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HOUGHTON.

CHAPTER III.

Where are your resolutions of yesterday? One might as well ask, "Where are the snows of the last year?" Equally far, nearly nowhere, only that nothing quite disappears. Even the most evanescent of our impressions go to form a part of *one* life, and the snows of ages are represented in the vitality of to-day.

Mrs. Rice's *At Home* had for its motive the dancing out of the old year and the dancing in of the new. Her gold-and-cream cards notified that the guests might come at 8 p.m. Dec. 31st 1877, and that they were expected to go at 1 a.m. Jan. 1st, 1878. It was an intermediate party of the very highest tone, an example to her set. It was also and this made it important to me, my first appearance at a large dance. I had refused invitations of the kind until they came no more. However, Mrs. Rice, who affected the airs of a leader of women in society, wanted "novices in the art of captivating—moss rosebuds in her bouquet" she said, and, looking on me as one, had requested my acceptance as a special favor. Houghton, too, would be there, she hinted, with an all wise *smile on her dollish face. It annoyed* me, that knowing smile; and I thereupon resolved on going. What business had anyone to suspect, much less to suggest, that Houghton was anything particular to me. He was my cousin, of course. I could not help relationship so far; but farther I would take care to show people it would never get. I hated to be quizzed, and most of all about Houghton. It was in my power to put an end to such idle talk, and put a stop to it. I would do this at Mrs. Rice's *At Home*, for most of the *busybodies who took upon themselves* the arrangements of Houghton's affairs and mine were sure to be there. I would cut him and snub him in every possible way, to show him that I was no party to the planning of our friends. These were some of my resolutions.

The night of the dance I was aware that my dress was very pretty by itself, and very becoming in combination with me. Father, who always took a pleasure in tracing my resemblance to my poor Mother, had indulged in an ecstacy of admiration over the *tableau vivant* I presented. "You are so like her, my darling, and you are not younger than she was on her marriage morning." If he could have seen into my intentions, into the depth of my base heart, he would have seen that I was seldom so unlike my gentle Mother as I was that night.

Father did not come with me, because on New Year's morning all Borth expected its "daily" issue as usual, and pressmen had to content themselves with hearing from their desks the joy-pealing of the bells. I went with the *Moorheads, old friends of ours*, and this arrangement was not disagreeable to me, since Fannie Maltsly, their niece from London, who was with them on a visit, was going too. As she was an avowed admirer of Houghton's, and a good circulating medium as well, there were two reasons why I should impress on her my supposed perfect indifference to him. Her toilette was exquisite, quite surpassing mine in detail. I, however, had one vast advantage over her in being inwardly and outwardly collected and concentrated; for she was *both self conscious and visibly nervous*, never producing an effect without seeming to produce it. What beauty she possessed was not natural, and she had very little of that elegance and ease which are essential to the charm of artifically pretty women. For all that, Fannie Maltsly had a pleasant face for resting the eyes upon. There were intelligence and good-natured sympathy there, qualities which grow with time *and become beautiful with age*—not qualities that rub off fade away like the skin-deep loveliness of youth.

Dr. and Mrs. *Moorehead*, Miss Maltsly, and Miss Wharton-bury," were announced to a brilliant room full of dazzingly superb millinery and handsome men. Alas! we created no excitement. Before we started partial judgments had augured a *debut* for Fan and one unparallleled in the records of *debuts*. But no! we found ourselves in the reception room one of many, and less than some, not as we had been at home, a central peak miles beyond our surroundings! Gradually we drifted on from the other; finally we slipped *our anchorage and steered* about on our own account

I was taken to the tea-room by a finical youth who graciously and gratuitously unfolded to me his whole scheme of life in this world and the world to come. While he was getting through these stages in spirit, we were bodily shuffling ourselves through the dense crowd until we reached the dancing rooms, both of which were polished like glass. On entering I was immediately accosted by the host, Major Rice, with the remark that he was positively longing for my appearance. The band had not arrived, and he knew I would not mind playing a dance. He knew I would not mind. I drew off my gloves at once, and went straight to the piano, rather disappointed at being placed at such a pronounced position without having had time to criticise my audience; yet at the same time rather glad to be a relief to the anxieties of the blustering major. Soon I had the pleasure of feeling that the whole company was in motion, whirling round to my time, and that I was probably the least remarked of all present. When the hostess came and whispered very profuse thanks for the spur I had given her party, I was absolutely happy. Yes, absolutely happy, until a tall form came and stood close behind me, a form I knew to be Houghton's because it was the only one capable by its mere presence of making me nervous

I had played a long time, almost until the mazurka fell off my fingers unconsciously, and he still stood behind. When the band arrived, and was ready to take up the music, it was he who told me so, and taking my gloves from the piano he offered me his arm. I declined.

"You must be utterly fatigued, Celia," he said. "An ice would refresh you."

"I am not so very tired," I replied. "It was mechanical playing, like Debain's pianos, in the end. Thank you, I do not care for ice."

The major hurried up immediately on noticing the change in the music, to say how much obliged he was for my services. When he offered me his arm and an ice, I accepted both without hesitation, and taking my gloves from Houghton, I sailed away quite independently. While we were still discussing the emon water Houghton appeared with a young girl on his arm. I kept chatting to my host, not appearing to notice my cousin. Houghton never gave one the idea of being handsome but he often impressed one with the nobility of his bearing. This night he looked remarkably fine, with a strength of figure and a tenseness of limb which separated him from the other guests An elasticity of manner, a buoyancy almost, brought back to my mind his boyhood's days, when his surplus vitality encountered mine with such disastrous result. The old spirit of opposition rose rampant in me on feeling the placidity of his disposition as he quietly made passage through the room and quickly succeeded in capturing an ice for his partner; and the longing to make him quail, to put him in a passion, to bend, to weaken him, took hold of me once again He was exceptionally good, I knew, and thoroughly sincere. Still, strange to relate, I would have been better pleased to recognise a flaw somewhere No doubt he had many, in the manner of mortals but I wanted him to be wicked like myself. I wanted him, in short, to be at least level with, if not below me. He was no Mount Vesuvius, subject to sudden and destructive eruptions, no geyser, as I was. He was an imperturbable height, cloud-capped, snow-clad, round which the "zig-zag lightning of genius" played, standing up free and alone because all the baser and more friable materials had been worn *and washed away*. I knew I had certain power over him, and that he had a certain power over me. The former I meant to exercise to my own foul end; the latter I was resisting with all my strength.

In the course of the night Houghton found me sitting near the conservatory, cooling myself after a number of dances He sat down beside me and asked for a turn when I should have rested "I have been up the entire evening, Houghton, and it is not like I shall dance again. If I do, my card will fall," I replied, handing it to him. "See, there is not a scrap of room for you anywhere."

He smiled, looking at it, and remarked that he was glad I was a favorite among such eligibles. There was cynicism in his tone that aroused me little to bitterness.

"Well, will you come into the conservatory? I want you to see the display of hyacinths, and I want to speak to you, too. Will you come?"

I had a presentiment that now an opportunity would be afforded for effecting my deep-laid design. So taking his arm we walked into the moist and soft yellow light. The change was refreshing and between the graceful exotics and the Chinese lamps. I felt that the scene was most favorable to the enactment of a pretty little tragedy in one act. How heartless I was that night to be sure!

We sat down within hearing of the sounds of enjoyment, under a beautiful tree-fern which hung over us like a canopy.

"Celia," he began rather timidly, "you know I never beat about the bush when I have anything to say. I have asked you here to tell you something which has been in my mind a long time When first I came to Borth to study for my profession, I repelled you involuntarily. I was never adapted for winning confidences, but you were the only one who to my knowledge, experienced a revulsion from me Notwithstanding, I went a great deal to your Father's house in accordance with his warmly expressed wish and not against any positive—"

"Yes, Houghton," I broke in abruptly, "of course, I am aware of all this. Is this what you have to say?" I feared interruption from outside and the destruction of my plans by a preamble.

"No, Celia, but it is necessary you should hear all to understand, I won't be long. I went to your Father's house and you attracted me in a strange, unaccountable manner. Our sympathies, our antipathies, our apathies whenever they did not touch on personal affairs, were the same, and though you never ceased to move from me, I was advancing at a more rapid rate and gaining on you. In our unlucky walks, when your Father, you, and I talked politics, religion, and social topics, you always took freely and strongly your own view, and in arguing I learnt to admire the justness of your mind and the depth of your judgment."

"Dear me! I never had an idea I was such an orator," I said; "but pray go on, I am getting interested."

"Well, this feeling towards you—I may as well speak plainly—my admiration continued increasing until I came to view you as the only woman who could ever succeed in my estimation her who is gone. Through all the knowledge that you disliked me was ever present, so I was grateful for your kindness in tolerating me as you did."

"It was for Father's sake not yours," I put in.

"Yes, so I thought," he meekly said; "and therefore I was all the more grateful. When my time was out, and when Mr. Hartle took me into his office, I had more occasion for leaning on myself, so my tastes and distastes began to develop. As you are aware, in nearly every matter they inclined towards heterodoxy; and, in passing out of sympathy with the people and the circumstances around me, I became sadly unhappy and lonely. It appeared as if all things were combining to sour my temper, to isolate and provoke me. Then, Celia, I often deplored that you would not let me know you better; for my life, I think, would have been happier, and I could have learnt to practise a virtue which is essential to every one, and which I have always contemned I mean the virtue of obedience; and I am sure I should have been less ungovernable and more orthodox than I am. You often reckoned me insane because of my passionate love for My Mother. When she passed away, Celia, I felt myself as it were broken up and no longer an entire man. As I saw her dragged from me in death I received a blow from which I have not yet recovered; and when I *think of her* I fear the God whom I can blame for the separation that has caused me such pain and sorrow. The loss of her who was dearer to me far than all the world beside has weighed on my mind for the past year, and aggravated a constitutional inclination to despondency."

"Houghton, you are talking wildly," I said, frightened by the intense grief which was visible on his face.

"No, Celia, quite rationally. You must excuse these allusions, which I cannot suppose to possess any interest for you. The truth is, I am crazy on the matter; and whenever I dwell on my own wrong I turn to the death of my Mother by involuntary impulse. You were too young when yours died to feel her loss. And mine you never cared for, somehow. If you had known her better you would have surely loved her."

The guests were walking in and out at the end of the conservatory, and though I was certain we were hidden from them I thought it not unlikely that some one in quest of a nook for a private chat might any moment break in on our retreat, so I said:

"Houghton, we must not stay longer here. Even with a cousin it would be subject for small-talk."

"Why do you say *even* with a cousin? A cousin would not palliate the wrong, if any wrong existed. I know your opinion of first cousinship. You gave it unguardedly, but very emphatically, last May, the day we were at the Glen. Well, because of your opinion, which tallies quite with mine, I have taken courage to ask you if you think you could ever like me sufficiently to marry me?"

My heart thumped triumphantly up high in my throat. The victory was mine!

Seeing me hold back, he went on: "I know it will take time for you to recover the shock this question must give you; and you may take any time you like, Celia, even if you give me only hope in the end. In my life I have met only two women for whom I have had a regard, and you are one of them. The other was, of coarse, my Mother. I loved her with the whole energy of my nature, and would willingly have sacrificed my life to save her from pain. Celia, I love you ardently. Is there any hope for me?"

He took my hand in his, and gazed earnestly into my face.

My breath came quick and short, and notwithstanding all my preparations I was confused by his candor, by his gentleness. However, a minute sufficed to compose me to my former self possession, and withdrawing my hand I said rigidly and clearly, but with my head hung down:—

"When we were children, Houghton, we evinced an instinctive dislike towards one another. Yours seems to have disappeared with years. Mine has not, and never will I could never, never love you. As it is, I do not even like you." That was a lie! It should have choked me. Was it the consciousness of the pain I was inflicting that made me act thus? It was a kind of pain to myself too, a pain that brought a stinging sense of pleasure.

An expression of great sorrow spread over his face and rested there, making him seem grievously older than he was, I saw it, yet I went on cruelly:—

"You are very kind to ask me to marry you. Some lady of distinction will one day, I hope, appreciate the honor of such an offer." Here was another falsehood! How one involves many!

He waited some time before he ventured any remark; and then, with trembling voice as if deeply hurt, he said as quietly as ever:—

"Never wound unnecessarily, Celia. I am fated to be joyless and friendless. I suppose I must accept the doom."

"Then take me out, please. I hear Mr. Bart inquiring for me. I am engaged to him for this waltz."

We went out to the strong light and the gay scene. My head was swimming with the excitement of success, of triumph; and as I whirled round and round with Mr. Bart I could have screamed for joy. I tried to follow Houghton's movements, but in vain He disappeared in a dizziness, and when I came to a standstill there was no finding him again. I begged exemption from another idiotic turn round, on the plea of fatigue, and urged my partner to take further advantage of such capital time by securing a substitute.

Fannie Maltsly came up to me while I was fanning down my thoughts to composure in a quiet corner.

"Ciss, what have you done to your cousin? He has just gone away the picture of wretchedness. What was he saying to you all the time you were in the conservatory?"

"Well, it's a secret, my dear. Now, remember." (I hoped she wouldn't. Deception No. 3!) "It's a secret. He was asking me to be Mrs. Houghton, and I, of course, declined. Now, it's a secret, mind," I repeated, playfully tapping her shoulder with my fan.

"It's a shame, I call it," she said hotly; "a shame, a crying shame, Ciss. You are a blind little fool not to see you have refused the best man in Borth, or anywhere else for the matter of that. Some day you will repent your treatment of the noblest of men and the most devoted of admirers."

"Ho, ho Fan *ma chere*, this is strong! I am sorry he came to me with his *stilted honor*."

"Well, this I tell you, Ciss, if he had come to me, I too might have refused him: not from your motive, but from feeling unworthy of him. He is one in ten thousand. Listen! The bells are chiming out the old year! Here's your partner peering about for you. A nice contrast to your cousin. I wish you joy of your fair, beardless youth, Ciss. You are a fool!"

In my wicked moments any sound at all in the air speaks out to me what I hush my struggling conscience from saying, and now while we danced the chimes rang out violently—"You *are* a fool, you *are* a fool," louder and louder until my swelling heart was forced to answer back, "I *am* a fool, a fool, a fool." It was over at last, the pealing and the dancing—over, thank goodness. Then Mrs. Moorehead signed *me to go to her; I went and she* announced her intention of leaving. I, being very glad, made no objection. In the carriage she jested vexatiously about many things. Fannie pressed my hand, and asked aloud, did I remark how the joy bells had kept excellent time to the couplet which was still dancing through her head.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The largest heart, the kindlier hand"?

Mrs. Moorehad said innocently that she thought the chimes played the New Year's hymn, did they not?

I told her not to mind Fan, who was a mere romancist, whereupon Fan drew my head to hers and whispered, "Perhaps I am, but not when I repeat, —'Ciss, you *are* a fool.'"

That morning I did not undress until Father came in. When I heard him I went to his room to tell him how I had got on at my first large dance. He surprised me by stating that he had already had a private description of my behaviour and appearance.

"What was it?" I asked,

"Oh quite favorable, my darling. It was Houghton's. He said you behaved true to yourself and you looked as well as you could look. That from Houghton was a great puff. From anyone else it could be translated two ways. He dropped in on his way home to tell me that his mind was made up to accept Hollingford's offer, and so he'll be leaving us for London shortly. Kiss me now and be off to bed. Good-night, child. Sleep sound and don't get up early."

When the tardy morning appeared in its veil of snow I had not slept My mind was wide awake, exulting over my deed, that mischievous deed, pondering on what meaning would be best to take out of Houghton's report to Father, that I had acted true to myself, and wondering was there a chance of getting to London in the summer when Parliament was up.

(*To be continued.*)

Dr. Louis Thuillier, one of the principal members of Pasteur's Cholera Commission in Egypt, has fallen a victim to that disease.

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The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The "Colonist" says, "the Settlement bill confers a great and lasting benefit on our common country," and adds, "if any proof were necessary we have but to point to the number of new buildings now in course of erection throughout the city." If the writer of the article which contains those extracts pointed to the moon and said that is proof sufficient for our readers, he would not surprise any one.

The fare from Port Moody to Yale by rail is $5.50. That is exactly three times as much as is charged in England for traveling the same distance in a third class carriage. But this is a free country, where every monopolist is a government pet.

Five hundred Chinamen are expected at Victoria next week. Premier Smythe telegraphed to the Provincial Secretary, and commanded him to prevent their landing. The home-made law is law until the Dominion Government says it's nonsense. The local Solons will make a great fuss, and then permit the Chinese to land.

The people of Nova Scotia are not satisfied with the Dominion magnates. A joint committee appointed by both branches of the local legislature says, "the province, before federation, was in a most healthy financial condition; bu its taxes since the union, have been increased fifty per cent."

John and George Stephenson, convicted of the murder of an old man named John McCarthy, were hanged on the 4th inst. at Winnepeg. They were very wicked sinners, but they died like Christians truly penitent. They kissed the crucifix repeatedly and prayed to God for pardon. The drop fell and they were in eternity!

The House of Commons at Ottawa have discussed the question of prohibiting Chinese emigration into British Columbia. Sir John MacDonald amended the resolution so as to read: "In the opinion of parliament such legislation should be passed as would restrict or regulate the immigration of Chinese into Canada." That means nothing. 'Restriction' may permit a million of them to come here; and 'regulate' may refer to the number that may come in each month. Gold is the god of this continent; He rules in the Dominion and Cheap Labor is one of his Saints.

The case of Hartney vs. Onderdonk, was up before the Supreme Court on the 4th, and referred for settlement to arbitrators.

In a leading article the "Colonist' says, "If we are to maintain our position as the Premier City of the Province, we must not let the grass grow under our feet." And so the citizens are scared by the shadows of coming events. In five years from this date Port Moody will be the Queen City of the Pacific; the capital will be in the Royal City, and Victoria will get her goods and mails from the east via Port Moody. The reign of Vancouver's Victoria is over.

The Cœur d'Alene mines are very well puffed aud paraded. The excitement produced by false reports has led a population to the wrong place. The fine nuggets discovered there by speculators are made of moonshine. Starving correspondents sent out timely warnings, but newspaper puffs sent in a tide of deluded gold seekers, and the miners may, in a rage, hang the first newspaper reporter they catch. Puffing for pay is a disreputable trade.

Twenty inches of snow fell in London, Ontario, on the 1st of this month.

The Chinese are preparing to open a bank in Victoria, and rumor says they will discount the white man's good paper at a rate of interest little more than half the sum paid to our local banks. Of the system under which borrowers are charged twelve per cent. per annum, the Chinaman says, 'too muchee no good." The charge for interest on good paper is at least twice what it should be. And if John reduces the rate of interest he will make money and friends.

ENGLAND.

The Franchise bill is now before the people of the United Kingdom. The Saturday "Review" says, "it will throw the whole political power of the three kingdoms into the hands of the working-classes. To them it gives two million votes." The "Times" says, "On its merits no one has ventured to assail it." The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" says, "it is a death blow to dynamiters and discontent." The London "Standard" says, "it is dangerous because it will increase the power of the Irish electors who will, when it becomes law, elect ninety Home Rulers." The Dublin "Nation" says, "no sane Irishman dreams of separation, and that a vast majority of the Irish people are proud of the empire." The Daily "Telegraph" says, "The Conservatism of to-day must appeal to the millions or cease to exist; and that the bill contains several highly conservative reservations. The Conservative Irish journals say, "it will place the loyal population of the North completely in the power of the Home Rulers." The Leeds "Mercury says, "it will give to Parnell and his friends the power of controlling measures designed ior the benefit of the three kingdoms." The press of the whole United Kingdom declares the bill will become law.

The laws made to prevent the use of dynamite are strong, but not strong enough. Any person found in possession of that destroyer, may, on conviction, be sent into penal servitude for life. The bill wants another clause something like this, "The person convicted of attempting to destroy life or property with dynamite, shall, on conviction, be sentenced to suffer death by dynamite." Half a dozen dynamiters sent to the upper regions would descend in a thousand pieces of useful information for the heartless sneaking cowards who are a disgrace to human nature.

A bust of Longfellow, the great American poet, has been placed between the graves of Dryden and Cowley in Westminster Abbey. He deserved the honor, but it is a national reproach to say, what is the truth, that from the "Poet's Corner" Byron, Burns and Moore are excluded! And they were, unquestionably, three of our greatest poets.

A vast distance separates historic England from the England represented by Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain. Merv has been annexed by Russia, and that stronghold guards the Russian on his march to Herat. It is the Key of Persia and Affghanistan. Twenty years ago an English army would stop the march of Russia in that direction, but the statesmen of Europe seem to think that Egypt is the key to India, and therefore it is to be hoped that old John Bull will put that key into his pocket at once and keep it there. The Berlin "Krewtz Zeitung" says, "the incorporation of Egypt with the British Empire will complete the gigantic chain which England is coiling round the body of Europe. The chief links in this chain are Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, the Suez Canal, Aden, India, and her possessions in China." And the writer adds, "she will surely monopolize the trade of the world and make the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean English lakes." And then comes the comic part of the writer's essay. He recommends analliance between Germany and France. To save Europe these two powers must unite and stop that system of chain making. But it would be as reasonable to propose an alliance between St. Peter and his Satanic Majesty. For the sake of Europe and civilization, old John will finish the job and have at his back his sturdy old friends Pat and Sandy.

It is amusing to see all Europe in terror of the handful of men who own the United Kingdom.

In "Punch," Gladstone appears quite at ease taking a snooze in the folds of the Franchise Bill.

THE UNITED STATES

did contain one magnificent woman; but she is now in London. Julie Jackson, the daughter of the famous Stonewall Jackson, early last month rode a splendid charger down Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, London, and captured the nobility of the United Kingdom. She looked as if she were intended by Nature to live on the back of a bounding steed. There she appears to be her father's daughter, and by no great stretch of the imagination one could fancy her leading the Southern cavalry to battle She is quite young, still in her teens; her complexion is sallow, but her features are decorated by the magnificent lustre of a pair of big black eyes. She is highly educated, a fearless, sensible, sweet woman, and the lords say she is an angel on horseback. She will surely capture a coroner. A Connaught man who saw her on horseback in The Row, exclaimed, "My God! there goes the daughter of Grannaile—the Queen of the West.'

A wonderful discovery has been made in America Electricity applied to wine gives it age. In a moment the wine made in the morning tastes like wine twenty years in the cellar; the essential oils are eleminated, and the liquor is good and wholesome. Now, if electricity could be applied to whisky, brandy, gin and rum, and if it would take out all the trash put in it by knaves, the improvement would be very desirable.

The New York "World" presents its readers with the awful faces of the dynamiters. Congressman Jack Finerty, Herr Most, William Robinson, Patrick Joyce, Prof. Mezzoroff, Patrick Ford, Patrick Sheridan, Justus H. Schwab, and O'Donovan Rossa—a mort horrid-looking gang. Every decent man who sees their faces must say a dose of dynamite is the medicine required for such a brood of vipers. Herr Most is like a lunatic playing with lightning. Robinson looks like a man preparing to laugh at his own iniquities. Mezzoroff has the face of a criminal; he keeps a bull-dog and a barroom; all the others appear to be thinkers and the man who can *think* of destroying human life by dynamite is the most insignificant wretch.

When the scissors editor has finished the search for news in the American newspapers, he retires to rest and thinks of the miseries of the multitude robbed and fleeced by the self-made members of society, poisoned by rum-sellers, and despised in a free country by knaves who revel in the ruins of decency. Robbery is patronized in that great country by men in high places; pistol practice at the bar seems to be a national pastime. Divorce, death, degradation, and dishonor, march hand-in-hand all over the broad domain. Indeed the American newspapers are every day becoming more and more like the criminal records of the old Bailey. What a difference there is between the social happy life of the naked savages in Pelew and the polished barbarians who appear in broadcloth and silk on the sidewalks in any great American city. In a few years more, if the genius of the continent continues to inspire the people, a man of feeling in America will find himself in hot water, and wish to be a dog, a mouse, a dove, or anything to escape from the society of brutes in human shape.

MR. CUNNINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

We have just received a copy of the bill issued by Mr. Cunningham to the electors of the City. It is small and quite in keeping with the man. It has a mourning border, indicative of the sack-cloth and ashes to which he desires to reduce this city. Mr. Cunningham, in this precious document, is concise and to the point, if he does not think the electors worthy of a more lucid explanation. He says—"I am in accord with the policy of the present Government, and, if elected, will give them a hearty support." No doubt! The whole affair of the vacancy was created by the clique, and Mr. Cunningham was chosen as the most likely to answer their purpose. That is, Mr. Cunningham is an admirer of the Settlement bill, the Kootenay bill, the Port Simpson grab, and alls the other beautiful acts of the present Government. He will be a useful tool to honest John, and "heartily" support all he is doing. We strongly suspect that Mr. Cunningham will not be troubled with the onerous duty of voting when honest John requires him, and during the rest of the session keeping his seat warm. Mr. Cunningham has a great deal to do in the City Council in order to keep them in the way they should go. He is economical himself and desires the Council to be so; he would have them send all white men out of the city in order to keep frugal, temperate Chinamen to do our work. The public may not be aware that Mr. Cunningham advocated employment of Chinamen in the streets of this city, instead of white men, because the Celestials would work for less money. Every supporter of Mr. Cunningham, if he risks a poll, will be supporters of honest John and Chinese labor. Mr. Cunningham and his clique are responsible for the present dull times in this city; are our electors going to vote for a man who will undoubtedly continue his efforts to ruin the city?

THE CITY ELECTION.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

We were somewhat taken by surprise when we learned that an election was necessary for the city, the resignation of our late representative being quite unexpected. How, why, or wherefore the resignation has taken place, will be a matter for future discussion; we have now to deal with the manner in which the vacancy must be filled, and the kind of member we must choose to replace Mr. Armstrong. It must have been perfectly clear, by the experience we have unfortunately passed through, that anyone having the slightest tinge of a leaning to Victoria interests must be carefully avoided. Our representative must be entirely devoted to New Westminster, not from any pretended claim he may have from being engaged in business here or being possessed of property, (honest John said he was the largest lot-owner in the city) but he must be clear of the slightest suspicion of belonging to the clique who, from the apathy of the more sensible portion, have to a certain extent ruled this city and brought it to its present torpid state The clique we refer to. are the friends and agents of honest John, who, whatever he may pretend to do or say, is the greatest enemy this city ever had. We need hardly say then, that his friends are our enemies, and they must be carefully elected to stay at home. We are told that a requisition has been signed inviting Mr. Cunningham to come forward as a candidate; we do not think that Mr. Cunningham will do so, because it would be to meet certain defeat. Mr Edmonds has offered himself as a candidate, no doubt under the impression that he has an excellent chance of Election That, of course, is his affair; the result will be better known on polling day. Mr. Bole has also been invited by requisition numerously signed, and he has every reason to suppose that his chances are favorable; and certainly he appears to us as the most eligible candidate who has yet come forward. All this by the way. Those who have ever frequented racecourses must remember the eagerness with which the preliminary canter was scanned by the knowing ones as indicating the capabilities of the horse; let us trot out our candidates and hear what they have got to say for themselves, at a public meeting, to be called by the Mayor, so that everyone will be able to choose his favorite and record his vote for the man he likes best. There are several qualities required in a member; he must be perfectly untrammeled; he must be thoroughly solid for his constituents; he must have no back records against him and he must be able to express himself and hold his own in the House. This thing of electing a man to take his seat in the House and sit like "a bump on a log" all day, merely giving his vote when he sees some other man doing so, is entirely played out. We want a man who is not only a thorough New Westminsterian, but a mainlander. The change to be brought about by our vicinity to Port Moody will be something quite beyond the imagination of many of our readers, and as the capital will no doubt be returned to the mainland in a year or two, we cannot see any better position for it at least for a number of years, than this city. The duties of our representative will be arduous and we shall not be content with a dummy; he will require to combat all the power and influence of Victoria; and although he may not be successful in the present parliament, he certainly will be in the next.

THE SETTLEMENT BILL FINALLY PASSED.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

As we predicted, the Grits generally voted for the bill: they had many reasons for doing so. In the first place they hate British Columbia with an enduring hate. It was the Conservatives who first brought us into Confederation, and we have always been looked upon as a pet bantling of that party. Then the Grits have a sort of fiendish joy in knowing that the Settlement bill is in direct opposition to the desire of seven-eighths of our people. Then again the Province has always been held up as rich in gold and coal; the gold is supposed to be pretty well played out, but the coal was unquestionable wealth and still remained. The coal is now given away to a foreign company, hence the province is worthless. So the Grits, in helping to get rid of the only remaining article of value—the coal—supposed they were putting a kind of extinguisher on the province. Then again they secured for the future disposal of some Grit Government, three and a half million acres of land in the Peace river valley, which was also a consideration. The remainder of those who supported the bill was principally composed of the rank and file of the Conservatives, who look at Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper and follow them as a matter of duty; the minority was composed of the intelligent and conscientious members who look beyond the present moment, and who see, with regret, that the Dominion is thoughtlessly giving to aliens incalculable wealth, and, at the same time, handing over one of the most powerful weapons against ourselves in case of emergency. The island is virtually handed over to an American company, because their preponderating influence must eventually crush the life out of every trade or industry not contracted by themselves. Now all this reckless folly was brought about by the honest John Government, incited by Victorians who are anxious to secure money—no matter how obtained or at what sacrifice to the province, so long as they obtain it—in order to leave the country forever. It certainly appears to us extraordinary that many people in and about Victoria who will certainly never leave the province, sat tamely by while a political adventurer like honest John gave away their heritage. In the case of the Graving Dock, they have allowed to be cut away from them, their lock of strength. While the Federal and Imperial Governments were bound to carry the dock to completion, there would have been no talk of removing the naval station; in fact, so far as these governments were concerned, the removal of the Graving Dock, or rather the abandonment of that at Esquimalt, was the chief object in view. Their argument when the extraordinary gift the coal lands was discussed. would be this: "Well, they must have their bit of railway, and we don't see why we should prevent them; the bill relieves us from our obligations touching the construction of, what would be to us a useless undertaking, and under any circumstances we can do without their coal, and then we shall have done with them for good and all." Of course our readers perfectly understand that the Settlement bill absolves both the Federal and Imperial Governments from all further obligation in regard to the dock. It is true that in the bill is a clause by which the Dominion Government engages to complete the dock, but when? The sums necessary for the purpose are not yet voted, and will probably not be voted during the existence of the conservative party in power. When the Grits take hold of the reins we would ask those in Victoria who have given away their birthright, what chance will there be for their dock then? particularly as by that time a large dock will have been completed at Burrard Inlet. But this is not the worst of the matter. From the commencement of the railway till its finish, Nanaimo will be made the principal place on the Island. Messrs. Huntington & Co. will do this with a very clear and simple object. They will bring all the supplies for their works and their men on the steam colliers that will return to San Francisco laden with coal. The goods will be brought from the Bay City at a nominal freight and hence can be sold at prices far below those at which Victoria traders can sell them. Thus the beautiful dream of Victoria traders will be rudely dispelled and they will find that honest John and his colleagues have pocketed all the stakes in the little game. But we are not yet at the end of the list of misfortunes which Victoria has brought upon itself. The Central Pacific company will establish several lines of steamers at Barclay Sound, and Dunsmuir's canal or more probably a railway, will be constructed via Englishman's river, to that point. An attempt will be made by means of a ferry from Burrard Inlet to divert the overland passengers to take the Central Pacific boats to Frisco, China, or Australia. In this they will be opposed by the Northern Pacific Company who will run their lines direct to and from Port Moody. But all this will be drawing away the life blood from Victoria, and it will gradually sink till its principal importance will be confined to its being a rendezvous for Indians, and Le will reign at James Bay, for of course the retention of the capital at Victoia with the naval station at Port Moody, would be too absurd. We are aware of course, that several of the knowing ones have hedged, and have secured land in Barclay Sound, so that they are nothing about the fate of Victoria. If the present capital was to swim, good and well, but if it begins to sink these rats will be the first to leave it. We strongly suspect that these knowing ones will be the most completely sold, and their anathemas on honest John and his colleagues will be something terrible to hear by and bye.

THE ISTHMUS WATERWAY.

There is never too much information published, of an exact and satisfactory sort, concerning the progress of the Chagres canal. The mail news from Aspinwall gives sufficient accounts of the sickness prevalling among the workmen, and of the riots when there are any. The statistics of Mr. de Lesseps are good as far as they go, but sometimes are made too much the basis for rosy inferences, Among the most instructive documents on the subject must be ranked the reports of American naval officers, and particularly of Lieut. Raymond P. Rodgers.

A year ago Lieut. Rodgers gave a summary of the state of the work on the great ship canal, and now he presents another annual review of it. The two changes in the plan which he has to note are, first, the introduction of a tidal dock or basin at the Pacific terminus, and, secondly, the establishment of a large port at each end of the canal, and an intermediate station at Tavernilla. The ports will accomodate many vessels at once; the central station will allow vessels to pass one another there; the tidal dock will secure a uniform level in the canal by controlling the currents produced from inequalities in the tides of the two oceans.

Lieut. Rodgers also notes that the deflections of the watercourses along the route have been determined:

"In regard to the deflections of the rivers of the Atlantic slope from their present beds, it may be said in brief that it is the intention to keep their waters at all times to the side of the canal, and removed from it by means of cuts and sluices. * * * From Matachin to the Atlantic there will be beside the canal proper a second, but smaller, canal close to and to the eastward of it, carrying the waters of the Upper Chagres to the ocean; and a third, and still smaller, canal or sluice for the purpose of draining the watershed laying to the westward of the route."

The precise amount of work done on the various sections—the Aspinwall, the Gatun, the Gorgona, the Bohio Soldado, the Obispo, the Culebra and so on—is set forth in detail by Lieut. Rodgers. In some sections the rate of progress has been good, whereas in others it has been bitterly disappointing. On the whole, he concludes, "while it is evident that much important work has been done, and a considerable excavation made, yet I believe that the expectations of a year ago have not been fully realized." But he accounts for this on the grond that the foundation of an undertaking so gigantic requires much time; and the railway and port facilities have, until now, been very limited:

"The capacity of the railway has been more than doubled, seventeen trains daily passing over the road at present, instead of the eight of a year ago, and when the quay of the Terre-pleine is completed, and its water front dredged, the discharge of vessels and delivery of cargoes along the line will be greatly expedited."

When will the canal be finished? Lieut. Rodgers tells us that there are now 15,000 men at work, and that while last year they excavated 700,000 cubic metres a month, early this year they expected to reach more than a million, and before the next rainy season more than two and a half millions. From May to December the rains reduce the amount of work, but it is hoped that the average annual excavation hereafter will be about twenty-five millions. Now Mr. de Lesseps has said that the canal would be open to traffic in the year 1888; but Lieut. Rodgers estimates that at the highest rate of excavation now relied upon it must take seven years more to finish the deep Culebra section, and, of course, until the last portion is done, the canal cannot be used.

As to the probable cost, Lieut. Rodgers, after close study under some difficulties, infers that $40,000,000 have been already spent on the canal, which is a full third of the amount estimated by Mr. de Lesseps for the total cost of the work. There can be no question, however, that the further subscriptions which may become necessary will be procured without trouble, and we judge that there is good reason for expecting that the canal will be in full operation by the year 1892, or in season to help celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the great voyage of Columbus to America.—*New York Sun.*

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

A large audience assembled at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham a few days ago to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture on his impressions of America. Mr. Wilde (who has discarded knee breeches and reassumed the prosaic trousers) said that the Americans are the noisiest people in the world, whose national occupation is catching trains. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded him of Switzerland; the prairie of a piece of brown blotting paper. Everything is twice as large as it should be. He visited Leadville, the chief characteristic of whose inhabitants is the constant use of the revolver. He lectured to them upon "Benvenuto Cellini, his Life and Works," and was reproved by his hearers for not having brought that artist with him. The explanation that he had been dead for some little time elicited the inquiry, "Who shot him?" Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South he found a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. "How beautiful the moon is to-night!" he once remarked to a gentleman who was standing next to him "Yes," was the reply, "but you should have seen it before the war." So infinitesimal did he find the knowledge and appreciation of art west of the Rocky Mountains, that an art patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported from Paris, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what was more surprising still, he gained the case and the damages.

TO THE ELECTORS

—OF THE—

Electoral District of New Westminster City.

GENTLEMEN,—

In response to a numerously-signed requisition I have much pleasure in allowing myself to be nominated as a Candidate to represent this City in the Legislative Assembly.

Having been a resident of this City for twenty-two years, during a large portion of which time I was connected with its Municipal affairs in various capacities; having invested largely in the City and having made it my home, it will be my endeavor, if elected, to forward the special interests of the City as well as the general welfare of the Province at large.

As long as the present Government manifest a desire to advance the interests of the Province and to do justice to this District, I will be prepared to give them a generous support.

Owing to a large increase in the population of this City and District, I shall urge upon the Government to so amend the Constitution Act as to give them increased representation.

I will endeavor, as far as I am able, to further the construction of the line of railway connecting this City with the Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Southern boundary.

I will support any effort of the Government to restrict the further influx of Chinese, and to facilitate the collection of revenue from those already in our midst.

I will also urge the Government to establish the long promised High School forthwith.

Any other measures that may tend to the advancement and prosperity of the City will meet with my hearty support.

In conclusion, if elected, I will promise, to the best of my ability, to act for the general benefit of the Community.

HENRY V. EDMONDS.

TENDERS

TENDERS WANTED FOR CHOPPING about fifty acres of land at Port Moody. No Chinamen to be employed on the work. For particulars apply to

JOHN A. WEBSTER.

New West., April 11, '84.

Messrs.

HOWSE & RICKMAN,

RESPECTFULLY BEG TO INFORM the public of New Westminster and District, that they have commenced business as

LAND SURVEYORS,

DRAUGHTSMEN,

Real Estate Brokers & Agents

CONVEYANCERS.

ACCOUNTANTS, Etc.

And are now prepared to receive instructions in their several branches.

All Business placed in their hands will receive Prompt Attention.

Office: Front Street,

OPP. C. P. N. CO.'S WHARF.

HOWSE & RICKMAN,

OFFER FOR SALE

Valuable Town Lots at Port Moody.

ALSO,

TOWN AND SUBURBAN LOTS AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

ALSO,

FARMING LANDS ON THE LOWER FRASER.

ALSO,

TOWN LOTS AT PORT HAMMOND

ALSO,

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

Office: Front Street,

OPPOSITE CANADIAN PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.'S WHARF.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

A GANG of men began work on Mr. Lundbom's new building on Monday last, and the frame-work is now in position.

CAPT. CLARKE set a gang of men at work on Monday morning, and his division of the Clarke road will be completed in a few days.

MR. R. B. KELLY'S new residence on his ranch, is all but completed and ready for occupancy. It is a substantial and commodious structure.

ENGINEER HILL and a corps of assistants have been engaged during the week putting down center stakes along the line between here and Pitt Meadows.

CAPT. CLARKE has in process of being cleared ten business lots located as follows: five on Clarke street, two on Murray street, and three on Johns street.

CONUNDRUM.—Previous to the date of a recent social event, in what respect did Port Moody resemble Paradise? Because there was neither marrying or giving in marriage.

A number of Chinese are gardening on a piece of land at the head of the bay. This is an industry that is bound to yield very large profits to anyone engaging in it in this vicinity.

THE Str. Adelaide, resplendent with a fresh coat of paint, arrived from New Westminster on Tuesday evening, with a quantity of freight. She left again next morning.

THE str. Enterprise arrived from Victoria about 7 o'clock on Monday evening, having aboard some eighty tons of freight for Port Moody and up-country. She left again the same evening.

We understand that Mr. Coulthard is about to commence clearing off a dozen business lots in different parts of the city. Mr. Bole and Mr. Hamblin will probably do likewise in a short time.

THE burning of brush and fallen timber has become quite general throughout the partially cleared portions of the city. Let the good work go on and we shall escape much annoyance a few months hence.

WE learn that the working force on this division of the C. P. R. has been largely increased during the past week, there being some sixty gangs of Chinamen engaged in finishing Onderdonk's contract.

TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.—Our last week's suggestion anent a celebration of Queen's Birthday in Port Moody, is likely to bear fruit; but a concerted action on the part of our citizens will be necessary to ensure success.

MCMULLEN'S pile-driver, which has lain so long in the vicinity of the wharf, has been raised and towed to Westminster for repairs. The machinery was taken out and shipped up-country, where it will aid in the construction of an iron bridge at Cisco Flat.

MR. AIKINS of the Telegraph Office, has received letters from prominent business men in Prescott, Arizona, and Winnipeg, enquiring as to the advantages of Port Moody from a business standpoint. "Straws show how the wind blows."

FRUIT TREES.—Mr. J. T. Scott, not content to be famous as an hotel-keeper, is ambitious to become a fruit-raiser, and to that end he has planted one hundred apple trees of choice varieties, on his ranch at the Coquitlam. We predict great success from his venture.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Caledonia Hotel has received a new outfit of chairs for the dining room. The Elgin House has been painted a light drab color with trimmings of bright amber. The new additions to the above house are about completed, and will be furnished and fitted up in a few days.

CHURCH NOTES.—The services on Sunday were all well attended, and were quite interesting. On the evening of Good Friday there were special Episcopal services, and if a sufficient number of communicants come forward, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated to-morrow forenoon.

THE weather last Sunday was warm and pleasant, and visitors to Port Moody, of both sexes, were quite numerous. Among others we noticed E. S. Scoullar and wife, W. McColl, Miss McClure, A. M. Herring and wife, S. Phillips, J. Goldstone, E. A. Shaw, and R. McLean.

THE SAWMILL.—The steam pile-driver began work on Monday, putting down piles for the foundation of Armstrong & Burr's new mill, and rapid progress in the work has been made during the week. The mill is located at the tide flats just at the edge of deep water, and on a line with the foot of Kyle street. A tramway built on trestles will connect the mill with the shore.

THE FIRST BRICKS.—To Mr. D. A. Madill belongs the honor of being the first to import bricks to Port Moody. He received a consignment a few days ago, and they are to be used in the erection of an oven for his bakery on Clarke street. We hope to be able soon to announce that a brick-yard has been started in this neighborhood.

TELEPHONIC.—Capt. J. Robinson has been appointed Manager of the New Westminster and Port Moody Telephone Company, with his office in New Westminster. The switch board, which has been so long wanted to make the system perfect and complete, has been placed in position, and in a few days we may expect everything to be running smoothly.

THE POST OFFICE.—W. B. Fletcher, Esq., P. O. Inspector, was in Port Moody on Tuesday last, for the purpose of looking into the advisability of making a change in the location of our post office. We understand his report to the Department will be favorable to a change being made, and before many weeks we may expect relief from the present highly unsatisfactory state of affairs. As to who will get the appointment, or where the office will be located, nothing definite can be said, but we believe the convenience of the majority will be consulted.

MRS. POGUE, senior, is making a garden in front of her residence on the right-of-way. She will raise flowers and "garden sass."

SAM CORMIER, the popular ferryman, is rapidly becoming a bloated bondholder. He has purchased a new boat and a boiled shirt, and will run both in connection with his business hereafter.

SUPPOSED ABDUCTION.—Mr. Taylor, the gentleman who is about establishing a ship yard in the North Arm, and who has for some time been living with his family at Ross's hotel, brought with him from Japan a native nurse girl to look after his children. A few days ago the little Jap lady disappeared, and the supposition is that she has been abducted by some amorous son of the Flowery Kingdom.

THE NEW ROAD.—Work commenced with a force of three men on Monday morning, and on Tuesday the force increased to about thirty. Good progress is being made in grubbing and burning, and the road for several hundred yards from the Westminster end begins to look passable. The men have pitched tents at the old well on the Col. Moody property, and are quite comfortable. We would prefer seeing more white men and less siwashes employed, and a more liberal scale of wages adopted.

TELEGRAPHIC.—Mr. A. Lindsay, formerly postmaster and telegraph operator at Yale, has been appointed superintendent of telegraph construction between Port Moody and Cisco Flat. A locomotive with three cars and a gang of men were employed on Sunday last in distributing poles along the road in this vicinity, and the erection of the line will be pushed right along. When this work is finished, Mr. Lindsay will assume the duties of train despatcher.

TRAIN NOTES.—Last Saturday's train arrived an hour behind time, the locomotive having been derailed a few miles above Hammond; there were a number of passengers aboard. Tuesday's train was also an hour late, arriving here at 5 p. m., with four cars of cattle for the Westminster market, a quantity of drills and giant powder for blasting at the Cooper cutting, and miscellaneous freight. Five a. m. is the hour for departure of all regular trains.

WARNING.—The Chinese are beginning to encroach upon property in Port Moody, which should be kept free from them. If they obtain a foothold in the central part of the city, that neighborhood will be rendered uninhabitable for white people, and property will decrease in value. Necessity compels us to tolerate a few Mongolians in the community, but let them herd by themselves and not attempt to mix in with the whites. There is no affinity between the two races, nor ever can be, in spite of all that is preached about the universal brotherhood of man.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Shannon, who lives near the North Road, was engaged on Friday of last week in chopping on a piece of land he has taken up about a mile back of Tiffin's shingle mill, across the bay. By some means he managed to bring the axe down on his left foot, completely severing the great toe and causing a great effusion of blood. With much difficulty he made his way to the mill and was conveyed to his home in a boat. Dr. Heslop was sent for, and he promptly responded; the wounded member was amputated, and the sufferer made as comfortable as possible. Mr. Shannon underwent the operation with great fortitude, and consoles himself with the reflection that "it was an old frozen toe, anyhow, and ne never could keep it warm!"

THAT BLASTED STUMP!—On Thursday afternoon the foreman of the gang working on the right of way between Douglas and Queen Streets, put a heavy charge of powder beneath a large stump, located about opposite Capt. Clarke's ark, and fired it off. The result was a genuine surprise to the entire city. A large fragment of wood went crashing through the new addition to the Elgin House, another piece attacked the jail, a third winged its flight into the ark used by Mr. McLean as a real estate office, while a fourth piece introduced itself to the Elgin House billiard room. Fortunately no one was injured, the principal damage done being to the Elgin House, to the extent, we believe, of over three hundred dollars. Great care should be exercised in the firing of blasts in a populated neighborhood, life and property being paramount to all other considerations.

A LIVELY TIME.—One day last week the str. Ruby, which is running on the Fraser in opposition to the C. P. N. Co's boats, arrived at Port Hammond and attempted to make a landing at the wharf. The str. Reliance was lying alongside the wharf, and agent Mixer, of the C. P. N. Co., refused to allow the Ruby's freight to land. His objections were over-ruled by force, and two tons of freight were carried across the bows of the Reliance to the wharf. Then the officers of the Reliance refused permission to allow the work of discharging to proceed, and a general "muss" between the rival crews ensued. Capstan bars and handspikes were freely used, and several men severely injured. The Ruby then anchored alongside, and Capt. Moore asked Mr. Holt, Onderdonk's agent, if the freight could be forwarded to Yale. Mr. Holt replied that his employer was a common carrier, and dare not refuse, but when it was placed on the wharf it could not be taken off without an order from Mr. Mixer. This order was not given, and we understand the Ruby returned to Victoria with her cargo. How long do the people of this Province propose to be ruled by this grasping monopoly? The wharf at Port Hammond, though owned and built by the C. P. N. Co., is a public convenience, and any vessel that can pay the wharfage fees is entitled to land and discharge cargo. The law has been openly violated, the public inconvenienced, and the owners of the Ruby put to a considerable pecuniary loss, and now we would like the Courts to decide whether British Columbia belongs to the people or the C. P. N. Co.

THE CŒUR D'ALENE MINES.—With respect to the above mines the San Francisco *Chronicle* is an active bear, and whenever speaking of them advises adventurers to go slow. In a recent issue it says:—"There is "nothing to justify the reports which have "been circulated as to the richness of the "country in minerals. The ground is cov-"ered with snow and the middle of June "will be the earliest date at which any pros-"pecting can be done. The country is flat "and covered with timber, and water cannot "be found for miles. The land is generally "held in twenty acre tracts under the United "States mining law, ledges being 150 feet in "width. The actual condition of the coun-"try is known by none. It is as unknown "as if it lay in the heart of Africa. Its re-"sources are yet to be tested. It is folly "for any men to go there expecting to ob-"tain work. There is no work there for "them. Provisions are obtained at an enor-"mous cost, and prices must increase be-"cause the influx of miners will necessitate "a demand which the limited number of "pack trains now carrying merchandise from "the railroad to the Cœur d'Alene mines "cannot supply. Nothing in the way of "prospecting can be done for six weeks or "more, and therefore the gentlemun who "furnishes this information warns any one "from going there at present. If the mines "are rich, the fact is yet to be ascertained. "To go there now would only involve hard-"ships, sickness, and perhaps death." The chances are that rich deposits of precious metals will be discovered in our own Province the present year, and our miners would do better to "choose the evils that they have, than fly to others that they know not of."

MR. WINTEMUTE'S BUILDING.—The foundations for this colossal structure are being placed in position, and all the timbers for the framework are on the ground. The surrounding brush and fallen timber have been burned away and things are nearly in readiness for the framing of the building. Its dimensions will be as follows: Size of building 66 by 132; height in front 60 feet, and in the rear 42 feet; containing four stories. The building faces on Grant street, and on the ground floor will be four large stores, 20x40 with a 13-foot ceiling. A large room on the same floor is designed to be used as a reading room, and Mr. Wintemute offers liberal inducements to any person or association of men who will establish such an institution. There will be two hallways on the lower floor with commodious stairways leading to a large public hall on the second floor. This hall will be 40x60, 15-foot ceiling, will be lathed and plastered and will also contain what is known as a ventilating cornice, and will cover the space of two stores on the ground floor. Over the other two stores will be another hall, nearly similar to the one described above. The third story will be fitted up for offices, and the fourth floor will contain residence apartments. Around the entire building will run three balconies, connected with each other by stairways and communicating with the courtyard beneath; thus offering every facility for an escape in case of fire. The roof—which will be of the variety known in carpentery as 'hipped'—will be covered with extra heavy shingles, fire-proof painted, and sanded. The building will contain 7,000 lineal feet of square timber, equal to 70,000 feet board measure; 150,000 feet of lumber, and about 70,000 shingles. Mr. Wintemute expects to have a portion of the building ready for occupancy by the month of August.

THE LOST SHIP.

In the year 1861, a passenger on board the bark Louisa Kilham, 900 tons burden, Captam White, sailed from Cuba, West Indies, bound for Valparaiso, Chili. The following incident which occurred during the trip, may in some manner account for the common occurrence of a ship leaving port, never to be heard afterward: After three months of a dull, monotonous life at sea—occasionally enlivened by fishing for the bonitas and baricutas, sometimes encountering a school of porpoises, or catching a glimpse of a spouting whale, yet at the best but an uninteresting existence—a horrible catastrophe took place, which left a lasting impression on the mind of the narrator. It was in the month of March, and the bark was about three hundred miles off the Rio de la Plata, in the region of the pomperos. The pomperos as is well known, are winds which blow with great violence down the river Plata; and, although the Louisa Kilham was so far distant from land, sparrows, butterflies and an insect known as the devil's needle were actually blown upon the deck of the vessel, But to continue. On the 8th of the month I arose from my bunk early, and, having partaken heartily of the ship's fare, went on deck to see what the weather was like. It was a lovely day, the sun shone in all its glory; all sails set, even to the stay-sails and under a bracing breeze we must have been making nine knots an hour. I used to amuse myself by studying navigation, and was also taking meteorological reports for the observatory at Washington. Each day at 9, 12 and 4 I would note how the barometer stood, chronicling the same in a book. When nine bells struck I proceeded as usual to the instrument room, and, looking at the barometer, was greatly astonished at the depression of the mercury. I turned to printed logs of many vessels which had passed through that region, but could discover none which recorded so low as our own then denoted. Though no sailor, I concluded that it was advisable "to look out for squalls," and instantly proceeded to acquaint Captian White with the phenomenon. On hearing my statement, the Captain in nautical terms accused me of prevaricating; "or else," he said, "some one has been fooling with the instrument."

"Come down below and see, Cap," I replied, and agreeing to the proposition we descended together, where he found on examination exactly what I had stated. Instantly the old salt became alert. Rushing on deck, he scanned the horizon from every point on the compass. Nothing was to be seen; not a cloud obscured the blue vault of heaven. A puzzled expression flitted over his countenance for a moment; then he turned and said: "Well, I've sailed the the ocean for forty years as captain, and by going by that 'er instrument, never lost a rope-yarn yet: and by old Neptune and little fish hooks, I wont go back on 'er now." All hands were at once called on deck. and the command went out, "Close reef the top and mainsails." The sailors, regarding their master in astonishment, obeyed the order, remarking that the old man was a little at sea in the maintop." Of course it took a good deal longer to fulfil the order than to write it, and when the Captain, half an hour later, scanned the ocean, he noticed a large clipper ship, with every sail set, looming up in the horizon about eight miles distant. It rapidly appeared in our wake, and the Captain, as he looked through his glass, exclaimed- "Those lubbers either haven't looked at their barometer, or, by——, they haven't got one."

Time flew on, yet there were no indications of a storm, and the strange ship, proudly sailing the water, rapidly gained on us. White was impatiently walking the deck, swearing at everything and everybody. When about half a mile distant the stranger ran up the American colors, and we returned the compliment. At length the Captain, stamping his foot, exclaimed: "D—n it, I shan't be passed like an old sugar drover on the high seas." (The bark was laden with sugar.) Immediately he ordered the sailors aloft to shake reefs out of the sails, which was no sooner complied with, and the men had hardly descended, when, as if by magic, the bark was struck by a frightful gust of wind. Taken by surprise for a moment, the Captain almost instantly recovered his presence of mind and in a voice of thunder roared: "Man the main-brace. 'Bout ship!" which, as we were under short-sail, and all hands on deck was immediately accomplished with success. Then took place the catastrophe which in an instant consigned numbers to a watery grave. The large clipper ship, which had but a moment before proudly plowed the ocean under every stitch of canvas, caught unawares by the squall, sank stern first, never to rise again. The sea, from calm, placid water, became in an instant seething, roaring waves, as if impregnated by a thousand demons, preventing any rescue of the unfortunate strangers. It was an awful, awe-inspiring sight, never to be forgotten. Who they were we never knew. The gale lasted for three days, during which time we lay to and weathered the storm. JOHN GREIG.

Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Prince Napoleon has returned to Paris.

The Maori King will sail from Auckland for England by way of San Francisco.

Twenty-seven Nihilists were arrested in St. Petersburg. Among them were four artillery officers.

The Marquis of Lorne has received from Canada a half-million whitefish eggs, with which he will try the experiment of stocking English lakes.

The British Government has assented to the request of the King of Belgium for two British officers to be sent to the Congo River in the place of Gen. Gordon.

A letter from Rome in the *Defense*, a clerical newspaper of Paris, asserts that his Holiness is again considering the advisability of leaving Rome. Malta is mentioned as the place of the Pope's future residence.

In the Saxon Legislature a motion was lately made to urge upon the Government the submission of a law, subjecting recalcitrant taxpapers in exclusion from public restaurants and dancing saloons.

The French Hygienic Committee having reported that the use of salicylic acid as a preservative for prepared foods is highly injurious, the Custom House officers are directed to seize every package containing it.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and then applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

The Belgian Government has returned to Mr. Goodhue, a lawyer of Montreal, all the valuable papers and property it took from him when he was arrested in that country for acting as agent for the ex-Bishop of Tournai in recovering that prelate's private fortune from Canon Bernard, a refugee in the United States. Mr. Goodhue is suing the Belgian Government for heavy damages.

A Scotchman employed to build in London used steam cranes to hoist the bricks up to the required height; and, as the English workmen refused to have anything to do with a job where steam supplanted men, workmen had to be brought from Edinburgh to finish the hotel.

A man was received into the Laborisiere Hospital, Paris, the other day with a yard of rope hanging from his mouth. Traction upon the cord revealed a section of clothes line measuring eight feet. He had been surprised in an attempt at suicide and had tried to conceal his design by swallowing the cord. He lives of course—they generally do.

Prince Chigi, one of the Clerical Aldermen of Rome, has called the attention of the police to the fact that many children, wandering in the streets of Rome, have been cruelly abandoned by their parents, who come from the provinces and leave their children to take care of themselves. Rome is infested by these little ones, who make a living by selling matches and help to swell the ranks of the vicious classes.

Cathedrals have been turned to account in England of late years in a manner hitherto unknown. Formerly merely the choir was available; now on Sundays and in some even on week days the nave is full of seats for worshippers. The pioneer in this wise change was the late Dean Saunders of Peterborough, formerly Head Master of Charterhouse and Mr. Gladstone's "coach" at Oxford.

The plan of using the enormous water power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland appears to have taken a definite shape, the idea being to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pentresnia by an electric railway four and three-fourth miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams, the line, in case the plan proves a success, to be extended a considerable distance.

Gen. Sir R. Buller, second in command to Gen. Graham in Egypt, won the Victoria Cross by rescuing a soldier, whom he laid on his own horse under heavy fire. He had been exposed to innumerable risks in Ashantee, Zululand, and elsewhere, but never hurt. He succeeded some years ago, by the death of his brother, to estates worth $75,000 a year, but would not leave the army. His mother was a niece of the former Duke of Norfolk, and he is married to a daughter of the Marquis Townshend.

While the workmen at a shipbuilding yard in Rochester, England, were recently engaged in sawing a portion of an old ship's mainmast, formerly belonging to a man of war, at Chatham, a 32-pounder iron shot was discovered embedded in the mast, the aperture having been plugged up. The mast in question had been laying for a considerable time at Chatham Dockyard, and is believed to have belonged to Nelson's victory. It is worthy of note that 32-pounder shot was the largest in use for naval warfare during Nelson's time.

At one of the Glasgow steel works, there is in progress an immense anvil block, which will eventually contain about 165 tons of metal, and which is intended for use with twelve-ton steam hammers, of which there are several at work in Scotland. This monster anvil block is designed in two pieces, the larger one being of about 140 tons' weight. It was cast in a mould occupying the position intended for the block itself. The mixture employed in the production of these huge anvil blocks was about one-fourth No 3 Garisherrie and three-fourths scrap iron.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are the best, the cheapest, and the most popular of remedies. The seasons change and circumstances vary, but these remedies can always be used with certainty and with safety. Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcerations, and burns are presently benefitted and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing, and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen checks irritation in the bowels, averting and curing diarrhœa and other disorders of the intestines frequently prevailing through the summer and fruit seasons. Heat lumps, blotches, pimples, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections, and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the instructions accompanying every packet.

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Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter stated that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

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

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

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Highest Market Price paid for HIDES.

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$5.00 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION leading to the recovery of two blue and white Row-Boats, marked A. O., and taken from the Mission in February last.

Address, T. F. HOLT,
Agent A. O.
March 31, '84. Port Hammond.

Union Lodge No. 9,

A. F. & A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATIONS of this Lodge are held on the first Monday in each month. Sojourning brethren are cordially invited to attend.

W. HOWAY, SECRETARY.

New West., Feb. 23, 1884.

NOTICE

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

Port Moody, March 15th, 1884.

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

Beaumarchais, who had travelled in England, maintains in the "Marriage of Figaro" that a foreigner knows quite enough English to get on in that country if he only knows the expression "God damn," or, in its less offensive Gallic form, "Goddam." The English, he allows, "use a few other words from time to time in their conversation; but it is easy to see that 'Goddam' is the basis of the language." The idyllic Parny departed from his usual style so far as to write a poem in four cantos called "Goddam," attributing the work to "Un French-dog." As long ago as the early part of the fifteenth century Englishmen were known as "Goddams;" and the 'Goddam' that greeted British officers rollicking through the city of pleasure in the days succeeding Waterloo was the same term of opprobrium that assailed the English archers of Agincourt and Honfleur." Joan of Arc, though she abhorred the practice of swearing, yet spoke habitually of the English as "Goddams" probably without understanding the precise meaning of the word or words. There is a passage in a manuscript collection in the Bibliotheque Nationale, in which the Maid of Orleans, refusing a repast that had been offered to her on the morning of a battle, exclaims: "In the name of God, it shall not be aten till supper, by which time we will return by way of the bridge, and I will bring you back a 'Goddam' to eat it with." At another time when she was in prison, pending the decision of her fate, she said to the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, who visited her in jail: "You think when you have slain me you will have conquered France; but that you will never bring about. No; although there were one hundred thousand 'Goddams' in this land more than there are."

The case of Prince Krapotkin, who is undergoing imprisonment at Clairvaux in pursuance of the sentence pronounced against him at the Lyons Assizes for complicity in revolutionary action, is again attracting public attention. A member of the staff of the Paris *Figaro* gives an account of a recent visit to the prison at Clairvaux. The Prince is permitted to pursue his scientifice labors, to read the newspapers, and to have his meals served from the Clairvaux inn. But the misfortune is that his condition of health, which was bad when his imprisonment began, has become so much aggravated by his confinement at Clairvaux, the situation of which is particularly damp, that he is unable to avail himself of the privileges afforded him Although but 42 years of age, he is described as having the appearance of an old man, and the doctors say that nothing but a southern sun can prolong his life. Under these circumstances the hope is expressed that the French Government may be prevailed upon to permit his removal to some place of confinement in a more favorable climate. His wife, who is an accomplished woman of thirty, is a constant visitor at the prison, and is almost heartbroken at witnessing her husband approaching the grave day by day in consequence of his exposure to conditions from which she has no power to remove him.

Baker Pasha is the son of a Gloucestershire 'Squire, and is 54 years of age. He entered the army as a cornet in the Ceylon Rifles in 1848, was transferred to the Tenth Hussars in 1852, passed in the same year to the Twelfth Lancers, where he remained until 1856, when he joined the Tenth Hussars as Captain and became Lieut.-Colonel of that Regiment, in which the Prince of Wales was placed under him for military education. He went thence to be Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, a position he held until, in 1875, the painful circumstance occurred which compelled his retirement. He is of unquestioned gallantry, served in the Kaffir war of 1852-53, and in the Crimean war, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was present at the desperate battle of the Tchernava, and led one of the storming parties in the final assault on the fortress. He wears a medal for the Kaffir war, and the Crimean clasp, and the Turkish war medal for his more recent services He is very popular in the army, being a good specimen of the Phil Sheridan school.

The writer of a paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expresses the opinion that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive, while official statistics show that the mortality among sailors from shipwreck averages one in 4,000. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned; and it seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a death weighs on the mind of many of the French, as, according to a recent declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the lid of the coffin is screwed down.

The late Bernal Osborne, so long "primo buffo" of the House of Commons, when Ralph Bernal, an A. D. C. to Lord Mulgrave, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanied a brother A. D. C., Capt. Williams, who was engaged to a Miss Osborne, a wealthy heiress of Tipperary, on a visit to his fiancée, and contrived to cut out his friend and wed the heiress, whose name he adopted. Two daughters were the issue, one of whom married the Duke of St. Albans, the other a sub-inspector of police. The father, in consequence of this marriage, would never speak to the latter, and at his death recently left his entire fortune to the other daughter, with remainder to her children. The Duchess remained true to her sister, however, insisted on her taking a portion of the fortune, and has just obtained for her husband, Mr. Blake, the Governorship of the Bahamas, with $14,000 a year and liberal allowance.

An ordinary Cabinet Minister soon sinks into insignificance in England when he retires from office; even Mr. Milner Gibson, to whom the penny papers are under enormous obligations, seeing that no one did so much to repeal the paper duty, was scarcely known by name to the present generation until his death occurred last month.

The London *Medical Times* says that a hundred deaths have been probably caused by carelessness as to dairy drainage and water supply, for one that is traceable to adulteration.

A petition signed by 10,000 Scotchmen against the abolition of the feather bonnet in the British army is to be presented in Parliament very shortly.

Minister Wallace has had an audience with the Sultan, in which he complained of the Grand Vizier's conduct in refusing recently to see him.

In *L'Union Medicale*, Dr. Dumontpallier shows that in certain cases the hallucinations of chronic mania can only be accounted for by the fact that one half of the brain may become more active than the other, a circumstance which leads him to conclude that there is a functional independence between the hemispheres of the brain. The manner in which he demonstrates this fact is interesting. The patient is put into the somnambulistic state. The object is to produce two different yet simultaneous hallucinations, one of them caused by the action of one half of the brain, and the other by a wholly independent action upon the other hemisphere. Accordingly the Doctor tells the patient at his right ear that the weather is fine and the sun warm and bright; his assistant upon the left tells him at the same time that it rains. The result is that the patient smiles with one half of the face, while discontent shows itself upon the other. The demonstration becomes still more marked when the hallucinations of two different sensorial organs, hearing and sight, are excited. For this the Doctor tells the patient at his right ear that he is in the country, and draws a mental picture, a picnic, in which he is taking part. At the same moment an assistant is imitating the barking of a dog at the left ear. On one side of the face the patient smiles with delight, while the other expresses annoyance and terror. "There is no mimic," said the Doctor, "however skilful he may be, who can give expression simultaneously upon each side of his face to emotions so opposed.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* notices an ingenious system of robbery which has just been adopted in Paris. The modus operandi is for a few well-dressed women to mix with the guests during the performance of a marriage ceremony. Lately, five elegantly dressed ladies were seen to accompany a wedding party entering the church of St. Michel des Batignolles. The relatives of the couple who were about to be united carefully scanned these unknown visitors, but supposed they were friends of those present, and the "ladies" took up their positions immediately at the back of the bride's friends, and remained there during the ceremony, but disappeared toward its conclusion. On the invited guests quitting the church several of them found, when searching for their purses in order to place money in the plate for the poor, that they had been robbed.

The heat in New South Wales in December is reported to have exceeded anything known for the last quarter of a century. Not only were stock dying in all directions from the effects of the intense heat and the consequent drought, but the very birds of the air were dropping dead from the leafless branches of the trees. At Bourke the thermometer on Jan. 6 registered 120° Fahr. in the shade, and in some places a temperature as high as 126° was recorded. Bush fires were frequent, and the air was laden with smoke, alternating with dense clouds of dust. The heat was so intense that it hardly needed the sparks from the railway engine to set fire to the parched grass and grain. Empty bottles and pieces of glass were enough to focus the sun's rays and cause a conflagration.

After one of the frequent changes of government in a certain South American republic, the new President summoned an artist, and ordered from him designs for new styles of official uniforms. "I wish," he said, "showy costumes, very showy, for the people like to see them so. I have here some designs that I myself have made. Look them over, and adapt your designs to these ideas." The artist looked over the album of sketches offered for his inspection by the President." Very pretty, very pretty indeed," he commented. This is evidently for the navy, and this for the army. But, if you please, what is this for—this one composed of great riding boots, yellow dress coat turned up, and trimmed with purple, and a great plume on the three-cornered hat?" "That is for the secret police," gravely replied the Chief of State.

A provident German has hit upon an idea for obviating the *embarras de richesses* in which newly married couples find themselves on account of their wedding presents including many duplicate specimens. Thus a bride finds, to her regret, that she has become the possessor, among other articles, of three biscuit dishes, seven butter plates, and perhaps a couple of opera glasses. An elegantly dressed gentleman calls upon brides in Berlin, it would seem, and offers to exchange or purchase for cash any superfluous presents. These are sold again by similar private means as wedding presents, or to shops; and according to a German paper, there are about half a dozen persons in Berlin engaged in this branch of trade

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Dr. Savory says in the *British Medical Journal*, that among the chief causes of injury to the health from gambling, is the prolonged mental strain which becomes necessary to the maintenance of self-control during extended periods of intense excitement. He cites the case of a lady who had lately returned from Monte Carlo much broken down in health, and greatly weakened by the severe fits of exhaustion from which she invariably suffered after an hour or two at the gaming table. She said that her ability to continue the game was determined by the extent of her power to maintain an aspect of indifference in the presence of spectators

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The Protestant communities in England and Wales outside the Established Church, viz., Baptists, Congregationalists, the various members of the Methodist family (six), the Friends, and the English Presbyterians, have an aggregate of 8,996 ministers in that division of the country; 12,900 places of worship, without allowing for defective returns; and a total of a million and a half church members, which are estimated to represent 4,500,000 persons, out of a total population of 25,968,287 in England and Wales.

An old friend of Archbishop Whateley, who was with him at Oxford, went, after many years' absence, to visit him at the palace, in Dublin. On entering the grounds he spied an old man digging, despite a pitiless storm of sleet. "I shall venture to rebuke the Archbishop for this," said the visitor to himself; "he should show more consideration for his servants." Presently, on going into the house, he found the decrepit old digger was the Archbishop himself.

The *Lancet* reports a lecture on tea and coffee, in which people are advised to put the coffee for breakfast in an earthenware vessel, pour cold water over it, let it stand over night, and bring it to the boiling point by placing it in a water bath or double boiler in the morning, thus preserving all the aroma. As the editor pronounces the lecture as being "perhaps the most brilliant since its series was begun," the writer has no doubt tried the plan.

At Brussels lately an elderly porter, who bore an excellent character, was sent by his employer to take some money to a bank. He did not return, and at length his wife found his body at the Morgue. He had been found dying of cerebral apoplexy in the street. It is surmised that he had been robbed of the money, and had wandered about in great mental agony, afraid to go home.

The London *Telegraph* expects to witness in a few months the birth of a new nation in the Southern seas to be brought about by the federation of the Australian colonies.

Caledonia Hotel

HEAD OF PORT MOODY.

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

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

LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

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

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

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

J. T. SCOTT, Manager.

ELGIN HOUSE

PORT MOODY.

WILLIAM INSLEY

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

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

The Restaurant

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

WILLIAM INSLEY, - - - Proprietor

Rocky Point Hotel,

PORT MOODY.

THIS FINE NEW HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN FITTED UP IN First-class Style, and is now the BEST HOTEL at the Terminus.

THE TABLES WILL ALWAYS BE SUPPLIED

With every Delicacy of the Season.

THE BAR

is upplied with the BEST WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS to be found in the Market.

The Beds are Carefully Attended to

And Guests may depend on receiving every Convenience and Comfort.

Sincerbeau & Murray, - - - Proprietors.

P. T. Johnston & Co.

(Successor to Mitchell & Johnston)

SEEDSMEN, Nurserymen & Florists

FORT STREET, VICTORIA

Cunningham & Co., Chas. McDonough, and James Wise,

AGENTS FOR NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

General Merchandise

Chas. McDonough

HAS AN EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

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

Men's & Boy's Suits

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

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

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

Direct Importation

—:o:—

E. BROWN,

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

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

Which he will supply

IN BOND or DUTY PAID

In quantities to suit purchasers

NEW FALL GOODS!

New Fall Goods!!

WM. ELSON,
The Cash Tailor!

LYTTON SQUARE, NEW WESTMINSTER,
Has opened out his FALL STOCK, and is now prepared to execute orders.
☞ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. a5

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

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

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

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS

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

Its searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

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

GOUT RHEUMATISM,

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

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET LONDON

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

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

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

Port Moody Hotel

(LATE BONSON'S,)

Head of North Road, Port Moody.

JOHN S. WATKIS

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

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

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

LUMBER YARD

DeBECK BROS. & CO.,

KEEP A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Rough and Dressed

LUMBER!

J. A. CALBECK, Agent.

Arlington Hotel

COLUMBIA STREET,

New Westminster, - B. C.

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

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Supplied at the Bar.

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

THE PORT MOODY AND NEW WESTMINSTER

TELEPHONE COMPANY.

LIST OF CHARGES.

Rent of Telephone per month, including erection of wires $5.00
For every message for every person not being a monthly tenant, and not exceeding twenty-five words ..... .25
Every additional ten words ..... .05
All deliveries within a half mile radius of office ..... .15
Beyond the above distance, per mile .. .25

The N. W. & P. M. Telephone Co. are prepared to erect private lines in New Westminster and Port Moody, or between these places, and to connect the same with the Central Telephone Office, if desired.

Parties wishing Telephones should apply to the undersigned.

CHARLES FOSTER,
Dec. 7, 1883. Sec'y-Treas.

Business Notice.

S. H. WEBB IS ABOUT TO VISIT Portland and San Francisco, at which places he will be glad to transact any business which may be intrusted to him. About the 1st April will be the date of his departure.