—THE—
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HAVING PURCHASED THE ABOVE establishment, is now supplying many customers in the city with a first-class quality of
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The Beer will be left at the houses of patrons free of charge.

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For further particulars apply to
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LICENSE TO CUT TIMBER.
To the Minister of the Interior, Ottowa.
I beg leave to apply for a license to cut Timber on the west half of section 35, Township 40, and the west halves of sections 2 and 11, Township 41, New Westminster District.
THOMAS CAHILL
July 12, 1886.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.
Notice is hereby given that NORMAN FRASER, Contractor, Port Moody, has assigned all his goods, chattels and effects to me, for the benefit of his creditors. All demands against him are to be made to, and all debts due to him to be paid to the undersigned forthwith.
JOHN TAYLOR.
Port Moody, Oct. 29th, 1886.

New China Wash House.
JIMMY.
Opposition Washing and Ironing done in First-class style.
References if required.
ONC. P. R. RIGHT OF WAY.

Port Moody Gazette.

VOL. 4. PORT MOODY, B. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887. No. 20.

THE FATE OF THE FOSBROOKES.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Both women screamed; Reginald and a troop of servants rushed up the wide staircase. The latter hung back when told the cause of alarm, but Reginald dashed open the door and found, as he had expected, his father lying senseless on the floor.

But where was the light the pair had seen? There war only the lamp in the housekeeper's hand! And the servants whispered among themselves

The Squire was raised and after a time revived. But he would give no explanation as to what had caused his swoon.

From that night, however, he would have no companion when he went to fish; sending his grandson back, kindly but premptorily. He assigned no reason; and when the child cried, his lady mother encouraged him to disobey. His grandfather drove him back; but one day when so dismissed, he refused to depart, and then the Squire gave up his sport altogether, warning the boy not to go near the moat alone.

The warning was disregarded. Before many days were gone, a slimy and dripping form was drawn from the moat, and Lady Annabel, wringing her hands accused the old man of having murdered her boy. And the Squire turned mournfully away—but answered her never a word.

A month or more elapsed. Squire Fosbrooke came not to the breakfast-board. House and grounds were searched. He was found at last, lifeless, before the painting of his banished son.

Reginald, now lord of the manor, shut up the room once more, and kept the key. It was a needless precaution. From the time that Mistress Hope, the housekeeper, had confided to the steward that Rupert the painter had died in London the very night the old Squire was found senseless before his picture—from that time superstitious awe locked the door without a key. The old Squire, and he alone, would approach it night or day.

His death there confirmed the evil repute of the chamber, and Dame Fosbrooke's dying words were repeated under breath through house and village.

Mistress Hope having long rebelled against the rule of Lady Annable, retired on the pension left by the Squire.

In less than a couple of years Reginald Fosbrooke was pitched clean over the neck of his hunter, and Lady Annabel was left a widow, to reign supreme at the Manor during the three years of the heir's minority.

Then the steward followed Mrs. Hope to London, and, though late in life, they made a match of it. They did more: they rescued Rupert Fosbrooke's wife and son from the poverty into which they were falling.

When the picture scheme had failed, Rupert grew bitter and angry with himself for having made the advance. But when, through Mrs. Hope, he heard of his mother's death, and the haughty answer Reginald's messenger had conveyed to the Manor as from him, grief and vengeance alternated in his breast, and in the turmoil he could not paint and disappointed his patrons. A brain fever set in, and he died execrating his brother Reginald, and threatening to haunt him and his until the wrong was righted.

Maud, the unfortunate painter's widow, though too proud to appeal to her haughty sister-in-law, was not too proud to accept the home made for her and her son Rupert by the faithful steward and his wife; who, in their turn, felt it only an honor to devote to the service of a Fosbrooke the money they had saved in other Fosbrooke's service. They lived to see the younger Rupert married, and impressed on him for his descendants this record of family history and estrangement, coupled with the doom hanging over the elder branch of the family; insisting that in some secret manner every fatality which befell a Fosbrooke had been myseteriously foretold or previsioned within the haunted chamber of the discarded son.

So the story was handed down to me, with an addition of casualties by flood and field which had carried off the Fosbrookes, either in infancy or age, and which were only to be averted when the elder Fosbrooke extended the right hand of fellowship to the younger, and Rupert's heirs became masters of the Manor.

My grandfather believed this implicitly. As for myself, I was born in a sceptical and practical age, and have had to fight my own way so sturdily, I have had no leisure to waste on the ghostly traditions of by-gone ancestors in a remote manor-house.

So it might have been to the end of the chapter but for a combination of fortuitous circumstances which, to say the least, were remarkable.

II

My friend Stretton, the solicitor, of Clement's Inn, to whom I owe whatever success I have made, came to my chambers in the Temple one summer day in unusal haste for him, and handed me a lengthy brief and a stiff retaining fee, saying: "There, run you eye over that! If you can talk the jury over to give our clients a verdict, your fortune's made!" and he gave me a quick tap on the shoulder.

I had taken up the paper languidly. "Myers v. Fosbrooke."

With a quickening thrill I ran my eye rapidly over the brief and soon made myself master of the contents.

The client I was called upon to defend was Charles Fosbrooke, of Fosbrooke Manor: our opponent, the plaintiff, a neighbouring landowner. The cause simply this.

Three of the Squire's children had been drowned by the upsetting of a small skift on the moat. He at once vowed on more lives should be given up to its greedly waters, and set about its drainage. In so doing he unavoidably diverted the current of a small watercourse known as the Fosse-brook, to the alleged detriment and damage of the plaintiff's property.

Had the plaintiff not been litigious the case might have been compromised at the outset, when the Squire offered compensation to Sir Joseph Myers.

By a strange coincidence, a letter lay open on my table before me, containing overtures from the opposite side, wherein my supposed hereditary antagonism to the Fosbrookes of the Manor was openly relied on as a reason why they should retain me as counsel, and I rejoice to hold their brief.

It is possible to have too low an estimate of human nature. Why should I, John Fosbrooke, exercise such gifts as I possessed in order to oppose my own distant kin, who had never done me a personal wrong?

I had just declined the plaintiff's brief, when Mr. Stretton put his head in at the door. I showed him the letter and my reply.

It remained for me to prove black was white, or, to suffer a non-suit. There is something in the old adage that "blood is thicker than water." I resolved to do my utmost for our client, in spite of dead-and-gone feuds. I threw myself, into the case ransacking legal records for points and precedents.

A day or two had elapsed. Leaving the Temple in the forenoon I encountered Stretton in the gateway, just as I was turning into Fleet Street. He caught me by the button-hole and invited me to luncheon with him. As I hesitated, a light basket-phæton containing a gentleman and lady, with a small page in dark livery behind, drove under Temple Bar and stopped in front of us.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Stretton, and almost before the words left his lips the page was at the horse's head, and the gentleman, whose eyes and hair were black as my own, and who struck me as a disagreeable likeness of myself—but not a bad-looking fellow on the whole—had jumped out, throwing the reins to the lady, as lovely a young brunette as it had been my fate to meet, with eyes as soft and melancholy as her companion's were eager and fiery.

With barely a word of apology to me, he drew the solicitor aside and began in a hurried voice I could not choose but hear.

"What's this your clerk tells me, Mr. Stretton? Do you know into what hand you have commited our case? This Mr. John Fosbrooke——"

"Is a very rising young barrister—could not be in better hands," interrupted the lawyer imperturbably.

"He claims kinship with the Fosbrookes of Fosbrooke, sir. There is an old feud between his branch of the family and ours. You must withdraw the brief at any cost. He will ruin our cause. In my father's name I insist on the withdrawal of the brief!" This in answer to Mr. Stretton's visible protest.

I thought it quite time to interfere. As haughtily as himself I stepped forward. "Mr. Reginald Fosbrooke, I presume."

His bow said "Ay, and who on earth are you?"

"Your brief, sir, and my retaining fee, shall be in Mr. Stretton's office in less than twenty minutes. There is no need to withdraw the case—I throw it up," And I turned on my heel under the archway. I met my clerk on his way to dinner and sent him back flying for the offending brief and Stretton's cheque, which lay unchanged in my drawer. I had heard Stretton's remonstrance as I went, and the other's annoyed response.

I had barely taken three steps after my clerk, when a crash and a shriek called me back. Reginald Fosbrooke was lying stunned on the pavement, the page was scrambling to his feet, a bystander had caught the affrighted horse, the carriage-wheel was crashing in collision which a cab, and the lovely ocupant was in immient peril.

Darting forward, I managed to extricate the lady from the phæton before the plunging animal had made a total wreck of it.

She seemed as lifeless as the man on the ground. My clerk was back by his time. Shouting to him to bring a doctor to to my chambers, and to Stretton to have his prostrate client conveyed thither, I hurried forward with the insensible girl in my strong arms, and placed her in my own chair. The couch had soon another occupant.

This will be quieter than a shop," I whispered to Stretton, "and we can keep the crowd out *here*," He nodded a sort of dazed assent. Before a doctor reached us my charge had revibed. And then, her distress over her "dear brother," her "dear Reggy," was pitiable to witness.

I did my best to console her, and to assure her that her brother was not dead, only stunned, and would doubtless recover shortly; and, as she turned her liquid eyes in thanks on mine, I felt there was *one* Fosbrooke who could never be my enemy.

A couple of hours went by before Reginald Fosbrooke gave a sign of returning animation. The doctor had muttered something of concussion of the brain, and internal injury from the horse's hoof; insisted on quiet, forbade removal, and aside to Stretton and, me, suggested telegraphing to friends.

Barbara—I could almost have guessed her name had not the injured man murmured it, as she knelt beside him in sobbing agony—caught the suggestion and remarked simply—so simply that I am sure the doctor thought her wits were wandering—"There is no need: they will already known of this catastrophe at home."

They must have had a telegraph of their own, swifter than that of science! Surely enough, before the close of the afternoon Squire Fosbrooke—who must have been on the road before our message was despatched—stood by the side of his eldest son, and clasped my hand with greatful earnestness as that of a stranger, saying he was glad he had found him alive. He was a grave, dignified, but not haughty man, preternaturally old, and bent beneath the heavy burden of inexorable fate.

He and his daughter took possession of my chambers with many courteous apologies for turning them into a hospital; apparently unconsicious that they were indebted to more than a chance namesake. Only the patient knew my antecedents; and when, at the close of the week, he recognised me as his involuntary entertainer he grew irritably impatient to be removed.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, his gentle sister shed tears, his father, Mr. Stretton, and myself remonstrated. The heir of Fosbrooke was wilful

He was borne thence with the tenderest care; but barely had he crossed the threshold than violent hæmorrhage set in, and only a lifeless body was carried into the neighbouring hotel. A broken rib, displaced, had lacerated some internal organ.

Mourning did not arrest the law-suit. The Squire, ignorant of Reginald's prohibiton, wrong my hand at parting, and said he was sure his cause was in good hands. I had gone with them to the station, possibly drawn thither by the grateful thanks in Barbara Fosbrooke's every tone and gesture. Then it occured to the Squire that I might better understand how the case stood between him and Myers if I went over the grounds and tracked the Fosse-brook; and he asked me to follow them down in time for his poor boy's funeral.

I went back to my chambers musing. Two strange events had come to pass. I, the descendant of Rupert the discarded, had been invited to the Manor. Moreover, I was in love with Barbara.

The Manor House was a magnificent pile with a background of waving woods. Perhaps it was the presence of undertakers, and a crowd of funeral guests with morning robes and faces, made me feel the interior so gloomy in its grandeur, notwithstanding the faint smile of Barbara and the courteous reception of Barbara's mother.

Was it chance that assigned to me, the latest comer in the crowded mansion, the apartment at the end of the corridor? I had followed the servant mechanically, my mind filled with Barbara's greeting, and not his apologies; but my rapid survey of the hastily prepared chamber set me thinking.

A label outside the oaken door showed that it was set apart for "Lawyer Stretton's friend." The hurried and bewildered servants had no conception that they had shown Rupert Fosbrooke's representative into Rupert's room.

If I had had a doubt it was dispelled by the sight of a large picture reared against the wall, from which three faces seemed to look at me through a veil of dust.

I have not an atom of superstition in me—at least I had not then. It was rather with reverence than awe that I sacrificed my cambric handkerchief to the restoration of the picture. Then I was struck with the resemblance between my ancestor and myself; and wondered if any of the many assembled relatives would preceive it: never thanking how little was known of the faces I was scanning so minutely.

Yet I think my appearance at the dinner-table did excite some curiosity, if furtive glances and whisperings were any index. Sombre dresses and long faces spoiled the meal for me. I was glad when I found myself back in my room in front of a wood fire kindled at my request; and, taking advantage of the double doors, took out a cigar to make myself at home.

There was a suggestiveness of damp and rheumatism about the heavy velvet-hung four-post bed. I declined its invitation, preferring to wrap myself in my travelling-rug and stretch my limbs on an antique couch at right angles with the hearth. A second cigar sent me to sleep, to dream of Barbara. I awoke shivering, with an uneasy impression of a hand laid on my shoulder to arouse me. The fire was almost out, the candles quite, but there was a light in the room, and—yes! in the very midst of that light stood Rupert the Painter, palette and brush in hand, painting away at a picture on his easel.

I rubbed my eyes and gave myself a shake. The artist was still at work, and I saw the picture growing under his brush. It was an Alpine scene familiar to myself. Now figures appeared upon the canvas toiling up the snowy ascent. The artist looks round at me, and back at his canvas. I see delineated a broken rope, a shivered alpenstock, and a figure slipping and falling headlong into a terrible crevasse.

Again the artist turns his head, and his dark eyes transfix me. The canvas is blank. Again the brush is plied. Judge, jury, counsel, take their places. I see a barrister of long standing addressing the court, see him painted out; and my very counterpart stands out in my very attitude in my most eloquent mood. I see the effect on the faces of judge and jury; it is cheering. The artist turns round and smiles. Picture, painter, easel, light, are gone! I am shivering in the dark, with barely a ray of moonlight straggling in through the windows.

I gave myself another shake, say I am an arrant fool, conclude I have been dreaming, and composed myself to sleep again.

Convinced, when I awaken in the morning, that I have been dreaming, I say nothing at the breakfast table of my broken rest, not caring to excite either alarm or ridicule.

As Stretton and I return to town in the express the day after the funeral, I elicit from him that the Squire has another son, now traveling in Switzerland, to whom, of course, the heirship will descend. After that, I fear Stretton has but a stupid companion to the end of the journey.

My survey of the moat, converted into a shrubbery, and the track of the watercourse in dispute, did not tell in my client's interest. Nevertheless, I went into court with a conviction I should win, although I scouted the idea of being influenced by a dream.

And I was successful. The case was dismissed as litigious and vexatious, and when I shook hands with our client, he insisted on my returning with him to the Manor, and said I did honor to the name I bore.

Other cases kept me in town until the end of term. Then I John Fosbrooke offering many apologies for my being thrust into an unused room on my former visit. I protested I was perfectly satisfied, and thought it a pity so commodious a chamber should be left to me and the spiders.

The lady sighed, and said no more. This time I occupied the adjoining room, smaller, but well kept, and less antique in its appointment.

The Squire took to me amazingly, and Barbara's heart opened to me. I hesitated how best to disclose my ancestry and propose for the sweet girl, when the whole fabric of my future was shaken by a telegram from Switzerland.

Charles Edward Fosbrooke had perished in the ascent of the Simplon. I was staggered, and the whole family were overwhelmed. It was no time for love proposals.

I volunteered a journey for the recovery of the body; saying that I knew the precise spot in which he was lying. This involved explanation of what I called my dream.

"Dream! It was no dream," cried Barbara and her parents, simultaneously.

"But who are you?" demanded the Squire, rising to his feet, "who have seen the spectral painter of our house? Rupert Fosbrooke never reveals the future save to one of his own near kin."

My answer and its effect may be imagined. An avalanche could scarcely have overwhelmed them more completely. The old Squire, his eyes suffused with tears, held out his hand to me.

"This is no time to perpetuate feud," said he. "Fate is too strong for us."

Need I add that I went to Switzerland and recovered the remains of the last heir of the elder Fosbrookes.

But ere I took my departure, unknown to the family I spent a night in the haunted chamber, still inclined to be sceptical. I came out next morning converted. Once more the mountain scene was painted before me, but I saw myself and guides recovering the lost, and the means employed.

Another picture was painted before me, and then the artist seemed to fling brushes and palette aside, and vanish with a benediction.

I stand, with my now acknowledged relatives, by the grave of the Squire's last son, and see his tears fall fast on the coffin-lid before he turns away, and, grasping my hand, calls me with a sigh the heir of Fosbrooke Manor.

I could hardly realise it then. I can realise it now, as I stand amid a perfect bower of holly and evergreens at Christmas in a pretty country church, and clasp the hand of Barbara before the altar, in that bond which for ever reunites the severed branches, and averts the fate of the Fosbrookes.

And this was the last picture shown to me—now a Fosbrooke of Fosbrooke, a picture of love and peace and goodwill at Christmastide.

(THE END.)

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Having bought the above Stock for CASH, I am prepared to sell at the lowest CASH PRICES.
Vegetables and Fruits
IN SEASON.
A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

Subdivision of Lot 233
PORT MOODY.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT all installments on Lots on the above-named property, must be paid in strict conformity with the stipulations, or the agreements will be cancelled, and the payments already made, forfeited.
New Westminster, Sept 11, 1885

Brick Clay for Sale.
FOR SALE—FIVE ACRES OF FIRST-class brick clay land, adjacent to C.P. Railway, about two miles from Port Moody. Sample and information can be obtained from
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Town Lots for sale in every part of the Town site.
Excellent Farms for sale---CHEAP.
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Every information freely given.
OFFICE—MURRAY ST.
PORT MOODY, B. C.

NOTICE.

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I INTEND applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 100 acres of land, more or less, situate in New Westminster District, Group 1, and described as follows: Commencing at a point on east side of Scott's claim on right bank of Seymour Creek, thence north 65 chains, thence east 13 chains to Seymour creek, thence southerly and westerly following meandering of Creek side to point of commencement.

JOHN TAYLOR.
Port Moody, B. C., 19th Feb. 1887

The Port Moody Gazette

SATURDAY.....APRIL 9, 1887

DELTA COUNCIL.

The Council met at the Delta Town Hall on Saturday the 2nd April. Present –a full board.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Communications from Messrs. Guichon, Oliver & Asbury, J. K. Suter and others, P. W. Swett and F. F. Raitt, were received and filed.

The reeve and clerk were authorised to sign a voucher on the Government for $174, being balance due by them on the Chilochken trunk road for 1886.

The clerk was instructed to call for tenders for the following works, viz. :

1. A road on Crescent Island, about 190 chains more or less.

2. A road and ditch to complete the Gurdy road to Boundary Bay, about 20 chains more or less.

3. A road and ditch along the east side of the Chilochken trunk road. about 30 chains more or less.

4. For enlarging ditch and repairing road from the British Union Packing Company's cannery to the Gulf of Georgia.

5. For raising and corduroying road between sections 2 and 3, township 4, a distance of 2,300 feet more or less.

A number of accounts were passed and ordered paid.

DeWitt and Whitmayor were granted the sum of $25 to assist in swamping half mile road, 16 feet wide, on the line between sections 13 and 14, township 4.

By-law to amend the clerk, assessor and collector By-law 1880, Revenue By-law 1887, By-law for the return of the Delta Municipal Assessment Roll 1887, and Court of Revision By-law 1887, were finally passed as reconsidered.

Highway By-law 1887 passed a third time as read.

The clerk was instructed to call for tenders for a ditch along the south side of trunk road from the Barr road west.

Coun. Pybus was authorised to put in a larger box in the Barr road outlet.

The council then adjourned for two weeks to meet at 7 o'clock p. m.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

At an early hour last Saturday night a violent snow storm set in very generally throughout New England, accompanied, particularly along the coast, by a heavy gale. Reports from Gloucester, Provincetown and other prominent places indicate the storm being the most severe in many years, if not altogether without precedence. For thirty-six hours the wind maintained a velocity of sixty to eighty miles an hour. From eight inches to a foot and a half of snow has fallen. Many reports are received of damage to buildings and trees from the weight of snow. At Block Island the gale was simply terrible. The beach is strewn with wreckage from the schooner Pathfinder, which went ashore Friday. The Old Colony boat could not leave Fall River for New York, because of the terrific sea outside. Provincetown reports the weather so thick that lights cannot be seen 500 yards from the shore. The harbor is full of vessels, but no reports of a disaster are received. Gloucester reports that two feet of snow has fallen. The weather is so thick that nothing can be seen of craft in the harbor. The steamer Katahdid, from Boston to Bangor, with 125 passengers, put into Portsmouth harbor and landed her passengers at Newcastle. The sea was so terrific her officers were convinced she would never reach her destination. At Newport the storm was also terrible and trips of boats are suspended. In Boston the streets are filled up with snow, and street car traffic is retarded, while on all railroads throughout New England the trains are very much delayed. Advices from Sandwich and Chatham state that the storm along the coast is the most severe by far for ten years. Telegraph and telephone communication with the shore is completely disconnected, the wires being prostrated by the heavy gales. The wind has blown terribly all day from the northeast, and still no sign of abating. Its force is so great that it is almost impossible for pedestrians to be about. A tremendous sea is running, and a blinding snow makes navigation extremely dangerous.

Six thousand five hundred carpenters employed by the various contractors and shop owners throughout the city and suburbs of Chicago, ceased work Monday morning, and building operations will be suspended indefinitely. The leaders of the carpenters, who, after a long struggle last summer, failed to carry out their demands for eight hours and an increase of wages, decided to renew the contest and think now, when the building enterprise is reviving and carpenters are wanted, the time has arrived to make the employers yield. Three months ago the council gave notice to employers that at the beginning of April the men would demand 35 cents an hour, eight hours to constitute a day's work. The wages have averaged 25 cents, and hours have varied between eight and ten. A conference to arrange a settlement was formally requested from the employees, but master carpenters have to all appearances studiously ignored the whole movement. Last Sunday a mass meeting of carpenters was held in Battery D's armory to discuss the advisability of a general strike. Over 6,000 men were present. Wm. Kilver, president of the Chicago trades assembly, presided, and every man of the 6,000 had to present his carpenter's trade card in order to gain admission. President Kilver made a long speech reviewing the situation. He stated that carpenters were the most abused men in the building trades. They were paid the lowest wages while they work as hard as bricklayers and masons who earned almost double as much. A year ago the carpenters' strike was a failure simply because their organization was weak in numbers and totally lacked funds. Now they were strong and should right their wrongs. After the speech, a resolution to cease work to-morrow, unless their demands were granted, was read. Then W. H. Riley, Assembly No. 24, of which Robert Nelson, United Labor candidate for mayor is master workman, made a speech for the resolution, and boldly told the 6,000 listening men that victory at the polls for the laboring men also meant victory for the carpenters. He was enthusiastically applauded. Editor Albert Curlin, August Spies' successor as editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, was the next speaker. The gist of Curlin's speech was that the carpenters were foolish if they did not strike when they had such a chance. His German hearers, he said, addressing them in their native language, should do everything in their power to defeat Roche, the servant of the capitalists and the tool of the temperance cranks. The English speaking portion of the audience began to grow restive while Curlin was speaking in German, and stopped him with jeers, though the Germans applauded vigorously.

B.B.B. A SENSE OF DUTY. B.B.B.

"I should not think it right did I not give my testimony of what B.B.B. has done for me. I was troubled with biliousness. I took one bottle—it gave immediate relief. I can recommend it as a sure cure for biliousness." Minnie Smith, Orillia, Ont.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A BEN NEVIS INCIDENT.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

Before it was decided by the Meteorological Society of Great Britain, to place an observatory on the top of Ben Nevis, it was considered a matter of some pride to have "done the Ben." Since the construction of the road from the base to the summit has become an accomplished fact, it has taken away much of the enthusiasm and adventure of the ascent. Now, an old lady can comfortably ascend, seated on a pony, or other mode of conveyance. Formerly it was the custom of those that ascended, to inscribe name and place on a post card, leaving it on the cairn of stones which marks the highest point, till such time as the next party ascended, when they were taken down to the town by the guide and there posted, so forwarding to the homes of those leaving them. Now, a person on top can not only telegraph to any part of the country that he is really there, but a limited party can be accommodated in a hotel, where every attention is received after the fatigue of the climb. Before this change took place, occurred the incident which I now relate.

* * * * * * *

It was not a usual thing for visitors at the Old Caledonian Hotel to sit out till close on midnight, star-gazing. The verandah was utilized more as an after-dinner resort by the gentlemen while smoking a cigar, or by the ladies as a promenade during the cool of the evening.

Why those three gentlemen—who are evidently tourists from their appearance—remain there, casting anxious glances at the sky. at that hour of the night, is explained by the appearance of the Ben—as Ben Nevis is familiarly termed—guide, underneath them, who immediately shouts, "All ready, gentlemen!" to which a rich young voice responds, "Quite ready, guide!" "Think its a good night for the climb?" queries the same voice. "Yes, sir, and you shall stand a good chance of seeing the sun rise, if it holds till morning."

While this conversation is taking place, the guide is securing the usual compliment of bags and flasks across his shoulders. and this finished the party descend and start off at a smart pace.

The bright moonlight night shows the party to be young men, and one, a shade taller than the others, is an upright, lithe figure, who at once would be set down as having held the conversation with guide.

On passing the English Church—just as the clock in the town, which they have passed out of, is sonorously striking the hour of midnight—they diverge a little to the right and enter the parade.

This was the exercise ground of the soldiers at one time occupying the fort, lying a little to the north-east,and which was built during the Jacobite troubles by King William, from whom it derives his name.

The guide is now drawing their attention and pointing towards it with his alpine crook, and explains that it is surrounded by a deep moat, called the glass sea, from the stillness of the waters which were let into it, as a further protection to the garrison.

"You notice that house right across to the other side of the fort," he is remarking; "Well, if you care to examine it in daylight you will find that one part of the roof is broken in, and in a few minutes I shall show you from where the cannon was fired, the ball from which went through it. Here it is now," as they ascend a rising part of the road. "You see that spur of the hill towards the right, well, it is called the sugar loaf, and from there was fired the cannon ball at that house, by Prince Charles' soldiers, under the impression that it was the magazine; but they were mistaken, as it (the magazine) was let into the earthworks in such a way, as to be invisible to his gunners. Although the house is occupied, the apartment is left exactly as it was when the shot penetrated it."

One of the party—they were Englishmen—ventured to remark that the "Scot" (meaning the gnide) spoke not bad English, when the guide retorted with, "Yes, you'll find some Scots can talk English, although they may be greatly brought up on Bannock and Burn water." This sally caused a laugh against the imprudent youth.

Crossing a bridge spaning the Nevis river and keeping along by its banks, the guide informing them as to the various historical features of the beautiful scenery they were passing through, they arrived at the foot of the first hill—Mealle-an-t'ee

The ascent of this hill is the most arduous part of the journey, and it requires all the care and courage of an experienced mountaineer to overcome it. Once on the top and at the lake which lies in a hollow formed by the junction of the two mountains, the party rested to partake of refreshments.

After a time the ascent is resumed, and this time of the Ben proper, and with repeated warnings from the guide to keep close together and to him, they arrive at the top.

In the interval, a thick mist has formed in the valley below them, obscuring the magnificent view they would otherwise have had of hills and dales, and especially of the valley almost at their feet, with the river Nevis, wooded on both sides, flowing and curving along it. But, away to the east, it is clear, and on the horizon, they see the sun rising like a vast ball of fire emerging from the German Ocean.

From their exclamations of surprise it was evident they were amply compensated for their toilsome journey, and the many slips and falls they endured. Away to the north-west again they had a view of a range of scenery, which can only be seen from such an eminence.

At a distance of some twenty miles (although from their altitude it appeared much nearer) they can see the monument erected on the spot where Prince Charles Stuart first raised his standard, before commencing the campaign which ultimately culminated in the overthrow of the Jacobite Dynasty.

After feasting on the splendid panorama for a considerable time. and having a much required rest and refreshments, they commenced the downward march, which, if not just so tiresome, is more awkward. The tallest of the party, whom we shall call Frank, rushed down at breakneck speed, against all the remonstrances of the guide; while the rest of them picked their steps, sometimes sliding where it was more than ordinary steep. Not finding the pace of his companions congenial to his own activeness, and braced by the exercise and the pure mountain air, Frank shouted to his companions, "Ta ta. I'll order breakfast for you," and started down hill at a run.

His companions, responsible in a manner for his safety, shouted themselves hoarse, in an attempt to stop him, but no response was given them, as he passed into the mist which now capped the lower mountain, and was gathered in the valley.

The arrival of the guide and the remainder of the party at the hotel in the morning, disclosed the fact that the young gentlemen, who had started ahead of them, had not yet arrived; and immediately the alarm spread through the town and a sufficient number of people to beat the whole country side, volunteered for the search.

One in particular, an oldish man, slightly stooped, carried a bell; while others had fog-horns and bugles, and in fact any thing that would made a noise to attract the attention of the lost mountaineer.

The search party have now reached the foot of the first hill and commenced the beat. Not long till one small party is seen to halt and gather below a heavy mass of rock, jutting out from the face of the hill, and the party is seen converging on this spot as the bugles and horns sound the alarm.

Lying torn and mutilated at their feet is the form of the young man, who, but a short time previous was in all the health and pride of youth, and now his companions are nearly demented at the pitiful sight.

In the heavy mist he had lost the right path, which he was so confident of following and had been dasked to pieces by going over the awful precipice, which is the tourist's terror.

J. M.

THE DELIMITATION OE A RUSSO CHINESE FRONTIER.

The treaty, signed at Pekin on November 4, 1860, by which Geural Ignatieff secured for Russia the Amoor region has been succinctly described by a Japanese chronicler in these words: "On this date China exchanged with Russia a kingdom for 500 muskets." The districts through which the new boundary line passed are, like all those on the frontiers of Russia and China, scarcely known to geographers; they are incorrectly laid down on maps and, at that time at least, were wholly unknown to the Chinese themselves, whatever the case may have been with the Russians. Nevertheless, the frontier was defined in the article of the treaty of 1860 with so much precision that the Commission which met subsequently had nothing to do but erect stones and cairns to mark it. Practically the Amoor was made the boundary between the two Empires as far as its confluence with the Ussuri; then its place as frontier was taken by the latter; from this the line ran along a certain river, called the Songatchan, across the centre of Lake Hinka, and, instead of running straight thence to the coast, which was a very short distance,the line was made to bend suddenly to the south, along the summit of a range of mountains, to the Tiumen river. As a result, besides the "kingdom" of the Japanese chronicler, Russia got a strip of coast several hundred miles in length, which did not belong physically to the Amoor region, and with which the Chinese had no intention of parting. As matters have turned out this coast has proved utterly useless to Russia for any purpose whatever, but it has its place on the maps as a standing example of the adroitness of the Czar's representative and of the ignorance of the Chinese.

The mouth of the Tiumen river then formed the southern boundary of Russia in the Pacific. This large stream, which is navigable into the heart of the Manchuria, is also the boundary of Corea, and is of great importance as the only outlet to the sea, except the distant port of Newchwang on the Yellow sea, for the trade of Manchuria at present or in the future. The Russian territory extended along its mouth only for a distance of 20 Chinese li, or about seven miles; the whole course of the river was Chinese; the mouth was on the north Russian for this short distance, on the south Corean. The boundary stones, as has already been mentioned, were set up all along the frontier immediately after the signature of the treaty of 1860, and there the matter has rested for 25 years. No questions were raised on either side; the maps may or may not have been accurate, but the outward and visible signs of the boundary between two Empires were *in situ*, where they had been placed by Commissioners appointed by both parties. Hence it has been difficult to understand the precise meaning of sundry telegrams which have come from Pekin and St. Petersburg during the past year respecting a new joint Boundary Commission. The last of these, which came from the Russian capital a few weeks ago, stated it had at last been agreed that the mouth of the Tiumen and a certain Gashkiavetch Gulf (which is an inlet of the estuary of this river) have been declared Russian, a circumstance which was said to have caused considerable satisfaction in St. Petersburg. What was the explanation of this new and unexpected readjustment of the boundary? If questions connected with frontiers arose between Russia and China they were anticipated in quite another quarter, but not here, where China had cut herself off by the Kung-Ignatieff treaty wholly from the sea, except the few miles of the mouth of the Tiumen. To the north of the vast area of Manchuria was shut out from the Pacific by the cession of the coast to Russia; to the south it was equally closed by Corea; between the two was the little streak of river through which alone China preserved an exit for herself.

The explanation is now at hand in the shape of a proctocol signed by Russian and Chinese Commissioners, and an arrangement supplementary to this between the Chinese Government and the Russian Minister at Pekin. The Russian maps, it was alleged, were not quite satisfactory as to the boundary, and as it was desirable that no doubt should exist on the subject it was proposed to China that a Commission to investigate the boundary should be appointed. As no question had arisen in the 25 years of the existence of the Treaty of Pekin, it was not quite clear in what respect the appointment of a Commission was required. Nevertheless, for some quite inexplicable reason, China agreed, on the representations of Russia, to appoint a Commissioner, and despatched a certain Wu Ta-jen into northern Manchuria in that capacity. Some trifling alterations of no importance whatever to either party were made in the frontier; but in the proctocol signed by the Commissioners appeared a paragraph which might have shown the Chinese at once the object of the curious and apparently unnecessary proposal by Russia. It was agreed that arrangements for the navigation of the Tiumen river should be entered into by the two Governments at a subsequent period. The river and its navigation had nothing to do with the frontier. It is a purely Chinese stream from its source to its mouth, except for the seven miles on the north of its estuary which were made Russian by the treaty of Pekin of 1860. Russia had no claim whatever to navigate it, and no one denied the sole aint absolute right of the Chinese to do so. Yet China, by her Commissioner, whose duty did not extend to any arrangements connected with this river, agreed to negotiate for what was her absolute right with another Power which had no more claim to the navigation of the stream than it has to that of the Grand Canal. It is not strange that an ignorant official in a remote region should make an error in geography, or with regard to the rights of his country, but it is passing strange that his government should ratify an arrangement in which such an error appears. But this is what the Chinese did, and when the protocol was ratified, the Russian Minister at Pekin took up the ball where the Commissioner left it, and announced that he was ready to negotiate the arrangement respecting the navigation of the Tiumen. This was as if when two strangers met in the street one offered to negotiate with the other an arrangement for the division of the coin which the latter had in his pocket, and his right to which had never been questioned. The Chinese Government, possibly urged thereto by the Commissioner Wu, negotiated, with a result which has only become known within the last few days. In future the Tiumen is to be navigated by vessels under the Chinese, Corean, and Russian flags, and by no others. This is the arrangement practically with regard to the Amoor, which is partly a Chinese and partly a Russian river; but the Tiumen is wholly Chinese, and the latter had the power either to navigate it themselves or to permit other vessels to do so, if for any reason they saw fit. Now, however, they deprive themselves of this right, and they acknowledge that of Russian vessels to ascend and descend the river at will. No price is paid for this concession in any shape or form. China could navigate the rivers without any such arrangement as this; she could do much more, for she could prevent other vessels from navigating it; or she could authorize them to do it; now, she deprives herself of both these rights, and her only remaining right to navigate her own river actually rests on a convention with a foreign Power. Circumstances may well arise in which this convention would prove exceedingly embarrassing to China. A rebellion or war may arise in Manchuria, when it would be desirable to charter foreign ships to take supplies or war material up this river; a famine, again, may afflict this region, as it has done before, and it may be necessary to send food by sea to the population; in neither case can China employ a foreign vessel to navigate the Tiumen without the consent of Russia.

It is very difficult to say why these foolish negotiations were ever commenced by China. She has gained nothing and has lost much by them; and it was or ought to have been clear from the first that this would have been the upshot. Ignorance alone will account for the transaction; Russian diplomatists are at least good geographers, while the Ministers at Pekin are even more ignorant of geography than some of these in London. The Tiumen river is a long way from Pekin, it flows through an obscure region, and no public attention was directed to the negotiations. They were commenced, carried out, and completed with silence if not secrecy, and the Government, busy with other matters, left them to Wu. At one period this individual does that seem to have felt quite satisfied with his work, but no reproof came from Pekin, and matters went on as the Russians desired. Not by any means for the first time in the last few years a frontier question was settled according to the wishes of Russia and to her advantage, because she was alert and well informed while her antagonist was supine and ignorant.

THE COMING FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

A Military-Political study. By C. Koettschau. Translated from the German by John Hill. (Ward and Downey.)– "The utterances of the French daily press on the relations of France to Germany are full of hatred." Such is the opening of this very remarkable work, which first of all deals in a manner equally masterly and unprejudiced with the French *revanche* literature and the *revanche* army. Colonel Koettschau writes with singular calm, and at once engages the sympathy of the reader by his thoroughly judicial and evidently impartial spirit of investigation. He deals with the French soldier, the officer, the mode of recruiting, the organisation and instruction pursued in the army of the Republic, the staff and commands, the cavalry, and especially the horses, the artillery, the engineers and fortifications, the sanitary services, the question of transport, military telegraphs, the aerostatic service strategy, and, indeed, with every detail, evincing throughout his intimate acquaintance with the whole. He does, we think, almost more than justice to the undoubtedly fine qualities of the Frenchman regarded as a soldier; but he does not forget to remind us that "the French soldier is instructed that he no longer has any God or King, and is thereby deprived of important, yea, indispensible, incentives to order in an army." Indeed, Colonel Koettschau's general observations on discipline are worthy of all consideration, showing that he is himself a deep thinker and that he reasons accurately from his own correct observations of actual facts. He points out, in criticising the author of "*Avant la Bataille*," that the idea of the school battalions is very different in practice from what it appears on paper, and rightly remarks, dealing with this fascinating idea to make *all Frenchmen absolutely soldiers*, "that the precocity of childhood would be morbidly increased by it, which has a very deleterious effect on the bodily and mental faculties of a nation. They first," he adds, "would mix earnest with their play, and, later on, play with their earnest." The composition of this passage, owing to the difficulty of the German, is somewhat faulty, perhaps, but the idea is amiable, and its truth convincing. He does full justice to the French cavalry, but while allowing that France may have 3,500,000 horses, points out that there is only a comparatively limited number really capable of active service. The artillery is very carefully considered. It is admitted that this arm has been good and prominent since the end of the last century because the French artillery officers did not emigrate after the Revolution. Generally he closely follows and luminously comments on the now famous book "*Avant la Bataille*," and in a most interesting section of this work he thoroughly reviews the strategic lines on the frontier of France and the different roads of advance into French territory from Germany. Very carefully, too, does Colonel Koettschau review the military state of the Fatherland, and he does not forget to indicate the solidarity of Germany notwithstanding the seething and frothing up of sundry democratic elements, while he points out indirectly but clearly the peril to order in the world that must follow in the event of the French achieving absolute military success under such an ultra-Republic as that now established. The chapter entitled "The Political Position of Germany and France with Regard to other States" is one of very absorbing interest, dealing as it does with the momentous question, "Is it probable that the war if it break out will again be localised?" The author, after speaking of the attempted subversion of Monarchy, remarks, "The Monarchial form of government, that mightiest of all dams against the red floods of chaos, is exposed to attempts in that sense everywhere, although in most countries it is brought into harmony with modern ideas by a wise contraction of its full powers. The French Republic, which inclines more and more to substitute the red international flag for its own tricolor, constitutes a serious danger for the dynasties of all countries, while the Imperial German people in arms is recognised as the mightiest bulwark against the anarchial movements threatening all civilised States." These words are surely pregnant with very serious matter for reflection by all who would uphold order and law, and avert the red democratic deluge which might well follow French Republican victories on an extended scale in Europe. We have but taken at random a few excerpts from this important book. It is a work regularly built up on a plan like a problem in Euclid, and practically includes all that can well be said on the present strained relations of Germany and France from the military view point. Throughout we must say that the author has been studious and guarded in his observations on the French army, and he most assuredly rather overestimates than underestimates its powers. In no instance can we detect a touch of vain gloriousness or of mere boastfulness. Colonel Koettschau writes as grimly as Cromwell himself might have written had he been asked to put on paper his opinion of the quality of Rupert's best horsemanship. Throughout the whole work, when the soldier pure and simple comes to the surface in the author, we perceive the gleam

Of that stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

In other passages, especially those relative to the German nation and its international affairs, Colonel Koettschau gives wise counsel to his countrymen, and generally writes in a spirit of statesmanship, which shows that he has studied politics nearly as closely as he has his own profession. In conclusion, we need only add that, from many practical points of view sufficiently obvious, this is the best book for all who wish to arrive at a clear and correct understanding of the true military relations of France and Germany, and at as close an estimate of the relative strength of both as can be put on paper.—*Public Opinion.*

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The Bar is constantly supplied with Brands of the Best Wines Liquors and Cigars.

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J. T. SCOTT, MANAGER.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY.....APRIL 9, 1887.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

The wreck of the Mexico on the rocks in the gulf near Mayne Island was evidently caused by making too much haste in the dark. In narrow seas fringed with shoals the ship that goes at full speed is very apt to go to pieces.

The local Government have reduced the grant to the Royal Columbia Hospital by $1,000. That is Robson's work, an emphatic protest against the election of Capt. Bole. The whip is a thing in which the Robson Government have trust.

Preparations to build the jubilee hospital in Victoria are well under weigh. At a meeting on Friday $5,000 was subscribed.

The Esquimalt graving dock is finished; it cost $900,000, and the critics say it is well done.

On Tuesday Thos. Scurry a section foreman on the railroad near Donald was killed. He was in a deep snow cut repairing the track when he saw the work train backing towards him; he tried to climb the bank, but the snow gave way, and he was crushed by the wheels.

On Tuesday in the local Legislature Mr. Beaven moved a motion of want of confidence in the following words. "Whereas the honorable the Attorney-General and Premier has informed the House that it is his intention to have five ministers in his cabinet; and whereas the Government as announced by the Premier consists only of three members; resolved, that a respectful address be presented to his honor the Lieutenant Governor, informing him that the House must respectfully decline to transact anything but formal or ordinary and unopposed business, until the cabinet is fully formed and announced. In making the motion he submitted that 'there is no Government.' The Premier failing to name his Government, practically admitted his failure to form one, and therefore it is not constitutional for the House to proceed to the order of the day." By a vote of 15 to 8 the Government was sustained.

The Fraser river Cable Mining Company, eleven miles above Lillooet, commenced work last week. They take the water out of the creeks and over the river in pipes suspended from a cable. This system will encourage mining in that district.

The farmers round Lillooet are busy with the plough and seed sowing.

The local Legislature was prorouged on Thursday, and the Ministry can retire to appopriate the $1,000,000 loan. Of these petty foggers it is true to say the $1,000,000 will keep them all in clover for a year. The Island may get a part of it, and Lillooet a little, but Cowichan is played out. New Westminster district will be treated like a slave because John Robson is full of spite. The proceedings in the late Legislature prove clearly that the majority ought not to rule. Fifteen of our local legislators are audacious tyrants.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Lord Salisbury and the new Chief Secretary for Ireland wish to deal with the land question first, but the Irish Tories insist on coercion first, and threaten the Government with a bolt.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, addressing a Conservative meeting at Blackpool on Wednesday, said he believed the alliance between Gladstone and Parnell was not likely to last much longer.

The new Chief Secretary for Ireland created a sensation in the House by saying: "We propose to abolish trial by jury altogether." This was followed by a roar of laughter from the Irish, and cries of "Keep it up," "Don't stop." Everyone was astounded—the Speaker did not interfere because he saw in an instant that the Irish were so excited as to be beyond control and he was not willing to provoke a conflict which could only have resulted in the suspension of the front opposition bench.

Lord Randolph Churchill is jealous of his wife because somebody told him that the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor, is infatuated with her. And now, she'll be famous for ever.

Jervaux Abbey and the adjoining estate of the Marquis of Ailesbury, containing 10,000 acres and yielding an annual rental of £11,675, was sold last week to Mr. Cunliffe Lister of Bradford for £310,000. He is a member of one of the oldest Yorkshire families, but he made his vast fortune as a cotton spinner,

A telegram from St. Petersburg on the 1st inst. says: "Three students of the university were arrested in the Newsky Prospect and searched. The prisoners acknowledged themselves to be members of a secret criminal society. The bombs found in their possession were charged with dynamite and little shells, the latter filled with strychine." The Czar of all the Russias is a very unhappy man.

Two life-saving guns were tested at Tilbury dock on Monday. One is a shoulder gun, which throws a line 160 yards long with unerring accuracy, and the other is a 3½ inch brass gun mounted on a carriage, and it throws the line with surprising accuracy a quarter of a mile. The shoulder gun may be used in case of fire for establishing communication for saving life.

General Hamley who is one of the ablest soldiers in the House of Commons says "our great commercial ports are unprotected. He referred to the great value of submarine mines and torpedoes and urged the necessity of substantial fortifications." Mr. Picton followed in a child like strain; his "cheerful reliance upon the good will of foreign nations and our own esteemed volunteers" was—amusing.

A telegram received in London on the 4th inst. says:—"The Ameer as a precaution against a Ghilsai rising encouraged by Russia, has summoned all the head men to meet at Cabul on the day when it is expected the revolt will break out afresh. Russia continues to plot on the borders of India but—there's a good time coming. The next European war will cure that power of a design to meddlle with our Indian Empire."

The weekly returns of revenue and expenditure brought down to the end of March show to what extent the Budget estimate of last year has been exceeded. The total received up to the 12th of march was £95,103,385 as against £83,652,156 received down to the corresponding week last year. The revenue from customs for the year was £19,700,000. There is a serious falling off in the receipts for excise due mainly to the diminished consumption of spirits and beer.

UNITED STATES.

The hotel Del Monte at Monteray, Cal., was burned to the ground on Friday night, It was the property of the Southern Pacific Railway Company and cost $350,000. All the guests were saved, but a few that waited to save money or jewels had narrow escapes. The circumstantial evidence is very strong against an incendiary unknown. The water pipes were tampered with and the fire was noticed in two places before the alarm was given.

S. M. Hall, a correspondent of the Seattle *Intelligencer*, walked into the office of the Tacoma *News* at 2 o'clock on the 31st ult., and said to editor Harcourt, "I am going to shoot you, and if you have any preparation to make, do it at once." He then pulled out his pistol and like a coward, aimed at the man's breast, and fired. The course of the bullet was changed by a piece of metal in Harcourt's neck-tie, he escaped, but a reporter named Boise was shot through the hand. Hall was let out on bail, but he deserves to be hanged. A deliberate attempt at murder can not be excused.

James Spafford of Slaughterville River Valley, is now in jail at Seattle, charged with the murder of his wife. He compelled her to swallow a large quantity of gravel, and dosed her with carbolic acid and ammonia. There is no doubt he killed the woman in the most inhuman manner. Is it not a mistake that such an animal as Spafford is called a man? He must be very like a crocodile.

Dennis O'Donohue has been appointed Her Hajesty's consul for the port of San Francisco. He has filled the position of British representative at Buffalo, New York, New Orleans, and Baltimore, and has proved himself to be a most efficient deputy.

The *Oregonian* says, "Armour the great pork packer of Chicago will put up at once four cotton seed mills. The oil will be pressed from the seed and turned into lard. To make the stuff will cost but a trifle and the profits will be immense."

The genius of the age influenced by the almighty dollar will surely destroy the whole human family. In this age any knave may sell poison labeled "butter" or "lard."

General Sherman in a letter to General Beem says, "One thing you may put down as certain. I will not be a candidate for the office of President; the office is a thankless one with little honor or profit. I am, of course, proud of the love and affection of the old Union soldiers and with that secure, I am content."

"General Francis Darr has discovered in San Francisco, a notorious criminal who disappeared from New York several years ago, and is now a millionaire, a railroad director, in fact, 'a self-made man.' It is expected that a full development of the case will make one of the greatest sensations ever witnessed in San Francisco." Is it possible that the millionaire cannot secure silence? There will be no exposure; money is a shield. and it will save the burglar who is a railroad director.

THE BISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER IN LONDON.

He read a paper before the Colonial Institute, from which we take the following:—

"The British Columbia Government has never distinguished itself for broad statesmanship. Isolated as the Province has been with regard to the rest of Canada, it was perhaps scarcely unnatural that its political system should borrow too many of the features of the system prevailing across the boundary line.

"Politics are a profession, that is to say, by which men live: and political acts, as well as political speeches, have occasionally a very definite object, which is certainly not the progress and welfare of the country. Public works, therefore, such as roads and bridges, are not always entered upon because they are needed, or where they are most needed, but are frequently the result of political arrangement. And these acknowledgments are sometimes made even antecedently to the support. Time will probably do something to remedy this by increasing the electorate, and enlarging the choice of representatives. At present but very few of the better educated men can be prevailed upon to offer themselves for nomination. Still another remedy will be found, perhaps, in the influx of capital, which will not only do much of the work itself, but will also be able to bring irresistible influence to bear upon the Government."

OVERWORKED.

"My husband strained himself with overwork, causing a large swelling in the groin. He suffered great agony, which doctors failed to relieve; he could not eat nor sleep. B. B. B. quickly cured him. He says he never had such quick relief in his life." Extract from a letter from Mrs. George Bosk, Cooksville, Ont.

☞ For artistic monumental work apply to George Rudge, "Victoria Marble Works, Douglas Street, Victoria. C. R. Monck, agent, New Westminster.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This great undertaking which we have been regarding for so many years as the means of opening for us an era of unalloyed prosperity by connecting us with our brethren at the east and affording us an easy exchange of our products over the whole of our own province at least, has so far failed in its mission. It may be said that this was no fault of the company as they have exerted themselves to the utmost and have achieved wonders, in contending with the most unparalleled obstructions. We must object to such a conclusion and we can show very conclusively that most of their difficulties have been of their own seeking and so far from feeling any gratitude to them we have every reason to complain. It must be remembered that we have made very great sacrifices in order to secure this connection. We have given millions of acres of land much of it that will be extremely valuable, and we have given millions of money in the shape of heavy duties on almost every article we consumed to assist in paying for it. Our progress has been retarded first by an extraordinary privilege accorded to the company by which they prohibited the construction of branch railways to the international boundary, and next by the exaction of absurdly high rates of freight and passage in the Province itself. By the adoption of the Selkirk route, they have left us almost without any communication with the outer world for nearly a month and our papers and letters more than a month old come dribbling to us by ones, twos and threes as they may find it convenient. Had the company followed the survey as adopted by Mr. Sandford Fleming via the Tete Jaune Cache, much of the obstruction and delay would have been avoided, and much loss to our people would have been saved. It suited the company to make a great parade of their facilities, and with this object they absolutely carried a great deal of freight for nothing, while our own Province was mulct to assist in carrying out this very clever scheme. The company was chartered to adopt Port Moody as the terminus, but in order to make money by creating another, they ride rough shod over our people, expropriate their land, break their agreements with our local Government, and then defy our sapient ministers by point blank refusing to pay the penalty forfeited by their non-compliance with their contract. Probably the most atrocious part of the business, is the constructing of the branch or extension to their city of Vancouver when they had no right to do so by any construction or reading of their charter or the railway act, and forcing their way through the property of law abiding citizens without paying for right of way or damages caused by this shameful proceeding. There can be no doubt that this company have determined to do what they please in this Province regardless of law or justice, but they may find that in their overweening conceit they have made a mistake. Our people so long isolated, were glad to accept the railway almost at any price, but they begin now to find that they have paid too dear for their whistle. They were prepared to submit to a great deal, but the company has grossly exceeded any reasonable limit, that a feeling of antagonism is beginning to grow and increase in British Columbia, that may culminate very much to the detriment of the company and may render their position here anything but a profitable one. The small profit obtained from the sale of lots at Vancouver will never pay them for the loss of prestige which that ill-starred speculation has created. From this time out the fostering and booming of Vancouver will be looked upon with aversion and disgust and the company will be regarded as merely speculating adventurers. We need not point to the increasing popularity of the Northern Pacific Railway to show that our people can find an alternative route for passengers and freight, and that such will be adopted there cannot be a doubt. Any enterprise in the shape of trans-Pacific steamers will be avoided because equal facilities will be offered by the Northern Pacific company from Tacoma. To show the smallness of the Canadian Pacific company, we have only to point to the five bits taken from every passenger coming to this city from the east, although they bargained to treat this branch as a portion of the main line and exacted every cent promised to them by our citizens. What the object of the company can be in acting so strangely, we are not in a position to say. It may be that they desire to get from under their agreement with the Canadian Government, by forcing the people to insist on the line being taken over. But they forget that quite a number of people may play the same game, and that the company may be the losers. The fact is undoubted that they have made themselves very unpopular and may suffer in consequence.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

If anyone thinks, judging from the sayings of Emperor William, the Czar, or any of the European statesmen who have expressed themselves on the subject, that peace is secure, he grossly deceives himself. The immense losses to business, the cessation of all enterprise, the ruin to large numbers of persons who are dependent on money invested, and in consequence of war rumors, are suddenly reduced to poverty, the absence of employment for the artizan and laboring classes and the general dislocation of everything connected with trade, renders war repulsive to every well-wisher to the human race. But *necessitas non habet legem*: Sovereigns are little more than the ball and cross on the top of the spire; they are carried along with the movement of the structure on which they they are placed. A tendency having too much inclination in some direction opposed to sound policy—as for instance, Socialism—must have a check: no question of sufficient importance, at home, can be found to divert the people from their *penchant*, then a foreign war must be commenced. It is true, that, occasionally, the preparation and the threat, produces the requisite change in the body politic, but that is rare, and impossible in the present day. France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Holland, Belgium. Italy, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, have all laid out immense sums in war material, that will be obsolete and useless in a few years. They have created great national debts in making armies and navies, and the knowledge that all this sacrifice was made for nothing, and that the nations must now turn to work to pay for it, is something so highly disagreeable that few governments could survive the announcement to the people, setting aside the danger to society from disbanded soldiers, ready to do anything but work for a living. We feel convinced that the time has arrived for a great struggle which is requisite to produce that change in the world's existence necessary, no doubt, for its health and welfare. It is quite natural that no one likes to begin, because he does not know what advantage might be taken of his action by other powers, all armed and ready to attack somebody who is of enough importance to secure territory or influence by his destruction. Thus every power is resting on its arms, waiting for the bugle call; meanwhile diplomacy is being worked to its utmost capacity; *pour parlers* and despatches are flying in all directions and statesmen must be strained, bodily and mentally, to the utmost. Everyone, of course, insists that his warlike preparations were only made from this or that unimportant reason, but that, he is desirous, and in fact, will insist upon the maintenance of peace and a general disarmament, to which all the rest agree, perfectly aware that the following week or two may see them all engaged in deadly strife, Perhaps Russia has more cause to go to war than any other nation. The people are cruelly treated and kept in order, only, by the most harsh and tyrannous government. If we look for the reason of such serfdom without the name, we can easily find it in the immense stretches of barren country that will not produce enough to afford the most easily satisfied peasant with the means of subsistence. The Russian peasant is ill-clad, ill-housed, half-starved, and wholly uneducated, consequently without enthusiasm, or even patriotism to any extent. He knows that just on the borders of the miserable country he inhabits, lie the rich pastures and agreeable climate of Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey and the whole Balkan peninsula. The desire for the conquest of these countries, is part of his religion; he dreams by day and night of the sunny skies and fertile fields around the Bosphorus, and he is ready to risk life itself in the conquest. If the Golden Horn could be reached, Nihilism would disappear. When despair and desperation have seized upon men, from the effects of poverty and destitution, they are ready for any reckless adventure. The Czar is perfectly aware of all this and he knows the longer he restrains the desire of the people for war and conquest, the greater is the danger to himself; but, he also, knows, that the whole of Europe will be arrayed against him. He wants some superficially reasonable excuse for the commencement of hostilities, but the inexorable people of Europe wont let him have it, and what is he to do? If he moves, his armies will be destroyed, if he stands still he is likely to be destroyed himself. If he is swept out of the way, the people under their own leaders will attempt the conquest, and like thirsty cattle near water which is denied to them, they will continue to advance in hordes only to be destroyed by the defenders of the land they covet. Russia has no friends. If any one pretends to seek her friendship, it is some weakling who desires to have a big bully to help him to fight his battles. If France could be induced to shake hands with Germany, she would join the rest of Europe in repelling and disabling the Muscovite. But Alsace. Lorraine are in the way, and nothing can be done till the ownership of these two provinces is settled.

WHY ARE WE COQUETTES?

We know that among the middle-aged and sober-minded an idea is prevalent that men-flirts are less culpable than girl-coquettes. *Prima facie*, there is plausibility in such a notion, since it proposes for women a higher moral code, and, by insinuation at least, endows her with a purer faith; but on closer view the position is untenable. Women are by nature more emotional than their stronger brothers, and in common justice at any rate, by way of apology and extenuation, a wider latitude in giving expression to such feelings ought to be accorded to them. But we know that such is not the case. The weak young man with his would-be love affairs is at the worst looked upon with tolerant contempt; while the weak young women with her studied coquetries is regarded with universal disapproval. She is an unsatisfactory young lady; by all means let "my sons" avoid her, and on no account permit "my daughter" to come within the range of her contaminating influence. That is right enough; and yet "my sons," not being the very pink of manly perfection, have an unwise predilection for her; and "my daughters," for all they look so modest and speak of her as "that dreadful creature," secretly envy, and, at a respectful distance, try to imitate her. But if there were no men-flirts, girl-flirts would be unknown. Theoretically, men hold coquettes in detestation. Unfortunately, in this work-a-day world, theory and practice are very often out of harmony, and, as we sometimes rise above our creeds, so sometimes we fall below them. It is men who sink most frequently below their cherished theory; for, though the fact may be disputed, it is the coquettes who absorb the lion-share of their admiration. We do not speak here of the old campaigners who have had their fling, and have outgrown the piquant charms of girlish wiles, but of the young men who have still to learn by dire experience that the thraldom of two blue eyes may be a cruel thraldom, and *la belle dame sans merci* a fickle mistress. They may not love these capricious flirts with the best love of which they are capable; they may not respect them; but they like them and admire them, and talk to them, and flirt with them, and *seem* to love them. Is such an admiration worth the having? Perhaps not. But a woman's nature, which craves love so intensely, if the real thing be denied her, finds some solace in its brilliant semblance. Paste diamonds will sometimes serve the purposes of the pure gem. The homage and admiration of the many cannot atone to her for a lost love, but to some degree they will bring alleviation. A crust is better than no bread. To some men, notoriety is so necessary that they would rather be notorious by evil doing than languish in obscurity, mediocre and unknown. By women, who are too often vain and self-conscious, admiration, which is love's counterfeit, is unduly prized. They have missed the reality; but while they clutch the shadow, it is possible to deceive others as to their real loss; for here truth and falsehood are so deftly mingled that dreams will pass for realities, and realities for dreams. It is something to know one's self enviable, only by reputation. Such misplaced envy can scarcely fail to fill them with scorn and wonder and secret bitterness; and yet, because human magnetism is so potent, they are tempted to fancy that after all there is something in it. And if the young men of their acquaintance, young men who are for the most part cynical or frivolous, prefer paste jewels, who can blame them that, instead of striving to be sterling diamonds, in loftiest aim they scarcely soar beyond a polished imitation? Naturally, men turn to women for the chief pleasure of their leisure hours, looking to them to soothe and soften and to render pleasant a thorny way; but it is not to the women who have chosen to become the rivals that they care to turn. Such women may instruct, but our gilded youth do not wish to be instructed. What they desire is to be entertained; and here the fair coquette will serve their purpose. The woman who has made it her cue to please is never dull; her highest aim is to give pleasure, and because she is content to spare neither time nor pains, she will succeed. Consequently, of these two classes, there is no doubt which is the more pleasing to creation's lords. The generality of men—there are of course many honorable exceptions—have a strong prejudice, almost amounting to antipathy, against learned women. They feel their own domain to be invaded; their oldest and most cherished principles to be violated; and though they are too valiant to acknowledge awe, the uncomfortable suspicion that they may be some day called upon to vindicate their superiority, is displeasing to them. Their cause is good, and they have no fear for their inherited laurels; but long inaction has made them indolent, and ease is a pleasant thing, and they would rather go on in the good old days. It his hard, after generations of undisputed sovereignty, that a fight for it should be remotely possible. Women, say the so-called lords, are very charming—in their place, if only they would know that place, and—keep it. To such men, and emphatically they are many, the vainest, foolishest coquette is in comparison a household deity. Be it reasonable or not, such feelings are not unnatural. There is something ignominious in the thought of being superseded, and by a woman. The "fair girl graduates" have their own triumphs—triumphs neither few nor insignificant; but over the lives of men their triumphs have not extended. In the drawing-room, the despised coquette is queen regnant, and there the pale student, the class-room's glory, is simply nowhere. The coquette knows her power and revels in it. In selfdefence, the exercise of such a power has been thrust upon her. She is not—or was not always—heartless. She knows—who better?—that this light trifling is ignoble. It is not the life she would have chosen had the choice been given her; but there is magic in it. The sense of sway is delightful to her; the sweets of adulation, like a subtle poison, intoxicate their victim with a transient rapture; and she knows that while she is young and has health and gaiety she can hold her own. And afterwards? But why dream of the stormy morrow? To-day is fair. Why trouble as to what the end may be? In the meantime, she will laugh and flirt, and be fitful and charming, vivacious, dreamy, cruel, kind; she will attract and repel, draw hearts to her, whose homage her own levity will quickly alienate; she will be wondered at, censured, admired, and perchance loved; but until the sun shall dawn on that unknown country where men are constant, leal, and true, the land where unobtrusive kindliness is dearer to them than feigned flatteries and bewitching art—she will be a coquette!—*Chambers.*

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

The chief danger from taking cold is its liability to locate upon some internal organ, as the lungs, the pleura, the bronchial passages, etc. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosen's and breaks up the cold, allays irritation and often prevents or cures pulmonary complaints.

(ESTABLISHED 1862.)

Fred. Eickhoff

GENERAL DEALER IN

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Dry Goods

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BOOTS & SHOES,

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Of First-Class Quality

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Corner of Front and Begbie Streets

NEW WESTMINSTER

F. CRAKE,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

Has moved to the store lately occupied by Coulter & Co.,

Opposite to Cunningham's Stores, on Columbia Street.

Formerly Manager of the Watch Department of Savage & Lyman, Montreal.

HAVING SEVERED HIS CONNECtion with Mr. McNaughten, he is now prepared to do all kinds of

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—AND—

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"MOUNT HELENA" VINEYARD.

LOS ANGELOS AND RIVERSIDE.

FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

JOHN A. BRADLEY,

SAMPLE ROOMS:

CITY AUCTION MART, Government St., Victoria;

AND

New Westminster

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase two hundred acres of land in the New Westminster District, described as follows:

Commencing at a stake set on the beach of Burrard Inlet at or near the southeast corner of Indian Reserve, thence following shore line to the southwest corner of lot 230, thence north along west boundary of said lot 100 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence southerly to the northeast corner of Indian Reserve and along the eastern line of said Reserve to the beach at point of commencement.

ISAAC HENDERSON.

Vancouver, B. C, Feb. 3, 1887.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase about 200 acres of an more or less, situated in New Westminster District, "Group One," and described as follows:—Commencing at a stake about 50 chains north of north-west corner of lot 471, thence north about 50 chs., thence west about 40 chains, thence south about 50 chains, thence east about 40 chains to the place of commencement.

H. J. A. BURNETT.

Port Moody, B. C., March 7, 1887.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase two hundred acres of land in New Westminster district as follows:—

Commencing at a stake on the beach of Burrard Inlet at or near the southeast corner of lot 198, thence following shore line to the southwest corner of lot 469, thence north along western boundary of said lot 100 chains, thence west to Seymour Creek, thence following said creek and line of lot 193 southerly to the beach at point of commencement.

JNO. B. HENDERSON.

Vancouver, B. C., February 3rd, 1887.

FLORAL GUIDE

For 1887

Now ready, contains 2 Colored Plates, hundreds of Illustrations, and nearly 200 pages—32 pertaining to Gardening and Flower Culture, and over 150 containing an Illustrated List of nearly all the FLOWERS and VEGETABLES grown, with directions how to grow them where the best SEEDS, PLANTS, and BULBS can be procured, with prices of each. This book mailed free on receipt of 10 cents, and the 10 cents may be deducted from the first order sent us. Every one interested in a garden, or who desires good, fresh seeds should have this work. We refer to the millions who have used our seeds. Buy only Vick's Seeds at Headquarters. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

The Port Moody Gazette

SATURDAY.....APRIL 9, 1887.

UNAWARES.

We were sitting, after waltzing,
On the stairs.
He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose, ere yet I missed it,
And, as tenderly he kissed it,
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,
Unawares.

We were talking, after waltzing,
On the stairs.
I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,
Which I think he apprehended.
I was kissed before I knew it,
Unawares.

We were silent, after waltzing,
On the stairs.
I had stormed with angry feeling,
But he spoke love, never heeding,
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,
And my depth of love revealing,
Unawares.

—*Boston Courier*

MISCELLANEOUS

"Look here," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's, "those eggs you sold me yesterday were bad." "Well, that wasn't my fault," "Whose fault was it, then?" "Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a a grocery man; I'm no mind-reader.—*Washington Critic.*

One of the passengers on a snow-bound Northern Pacific train in Montana suddenly jumped from the coach with a yell and started up the side of the mountain in the face of a driving storm. He was pursued, and after a half-mile chase was captured and brought back with frozen face and ears. He had suddenly become insane.

"R-r-r-r-r," "Hello, central!" "Hello; what number?" "How much is a t phone worth?" "Telephones are not so' they are simply rented." "I don't want to buy one, I just want to know how much I would have to pay if mine got smashed by some accident." "Oh, I don't know; about forty dollars, I think. Have you a bet?" "No; I have an ax." "R-r-r-r-r."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A German botanist has discovered a source of brandy and alcohol in the poppy. It appears that the pulp which covers the poppy seed contains saccharine matter, which, after due fermentation and distillation, produces a kind of brandy of an agreeable flavor. As this pulp has been hitherto thrown away, the discovery, it is said, affords poppy planters an opportunity of realizing more profit from their crops without a very great expenditure of capital.

Joseph McLellan, an engineer on the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, said the other day to a friend: "If I get over this day all right I shall complete my thirty years on the road." A few minutes later he placed an oil can with a sharp nozzle on the step of the engine, went to get up into the cab, missed his footing, and in falling struck the nozzle of the can, which penetrated the skull behind the ear. In two hours he was dead. He was 76 years old.

By Capt. Shaw's report on the London Fire Department we learn that fires in 1886, though below the number for 1885, show a substantial increase upon the average for the past ten years. Without count of the false alarms, there were 2,149 calls in cases which resulted in actual damage. The engines attached to the land stations made 32,832 journeys, and used ten million gallons of water. The general total gives an average of twelve calls a day, or rather more, which had to be answered by a force of 357, divided into two sections, one of 113 for day, and the other of 244 for night duty.

While the steamer Mongkeet was taking rice at Bangkok on Dec. 3 a coolie, after a day's work, took a smoke of opium, and then crawled under a beam in the hold. Then he fell into a stupor, was not discovered, and the hold was filled, and the hatch closed. Ten days after, at Hong Kong, he was found, and when taken to the upper air at once revived, and soon was apparently well. He had been unconscious during the ten days, and it is thought that the moist heat from the rice had kept his body warm, and the clammy air in the hold brought him into a comatose condition, from which he awoke only when fresh air was admitted.

Alexander Napoleon Louis Joseph Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel and Prince de Wagram, has just died in Paris. The four names were given to him by the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon, and by Louis and Joseph Bonaparte, the Kings of Holland and of Spain. He was the eldest son of Berthier, the most diplomatic of Napoleon's Marshals, and of the princess Elizabeth of Bavaria of the Palatine branch. The deceased Prince was born on Sept. 11, 1810. His father represented the Emperor of the French at the marriage, by proxy, of the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The late Prince was a gentleman farmer of a German type. He was passionately fond of agriculture and shooting.

M. Steenackers, who was Postmaster-General under the Tours Delegate Government, and is now a member of the French Chamber, has taken up the cause of the claimants to £25,000,000, which they contend is due them by the state. In 1676 a Frenchman named Thery deposited £400,000 in the Bank of Venice, and then died For some time after his decease nobody came forward as his heir. Some swindlers then, by means of forged papers, tried to get hold of it, but failed. More than a century passed, when Bonaparte was ordered by the Directory to demand the principal and interest for the benefit of French subjects. They were paid to him, and he appropriated them to military uses. The state therefore became the debtor of the Thery family. Authentic heirs of the depositor of the £400,000 exist. This sum, with legal interest now comes to £25,000,000.

The terrible results of the accident on the Vermont Central Railroad have directed attention to the probable merits of a non-combustible steel car now in process of construction at Boston. This car combines novelty of plan and materials with a new method of heating. The details of its construction are therefore of more than ordinary interest. The car is to be made of malleable steel, in the shape, approximately of a cylinder, strengthened with concentric, cross, and longitudinal braces. A compressible platform at each end will greatly lessen, if not wholly destroy, the force of a shock from collision, and avert the danger of telescoping. The seats are to be bolted to the thick metal floor, as well as to the bottom plates of the car, so that they will not be torn up and thrown around in case of an accident. The clangor and reverberation to be expected from the jostling of a boiler-like apartment will, it is claimed, be amply provided against by the liberal use upon the interior surface of felt and hair paddings, which, together with the upholstery stuffs, are to be treated with chemicals that will render them incombustible. The danger of fire is to be more certainly averted by the use of hot air purposes of heating, and by locating the source of heat outside the car. The furnace is placed beneath the car and in the rear of the trucks. Air admitted through a valve under the hood over the platform, will pass through pipes to the furnace, when after being heated in the unusal manner, it will pass up into the car through ordinary registers. Thus constructed, the car will not cost, it is said, more than the wooden cars now in use, and may cost less. It will probably be found practicable to make it lighter, and it will certainly be more durable as well as safer, than the wooden car.

One of the orders of Spain is the Golden Fleece. It should be conferred on plumbers and hack-drivers.

The Trade-dollar Bill has passed. This is not remarkable. Any kind of a dollar bill will pass in the House of Representatives.

There are two things in this world that I can't understand—one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on it stays with you; and if you stop it, it goes away.—*Burdette.*

Great excitement was created in France last Saturday by Germany expelling the Reichstag member from Alsace-Lorraine and forcing him over the frontier to France. The plucky member intends to return to Berlin through Belgium and demand his seat.

A London despatch of the 2nd inst., states that the full text of the Coercion Bill, now that it has been made public, intensifies the opposition to the measure. The Parnellites express themselves sanguine that in an appeal to the country the Government will be overthrown.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Keeper, "that when Adam realized the vastness of the world into which he had been ushered he must have had a great deal on his mind?" "Well," responded Mrs. Blunt, "from the picture I have seen, I should say that whatever he did have on must have been on his mind."—*The Judge.*

Three persons who were concerned in the attempt to assassinate the Czar by means of bombs in St. Petersburg, on March 13, were hanged last Thursday morning. Twenty more officers in various branches of the service have been arrested in connection with the attempt made against the life of the Czar in the park of Gatchina Palace on Saturday last.

The Duchesse d'Avarsy, an octogenarian who has recently begun life in another, and, let us hope, a better world, is credited with this *bon mot:* "Confess how old you are," she one day said to one of the most charming of French academicians. "I am twenty-five three times repeated." "Then, my dear Immortal, I am the youngest," replied the duchesse, "for I am only twenty—four times repeated."

A despatch from Vienna says: "On Saturday last while the Czar was walking on a terrace overlooking the lawn at Gatchina Palace a shot was fired from behind a bush. The bullet whistled close to his ear, A second shot was fired from behind another bush, but without effect. A sentinel fired upon the first assassin, and is reported to have killed him on the spot. The other assassin tried to escape, but was arrested. He proved to be an officer in the Russian army."

Her Majesty Queen Victoria arrived at Cannes on Friday. Her Majesty drove from the railway station to the Villa Edleweisse in an open carrage without riders, escorted by a guard of honor, a force of mounted gendarmes, and the Cannes fire brigade. The houses along the route were decorated with flags, and the people that filled the streets enthusiastically cheered Her Majesty. The French Mediterranean squadron, which has been ordered to Cannes, sailed with the Queen on board.

The *Daily News* says the land bill introduced by Lord Cadogan in the House of Lords yesterday evening convicts the ministry of the grossest inconsistency, and entirely justifies Parnell's action during the last autumn's session of Parliament. The first thing that strikes a reader of Lord Cadogan's speech is that, inadequate as the bill may be, it entirely depenses with the necessity for coercion, or rather, it would if the necessity existed. Balfour argues that an illegal combination prevents tenants in Ireland from paying their rents. Lord Cadogan formally admits that tenants are evicted for not paying impossible rents.

Unofficial advices received at the India office state that the government have undoubted evidence from the native chiefs that the Russian governor of Turkestan is buying up the head men of the tribes throughout the north of Afghanistan. The work is done through native officers of Turkestan who have entered the Russian service. The chiefs report that the governor has secured a number of notables and that these are organizing an extensive plot for a simultaneous rising in Afghanistan and the Punjab. In consequence of news from the governor of Herat that the governor of Turkestan has ordered Iskander Khan, with 12,000 men, to surprise Herat, the Ameer of Afghanistan has ordered 10,000 men to be in readiness to re-enforce the garrison.

The choir of a certain "orthodox" church in New England once sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord," giving it with four voices only, as they had no chorus. The start was a good one, and everything was going on with a swing and a boom, when suddenly the base failed to come in on a solo passage when he was positively due. The organist played for a full bar, and then turned and hissed: "What's the matter with you?" Then, just as everybody was wondering why the bass was behind time, the singer suddenly found his voice, and burst out in really stentorian tones: "I waited for the Lord." The people smiled, and after the piece was finished the organist sought the singer, and said: "Mr. A——, your excuse was quite satisfactory."

In the House of Commons on the 1st inst. the Hon. W. H. Smith, first lord of the treasury, suggested that if the Irish Crimes bill be read the first time to-night, a second reading could be taken up Tuesday. Then there will be an interval of a week between the second reading and going into committee. It was the imperative duty of the Government to insist on the House coming to an early decision on the bill. Referring to the land bill, he said it was of vital importance that the Government use every effort to make the measure a law. In the House of Commons on the 1st inst., the Cloture was carried by a vote of 351 to 231, and the Coercion bill was read a first time. The whips of both parties in the House of Commons are doing their utmost to secure a full attendance. It is not known positively whether Parnell will move the amendment of which he has given notice. Gladstone and the Liberals will meet the Government's motion for a second reading of the Irish crimes act amendment bill with a hostile amendment. The form which this shall take has not yet been decided upon.

The local Government has sent a memorial to the Dominion Government asking it to appoint, at its earliest convenience, at least one qualified, reliable and experienced person to act as public service commissioner, with a qualified assistant, to proceed to Asia to collect and study the trade statistics of China, Japan and other countries, the kind and amount of trade done, where to and where from, etc., so as to ascertain what manufactures and commercial and agricultural products of Canada are suitable to them and to report as fully as possible to the proper department at Ottawa, their report to be published and issued to the public at cost price for general information. So far as can be ascertained the Government has not decided to act on the suggestion, but when the Canadian Pacific railway steamers commence plying on the Pacific probably the request will be granted. The authorities of the railway believe that the Imperial Government will subsidize the proposed line of steamers between British Columbia, Japan and Australia, and the latest report in official circles at Ottawa is to the effect that parliament, at its approaching session, will also be asked to encourage closer trade relations between Canada and the east by granting the company a handsome amount.

And now comes the strange part of the idea which originated in the minds of the local ministry—the public service commissioner who is to study the trade statistics of China and Japan is—THE HONORABLE JOHN ROBSON. As a local politican he is played out, but may find himself at home in China or Japan.

Physic beats the faith cure, because it has the inside track.

The Chinese of California are the queue-cumbers of the soil.

It is said that the French have reason to fear an epidemic of Krupp.—*Life.*

Mrs. Langtry says that Mr. Langtry is not dead. But what does Mrs. Langtry know about it.

The faces of Pittsburg ladies are said to possess a good deal of beauty; but you have to dig for it.

A bear hugged a Pennsylvania girl to death the other day. The expression on the face showed that her end was painless.

A Western lecturer has selected for his subject, "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorably.—*Norristown Herald.*

Hotel porter to a gentleman in the washroom: "Is yo' a guest ob de hotel, sir?" Gentleman (paying $4 a day): "Guest? No: I'm a victim."

A prohibitionist speaker in Jersey city, last week, was so overcome by his bottle of tea that he kept referring to "Old Hickory" as "Old Chestnut."

A ballet-girl was recently arrested for vagrancy, but was discharged on the testimony of one of her audience concerning her visible means of support.—*Life.*

"Don't be a fool," she said, with a snap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied, and silence fell upon that house.—*Washington Critic.*

She: Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

He: Well now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth I will be satisfied.

General Fremont has a picturesque pen. In his "Memoirs," just out, he says of an Indian encountered during his second exploration: "He was a good looking young man, and as naked as a worm."

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."—*French Fun.*

City Man—"What the blazes is the matter with that hen?" *Farmer*—"Nothing; she has just laid an egg." *City Man*—"Great Scott? One would suppose she had laid the foundation for a brick block."—*Boston Courier.*

After debating a long time as to the proper inscription to put on the gravestone of a man who was blown to pieces by a powder-mill, his friends decided on the following. "He was a man of excellent parts."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Commanding officer: "Bring your company up." Captain (just taken back into the army): "Well I'll go and talk to the boys and see if they'll come." "Great stars! Where have you been since you left the army?" "Been commanding a regiment of militia."

He (to Pittsburg heiress)—"Do you know Miss Wandergrift, whose father is reported to be very rich?" *She* (glass and pig-iron)—"O, no, indeed! The Wandergrifts do not belong to our set at all! They are so new, you know! Their money come from natural gas."—*Puck.*

"Yes" said one lady to another, coming down town on the motor from Twenty-sixth street, "the bird was a lovely one, and she thought everything of it; but she wanted the breast and wings for her hat, and so killed it. She gave it chloroform so it would not suffer. She cried like a baby when it was dead."

Young man (whispering to jeweler): "That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday——"

"Jeweler: "What's the matter with it? Didn't it fit?"

Young man (cautiously): "Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar-buttons for it."

Young Husband—"It does seem to me you might learn how to cook better than that. My mother"——*Young Wife*—"There, that will do. I refrain from learning how to cook on principle." "Oh, you do! thinking of me, of course?" "No, of my son." "Son?" "Yes; I don't intend he shall ever make any nice girl miserable, bragging about my cooking."—*Omaha World.*

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the last landlords of the old Cock Tavern at Temple Bar, now demolished, have sent to Lord Tennyson one of the tankards used in that hostelry with the inscription. "A pint-pot neatly graven" (from "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue"). The Laureate has returned his thanks in an autograph letter, saying that he will preserve the relic as an heirloom in his family.

Bismarck's large consumption of brandy during his speeches in the Reichstag, has brought out the alleged fact that he has been a confirmed tippler for many years. After the Franco-German war, when the treaty of Frankfort was to be drawn up, M. Thiers was in a quandary as to whom he should send as the Representative of France. M. Pouyer-Quertier, to-day a Senator, was finally hit upon, "because he could drink as much as the Chancellor."

The death of Mme. Needham, and the sale of her goods at the Hotel Drouet, Paris, make it plain that the lady shopped industriously. One hundred and fifty day and night chemises, trimmed with Valenciennes and other lace, seventy petticoats in silk, muslin, etc., forty pairs of garters, twenty-four corsets, two hundred lace handkerchiefs, forty pantalons de soie peluche, and one hundred and five pairs of silk stockings, are among the items on the bill of sale.

Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Salisbury became close friends away back 1855, when they were known respectively as Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Robert Cecil. When the latter wedded Miss Alderson his father cast him off, considering the match a misalliance. The young couple fled for friendship and advice to the Northcotes, and it was Sir Stafford who put Lord Robert into the way of supporting himself and his bride during the winter of paternal wrath, by writing for the press.

Dominico and Giovanni Baptiste Carrafa were two brothers, born in Genoa, who in the early days of the gold excitement came to San Francisco and started a bakery, which soon did a thriving trade selling bread at a dollar a loaf. In 1865 Dominico became insane, and was sent home by his brother, a sea-faring man, to Genoa, where he died nine years later. There was no administration upon the estate; the surviving brother, Captain Giovanni, continuing the business until 1882, when, at his death, it devolved to his wife and nephew. The attention of the Public Administrator being called to the matter, he instituted a suit to administer upon one-half of the deceased Giovanni's estate as the property of the deceased Dominico. Acting upon information received through some mysterious source, the Public Administrator repaired to the old bakery a few days ago, armed with pick and spade, and commenced digging in a certain corner of the cellar. He soon brought to light a number of earthen flower-pots, which were strangely heavy; and on removing the dirt from the top, heaps of shining gold and silver met his astonished eyes. The total value of the estate amounted to over sixty thousand dollars, and a big lawsuit was the immediate result of the find. On Thursday the Signora Giovanni Baptiste Carrafa, widow of the late captain, was put upon the stand. The court, knowing the volubility of a daughter of sunny Italy, where money is in question, called the interpreter, and that worthy asked her name and occupation in choicest Italian. She seemed surprised for an instant, and then burst forth: "An' phwat's that ye're saying? Plaze to talk plain American whin ye spake to me.

Shifts are usually employed to help artists' models in difficult positions, and often display considerable ingenity. Roffany's celebrated figure of the Academy Life School in 1770 shows how the model's uplifted arm was supported by a string from the ceiling as it would be now; for instance, in Mr. Birch's "Last Call," the falling horseman is "hung in chains," suspended from the rafters in a position he could not otherwise assume. "The Headlong Fall of Lucifer" has, ere now, been painted with the model standing in a suitable attitude on a mirror, the necessary appearance of foreshortening being obtained from the reflection. "Young Bacchus" has been kept vivacious and laughing for hours by an assistant shooting sweetmeats into his open mouth, while an expression of wondering and complacent admiration has been planted on "Galatea's" face by the simple expedient of placing a looking-glass for her to gaze into.

In Paris, a reigning social sensation is a series of negro balls. They are under the patronage of several ladies of noble blood from Zanzibar and Ethiopia. The dark-hued contingent of Parisian society is a numerous one, and contains many families of rank and wealth. The supposition is that only persons of negro blood is invited. As a matter of fact, however, nearly half of the guests are white. But all such have to stain their faces black for the time being. These disguised revelers are persons of the best standing in French society. Indeed, personages no less than Prince Waldemar and his bride, Amelia d'Orleans, attended the first of the series. Their faces were stained a rich brown, so that they looked like rather dark quadroons. Several cavaliers of the Duc de Morny's set attend all these gatherings, with their hands and faces dyed, and with wool wigs over their natural hair.

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALASKA.

The *St. James Gazette* says the discovery of gold ore near the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia renders the speedy settlement of the boundary question the more imperative. The interpretation of the treaty plays a prominent part in this matter as in the fisheries question, and it possesses all the elements of a serious international dispute. When the Washington government bought in Alaska in 1867, they took it with the boundaries specified in the treaty concluded between Russia and Great Britain in 1825. In that treaty the eastern boundary of Alaska begins at the meridian of 140 degrees of the Arctic seas, follows that meridian to a point near Mount St. Elias, nine marine miles from the Pacific ocean, and thence follows the summit of the coast range to its intersection with a line drawn due east from the southern extremity of Prince of Wales island to the center of Portland channel. But here is the difficulty. The Americans have long been working mines more than a mile inland—that is to say on territory which is unquestionably British.

NEW MONSTER STEAMSHIP.

The Inman and International steamship company has contracted with Laird Brothers of Birkenhead, for a new transatlantic steamship. She will be built of steel, with triple expansion engines and twin-screws, and the builders have guaranteed that she shall be superior in speed to anything now afloat. Her dimensions will be:—Length over all, 500 feet; beam, 62 feet; depth of hold, 43 feet; 17,000 horse-power; 8,300 tons register. With the exception of the Great Eastern, the largest vessel now afloat is the City of Rome, 8,144 tons register, and the fastest is the Etruria, of 7,392 tons register. A special feature of the construction of the ship will be her longitudinal bulkheads, which will greatly increase the number of water-tight compartments and render her practically unsinkable. Her boilers and engines will be protected by side coal-bunkers, and the specifications for her construction have been accepted by the British Admiralty as being full up to their requirement for an armed cruiser. Her great beam will give an opportunity for large deck saloons. She will be fitted with accommodations for only 350 first-class passengers, so as to insure the highest degree of comfort. She will be delivered in the early spring of 1888. The construction of this ship will be followed by that of others, and of important improvements in ships of the Inman line now in service.

The City of Berlin will be withdrawn in the course of a few weeks, to be fitted with triple expansion engines and steel boilers, calculated to give her a speed of seventeen knots; her cabins will also be enlarged and improved.

B.B.B. ONE OF MANY. B.B.B.

Mrs. Agnes Black, of Orton, Ont., says, "For five years I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion. I tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and was getting better; I then bought three more and it has cured me."

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil."

DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, if troubled with Chronic Dyspepsia or Constipation. These ailments, as well as Biliousness, Kidney infirmities, and feminine troubles, are eradicated by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, an alterative of long tried and clearly proven efficacy. It is a fine blood depurent as well as corrective, and contains no ingredients which are not of the highest standard of purity.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Outward infirmities.—Before the discovery of these remedies, many cases of sores, ulcers, &c., were pronounced to be hopelessly incurable, because the treatment pursued tended to destroy the strength it was incompetent to preserve, and to exasperate the symptoms it was inadequate to remove. Holloway's Pills exert the most wholesome powers over the unhealthy flesh or skin, without debarring the patient from fresh air and exercise, and thus the constitutional vigor is husbanded while the most malignant ulcers, abscesses, and skin diseases are in process of cure. Both Ointment and Pills make the blood richer and purer, instead of permitting it to fall into that poor and watery state so fatal to many laboring under chronic ulcerations.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for Sale by allt druggists throughout the world. Price wenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

B.B.B.—IN WORKING ORDER

"My husband was troubled with dyspepsia for more than four years. Two experienced physicians did him no good. We got discouraged, until we read of Burdock Blood Bitters; he took only two bottles and now is as well as ever, and doing heavy work all the time." Mrs. Richard Rowe, Harley, Ont. B.B.B. has cured the worst cases of chronic dyspepsia.

A HEN WHO WENT OUT ON STRIKE.

To the editor of the *Transcript:* In a volumn of Carlyle's essays I came across the following fable, which seems to me so applicable to the strikes of the present time that I think you may like to reprint it: "It is I that support this household," said a hen one day to herself; "the master cannot breakfast without an egg, for he is dyspeptical and would die, and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle, doing nothing earthly and gets thrice the vitnals I do, and is caressed all day. By the lock of Minerva, they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg." But much as she cackled and creaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain, whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dunghill, and did nothing but cackle and creak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) drew her neck and purchased other eggs at sixpence the dozen. "Man! why fretbat thou and whinest thou? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead. Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low. Wilt thou strike work with Providence, then and force Him to an alternative? Believe it, He will do without thee. *Il'y a point d'homme necessaire.*"

NOOR JEHAN.

The story of the building of one of the tombs here is sufficiently interesting to bear repetition. When only heir apparent Jehanjir fell in love with one of his mother's attendants, named Noor Jehan, and wished to marry her, but Akbar married her to one of his Afghan followers, with her willing consent. Jehanjir determined to have her, and her husband was shortly afterward murdered, by Jehanjir's orders, it was believed. For a long time she refused to become his wife, but finally capitulated about the time he ascended the throne. Jehanjir was then a coarse, brutal drunkard, who delighted in torturing those who came under his displeasure. But Noor Jehan, besides having great beauty—she was credited with being the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the empire—possessed remarkable talents and great force of character. Her influence over the Emperor was so great that she made him less cruel and frequently kept him from drink. Her influence was always for good, but she is principally remembered as the inventor of ottar of roses.

Jehanjir raised her to honors which no Mohammedan woman had ever enjoyed. He went so far as to order that all coins bearing her name should be considered of a value 100 times greater than their actual worth. Notwithstanding that she must have known that her first husband was murdered at the Emperor's instigation, her attachment for him towards the end seemed to know no bounds. He called her "Noor Naha!" (Light of the World). Jehanjir had often expressed a wish to be buried at Lahore, which Noor Jehan complied with, building the beautiful tomb mentioned above, and then retiring from the world, vowing to never wear anything but spotless white as a token of inconsolable widowhood. She lived many years afterward, and in comparative comfort, we may suppose, from the fact that she had an annuity of over a million dollars.—*Lahore Correspondence Baltimore Sun.*

PRINCIPLE IN THE LISTS WITH PREJUDICE.

A great statesman of the last generation declared that "the wars of nations were at an end, and that the future conflicts of the earth that would fill the page of history were to be the *ways of principle!*" the truth of this prophecy is being gradually developed; the war of principle wages with unseen vigor. Among the foremost competitors in this vast arena, stands THOMAS HOLLOWAY; with his famous but simple remedies, a Pill and an Ointment, he may truly be said to have successfully combated with *Prejudice* and *Disease;* the latter is of course the ever impending foe in all climes, but the former, more especially in our favored land, the inevitable opponent of all innovation and invention; from Holloway's first "essay in the lists," the medical profession have been in array against him; how tacitly, however, have they been induced to succumb, and own that the unity of purpose evinced by this great man, and the sufficiency of the two remedies, have satisfactorily proved the fallacy of the hypothesis that divers maladies and varied features of disease require as many distinct remedies. Again—*Professional Prejudice* has been avowedly overthrown from the glaring confession concurred in by all that these remedial agents have accomplished what the combined learning and talent of the faculty could never attain—*Universal Dissemination.* It would be folly to calculate the proportionate difference between the number of applicants for medical aid (in common parlance) at a public dispensary, and the incalculable multitude that are the daily recipients of Holloway's twin remedies as applicable to their need in the various phases of diseases. We would simply ask the reader (conceiving it possible that he could accomplish the feat) to take a flying visit to our numerous dependencies. Having first traversed India and witnessed the universal popularity of Holloway's Pills and Ointment in that vast and densely populated region, let him bend his Southern course, and crossing the equator, step suddenly into the *peace enshrined possessions* of Australia, if he would ask what is the gold digger's remedy for internal and external disease there, he would meet with the response, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT; let him take a still more extended stride, and touching on his flight, New Zealand and the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean, step finally on the flourishing soil of British North America, he will still find these medicines the alike adopted specifics for disease with the *Savage* and the *Settler.*

What principle of dissemination can be worthily compared with this *mighty organization* instituted and consummated by *Thomas Holloway*—we say, none! let it then advance *conquering and to conquer!* its foe, disease; and its aim and object the alleviation of human suffering.—*Johnstone World.*

CURE FOR INFLAMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Procure from your druggist a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil and use according to directions. J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Ainslie, Cape Breton, was cured by this remedy after all other treatment had failed. It may be taken internally for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., etc.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

REMARKABLE.

There have been many remarkable cures of deafness reported from the use of Yellow Oil. The proprietors of this medicine have a large number of such testimonials. It is the great household remedy for pain inflammation, lameness, and soreness of every description, and can be used internally and externally.

NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I INTEND applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase two hundred acres of land situated in New Westminster District, Group 1, and described as follows:—

Commencing at a stake at the NW. corner of Lot 471, thence N. 50 chains, thence W. 40 chains, thence S. 50 chains, thence E. 40 chains to point of commencement.

JOHN JAMES COWDEROY.

Port Moody, March 7, 1887.

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ON BOWEN ISLAND, ONE OF THE most beautiful spots in the Province, there are inexhaustible beds of clay, well adapted for the manufacture of bricks. There is plenty of water power to drive a mill, and any quantity of fuel to burn the bricks. For a Woolen Mill the Island is well adapted; the streams are copious throughout the year, and there is plenty of power to drive machinery. The harbor is excellent and land-locked, so that no wind has any effect on shipping lying in the harbor.

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