE UNITED STATES.

The national convention of Democrats will meet at Chicago on July 8th, and Tilden may be chosen as the man best fit to oppose Blaine. Texas is solid for Tilden. He will have the West and South and a powerful support from the Democrats of the North. "To the victors belong the spoils." Which party will grab the dollars? That is the only question that concerns the great captains who command the two marauding armies.

Mr. James D. Fish, the New York banker says, "I was assured by autograph letters from Gen. Grant that the Government contracts pretended to be held by the firm of Grant & Ward were "all right and straight," and that the alleged profits were genuine. This assertion seriously affects the character of the General, but it is no excuse for Fish, who was willing to rob the Government and did not hesitate to risk the money of the bank to make profit for himself.

Mrs. Laws and Mrs. Cook, of Newcastle, W. T., were supposed to be respectable members of the community. Mrs Cook, on Friday last, abused Mrs. Laws on the street, and assaulted her. This lady went home for a butcher-knife, returned immediately, and carved Mrs. Cook in a shocking manner. The knife penetrated the left lung, and cut through the back. Newcastle is one of the places where ladies do duty as "Grand Jurors."

Charles Monroe was arrested at Dublin, G., last week, charged by the widow Clarke with assault and battery It appears Monroe was engaged to marry the widow, and she had a daughter named Lulu. The widow's wooer loved the daughter and eloped with her. The widow pursued the pair and was just in time to stop the marriage. Friends interfered and amused the old woman with words of consolation, while the daughter eloped again. The marriage was consummated, and the widow that hoped to be a bride went home—a mother-in-law.

Mr. Russell Sage, of New York, will pay all his "puts" and calls, and the brokers and gamblers will worship him as the millionaire who could stand a hard squeeze. No one will think of denouncing him as the boss gambler of Wall Street. Mr. Washington O'Connor says, "Mr. Sage has thirty million dollars left, and that will be his passport to the houses of pious, honest, respectable citizens.

In San Francisco, processions and bands have been parading the streets and cheering for Blaine. And to the working man it is a matter of no consequence who is elected President. He will be ruled by—the almighty dollar

In Jersey City last week, Tom Moran visited his father, who kept the half-way house at No 450 Grand St., Jersey City, and fired a pistol shot at the old man. "Do you want to kill me?" said the father. "Yes," said the dutiful Yankee child; "I'll kill any man who insults mother;" and he fired another shot at his father. The old man rushed out of the room and was followed down the street by his hopeful son. Breathless, the father halted, and in imploring tones said to his son, "don't shoot, Tommy; don't kill me!" The son deliberately fired again and shot his father through the heart. At this moment Mrs. Moran arrived; she looked at the dying man and said, "he is my husband; he did not treat me well; but I am sorry for him." She cackled to a crowd for ten minutes and proved that she urged Tommy to kill his father. The old man was a monster, the woman was fit to be his wife, and their son, Tommy, is a chip of the old block, and a mischievous monkey. Och!

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A telegram from London dated June 5th, says: "Bismarck was publicly insulted by the people to-day at Berlin. A multitude of working men assembled in front of a house where the great Chancellor was sitting. and shouted 'down with Bismarck.' He ordered his servants to call the police and assist them in dispersing the mob. The liveries worn by the servants increased the tumult, but the authorities kept the crowd quiet."

What is fame? A thing that may be created or destroyed by a howling multitude. It is not to be desired. But the fame that may be won by directing showers of grape shot on such a mob as that is worth enjoying. Is it possible the great Chancellor cannot give his darling people a good dose of the whip? They deserve it and they ought to get it.

The citizens of London are horrified by the late attempt of the dynamiters. The police are powerless and there is not the slightest clue to enable them to trace the desparadoes. The wildest schemes of reprisals against Irish agitators are talked of, vigilance committees, good ropes, and short shrifts are freely recommended.

The genius of man may destroy all law and order. The invention of dynamite has armed ignorance and malice, and these two monsters will amuse themselves by creating misery. King Mob will destroy a few Statesmen and several castles, and then he will annihilate himself.

The latest telegrams say Her Majesty is in excellent health.

Paris is the hot-bed of iniquity. The representatives of all ruffianism are assembled there Herr Guillame Liebnecht, the Saxon Socialist, is there, and at a meeting where the cut-throats of Europe and America were assembled, he said, "the hour is come; the sentiment of the people is ripe, and they must use the weapons of destruction placed in their hands by modern science." Is he the devil?

A debate in the House of Commons last month terminated with the rejection of a Bill that provided for the building of a railway under the sea from England to France. A good deal of nonsense was spoken by those who favored the Bill. One of the orators said, "the closer nations are together the better friends they will be." France is close enough to Germany and where is the friendship?

Mr. Charles Allen, the well-known secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, has written a short history of Morocco. It occupies three columns in the "Times" He says the country is larger than France and blessed by nature with the possibilities of illimitable wealth. The soil is the richest in the world; the climate unsurpassed; and the scenery a perfect picture of matchless beauty. The people are slaves oppressed by tyrants, and, therefore, Morocco must be annexed. It would be an act of charity to hang the rulers of that country and civilize the multitude.

At a sale of short horns near Towcaster, in England, last week, fifty head of cattle were sold for $70,000. The Grand Duchess, a milch cow, was bought for $5000 And milk is sold in Towcaster at three cents a quart!

Along the banks of the Congo and all over the dark Continent there is an army of pioneers taking notes, and in England the general impression is that Africa must be blessed by civilization. The manufacturesr of cotton are shocked to hear of the millions of people who walk mother naked over the rich soil. Civilization must try to keep the cotton mills at work.

A Bill to prohibit the shooting of pigeons from traps was thrown out by the Lords. One of them said, "the practice of shooting birds as they fly from traps is brutalizing" And that is true. But the majority of the Lords love old fashions. Lord Balfour said that pigeon shooting was a low system of gambling The Archbishop of Canterbury voted for the bill. In 1821 the suggestion to save dogs and cats from human brutes was received in the House of Commons with roars of laughter; but a law in favor of dogs and cats was made in 1840, and brutal fellows convicted of torturing a dog or a cat may be imprisoned for six months. And shooting the starved pigeons will be stopped

THE FRUITS OF THE SETTLEMENT BILL.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

It is well known that before the honest John Government got into power, affairs in the Province were very healthy. We had, besides, an income that covered all liabilities, a good claim on the Dominion Government for two millions at least; we had the whole of the Island lands in our possession, with illimitable wealth in the finest coal on the Pacific Coast; we had valuable mineral lands at Kootenay, and three million and a half acres of splendid prairie land at Peace River, which was fit for immediate settlement. We had, or would have had, at the cost of the Dominion and Imperial Governments, a magnificent graving dock, which would have, ultimately, been a never failing source of income. But our evil star has imposed upon us the honest John Government and all these blessings are gone from us forever. If there had been any advantage, immediate or prospective, in parting with our wealth, there might have been some justification, but we are to receive nothing at all. The only thing purchased with all this wealth was a little fleeting popularity for our four "ministers" and the enjoyment to them of holding the reins of Government, with which they have steered us into the slough of despond. The Dominion Government felt uneasy under the liability for our undoubted claim for compensation for delays; they wanted more of our lands, and they doubted the advantage of building the graving dock at Esquimalt. They found a Provincial Government ready to do anything they pleased—the first of the kind that ever existed in this Province—and they very naturally took advantage, never dreaming that they could obtain what they asked for so easily. They made their proposition, and the men whom we placed in office to look after our interests, gave them all they wanted without once considering the interests of the people they have sworn to serve. The graving dock was handed over without a single condition as to time or penalty for non-performance. It was to be completed "with all convenient speed." Exactly. When the Dominion Government finds it convenient to complete it they will do so; but as that is likely to be a very remote contingency, and as the cofferdam will tumble down some fine day, it may be found that the completion of the dock would be a matter for further consideration, and a new Government at Ottawa may repudiate the whole affair. The Federal Government were to use "every exertion" to place the lands in the railway belt in the market at the earliest possible date. Just so. They will use every possible exertion to make them very valuable, and then, at the earliest possible date at which they can obtain the prices they deem sufficient for such lands, they will place them on the market, but that time may be five years hence. The whole affair so far as the Local Government is concerned, has a very fishy appearance, and we have nothing to do with anyone beyond the men we employed to do our business. An attempt is now made by the "Colonist" to divert attention from the honest John humbugs, by rating the Federal authorities. This is mere nonsense; the people have only our officers to call to account, and as there is now every possible evidence of their incapacity—to call it by the genteelest name—the people should get rid of them immediately, and allow capable men to call upon the Federal Government to perform at least its share of the bargain, if it is not deemed advisable to cancel the bargain altogether. We don't see that any employer is bound by the bargains made for him by a dishonest or incapable servant, and if these, our ministers, could legislate away our property, we can get others to legislate it back again.

SETTLING THE SETTLERS.

[From the Mainland Guardian.

We have often had occasion to doubt the efficiency or necessity for what we called immigration agents, because, in the first place, they were purely political appointees, and at best were not the kind of men required for the duties. To our way of thinking, the position, if it was required, should have been filled with very energetic and intelligent men, who should have been entirely occupied with the performance of their allotted tasks. We learn every now and then of splendid lands that are vacant not far from this city, that very few—and certainly not the immigration agent — know anything about. It is possible that our immigration agent has duties to perform nearer home. If so, he is a delusion and a snare as an immigration agent, because he should be able to travel from end to end of the district, and not only know of every available acre of land, but be able to describe it, and, if necessary, guide the immigrant to it. Our local agent, however, if not fulfilling all our ideas of an agent, and giving the necessary time to his duties in this city, is at least ingenious in getting rid of the immigrants. One man had a place pointed out to him, which, on inspection, pleased him very much. He at once commenced to erect a shanty upon it, but had not made much progress when he was stopped and informed that there was already an owner for it. Someone paid the poor fellow a few dollars for the work he had done. Another had a piece of land indicated which he went to take possession of, when he was informed that it had been purchased by someone else. If this mode of "placing" immigrants is rather disappointing and highly inconvenient for the unfortunate immigrants, it must be nice and easy for the agent, who gets rid of them, for a time, at least, in a most agreeable manner. He has only to take down the map and point to any lot, thus sending them off rejoicing; but it is pretty rough on the immigrants when they discover the "mistake."

THE POLICY OF DETRACTION.

From the Guardian.

Party warfare all over the world, seems to be acquiring more bitterness and losing many of the amenities that formerly existed between political leaders. The systematic attack by organs and organizers of one party upon the other, has long been remarkable in the United States until, at the present time, it has become a recognised institution. But in England, probably, the first instance of unscrupulous attacks upon a rival political leader and his party, was in the case of Mr. Gladstone's onslaught upon Lord Beaconsfield and his policy. The Bulgarian atrocities and his Midlothian speeches, were simply instances of political claptrap, more remarkable for their ingenious effectiveness with the mob than either prudence or patriotism. As a reward for such stump oratorical tactics, Mr. Gladstone and his followers were carried into power by the rag-tag and bob-tail of the manufacturing cities. Such allies, the unquestionable source of Mr. Gladstone's recent triumphs, whose representatives enabled him to carry most revolutionary measures, are now producing the effects that such evil associations are sure to create sooner or later; the allies in question are proving faithless, which is in consonance with their natural tendencies, and the more respectable of his followers are ashamed of him, and the nation, generally, opposed to his policy. Mr. Gladstone, at this moment has not a friend at home or abroad, owing, in a great measure, to his unjustifiable attacks on Lord Baconsfield and the undoubted fact, now patent to every one, that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield was the best for England. Strange to say, the same discreditable and unpatriotic system has been followed by the Conservative party in France, who have been endeavouring to throw discredit on the recent treaty concluded with China, by the Government of Mr. Ferry. The treaty is not only of the most advantageous nature for France, but it is alike creditable to French military and diplomatic skill. The correspondent of the London "Times" says: "The pleasure of detracting from the success of a political adversary to "the detriment of the national glory is "always paid for by some kind of os-"tracism, and those who aspire to the "government of a country must take a "pride in all its successes, which the "nation recollects when it is called upon "to pay its debt of gratitude to those "who have sacrificed for it their strong-"est antipathies." There would seem, however, to be a very powerful fascination in "going after" a political adversary; so much, indeed, is this the case, that all the better feelings and high principles of honourable manhood are forgotten, and nothing but the miserable desire for revenge, and victory purchased at any price, appears to rule the political detractor's mind for the time. The most striking instance of this mischievous passion is exemplified in the Grit Party of Canada. They have no influence, no power, except with a very small section, composed of the remains of the George Brown party, who have long outlived their usefulness. At this moment they are led by a man who can only be expected to lead them to defeat, and supported by a press that throws truth, principle and patriotism to the winds, for the mere pleasure of saying wicked things about the party in power, and their policy. Mr. Blake has only, it would appear, his own great importance in his mind's eye, to guide him in his political action. He has no friends, at least, if he has, he does not appear to treat them with the slightest consideration. He can only contemplate Sir John A. Macdonald at the head of the party in power, with the greatest aversion, and it is, as he supposes, his duty to oust him from place no matter what destruction may follow the achievement. The well-known fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway is a national necessity politically and commercially, is nothing to Mr. Blake; he only sees Sir John A. Macdonald in it, and he goes at it as a bull would at a red rag. Can any one be surprised that the Grit party is completely demoralised? or that with Mr. Blake at their head they appear to be without a leader? Mr. Mackenzie had one great redeeming quality, he was honest, but his ideas were too contracted. He could never have accomplished the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the enterprise was too vast for his ideas. He meant well, however, and never sacrificed his country and his friends for the enjoyment of spiteful detraction. There are peculiar uses nevertheless to which cunning bastard politicians apply this system of paltry detraction. It is used like a cloud of smoke in order to conceal ignorance, incapacity, and corruption. Our own little mockery of a Government is famous for that Whenever by gross blundering or dishonest trickery, it finds itself cornered, an immediate attack is commenced by the "ministers" on their predecessors. We have no desire to hold up previous local governments as patterns, either of honesty or brilliancy, but certainly, they were far superior to the present one. If even his three colleagues were capable, which they are not, the blotch on their escutcheon—honest John—would neutralize their best intentions and disfigure and render hateful, their best acts.

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CHANGES PROPOSED IN THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

Unless the report telegraphed from Paris is incomplete, the changes proposed by Premier Ferry in the French Constitution are much more moderate than those which were foreshadowed some time ago when he was compelled to bid for Radical support. His concessions to the extreme Left are rather nominal than substantial, and the precautions which he professes to take against a monarchical reaction can hardly be pronounced effectual. The omissions in his programme are particularly surprising.

With two exceptions, all of the projected amendments to the organic law relate to the composition and powers of the Senate. Not only the advanced Radicals, but a considerable section of the Republican Union, would like to see the upper House abolished and a single Chamber, which should recall the historical Convention, substituted for the present dual Legislature. Should such drastic treatment prove impracticable, they would insist not only that no more Senators should be elected for life, but that the seventy-five who already hold their seats by a life tenure should be placed on the same footing as the other two hundred and twenty-five members of the upper House in respect of method of election and duration of office, their term to begin from the date of their election. M. Ferry is far from yielding to such sweeping demands. He recommends, indeed, that no immovable Senators be chosen hereafter, but this provision is not to be retroactive; he refuses to disturb those who are now seated for life. Moreover, when vacancies in this class occur, they are to be filled not by the relatively popular constituencies which choose the ordinary Senators, by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in joint convention. The term of all Senators to be elected hereafter will be nine years.

Equally cautious and conservative is the programme of the Ministry with regard to those limitations on the legislative competence of the Senate which Radicals newspapers have declared indispensable. The financial rights of the Senate are, we learn, to be modified, which means, apparently that it will be forbidden not only to originate, but even to amend, a money bill. With this exception, the Senate will remain in all respects a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, equal in power and, on the whole superior in dignity, though the other House will always be the road to executive office.

Until the draft of the Revision bill was actually submitted, it was quite generally believed that Mr. Ferry would advise that the organic law should be proclaimed immutable for the period of ten years. It was argued that complete immunity from agitation of the burning questions of revision during the term named would materially promote the firm implanting of republican institutions, and it was asserted that a precedent for such a provision could be found in the American Constitution. The truth, of course, is that our Federal organic law received ten important amendments before it was two years old, and that the sole restrictions on alteration related to the representation of States in the Senate, to the levying of a capitation tax, and to the importation of negro slaves, that branch of commerce being tolerated for twenty years. It would probably be a blunder for any written Constitution to proclaim itself unchangeable for a given number of years, and it is hard to see how a power of amendment once conferred could be annulled or suspended. If, for instance, the Constitutional Convention which will meet presently should see fit to declare the organic law unalterable for ten years, how could this action bind a new joint convention which might be convoked next year in equal conformity with the original instrument? All such attempts to gag the future would probably prove nugatory, and therefore we attach but little weight to the recommendation of Mr. Ferry that an amendment shall be introduced to the effect that in no case hereafter shall a revision touch the stability of the republic. There is no such restriction in the fundamental text, and we cannot see how the present Chambers can tie the hands of their successors, which may have re-actionist majorities, and which will be equally competent to pass in joint session the precise converse of the amendments proposed. Nobody doubts that the amendments to the constitution of the United States could be reversed by the same power that passed them.

It is not to be expected that a prohibition of doubtful validity, or the puerile veto on the reading of prayers at the opening of the Chambers, will satisfy the Radicals, who believe that the true mode of averting a monarchical reaction is by banishing all members of dynastic families from France, by excluding their partisans from military and civil office, by making the judiciary elective, and by weakening the influence of the clergy through an abolition of the Concordat. About such trenchant innovations M. Ferry has not a word to say in his sketch of constitutional reform, and, what is even more astonishing, he foregoes all allusion to the *scrutin de liste*. But all these topics are likely to be discussed with not a little heat and rancor in the course of the interesting debates which are about to occupy the French Legislature.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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

Coal oil 50 cents per gallon at the Colonial Drug Store, next to the Elgin House.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

The Wondrous Tomb Built by Shah Jehan for his Favorite Beauty.

Agra, India, April 10.—India boasts of the tallest mountain in the world, the most beautiful building, and the finest echo in the world, the tallest column in the world, and the largest church in the world, which are at Delhi. Of course, the all-absorbing object of interest to tourists is the Taj Mahal. The Taj is undeniably the greatest architectural wonder in the world to-day. The main quadrangle. 1,000 by 1860 feet, is red sandstone, finely carved and trimmed with marble. Upon entering the quadrangle by the main entrance from the preliminary court without the visitor finds himself in a charming garden laid out with trees, shrubs, flowers, fountains, &c., all in keeping with the memorial nature of the place. Looking down on avenues of dark, beautiful cypresses, he sees that miracle of beauty, the Taj, with its pure white walls, inlaid with every kind of Oriental gems, and its great marble dome towering to supernal heights. It rests upon a marble platform 313 feet square and about twenty feet high, which in turn rests upon a red sandstone platform 964 feeet by 329 in dimensions. At each end of the sandstone platform are mosques, themselves rare works of art.

The Taj was built by Shah Jehan as a tomb for his favorite begum, Mumtaz Mahal. This woman was evidently a great Indian beauty, if one may judge from her photograph. Her name, Mumtaz was abbreviated into Taz, and this has become corrupted into the present form, Taj. The work of construction was begun in 1630, and continued for twenty-two years, during which time 20,000 laborers were constantly employed. Its cost in American money would be over $15,000,000. The following inscription, translated from the sarcophagus in which the remains of Shah Jehan now repose beside those of his beloved queen, contains a good deal of information, so that it is worth quoting entire:

The magnificent tomb of the King, inhabitant of he two paradises, Rizwan and Khuld the most sublime sitter on the throne in Illeayn (the starry heaven), dweller in Ferdos (paradise), Shah Jehan Padishah-i-Gazi peace to his remains—heaven is for him. * * * From this transitory world eternity has marched him off to the next. Among the workmen who came from divers countries to assist in the building of the Taj were the head master, Isa Muhammad, whose salary was 1,000 rupees a month; the illuminator Amarnund Khan, an inhabitant of Jhiraz, also 1,000 rupees a month; another Master Mason, Muhammad Hanif, from Bagdad, also 1,000 a month. A great many workmen were employed from Turkey, Persia, Delhi, Cuttack, and the Punjab, who received salaries ranging from 100 to 500 rupees a month. [It must be remembered that this was in a country where wages vary from three to six rupees a month.]

The white marble came from Jeypore, in Rajpootana; the yellow from the banks of the Nerbudda. A square yard of the latter cost forty rupees. The black marble came from a place called Charkoh, and cost ninety rupees per square yard. The crystal came from China—rupees 570 per square yard. The jasper from the Punjab. The carnelian from Bagdad. The turquoise from Thibet. The agate from Yemen. The lapis-lazuli from Ceylon—1,156 rupees per square yard. The coral from Arabia and the Red Sea. The garnets from Bundelcund. The diamonds from Pannah in Bundelcund. The plum-pudding stone from Paisilmere. The rock spar from the Nerbudda. The loadstone from Gwalior. The Onyx from Persia. The chalcedony from Villait. The amethyst from Persia. The sapphires from Lunka (Ceylon). And the red sandstone, of which 114,000 carloads were used from Fettehpore Sikin. Many other stones were also used in the inlaying of the flowers, which have no name in our language. Most of these were received in lieu of tribute from different nations under the emperor's rule, or were made presents by the different rajahs and nawabs, voluntary or otherwise."

This illustration serves also to give some idea of the florid and extravagant literary style so common among Eastern nations. It might seem that such an inscription is out of place on such a tomb, but as it is in the native characters, it never bothers tourists much. The immense amount of work involved in bringing these materials together can scarcely be imagined, especially in bringing the marble from Jeypore, 100 miles distant, and the sandstone from Fettehpore. It must be remembered that that was in pre-railroad days. There has been some debate as to where the diamonds were. At present none are to be discovered. They may have been inlaid in some of the flowers, and have been picked out by Asiatic and European vandals at the different times when Agra has been "taken."—*Minneapolis Pioneer Press.*

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The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 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

THE contract for clearing and grading the school site has been awarded to Mr. Alex. J. Annand.

A substantial railing has been built along each side of the plank approach to the Caledonia stables.

CAPT. Clarke's residence site on the corner of Johns and Albert streets is being cleared, preparatory to his building.

A new switch board has been put in the Port Moody Telephone office, and the Company are now prepared to erect wires and put in instruments in any part of the city.

LOUIS Odin's new building on Murray street is almost ready for occupation, and presents a very neat and compact appearance.

ALL trains on the C. P. R. R. leave Port Moody directly from in front of the Colonial Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully compounded by C. E. Coon, druggist.

MR. Lemont's new bakery and restaurant building, on Queen St., near the railway, is well under way, and will probably be completed by the end of the present month.

IMPROVEMENTS.—An elegant new counter and register desk have been placed in the office of the Elgin House.....C. E. Coon, of the Colonial drug store, has adorned the front of his neat little store with some handsome signs.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas. Foster, of Weeks & Foster, returned from a business trip to Portland on Wednesday....Mr. W. W. Weeks, of the same firm, returned on Thursday evening from an extended visit to San Francisco. He was greeted by an informal yet highly enthusiastic reception at the hands of his friends in "the bungalow."....Mr. Howse, of Howse & Rickman, surveyors, New Westminster, is surveying Tiffin's timber lease, for the Government....Mr. Chas. Foster's wife arrived from the east on Friday.

FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.—The steamer Adelaide arrived from Westminster on Tuesday evening, and as the tide served well she landed at the new wharf recently erected in front of the Caledonia Hotel. She had a large quantity of freight aboard, principally for Messrs. Scott & Kelly.

SOME "PUNKINS."—Some one has imposed upon the agricultural editor of the "Columbian" and he has been exposing his ignorance by talking of "new" potatoes 6½ inches in *diameter*. Potatoes of that size ought to think themselves "some punkins."

JUDGING from the persevering manner in which the boys are sticking to the practice of quoits, they ought soon to be able to challenge the Province. They could make much better play, however, by having the blacksmith make a set of regulation quoits.

THE lumber camp on the Murray estate presents a lively appearance, a large gang of men and two yoke of oxen being employed in getting out logs for Armstrong & Burr's mill. The skid road has been completed to the water's edge and some splendid timber is being gotten out.

MADILL'S BAKERY.—This establishment is now in full blast and doing a rushing business. Mr. Madill intends to keep on hand a fresh stock of cakes, pies and other pastry, and is prepared to execute special orders on short notice and with perfect satisfaction. Read his advt.

THE bear-destroying Nimrod of the "Columbian" office, should remove to Minnedosa, Manitoba. The last issue of the Minnedosa "Tribune" contains enough thrilling bear stories to cause a violent eruption of poor wood-cuts and stale puns on every page of the "Columbian." Go to Manitoba, thou Ramrod!

BATHING.—This pleasant and healthful recreation is becoming a favorite one with Port Moodians of both sexes. The neighborhood of Rocky Point offers good facilities for learning the natatory art, while to the expert swimmer the sawmill offers inducements for deep water sport. The little ones growing up in our midst should all be taught to swim; it is a necessity—not an accomplishment.

THOS. B. Spring, Esq., contractor and builder, of Tacoma, W. T., visited Port Moody this week, and invested in two building lots on the corner of Clarke and Pacific streets. He has gone to Tacoma to wind up his business, and will return to reside permanently in Port Moody about the end of the month. He will build a residence on his lots.

CHURCH NOTES.—There was a slight improvement in the attendance at the Episcopal service on Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Blanchard officiated....The Methodist services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Allan, of the New Westminster Reformed Episcopal Church. The sermon was both eloquent and practical, and was listened to with marked attention by the audience....The Sunday School is a very important factor in training of the young and we are pleased to note that Port Moody parents appreciate this fact.

FROM VICTORIA.—The str. Dunsmuir arrived from Victoria at 7:30 on Tuesday, with large cargo of general freight for our merchants. This boat might work up a passenger business if she were not so slow that young man becomes gray and bald and an old man dies from age during the passage. She did attempt some time ago to make semi-weekly trips between here and Victoria, but the strain was too great, and our beautiful harbor is graced by her presence but once a week now.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—Dr. Heslop has commenced a 66x30 foot building on Murray street, adjoining Louis Odin's. When completed, it will be used as a drug store, doctor's office, photographic studio and dwelling house and the doctor will launch out into the photograph business. We have seen specimens of the doctors work in this line, and can safely say it is first-class in every respect. We hope to see the new enterprise flourish like a green bay tree.

THE COOPER PROPERTY.—H. H. Horsey, Esq., of Ottawa, one of the syndicate now owning the above property, was in Port Moody on Thursday. We understand the estate will be plotted and placed in the market immediately, and that Albert street will be graded and prepared for travel from Johns to First street. When this work is completed the drive from Westminster to Port Moody *via* the Clarke road and return *via* the North road will be one of the finest on the mainland.

RAILWAY NOTES.—Last Friday's train was brought down by the new locomotive "Nicola." A large consignment of cattle for Westminster and Victoria butchers arrived per same train.....Tuesday's train brought all her passengers to Port Moody, the C. P. N. Co. boat having failed to connect at Hammond. Most of them left immediately for Westminster, by stage..... Mr. Johnson's China gang arrived from Maple Ridge last Friday, and went into camp on the Cooper property. They have gone to work on the carriage road in the rear of the wharf.

THE SAWMILL.—This establishment is now in complete working order, and is doing excellent work. Several additions have been built, for the greater convenience in handling lumber, and an ingenious arrangement conveys the sawdust from the saw to the furnace door, thus doing away with the dust and preserving our fish. A roof has also been placed over the mill. The class of lumber being turned out is second to none in the province, and we hope Port Moodians who contemplate building will consider the claims of a home industry in preference to those of places at a distance.

OVER THE ROCKIES.—On the 26th of May an important event in the history of the Dominion of Canada took place, when the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway were laid across the summit of the Rockies into British Columbia, thus uniting that Province by an iron band to its eastern sisters. To Mrs. Brothers, wife of Mr. F. P. Brothers, track superintendent, and to Mr. Dickey, Government Railway Inspector, was allotted the pleasing task of driving the last spikes in the Northwest Territory and the first in British Columbia.

"How to train a Coon" may be easily ascertained by calling in person at the Colonial Drug Store, Port Moody, C. E. Coon, druggist.

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING.—The first annual meeting of the Port Moody School District will be held at the Court House at 11 a. m. on Monday next, for the purpose of electing three fit and proper persons to serve as School Trustees in the place of those gentlemen whose term of office will then expire. So far we have heard but little mention of any opposition to the present incumbents, and it is probable they will be re-elected by acclamation. In the event of a poll being demanded, it may be well to remind our readers that any freeholder or householder who has resided in the school district for six months, or the wife of any such freeholder or householder, is entitled to vote at this election.

NEW TIME TABLE.—A new time table goes into effect on this division of the C. P. R. to-morrow. The time for arrival of trains at Port Moody has been changed from 4:00 to 6:35 p.m., and the hour of departure is still 5:00 a.m. There will be three trains per week—arriving Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and leaving Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Passengers entering train without tickets; at stations where tickets are sold, will be subject to an additional charge of 75 cents Port Moody has recently been made a ticket station. Mr. Earl Aitken of the telegraph office having been appointed ticket agent.

BREVITIES.—A brisk fire on the railway reserve, between Douglas and Elgin streets, on Wednesday, was a source of some danger, which the active exertions of the residents thereabouts averted....Mrs. M. A. Eckstein's household goods, including a fine piano, arrived this week, and the family will take up permanent residence here shortly. ....The Dunsmuir left on Thursday with a cargo of shingles from Tiffin's mill....Fales & Co. have added to their stock of furniture, and have begun the manufacture of mattresses on the premises....Mrs. Wright has recovered from her recent severe illness. ....Mr. W. R. Greig has hung out his shingle as a house and sign painter....Mrs. Williams has collected about $50 towards purchasing an organ for the Episcopal society, and to raise the balance an entertainment will probably be given shortly... The case of Johnston vs. Clarke was decided by judge Begbie of the Supreme Court in favor of Johnston....The dead Chinaman has been removed from the foot of Douglass street.... Mr. J. R. Scott wears his hand in sling, the result of the fracture of a defective ale bottle.

SQUATTERS' MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of squatters was held at Temperance Hall on Saturday the 7th inst., at 8 o'clock p. m. It being an adjourned meeting, Dr. Heslop resumed the chair, and Col. Hamilton the duties of Secretary.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

Mr. John T. Scott then led off in a vigorous speech in advocacy of squatters claims. He was ably followed by Messrs. Butchart, Noon, Lydon, Orr, and others.

It was eventually moved by Mr. Butchart, seconded by Mr. Noon, and

Resolved, That the Chairman, Secretary, Mr. Orr; and the mover, be a committee to prepare a brief circular memorial to the Dominion Government, of which the Secretary will procure the printing of 2,000 copies, and the distributing of the same throughout the various squatter settlements of the Province, together with money subscription lists, with a view to meeting the expenses necessarily incurred in endeavoring to procure the recognition, by the Canadian Government, of squatter's rights.

The meeting then adjourned until Saturday, the 14th of June, at seven o'clock p. m.

PLENTY of work to be done in Port Moody. Call at the Colonial Drug Store and see for yourself.

A CURIOUS COALITION.

Behold now is the millenium come, and the lamb and the lion they "lie" together. The atheistic McGillivray finds a doughty champion in the Methodistic "Columbian," which, in its issue of Saturday last, goes after the GAZETTE for attempting to vilify that immaculate gentleman (?) The reasons for so strange a union are not hard to divine. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," says the great master of thought, and the sight of a "fellow" like McGillivray "feeling" for the votes of this community in favor of honest John, has made the "Columbian" "wondrous kind." Ever since his advent in Port Moody this man McGillivray has had an itch for office, and has been employed in doing scavenger work for the honest John government, under instructions from the Rev. Ebenezer, such instructions being given after the Sunday service. McGillivray arrived in Port Moody an avowed follower of Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll, and made more than one attempt to instill into the minds of young men in this place their damning and pernicious doctrines, but without success. Finding then that the provincial "powers that be" were controlled by the sanctimonious honest John, aided and abetted by Ebenezer the holy and David the slumberer, he made a complete change of front and became a regular attendant at church, relying upon his dyspeptic appearance to furnish him with the first requisite of a sanctimonious and godly deportment. This move had the desired effect, and his greed for power was appeased when the position of Stipendiary Magistrate was conferred upon him, and for a time his seat in the "Amen corner" was a dreary waste. But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," as it were, the appointment was cancelled, the cup of power was dashed from his lips ere its contents had been tasted, and the devoted apostle of Tom Paine and John Wesley was relegated to a life of privacy once more. Then did he clothe himself in sack-cloth, sprinkle ashes upon his judicial pate, and vow a swear that he would worship at the shrine of the Robson family until he secured a job, if it took all winter. He resumed his attendance at church, and his after-service confabs with the parson, and as in the former case, his devotion and piety overcame his former bad reputation, and the appointment of J. P. rewarded his efforts. True, this was only "half a loaf," but it discounted "no bread" by a large majority, and the impecunious gentleman was fain to be content for the meantime. But the rosy path to greatness was thickly strewn with thorns, and to remove these now became the object of his existence. The GAZETTE had always been a large thorn—a veritable spike—in his side, and his plan was, as formulated in a proposition to the editor, to win our influence and patronage to the Robson family and drive the present proprieter from the field. The editor, not being an ass, did not entertain this very flattering offer, and scheme number one fell through. Then came an effort to incorporate Port Moody, the ultimate object, of course, being the personal aggrandizement of McGillivray. This, too, was a total fizzle, owing mainly to the personal unpopularity of its projector. The next thorn was the constable. This official was open to the objection of knowing more of law than the justice—and that is a very weak compliment—and at the same time was an older supporter of honest John than the newly-fledged J. P. This constable was also cheeky enough to insist on collecting a license fee from the "judge" for the privilege of doing business as a notary, etc. How to remove him was now the question, and many and long were the caucuses between the parson and the atheist. At length after much spying and dodging around corners, this paragon of judicial purity made the astounding discovery that the constable drank beer, smoked, and used cuss words, and that he was also in the habit of doing his duty and occasionally affording a night's lodging to a poor destitute pilgrim, without bringing him before the "beak" in the morning. This was the straw that fractured the dromedary's vertebræ, and the fiat went forth that "the constable must go!" Accordingly a batch of charges were trumped up and forwarded to headquarters, and McGillevray whispered around that the constable was as good as gone. All this had been done, without consulting Mr. Butchart a brother magistrate, and without giving the constable an inkling as to what the charges were, or the opportunity of preparing his defense. But so far as we have been able to learn, this last scheme has also "bust," and this fellow whom the *Columbian* dubs "our esteemed friend" and "a gentleman," stands before the public branded as a man who seeks to remove an enemy by stabbing him from behind and in the dark. There is one thing which we had forgotten, and which will serve to show the unlimited cheek of the man. Just prior to the late school meeting McGillivray received a letter from the Provincial Superintendent of Education requesting him to attend to the preliminary arrangements for the meeting. Armed with this "little brief authority," he began to lay plans that would make him chairman and grand high muck-a-muck of the whole concern, even going so far as to name who should act as secretary to the meeting. When the meeting hour arrived "the judge" was not on hand and our sensible citizens elected their own chairman and secretary, and when McGillivray arrived the nominations were in progress. To depict the feelings of grief, envy and indignation as displayed on the face of this disappointed wirepuller at this juncture would require the pen of an artist, and we leave it to the imagination of our readers. After the elections were over and the names of the gentlemen forming the school board had been announced, McGillivray came forward and gave a letter into the hands of one of the trustees. It was an application for the position of teacher, addressed to the "Chairman of the School Board," and yet this "gentleman" and "esteemed friend" of the "Columbian" had opened the letter and no doubt made himself master of its contents. Comment is unnecessary. And now let us suggest as a text for the "Columbian's" next sermon, the first five verses of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew.

RUSSIA'S WEAK POINT.

ENTIRELY ENCIRCLED BY FOES OR PEOPLE NOT TO BE TRUSTED—A WALL OF WEAK BLOCKS.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 8.—"Ours is the greatest country in the world," a Russian General said to me, "but her size is her great weakness. Tell me at what point of her immense frontier line she could not be easily invaded by an enemy? On our borders we are to-day as defenceless as we were seventy-five years ago. It looks as if we still would tempt our foes to come on to Moscow."

The German-Russian frontier is virtually in the hands of the Poles, who, as yet, cherish a vain hope of restoring an independent kingdom of Poland. There are 7,000,000 of Poles, and all of them of the Roman Catholic faith. There are a number of fortresses in Poland, but they are considered as quite insignificant in the face of the formidable German fortresses on the other side of the frontier. There are several Russian regiments stationed at and near Warsaw, but their officers are mainly Poles or Russians Polonized. It is an undisputed fact that the Polish society, with all its anti-Russian sympathies, holds its own in spite of all pressure from the autocratic Government. Though conquered, the Poles to-day look down upon Russians as they were wont to in the golden period of their history. In his capacity of Governor-General, the well-known military leader, Gen. Gourk, is the chief of all the Polish provinces. He is as good as a General as he is poor as an administrator. He might in a twinkling annihilate all the Polish rebels should they face him in an open field; but he is quite powerless to cope with the aristocratic conspirators in their *salons*. In case of a war between Russia and Germany—and such an affair is very possible, notwithstanding the interchange of courtesies between the two courts—the Russians would speedily have to vacate Poland.

The Austrian-Russian frontier is in the hands of Jews in general and of the Jewish smugglers in particular. To them patriotism is something foreign. The highest bidder is all they care for. The Czar's Government knows no means to control its Jewish subjects. The Roumanian-Russian frontier, as well as the northern shore of the Black Sea, is under Jewish control. The Jews not only control all exports and imports, but even deal in white slaves. The *Novoe Vremia* has recently stated that in some harems at Constantinople there were found several Russian Christian girls, who, as they say, were sold by Jews.

As to Odessa, Queen of the Black Sea; Sebastopol, when up to this date is described in Russian text books of geography as being "an impregnable fortress," and the Crimea in general, these are at the mercy of any foreign man-of-war. The costly tubs of Admiral Popoff are looked upon even by Russians as being only poor scarecrows. The majority of the Crimeans are Tartars of Mohammedan faith, and in case of need they are not to be trusted. For the glory of the crescent they will gladly do mischief to the worshipper of the cross.

In the Caucasus, too, the Mohammedan population outnumbers the Christian. That mountainous ridge between the two inland seas has cost the Russians hundreds of thousands of men and millions and millions of roubles, yet they are not safe there. Lately a frantic Mullah appeared near Baku and began to preach "Death to the Christians!" Some oil wells were set on fire, and there were rumors that the Trans-Caucasian Railway was undermined. A panic was spread there among the Christian population, and the Moscow "Vedomasti" and the other Russian newspapers now demand that the Caucasus be pronounced in a state of siege, and that absolute power be granted for a time to the Governor-General, Prince Dondokoff-Korsakoff.

The newly acquired Trans-Caspian region, with the Turcoman robbers; the Turkestan, with the Bocharians and Khivans, and the Kirghiz hordes will yet require for years to come a good regular army in order to keep them in peace and subjection.

In Siberia, on the Chinese border, and on the Pacific shore Russians have no means of defence. There are Russians who, having made a thorough acquaintance with the Celestial empire, affirm that Europe may yet see another invasion of the Asiatics like the one that took place in the middle ages. Imagine, they argue, the Celestials provided with modern improved arms, and well drilled, pouring down on Europe through the Ural gates! What power on earth could stop them? In view of such a horrible calamity, the Czar's Government is going to send to Siberia one more Governor-General, thus making three. Western Siberia and Eastern Siberia have each a Governor-General, and now the Pacific shore and the Amour region up to Lake Baikal will have a third one. Lieut.-Gen. Baron Korf is appointed to reform Pacific Siberia and to keep the Celestials and the other foes of his Majesty in proper dread. The peninsula of Kamchatka, the population of which has fallen from 50,000 to 6,000, is to be repeopled. The trade with the Japanese, Chinese, and Coreans is to be developed. The naval posts on the Pacific are to be rebuilt, improved and increased. The Amour region is to be made a lovely place by settling there emigrants from the thickly populated Russian provinces. And, above all, the new Governor-General is expected to turn the murderers, robers, thieves, and other criminals now transported in the floating prisons to the Island of Saghalien into gentlemen. So the Russian newspapers say. Gentlemen or not, the Czar indeed wants to get rid of all grave criminals. He shuts up the internal prisons and sends the prisoners off to Saghalien.

Curiously enough, the empire of the Czar is indeed encircled by non-Russian nationalities. The Finns, Swedes, Germans, Poles, Jews, Greeks, Tartars, Tcherkassians, Georgians, Armenians, Turcomans, Turans, Kirghizes, Samoyeds, Buriats, and numerous other Siberian tribes, with Laplanders in the end, complete the ring of the Great Bear's huge country. And where is the Russian? In the hole.

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

KYLE & TILTON

IMPORTERS

—AND—

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES

Provisions, Liquors, etc.

FRONT STREET,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

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.

GO TO THE

San Francisco

BOOT & SHOE STORE!

AND GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

BOOTS & SHOES

(From an Infant's Shoe up to a Man's B

MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing Neatly Executed.

Highest Market Price paid for HIDES.

JAMES ROUSSEAU,

COLUMBIA STREET. OPP. BANK OF B. C.

PIONEER

STORE

QUEEN STREET, PORT MOODY.

D. B. GRANT, Proprietor.

SPRING STOCK

Just Received!

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

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes

HARDWARE,

ETC., ETC.,

Which can be bought at Reasonable Prices.

Vegetables and Fruits

IN SEASON.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

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.

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OPPOSITE CANADIAN PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.'S WHARF.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE

CLARKE ST., NEAR DOUGLAS,

PORT MOODY, B. C

MRS. WILLIAMS

HAS JUST OPENED THE ABOVE spacious premises with a large and well-assorted stock of

Dry Goods and Millinery

GROCERIES,

STATIONERY

FANCY GOODS, &C

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

CANDIES.

Everything New and Fashionable

An Inspection Solicited and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

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COLUMBIA STREET,

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IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

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Gents' Furnishing

GOODS!

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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

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—AND—

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TOWN LOTS.

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—IN THE—

FRASER VALLEY,

AND OTHER SECTIONS OF NEW WESTMINSTER DISTRICT,

FOR SALE!

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C. D. RAND

REAL ESTATE

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MONEY TO LOAN

ALL ORDERS FOR SURVEYING WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

DOMINION

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Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of

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Shingles,
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Pickets,
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Orders from the Country Promptly Filled.

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FIRST-CLASS
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A SPECIALTY.

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OFFICE:

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

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

A correspondent writing to *Notes and Queries* from Lincolnshire, England, says: "I am told that in the villages near here confirmation is considered a safe cure for rheumatism, and that, consequently, old persons are in the habit of presenting themselves to the Bishop from time to time, as often as they can get an opportunity, to receive the rite. The following story was told me lately as a fact, though I cannot be responsible for its absolute truth. The present Bishop of Lincoln, knowing of this belief, was on one occasion almost convinced that he had already lately confirmed a certain old man who presented himself among the candidates, and therefore he sent Archdeacon K. to ask him. The Archdeacon went up to him saying, 'Have you been confirmed before?' but the man was deaf, so he had to repeat his question, adding, 'The Bishop thinks he has confirmed you before.' But the old man was, or pretended to be, still unable to hear, so the Archdeacon spoke again in a louder tone; 'The Bishop feels sure that he has confirmed you before.' Then the old man' hearing at last, and being perhaps a little nettled, replied gruffly. 'Tell un he's a lee'er,' with which unique answer the Archdeacon was forced to be content."

The facts set forth in the report of Mr. Ward, British Consul at Bordeaux, give good reason to hope that the troubles of the French wine growers from the ravages of phylloxera are drawing to an end. Had the affliction continued to progress as it was doing up to the year 1878, when the Government was furnished with powers for combating this pest, Mr. Ward declares that not one single acre of wine-growing land would now be left in France. Since then the area of land and the number of plants attacked has gradually decreased. Last year's vintage was the most satisfactory of any since the commencement of the period of the phylloxera's ravages. The production of wine throughout France, which had fallen to 25,000,000 hectolitres in 1879, and had risen to 29,000,000 hectolitres in 1880, to 34,000,000 hectolitres in 1881, then fallen again to 30,000,000 hectolitres in 1882, reached in 1883 the figure of 36,029,182 hectolitres. A hectolitre is equal to about 22 gallons.

The famous jackdaw of Rheims has been outdone by a British tomtit. At Shenbridge Hall, the residence of Mr. Lockett, in England, the hall letter box is placed in a gate at the roadside, and Mr. Lockett, expecting a check from Liverpool, went to the box. He discovered that the envelope had been tampered with and the check abstracted. Coming to the conclusion that he had been robbed, as the letter itself remained while the check had been taken, Mr. Lockett at once rode to Nantwich and gave information at the Post-Office and at the police station. On returning later he examined the box more closely, and then found several tomtits in it, and further investigation led to his finding the missing check lying twenty-six yards away on the turnpike road, whither it had evidently been carried by a tomtit. Marks of the beaks of the tomtits were found on the letter and the check, and the latter being folded very small, its abstraction was easy.

A singular accident occurred recently at Naples in the Church of San Maggiore, where some priests of the so-called mission are now preaching. The preacher of the evening had chosen for his theme the terrors of hell. The church was crowded. Near the pulpit stood a figure of the Madonna. All at once, in the middle of the sermon, the lights went out, and the figure of the Madonna disappeared. The priest, striking the desk with an iron chain, cried out, "We are all failing into hell! Look, the Madonna has fled! Call on her; call, or woe to us!" The panic was universal; women fainted, children screamed, and there was a rush to the doors, which were found to be carefully closed. At last the police appeared on the scene and got the doors opened, and the congregation escaped into the open air without injury beyond a few bruises and the loss of various articles of wearing apparel.

A very pretty custom, which has since been followed, was introduced at a fashionable wedding recently at the Savoy Chapel Royal, London. The choir formed a procession down the aisle to meet the bride and then walked back before her to their places in the church chanting a bridal hymn, A moral support is thus given to a faltering girl who has usually to walk up the aisle the observed of all observers, and overhearing perhaps, remarks on the redness of her nose, or some defect in her dress not very reassuring. After the ceremony, the choir again formed in procession and walked before the bride and groom down the aisle to the end—*Entrance Gate.*

The famous house "zum rothen Schilde," in the Judengasse of Frankfort, where the founder of the Rothchild family was born in 1743, is about to be demolished for the sake of public improvements. The Judengasse has for some time lost its old picturesqueness, though the piety of the Rothchilds has hitherto preserved their "Stammhaus" untouched. Even now they have attempted to restrain by legal proceedings the action of the Frankfort municipality, but in vain.

The London *Medical Times* believes that the sympathy expressed for criminals supposed to suffer pain on account of the continued action of the heart after the neck is broken in hanging, is misplaced. It cites the recent triple execution at Prague to show that the heart may pulsate for a quarter of an hour after deaths which are shown to be instantaneous. Many cases are recorded where the heart's action has continued a long time after complete decapitation.

Sir Stafford Northcote had written a letter expressing his regrets that an engagement prevented his presence in the House of Commons when Mr. Brodrick's amendment to the Franchise bill, excluding Ireland from its operation, was put to vote, He says that had he been present he would have voted from the amendment.

M. de Lesseps has obtained assurance of the requisite two-thirds vote of the shareholders to carry the proposal to admit seven English shipowners to the Suez Canal directorate.

Advices from the English embassy at Pekin confirm the report that France has obtained the exclusive right, under the treaty of Tien Tsin, to trade on the Chinese frontiers bordering on Tonquin.

The Transvaal delegates have agreed on a basis of a treaty of commerce with France. It is doubtful whether England will permit France to hold the right of interfering between the Transvaal and foreign powers.

The most rancorous bitterness prevails in Belgium now in regard to religion. It finds reflection in every paper.

The Court of Chancery has granted permission to the Duke of Marlborough to sell the paintings in Blenheim House.

M. Moet denies that his late wife made a will in favor of Prince Victor.

In 1576 a party of Zurich men, moved by some very kindly feeling toward Strasburg, contrived to reach that city in one day in a light boat, bringing with them a huge iron pot, whose contents were smoking on their arrival. Addressing the Strasburg authorities, who came to welcome them, the leader of the Zurich men said: "You are doubtless astonished to see us bring such a shabby gift as a mess of millet; but it is only a symbol. If ever which God forbid, Strasburg should be in distress, she has friends who will come to her aid before a dish of millet will have time to grow cold." This promise, made in 1576, was fulfilled in 1870, when Zurich hastened to show all the kindness she could to the unfortunate people of Strasburg, and now a memorial is about to be raised in Zurich street, at Strasburg, inscribed: "1870. To the descendants of the confederates of old time, who, to keep the promise made by their ancestors, came with all speed to the aid of Strasburg when she was overwhelmed with misfortune."

A very able correspondent writes from Paris to a London paper: "There is a widespread feeling of uneasiness, in Paris especially, which nothing can allay. Not that people apprehend immediate trouble, but they feel that though the republic is established it offers no security for the future. Consequently there is a disinclination to embark upon new commercial enterprises, and the hoped-for revival of business in the spring is still to come. Curiously enough, the stagnation extends to matters artistic and theatrical. The latter phenomenon is well worthy of notice, seeing that in the most stormy days of the First Revolution the theatres displayed the greates activity. Paris rarely deprives itself of the fictitious drama. whatever may be the real on s performed there. But though the situation is strained enough, we have not reached so acute a period, and still there is little novelty."

The celebrated brigand Zuffa of Castel Guelfos, Bologna, died recently in the State prison at Ancona, where he had been confined the last twenty-eight years. He was sentenced for life in 1856 for many crimes. He was one of the most daring companions of Passatore, the terror of the Romagna forty years ago. Among the exploits by which Zuffa and his companions made themseives notorious was the following: One night they entered the city of Foalimpopoli while a performance was going on at the theatre. They went behond the scenes, and, levelling their carbines at the audience, announced that every door was closed and that the audience had better give up at once all their valuables. One of the gang went around with a bag collecting jewels and money, and the band then leisurely retired.

A young Parisian has just got a little more than even with one of those pertinacious bores of haircutters who in Europe try to bully us into buying their wares. The man threatened young Mr. Talensier with speedy baldness unless steps were at once taken to prevent it, and assured the laughing youth that "our vegetable wash is of course the only salvation," and before he knew where he was the customer found his head dripping with the precious preparation. Operations concluded, Mr. Talensier put down before the young lady at the counter the two francs he usually paid. "What is this, sir?" she loftily inquired. "The charge is twenty francs." "Why?" "A bottle of our regenerator has been opened for you." In vain Mr. Talensier explained that this was not done by his order; but the court, to which he carried his case, fined the haircutter $5.

Lord Randolph Churchill is now fairly a rival candidate with Lord Salisbury for the leadership of the Tory party, Sir Stafford Northcote being in ill health and at the best, too niminy-piminy for the time. Lord Salisbury has the advantage of being twenty years older, of having held Cabinet office and of having latterly been in close contact with Lord Beaconsfield; but he is intellectually arrogant and unsympathetic, whereas Lord Randolph has an eminently sympathetic manner and voice, which are in winning contrast to Salisbury's sardonic gloom and frigidity. When Lord Randolph appeared, bareheaded, before a vast assembly at Birmingham, accompanied by his young and pretty wife, there was seen the perfect historical type of the aristocratic demagogue, *"qui a bien etudie sa bete."*

Romain, now performing at the Gaite, Paris, in "La Charbonniere," was terribly put out the other evening. In order to feign emotion in a particular part of the play, he disappears for a second behind one of the side scenes, where an attendant, who is waiting with a brush covered with white paint, with one touch gives the necessary paleness to the handsome countenance of Romain who immediately reappears before the audience. On this occasion, when he stepped before the footlights after the aforesaid operation had been performed, he was greeted with roars of laughter in lieu of the customary applause. Some minutes elapsed before one of the other actors was able to inform Romain that his face had been painted a lustrous black.

A man or woman who treats a child cruelly in Japan is an object of universal horror. Char-women will not accept employment there unless they can bring the little ones where they work with them on their backs. It is the same with factory women. It is funny to see the mothers in the fan manufactory at Osato with a pair of sharp, merry, observant, and oblique eyes peering over their shoulders, and while they work they are constantly turning round to chirrup at the young ones and talk to them.

A new outdoor game for ladies and gentlemen called enchantment, is becoming fashionable in England. It is played with small, light hoops, thrown with wands, something after the manner of grace hoops, though the wand is of a novel construction, involving a peculiar method of casting the hoop A moderately large piece of ground is suitable.

A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Ameer has submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision be against the indulgence of tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be prohibited, but if they pronounce it lawful the anti-tobacco prophet is promised imprisonment at Candahar.

It is reported that there is an agreement to the effect that Alfred Archer, the first of English jockeys, shall give his services to Mr. Moncton after the claims of the Duke of Portland, Lord Hastings, and the Duke of Westminster. The term of agreement extends over three years, and has been bound by payment before hand of a check for it is said, $6,000.

In the palace of Fontainebleau, that great rambling edifice of the style of the Renaissance, the apartments of the first Napoleon, next the gallery of Francis the I., are still pointed out. His bedchamber remains exactly as he left it; and in his official cabinet a small round table is shown as that on which his hand signed away its last nominal fragment of power.

Caledonia Hotel

HEAD OF PORT MOODY.

R. B. KELLY, - - - - Proprietor.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE HOTEL takes pleasure in announcing that the House is now completed with every convenience for the traveling public. THE TABLES are well supplied with every article in season, and THE BAR is provided with a well-selected Stock of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

THE BEDS are well aired, and THE STABLING is extensive and the best of Feed always ready for Horses.

It may be well to remind visitors that this Hotel is within a few minutes walk of the Railway Wharf and Station, and just at the Terminus of the New Road, now in course of construction.

GUESTS may depend on receiving every attention and a hearty welcome from the undersigned, whose long experience is a guarantee of everything being comfortable and satisfactory.

J. T. SCOTT, Manager.

ELGIN HOUSE

PORT MOODY.

William Insley

Has now completed the BAR AND BILLIARD ROOM,—the latter the Handsomest Room in the Province, furnished with the FINEST CAROM and POCKET TABLES EVER IMPORTED.

The Bar will be provided with the Best of Wines. Liquors and Cigars.

The Restaurant

Is now open to the public; it is conducted on the most modern improved principles by a first-class Cook.

WILLIAM INSLEY, - - - Proprietor

General Merchandise

Chas. McDonough

HAS AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, HATS & CAPS

Men's & Boy's Suits

And a great variety of articles necessary for a household. He has also,

GRAIN, SEEDS, POTATOES, LIME, and GENERAL STORES.

N. B.—Farm Produce bought at market rates or sold on commission.
☞Orders from the interior promptly attended to. a12

Direct Importation

—:o:—

E. BROWN,

BEGS to inform the residents of New Westminster and vicinity, that he is constantly receiving from Europe shipments of choice

WINES,
SPIRITS,
LIQUEURS,
ENGLISH ALES,
LONDON & DUBLIN STOUT,

Which he will supply

IN BOND *or* DUTY PAID

In quantities to suit purchasers.

P. T. Johnston & Co.

(Successor to Mitchell & Johnston)

SEEDSMEN,

Nurserymen & Florists

FORT STREET, VICTORIA

Cunningham & Co., Chas. McDonough, and James Wise,
AGENTS FOR NEW WESTMINSTER.

☞ Priced Catalogue of Nursery Stock, Seed and Greenhouse Plants, sent post free on application.

(ESTABLISHED 1862.)

Fred. Eickhoff

GENERAL DEALER IN

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS,
Dry Goods
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
&c., &c.
Of First-Class Quality,
AND AT
Moderate Rates.

Corner of Front and Begbie Streets,
NEW WESTMINSTER.

BOOTS & SHOES
IN EVERY VARIETY
FROM
HEATHORN'S
BOOT AND SHOE
MANUFACTORY,
VICTORIA,
AT VICTORIA PRICES

R. THOMAS,
Under the new Oddfellows' Hall,
COLUMBIA STREET.

Port Moody

MEAT MARKET

MURRAY STREET.

J. MURRAY

Keeps constantly on hand a stock of first-class

FRESH BEEF.

MUTTON,

Veal and Pork,

CORN'D BEEF, ETC.

Fresh Vegetables

IN SEASON.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessaries of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the

LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEYS

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are constantly recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breast

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET LONDON

And are sold by all vendors of Medicines throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Port Moody Hotel

(LATE BONSON'S,)

Head of North Road, Port Moody.

JOHN S. WATKIS

BEGS TO INFORM HIS NUMEROUS friends that he has recently taken the above house, where he is prepared to do everything possible for the accommodation of guests.

THE TABLE is always sure to be supplied with all the delicacies of the season; the BEDS are of the most comfortable, and there is ample and comfortable STABLING on the premises.

☞ BOATS always obtainable on the harbor in front of the premises, by applying at the house.

LUMBER YARD.

D. B. K. BROS. & CO.,

KEEP A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Rough and Dressed

LUMBER!

JOSEPH WINTEMUTE, AGENT.

Arlington Hotel

COLUMBIA STREET,

New Westminster, - B. C.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND best conducted Hotels in the City. The Table is supplied with the best the Market affords. The Best Qualities of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Supplied at the Bar.

ROBERT CAMPBELL,
Jan. 8, 1883. Sole Proprietor.

PORT MOODY FERRY!

Samuel Cormier

RUNS A FERRY DAILY BETWEEN the end of the North Road and the Caledonia Hotel, on arrival of stage coaches from New Westminster.

Returns in the afternoon, punctually, in time for the stage coaches to New Westminster.

☞ Freight carefully attended to. Every attention given to Special Commissions.

CHARGES MODERATE

Port Moody
SHINGLE MILL

DON'T FORGET TO GO TO THE PORT Moody Shingle Mill, where the best of Shingles can be had at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail.

A supply kept constantly on hand.

JOHN B. TIFFIN.

NOTICE

MR. P. S. HAMILTON having terminated his connection with this paper, is no longer authorized to collect accounts or transact any business pertaining to the PORT MOODY GAZETTE.

Port Moody, March 15th, 1884.