THE
Port Moody Gazette.
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Dissolution of Partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING BETWEEN TAYLOR & McLeod, proprietors of the hotel known as the "Pacific House," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and by the retirement of Angus McLeod. All debtors to the late firm will please make immediate payment to John R. Taylor, who is only liable for all legal demands against the firm to date.

JOHN R. TAYLOR,
ANGUS McLEOD.
Port Moody, Sept. 16, 1885.

Port Moody Gazette.

VOL. 3. PORT MOODY, B. C., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886. NO. 34.

PASSAGES FROM THE

DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN

THE DESTROYER.

The dreaded morning arrived; he tenderly embraced his sister and his children before setting off for town—finally as he had determined, but only for a few hours as they supposed, understanding that he will return in the afternoon to bid them adieu forever.

While he and General Ogilvie were waiting in a back room at Messrs. ——, the army agents, where he wished to make some final pecuniary arrangements, his eye happened to fall upon a paragraph, which he read with almost a suspension of his breath, and a face suddenly flushed with excitement.

"Ogilvie!" said he, turning to his astonished brother-in law a countenance that had quickly become white as death, and speaking in a totally different voice from any that had been heard from him since his illness. "I have changed my mind. I shall not go to India. At all events, not at present."

"I am delighted to hear it." said the general, evidently, however, confounded with the suddeness of the information, as much as at the manner in which it was conveyed; "but, good God, what has happened? what has agitated you?

"I am not agitated," replied Colonel St. Helen, with a violent effort to speak calmly, at the same time rising from his chair, and folding up the newspaper he had been reading. "Can you spare this?" said he to the clerk, whom he had summoned into the room. He was answered in the affirmative. "Then you may tell Mr. —— to give himself, at present, no further trouble about the business I called upon; be so good as to inform him that I have made some change in my arrangements. Shall we walk home, Ogilvie?' They quitted Messrs. ——'s immediately.

"St. Helen," said General Ogilvie, as they left, "I protest that I will not return home with you till you have told me frankly what has occasioned this most extraordinary change of manner and purpose ——"

"My dear Ogilvie, you shall know all Read this," said the colonel with an excited air, taking out the newspaper; and unfolding it, he pointed out the following paragraph:

"By the death of the Right Hon. Lord Seckington, the Hon. Captain Alverley, formerly of the —— Guards, succeeds to the title and estates, which are great, as well to the splendid accumulations of funded property said to have been made by the late Lord S. who has bequeathed everything to the present Lord Seckington. He is now abroad, but is daily expected in —— Street."

"Well!" exclaimed the general with a deep sigh, after having read the paragraph twice over in perturbed silence, returning the paper, "of course, it is easy to guess your intentions."

"Intentions?" exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, with great vivacity, "this is the first time I have breathed freely since my arrival in England!"

"Do you then, really think of meeting this man?" inquired the general gravely, after a pause.

"Meet him? *Do I intend to meet him?* Ogilvie, you vex me!" replied Colonel St. Helen, briskly and bitterly, at the same time insensibly quickening his pace. He dragged his companion along in silence, at such a rapid rate that they were almost half through the Park before either—deeply engaged with his thoughts—had again spoken.

"Let me see—how shall I know when he arrives in London?" said the colonel abruptly, as if he had thought aloud.

"Oh, there cannnot be much difficulty about that," replied the general, who had by this time satisfied himself of the hopelessness of attempting to dissuade Colonel St. Helen from his evident purpose. "I will do all that you can possibly desire, since ——"

"Dear Ogilvie—my dear good brother," said the colonel with affectionate energy, "do not think I shall permit *you* to be at all involved in this affair. Mischief may come of it—*I intend it shall*—I cannot deprive my sister and my children of your presence, even for a moment."

"You shall not meet him unless I am at your elbow," interrupted the general with a determined air; "I can be firm, St. Helen, as well as you."

"Ogilvie, Ogilvie, how perfectly useless it is! I do assure you that my mind is fixed unalterably. It cannot be, it shall not be. May I fall on the first fire if I permit you to be on the ground, I could not aim steady if you were there. No, I have got my man, Darnley will ——"

"I hate your *professed* duellists," interrupted the general, with irrepressible agitation.

"They are made for such an affair as mine!" exclaimed Colonel St. Helen, with a kind of cheerfulness that was sickening.

General Ogilvie had never seen such a remarkable change so quickly effected in any one.

"Have you thought of your poor boys?" said he, as they approached home.

"Thank God that my sister is your wife, that you are my brother-in-law!" exclaimed Colonel St. Helen in a more subdued tone than that in which he had been hitherto speaking, "they cannot be better off"

"This scoundrel has no such ties! You don't meet on equal terms,"

"Perhaps not exactly, but my bullet will spoil his pretty coronet, too!" He paused, and a grim smile passed over his features. "Poor devil!" he added, with a bitter air, I would give a trifle to be present when Major Darnley first calls upon him! It will try his mettle rather, won't it?" almost laughing—but such a laugh.

"Really, St. Helen, this has turned you into a devil!" exclaimed General Ogilvie.

"The best thing that the old Lord Seckington ever did," said Colonel St. Helen to himself, but aloud—as if he had not heard his companion's remark—"was to die exactly when he *did* die, the worst thing that has happened to the new Lord Seckington was to become Lord Seckington exactly when he *did* become Lord Seckington; and the best thing for me was that I should come to know of just when I *did* come to know of it."

"You are certainly, my dear St. Helen, the most cruelly injured man breathing," said General Ogilvie, after they had walked for some minutes in silence, "and nobody has any right to interfere with you?"

"I should think not," replied Colonel St. Helen, in the same short bitter tones in which he had been all along speaking "Ogilvie!" he added, turning suddenly, and looking him full in the face, "no treachery! By your honor as a soldier and a gentleman, no interference in any way!"

"I should have thought that such an appeal was perfectly unnecessary," replied the general, coldly.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me, Ogilvie Remember my sufferings; I was wrong. I know it."

"I have nothing to forgive, St. Helen," replied General Ogilvie, with a quivering lip. "But my God, I will be true to you in everything.

"And I will be true to myself, Ogilvie. You shall see!" rejoined the colonel, grasping his hand and shaking it cordially. "And now, what must we say to my sister to prevent suspicion?"

"Oh! we must say that your ship does not sail for a fortnight, or something of that kind; it will be no difficult thing to deceive *her*, poor thing!" said the general, with a deep sigh.

"Hardy," said Colonel St. Helen, addressing his groom, whom he had sent for as soon as he reached his own room at General Ogilvie's, and putting two guineas into his hand, "go directly and station yourself at the corner of —— Street, and watch Number ——, which is Lord Seckington's. Say not a word to anybody, but be on the look-out night and day; and the moment that you see a travelling carriage, or anything of the sort, go up to the door, presently inquire who it is that has come; and if you hear that it is Lord Seckington, come off to me at the top of your speed—it will be the best half hour's work you ever did in your life—ask quietly—quietly, mind, to see me, and tell me your news. To nobody but *me*, sir."

Hardy was a keen and faithful fellow; and in about an hour's time he was to be seen lurking about —— Street, in exact obedience to his master's orders.

What I subsequently learned from several quarters I may state here, in order to keep up the course of the narrative, and the better to explain the events which remain to be detailed.

I was right in supposing that Captain Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen went direct to the Continent; but of their movements when there I scarce know anything. Her wild and frantic agonies of remorse at the step she had taken were scarcely calculated to increase the attachment of her heartless companion, whose satiated eye beheld the beauty which had so long fevered his soul daily disappearing. Even had it been otherwise—had she retained all the fascination and loveliness of her manners, the novelty of the affair had worn off, he had gained his object, and she perceived his altering feelings. To her guilty affrighted soul, indeed—

The hollow tongue of time—
—— was a perpetual knell. Each stroke
Peal'd for a hope the less; the funeral note
Of love deep buried without resurrection,
In the grave of possession.

When he discovered the incurable nature of her mental sufferings—that whirling her about from one scene of amusement to another failed of its object—he began to complain that his funds were running low. He had, in truth, long been greatly embarrassed and involved, yet had he contrived to appear possessed of all the wealth and to enjoy all the luxuries and elegancies that penniless young men of fashion so mysteriously secure for themselves. Now, however, the money he had obtained from Mrs. St. Helen, as well as a few hundreds that had been supplied to him by a brother reprobate in order to carry on the intrigue, had almost disappeared. He began to feel himself placed in very awkward circumstances. What is a penniless man of fashion in Paris? Captain Alverley, besides, was burdened with the perpetual presence of a woman who was weeping bitterly from morning to night—frequently in very violent hysterics—and who vehemently reproached him with being the author of all her misery. He soon began to sicken of all this. Was it for this that he had quitted all the pleasures of London, and lost all his hopes of advancement in the army? Paris was a very pleasant place, and he could have enjoyed himself there but for this unfortunate and as he soon felt and expressed it—most disgusting affair.

He therefore began to loathe the very sight of his miserable companion It was unquestionably with a feeling of keen regret that he found her brought home one night dripping from the Seine, after an abortive attempt at self-destruction, to which his cold sarcastic repartees had impelled his half-maddened victim. The poor captain was to be pitied—his bold and dashing adventure had turned out most unfortunately? Instead of the brilliant beauty he had reckoned on having secured for at least a year or two in Mez St. Helen, he beheld it suddenly withered and gone, and there was ever with him a haggard woman, tearing her hair, wringing her hands, and frantically taxing him with being her destroyer. In vain he sought to escape from it—she would never leave him! He had returned to London to endeavor to raise funds; his unlucky encounter with the commander in chief sent him back in fury to Paris. He had never felt himself in such an extremity; and he determined, after much bitter reflection, that could he but once get extricated from this unfortunate adventure, he would never again undertake one on so extensive a scale.

Of a sudden, however, an express from London brought him news that electrified him with delight—a delight which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he attempted to communicate to his gloomy companion. By the death of his aged uncle he had become Lord Seckington; the proprietor of Seckington Castle, in—shire; one or two other houses in different parts of the country; and a splendid mansion —Street; with a rent roll of upwards of £25.000 a year, and not less than £200,000 in the Funds. At the first impulse of his generous feelings, he determined to settle upon Mrs. St. Helen the sum of £500 a-year, which he permitted her to spend wherever she chose—offering to give her a thousand pounds in addition if she would not return to England. She began, however, now to be unreasonable! and affected to receive his liberal proposal with consternation.

And was it really then possible that, all he had said and done, she was not to become Lady Seckington! Even if Colonel St. Helen should take successful proceedings for a divorce? Horror—horror unutterable!

The next communications that reached Lord Seckington consisted chiefly of pressing entreaties from his solicitor, and that of his lamented uncle, the late Lord Seckington, that he would lose no time in coming to London as there were many matters requiring his immediate attention. He was glad to see their letters accompanied with one that bore the handwriting of his intimate friend, Captain Leicester. He opened it, and read thus:

"Dear Seckington— Pshaw, how odd it looks. Of course I congratulate you, as everybody does. Don't cut your old friedds, that's all. But I write chiefly to say—wait abroad a little, only till the excitement of the thing has a little gone down. That unhappy devil St. H—— is in town; but I hear he's going back to India in double-quick time. Would it not be as well to wait till he's off, and the coast clear!

Eternally yours,
"F. Leicester

The Right Hon. Lord Seckington."

On perusing this will-timed and friendly letter, it suddenly occurred to Lord Seckington that he had certainly various matters of importance to settle in different parts of the Continent; and so he wrote to his solicitors—infinitely to their astonishment and vexation. He was preparing to set off for Brussels two or three days afterwards, when another letter reached him from the same friendly and vigilant pen.

(*Private.*)

"London, 8th August 18—,

"DEAR SECKINGTON—What the duce is in the wind? perhaps you can better guess than I call tell; but I lose no time in writing to say that Colonel St. Helen, who had appointed to sail to India (as I told you in my letter of the other day), and taken leave of everybody in a gloomy way, to seek an honorable grave, &c. &c. &c., has suddenly changed his mind, countermanded all his arrangements, and stops in London!! Every one is amazed at this queer move. I have reason to know that he had actually engaged his passage by a ship that started two or three days ago, and has forfeited all the passage-money. This certainly looks cursedly unpleasant—are we to look out for a squall? Do you think he has seen that offensive impertinent paragraph about you in the papers, and is *waiting for you?* If so, I fear you are in a very awkward predicament, and I really scarce know how to advise you. It will hardly do to keep out of the way a little longer, will it? Ask ——, and ——, and above all, Count ——, Ever yours, more and more,

"F. L."

As Lord Seckington read this letter his face gradually became as white as the paper he looked upon. Several letters lay upon the table before him, unopened and unattended to. With Captain Leicester's in his hand, he remained motionless for nearly half an hour; at the expiration of which period he was on the point of going into his bedroom and putting the muzzle of a pistol into his ear. Probably what he indured in that brief interval counterbalanced all the pleasure of his whole life. Lord Seckington was a hopeless reprobate, but he was no coward; on the contrary, he was as cool and brave a man as ever wore two epaulets. But consider his situation.

Here he was, scarce two-and thirty years old, suddenly become a peer of the realm, having succeeded to a very ancient title; and with all appliances and means to boot—all that could secure him

Honor, wealth, obedience—troops of friends—

in short, occupying as brilliant a position as man could well be placed in; yet amidst all the dazzling prospect that was opened before him, his eye lit and settled upon one figure only—that of COLONEL ST. HELEN, standing at ten or twelve paces distance from him, his outstretched arm steadily pointing a pistol at his head, with deadly purpose and aim unerring. It was perfectly frightful.

What would he have cared for it in the heyday of his career as Captain Alverley; or rather as he was only a few short days ago—desperately in debt driven from the army, disgusted with the presence and stunned with the shrieks of a woman he had long loathed; but NOW—Perdition! The cold sweat stood upon his brow, and he felt sick to death. *What was to be done?* He could not keep out of the way—the spirit of a man could not endure the idea of such cowardice; no; his coronet should, at all events, never be defiled by the head of a *coward*. So there was no alternative. To London he must go, and that without delay, with the all but certainty that, within a few hours of his arrival, Colonel St. Helen would have avenged all the wrongs he had suffered by sending a bullet through the heart of him who had inflicted them. These were the dreadful thoughts that were passing through his mind, when the spectre stood suddenly before him, Mrs. St. Helen, who then happened to enter the room—all her beauty gone, a truly lamentable object.

"Well, madam," commenced Lord Seckington, bitterly and fiercely, "I am going to London, to be shot at by your d——d husband. He will certainly kill me; that is, if I do not first ——" The latter part of this fiendish speech was lost upon Mrs. St. Helen, who had fallen down in a swoon. He immediately summoned assistance into the room, and then quitted it, hastily gathered up his letters; but, by some fatality, leaving behind him the one which had occasioned him his horrible agonies—Captain Leicester's. It fell into the hands of Mrs. St. Helen's maid, who communicated its direful contents to Mrs. St. Helen, but not till Lord Seckington had quitted Paris. He hurried to his bedrooms, and after drinking off a large glass of Cognac, he dressed, and set off to consult with one or two "experienced" friends upon the chief matter that now absorbed his attention—whether the laws of duelling would admit, under the circumstances, of his expected meeting with Colonel St. Helen, of his shooting at his antagonist in the first instance; which would afford him, he considered, the only chance he had of saving a life he was just then particularly anxious to preserve.

"You must give him," said Colonel ——, a considerable authority in such matters, "two shots, in my opinion, and even a third, if the first two have no effect; and then you may do as you will."

"Poh!" exclaimed Lord Seckington, with undisguised trepidation.

"Well," replied the colonel quietly, "you may *poh*! if you like; but you asked my opinion. and you have it. I have known it acted upon several times, and never objected to."

"Is your friend a good shot?" inquired Count ——, a little fire eater as ever breathed.

"I should say, in all probability, as good as myself"

The count shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, that is very bad!—I think you may shoot at your friend at the very first, *by accident*."

"That's not exactly the way matters are settled in England, count," interrupted Colonel ——, sharply; the vivacious Frenchman retorted, one word led on another, and that evening they went through a little duel scene of their own; Lord Seckington being actually compelled to stand second to his countryman. On returning to his hotel, he found the cards of almost every one of his most distinguished countrymen then resident in Paris laying on his table. He turned sick at heart as he looked upon them. He found that Mrs. St. Helen was still in a state of insensibility, and he embraced the opportunity it afforded him of preparing for his immediate departure, but not before he had left sufficient funds to provide for her comforts till he could send her further assistance from London, if, indeed, she did not first receive the intelligence of his death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. R.A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunville, Ont, writes; "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation such cases having come under my personal observation."

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DRY GOODS,
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Boots and Shoes
Ready-made Clothing
ETC., ETC.,
Having bought the above Stock for CASH, I am prepared to sell at the lowest CASH PRICES.
Vegetables and Fruits
IN SEASON.
A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

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On the Mainland, and where orders will receive prompt attention.
Complete satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronize home manufacture by giving me a trial.
WM. ELSON, Prop.

New Wash House.
SING SONG
WISHES TO INFORM THE PUBLIC that he is prepared to do Washing and Ironing on short notice, and in first class order. CALLS SOLICITED.
Laundry opposite C. P. R., near Queen Street. ja31

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A FIRST-CLASS FRENCH 4-HORSE Wagon, in good order. Also, a yoke of large, well-broken Oxen, with Yoke and Chains. Will be sold a bargain, for CASH, or will be exchanged for good Milch Cows.
Apply to T. J. POGUE,
Port Moody;
Or to THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE
IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT T. B. Spring is only half owner of the Clarke scow at Port Moody, as I own the other half; and said T. B. Spring has no authority to sell said scow.
ALFRED WILLIAMS.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY.....JULY 17, 1886

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

The elections are over and the Government is defeated. There will be three parties in the new House. With Robson, the land grabber and notorious appropriator, we shall see Attorney-General Davie, Smithe, Pooley, Croft, Allen, Anderson, Geo. Cowan, Dunsmuir, Raybould, and Martin. Twelve pirates in the State ship! With Bole, who is to be the leader of the opposition, there is Beaven, Ladner, Orr, McLeese, Semlin, Stenhouse, and Grant, with Baker or Brown from Kootenay. Nine good men, all ready to defend the cause of justice. The six who hold the balance of power are Theo. Davie, Prior, Turner, Higgins, Mason, and Vernon. Theo. Davie and Vernon are both ambitious; they wish to shine as "ministers of state," and will most assuredly lend a hand to the party led by Bole. The Attorney-General is not a knave; he is ashamed of his associates, and will not strike with all his strength to save the pirates. Ned Allen and Martin will desert in two minutes after the first broadside is fired by Bole, and then we shall see Turner, Prior, Higgins, and Mason, four good citizens, all ready to aid the party that is pledged to represent the people, and end the rule of Robson. It is certain that we shall witness immediately after the House meets, a complete overthrow of the piratical gang that has plundered the Province.

The man who wishes to study human nature should visit Victoria. In that city there must be a multitude of people who could believe that the moon is made of green cheese, or that the past is not a shadow. Mr. John Grant, one of the proprietors of the Victoria "Times," in his address to the electors of Cassiar, says: "I am in favor of the legislature assisting the establishment of a ferry from the termini of the C. P. railway to the Island." That sentence was not written to secure votes at Cassiar, but to delight the clear headed citizens of Victoria. A ferry on the gulf in midwinter, loaded with a railway train, would be the greatest curiosity that ever was seen on the ocean: a real sea-serpent. But Mr. Grant will vote in favor of it to increase the circulation of the "Times."

The first through train from the East was a wonderful sight to see in this city; but now a train arrives every day, and the nine days' wonder is no more.

At a banquet in Victoria on Tuesday night, the Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior, said: "I intend to interview the squatters on the mainland at New Westminster, and I hope the result will give them confidence in the future. Looking at their past, I can venture to predict for them a period of increased prosperity." When things are at the worst they sometimes mend. The knavery of Robson and the negligence of Dominion officials have ruined the squatters, but we hope the Hon. Mr. White will use all his influence to open up for settlement without delay all the land within the railway belt.

On Monday night a train consisting of an engine and eight cattle cars, was completely wrecked at the junction of the New Westminster branch. Several beasts were killed and wounded, and the others fled bellowing to the woods.

A London despatch announces that on the 10th inst., the second ship loaded with tea for Port Moody left Yokohama. The tea is not intended for home use: it will be carried across the continent by rail.

Mr. John McLeod, the mail clerk who risked his life to save the mail on the burning train near Donald, is in the hospital at New Westminster. He ought to be rewarded by the Dominion Government, but he will be forgotten. His mother is not the bosom friend of lady McDonald. Not one of the servile Senators happens to be his blood relation. He is only a faithful deputy who did his duty like a man, and therefore he deserves no notice.

The Hon. Thos. White is really somebody. The speech he made in Victoria on Monday proves that he is a statesman. He adduces very good evidence to show that the debt incurred to build the railroads and canals represents wealth. What a blessing it would be to have a man like him in place of Robson. But, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "comparisons are odorous." The only fault to be found with the whole scheme of railroad making in the Dominion is the failure to fix rates for fare and freight that would not be a burthen to the people. The contract made with the syndicate gives to that corporation the power that will enable it to rule the whole Dominion. In twenty years from this date the syndicate will be the government. Even now it is a power not to be despised: it will nominate the successor of Sir John McDonald.

The city band and a lot of serenaders who love good cheer, were hired to glorify the men lately elected in Victoria as Government supporters; but that is merely evidence to show that applause can be purchased at a very low price. The band that played for Robson, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," will be engaged early next year to play "The Rogue's March," when he is turned out of office.

UNITED KINGDOM.

The veteran statesman John Bright says of Gladstone's schemes for the better Government of Ireland: "Both must fail. I wish to see Ireland prosperous and content, and would willingly grant to her the right to manage her own internal affairs; but I CAN NEVER CONSENT TO MAKE ENGLAND THE ABSENTEE LANDLORD OF IRELAND. The position would be intolerable to the Irish themselves." That is solid wisdom in a nutshell. The steam engine will destroy all the rights and privileges which belong to landlords in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, and in four years from this date the payment of interest on the £150,000,000 which Gladstone proposes to lend would be *impossible*. And then? Well, the Irish Parliament, pledged to pay the interest, should represent tyranny at home, and the Irish question would then assume a very grave aspect, and would end in civil war. In fact, the genius of the age has declared that landlordism in Ireland is nearly dead, and it will be the duty of the Government to see that the death struggle shall not be stained with the blood of a nation.

Last week Her Majesty invited several men who represent the Colonies and India to lunch with her at Windsor Castle. They came in state and were received in right Royal style. A special train took them from London; the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, and the whole royal household were present.

A telegram from London, dated the 12th inst., says: "Lord Salisbury has made overtures to Lord Hartington for the formation of a coalition ministry, the programme to include a local government bill for Ireland and another for Scotland. If Hartington consents, the Cabinet will include Goschen, Sir Henry Thomas and the Duke of Argyle, but not Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Strange rumors are afloat in London. It is asserted on what appears to be good authority, that Gladstone will ignore the division in his party and say when the House meets—"I assume that all members who are not branded Tories, are Liberals, and I shall retain office and let the home rule question wait awhile." Those who pretend to know the grand old man say that he desires nothing so much as the formation of another ring and a second fight; and that he is planning a smash for the Salisbury Ministry, and to drive Chamberlain out of public life. But the truth is he appealed to the people of the United Kingdom and got an unmistakable "NO" and will surely resign before the Parliament assembles. The grandeur of his character will not permit him to retain office by stratagem after the nation has declared against him.

In the Rotunda at Dublin on Monday two thousand Orangemen had assembled to celebrate the day. The hall was guarded by 600 police and it was difficult to keep the nationalists at bay; they carried banners bearing this inscription. "We'll pay you in Irish coin the one long debt which Ireland owes to every braggart of the Boyne." The whole political atmosphere in Ireland is surcharged with electricity and may explode at any moment.

UNITED STATES.

Oregon is one of the finest states in the Union, but there farm produce is a drug. The *Oregonian* in a leader on stagnation in the valley of the Willamette says:—"When the farm hands and necessary expenses are paid there is nothing left for the farmer." But the farmers in Oregon would be rich if they had brains. They believe it is necessary to make money and give it for trash put up in cans; a thing called tea in paper; and a liquid drug labelled by some knave as "old Bourbon." In exchange for their labour they can have all that is necessary; beef, mutton, fruit, fish and game. In fact all the luxuries that wealth can buy in a city; but they are miserable because they cannot have in cans dog fish cut in small pieces and labelled "oysters."

The Pullman palace car Deer Lodge which arrived in Portland on Thursday presented a delapidated appearance. A hail storm through which the car passed west of the Missouri scratched it badly, and broke a dozen of its windows. A horse and a calf standing near the train at one of the stations was hail stoned to death.

Mr. Tom Fitch in his 4th of July oration at Portland did not glorify the spread eagle, but declared that "ring rule, the capacity of corporations, and the lawlessness of communists had placed the population in a place where a new declaration of independence is in order."

Bob Ingersoll, in conversation with an old colored lady last week in Washington, got a hint. "Aunty," said Bob, "do you really believe that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah; de bible says dey is, and so I b'lieves." "But what is to be done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud?" "Then," said Aunty, "I spects dey make infidels and sich truck."

The Senate committee on Monday sent in a report unfavorable to Capt. Beecher, of Port Townsend, and he must retire.

John Whalen a brother of Tim, who killed his father in San Francisco two months ago, was found dead in an alley way on Dupont street, last Tuesday night. Death was the result of cigarette smoking.

At Minneapolis on Tuesday night, burglars entered the post office and carried off twenty thousand dollars in stamps and money.

Miss Cleveland has undertaken to discharge the duty of editing a new periodical to be published in Chicago and called "Literary Life." She is the President's sister, and the publishers know that all office holders and a multitude of office seekers will buy the works she edits. Her pay will be a handsome commission on the sales.

The alarming increase of adulteration in baking powders has created a sensation in the Eastern States.

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

WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO BEGIN?

It is generally understood throughout Europe, that war is imminent; that Russia is just in that position, internally and externally, that she must move, and that her movement must be aggressive. The only allies she can count on, are France, Greece, and possibly Denmark. The *Kaiserbund* is a farce that deceives nobody, and it is highly probable that the first obstacle she will have to contend with, will be the Austrian armies. It is true that much depends upon England, and more particularly on the election of Gladstone. No doubt, the Czar will avoid a commencement until the English elections are concluded, because, although Gladstone is popular with the masses, it is well known that the English people have no confidence in the Radicals in the event of a foreign war; so that, if the Czar made any movement implying war, Gladstone would be sure to be beaten, no matter how good his chances of a majority would otherwise have been. So the Czar will defer active movements until the fate of his friend Gladstone is decided. The stake for which Russia is playing, as everyone knows, is Constantinople. In possession of the Golden Horn, the whole balance of power in Europe would be so completely deranged, that it does not signify how much Germany and Austria would otherwise have favored Russia, they must oppose her if she approaches Stamboul. It is said that she commands about three millions of soldiers, and possesses ample supplies of the best kind of war material. She has plenty of money, and her soldiers are equal to anything in Europe. Appearances are decidedly in favor of an attack on British India, but in this she may commit a great error: she may try to induce Persia to help her, but if she succeeds, it will only be to hasten the absorption of that nation by England. The position of Persia is most important; it would secure to England a status in the East that she never can command without it, and it will checkmate Russia, as it will place England on her flank all the way to the Caspian, and might ultimately secure for us the petroleum wells at Baku. The loss of these wells would be a heavy blow for Russia: the facility of obtaining such valuable fuel and the enormous sums realized from the industry, would cripple her materially. But it is very doubtful if she would risk an attack on India, if Gladstone is defeated; she will simply make what are called, diplomatically, demonstrations. The world is very anxious as to the action of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. If the Russians were to invade his territory with the object of crossing the Balkans, it would be nothing extraordinary if he stood aside and allowed them to go, as he would have very little chance with a great Russian army; but if he did so, it would be looked upon with great suspicion by the other powers. If he made a stand and a good defense, he would be assisted, and, in time, replaced, even in case of defeat. All will depend upon his action when Russia begins to move. It is very odd to observe two great powers like Russia and Austria; their attention is never diverted from each other, and every movement is noted on either side. If Russia moves a half a dozen regiments into Besserabia, Austria immediately sends a corp d'armeé into Bosnia and the Herzegovina. Thus, by degrees, the train is being laid to this great powder magazine which is to set all Europe in a blaze, when it explodes. France is silently preparing: she has recalled all her military men home, where they are at once to join their regiments. She is hoarding her gold in every possible way, and, having expelled the princes, it will not be a great shock to the nation if she confiscates their property, and that would furnish a great deal of the sinews of war. The position of affairs in France at the present moment is of the most critical character. The public debt has reached a point where it will be dangerous to proceed further in the way of taxation, without the excuse of a foreign war. If she could only get back a few of the millions she paid Germany, it would be a happy thing for the republic. But we fear that such a consummation cannot be reached, and the effort to secure it may wreck the republic. She has just been buying off revolution by voting fifty million dollars to make work for the unemployed; but such ways of postponing the evil day, are soon exhausted. She will stake her existence on the Russian alliance, that is, the republic: a monarchy will soon again hold the reins of Government.

At the entrance of a restaurant in Pesth, where young ladies are employed, is posted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage and impedes the services."

THE C. P. R. SYNDICATE.

Our readers are generally aware that the agreement with the C.P.R. syndicate is now impossible of fulfilment, and that it now becomes a question of the penalty. In order that our readers may be perfectly clear on the subject, we give the clauses of the agreement duly ratified between the Government of this Province and the syndicate.

And whereas it is in the interest of the Province of British Columbia, and of the Company, that the Main Line should be extended westerly from Port Moody to English Bay and Coal Harbor, and that the terminus of the said Railway should be at Coal Harbor and English Bay, and that terminal workshops and docks should be erected there.

1. The said Company shall extend the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Coal Harbor and English Bay, and shall for ever hereafter maintain and equip such extension as part of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and operate it accordingly.

3. The terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway shall be established in the immediate vicinity of Coal Harbor and English Bay, and upon land which is to be granted in pursuance of this agreement.

4. The Company shall erect and maintain the terminal workshops and the other terminal structures, works, docks, and equipments as are proper and suitable for the Western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the immediate vicinity of Coal Harbor and English Bay, and such workshops, structures, works, docks and equipments, shall be commenced forthwith, and prosecuted to completion with reasonable diligence, and so as to provide facilities for the opening of traffic on the through line by the early summer of 1886.

6. In consideration of the premises, Her Majesty agrees to grant to such persons as the Company may appoint in trust for the Company, the lands in the District of New Westminster delineated on the map or plan hereunto annexed, by the color pink, and containing by estimation six thousand acres, save and except as hereinafter mentioned.

10. The grant shall be made upon the Company entering into a Bond to Her Majesty, with three sureties to be approved of by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at least, conditioned for the due performance by the Company of all and singular the terms and conditions herein contained and by the Company agreed to be observed and performed.

It will be noted by the first of the extracts above, that the company agreed to extend the *main* line and make Coal Harbor and English Bay the terminus, conditions which the syndicate must have known were impossible of accomplishment. The next clause repeats and affirms these conditions in more precise terms. The next two clauses still further repeat these conditions, and bind the company to have the whole line in running order by the early summer of 1886, which, of course, is out of the question. The next clause gives the 6,000 acres, taking the Queen's name in vain as the giver, when in fact it was Robson and Smithe. But since they placed the Queen's name in the agreement, it is only fair that we, the Queen's subjects, should have the money paid to us to which we are clearly entitled by the breach of the agreement into which we entered with the syndicate, whoever they were. It must always be borne in mind, as showing that the syndicate deserve no commiseration, that they assisted the small syndicate to boom the place, and have received some very large sums, if we accept the statements of the Vancouver papers, far in excess of the penalty. We are informed on good legal authority that, having paid the penalty, the C.P.R. syndicate are then free to do what they like with the property—that is to say, if they think proper to build some branch in five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, well and good; but they may never think it worth their while to make any branch, because the sole object of the syndicate was to prevent competition on the part of other railway or steamship companies, and this they have settled effectually by securing in fee simple one-third of all the private property in and about Coal Harbor and English Bay, exclusive of their 6,000 acres, with all the frontages: so that the Coal Harbor people are helplessly in their grasp. Had the landowners at Port Moody given way, they would have secured the frontages the whole length of the Inlet, for the same penalty. We are strongly impressed with the idea that the syndicate the people of Coal Harbor have to deal with, does not comprise the whole of the members of the C.P.R. syndicate; that it is really the private speculation of some persons amongst whom are some members of the C.P.R. syndicate. We were told that a charter to enable these persons to construct a line down the margin of the Inlet, was applied for at Ottawa, but refused. We suspect they have sold all the lands at English Bay that they possibly can. The ship Chevy Chase has arrived with the turntables and iron roof for the roundhouses at Port Moody, and the moment these edifices are under construction, the Vancouver bubble will burst. That, however, by the way. We want the $250,000 penalty paid immediately, and the money laid out on the main land, to which it belongs Robson and Smithe, for their own purposes, gave away 6,000 acres of our land, and this penalty is all we will ever get for it. The moment the new cabinet meets, they should notify the syndicate that made the agreement with the local Government, to pay over the money; and having received the amount, the Reeves or principal inhabitants of each settlement in this district, should be consulted as to the manner in which the money can be best expended. Attempts will be made to avoid pressing the syndicate for the money, lest they decide to abandon Coal Harbor and English Bay altogether; but public duty must be performed if even a dozen or so of speculators should be ruined: they had no mercy on the Port Moody people.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

There is scarcely any fright more alarming to a mother than the ominous sound of croup—so liable at the hour of night. When Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam (for the throat and lungs) is at hand, croup and distressing coughs lose half their terrors. It cures coughs, asthma and bronchites.

William Keenan of Korah, Canada, writes to the Toronto *Globe* that he is the owner of one of the greatest wonders of the age. The wonder is a calf with a head on each end, four eyes, six legs, and two tails, all well formed. Mr. Keenan drops into poetry in describing the wonder, which, by the way, is dead and stuffed. This is the poem:

MARVELLOUS.

What a marvellous sight for nature to send,
This wonderful beast with a head on each end;
Never before was a thing of the kind
Seen with six legs and two tails behind.

NEW STORE.

D. DRYSDALE & CO.

HAVING BOUGHT THE STOCK OF THE

ESTATE OF TRAPP BROTHERS

At a VERY LOW FIGURE, we are offering these goods at EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES, as they must be sold this season. We have also added a large stock of

NEW GOODS,

Bought in the best markets, and we solicit an inspection of our stock.

D. DRYSDALE & CO.

Columbia Street, New Westminster.

New Time Table!

ON THE C. P. R.

On and after Monday, April 5th, trains east will leave Moody on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 4 a. m., arriving at Savona on same days at 8:25 p. m.

Trains west will leave Savona on Mondays and Fridays at 4 a. m., arriving at Moody on same days at 8:05 p. m.

GEO. F. KYLE,
General Superintendent.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

The Bavarian Cabinet has resigned.

Watson's spinning mills at Kidderminster, England, were burned recently. Loss $500,000.

The Panama Canal Committee examined three of the Ministers and M. Rousseau. They all urged the Government to sanction the proposed Panama Canal loan.

The Hudson Bay Company purpose erecting an elevator having a capacity of 50,000 bushels in connection with their mill at the mouth of the Assineboine. It is to be completed this fall.

H. M. S. *Undine*, which just arrived in Bsisbane from the New Hebrides, reports that no formal annexation of or protectorate over the New Hebrides had been proclaimed by the French when the *Undine* left those islands.

It is rumored in Paris that a suit will soon be brought against the ex-Empress Eugenie by a young lady who claims to be her daughter. The young lady is at present in a convent, and is said to be wonderfully like her proposed mamma.

A few days ago while a party of Italian railroad laborers were passing through Winchester, Canada, one of them undertook to rob a hen-roost: The owner ordered him off the premises, but the Italian drew a dirk and advanced. Whereupon the Canadian, who was carrying a gun, shot the Italian dead.

Emi Bey still holds the equatorial provinces of Egypt for the Khedive. While the African explorer Junker was visiting the King of Unyoro, the King of Uganda attacked and defeated the King of Unyoro. The latter and Junker escaped, the explorer losing all his collections, but saved his journals.

An express train on the Stuttgart and Berlin Railway ran into a local train recently demolishing the latter train and killing and wounding a large number of persons. So far nine persons are known to have been killed. None of the passengers on the express train was fatally hurt. As a result of the railroad colision at Wurzburg fourteen persons lost their lives, ten of whom were crushed beyond recognition.

In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Brice reproached Gen. Boulanger, Minister of War, for having purchased foreign oats for the use of the army. Gen. Boulanger replied that the supply of French oats were insufficient, and that foreign oats were cheaper and more suitable. The Chamber passed an order of the day declaring that the Government should henceforth give contracts to French farmers whenever it was possible to do so.

For two weeks printed documents have been circulated in the city of Mexico calling upon the people to take arms and overthrow the present Administration, and naming Gen. Negrete as Commander-in-Chief of the proposed revolutionary army. Gen Negrete has himself issued a circular, dated La Barca, to the same effect. The Government authorities say that Negrete is harmlessly insane upon the subject of revolutions, and that this is one of his periodical attacks.

Cavalry regiments in the Prussian army are being carefully drilled in the art of swimming their horses across rivers. At the word "dismount!" the soldiers divest themselves of their clothing, which, with their weapons, &c., is placed upon a raft, which is swiftly ferried across the river, while the men take the horses by the head with one hand and swim with the other. The feat is said to be performed with the utmost precision and rapidity, whole regiments crossing and recrossing in an astonishing short time.

WANTED

A

TEACHER

FOR THE

Port Moody Public School.

Not lower than a Second Class Certificate required.

Applications received up to July 20th.

R. B. KELLY,
Sec'y Board of Directors.

NOTICE.

Subdivision of Lot 233,
PORT MOODY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT all installments on Lots on the abovenamed property, must be paid in strict conformity with the stipulations, or the agreements will be cancelled, and the payments already made, forfeited.

New Westminster, Sept. 11, 1885

Wanted to purchase a

Lot on Clarke St., Port Moody,

between Douglas and Queen. Terms cash. Proposals in writing—stating price—on or before the 12th instant. Address

A. R. HOWSE,
Real Estate Broker,
New Westminster.

F. CRAKE,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

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

Opposite to Cunningham's Stores, on Columbia Street.

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

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

FINE AND COMPLICATED

Watches!

—AND—

JEWELRY.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

☞ Watches sent by mail or express attended to at once.

CITY BAKERY,

Next door to Coon's,
CLARKE STREET, - - PORT MOODY

FRESH BREAD

Pies, Cakes, &c., kept constantly on hand at the lowest CASH PRICES.

JAMES KIMBLE, Prop.

NOTICE.

CAPT. HUGHS,

Master of the

SHIP NEW YORK

Will not be responsible for any advance made to any of the crew without a written order from him.

RARE CHANCE.

A FULL SET OF

BAR FIXTURES

FOR SALE.

CHEAP FOR CASH

Formerly used in our Saloon at Yale.

ELLIOTT & McCOSKERY,

Elgin House, Port Moody.

Brick Clay for Sale

FOR SALE—FIVE ACRES OF FIRST class brick clay land, adjacent to C. P. Railway, about two miles from Port Moody. Sample and information can be obtained from

A. R. HOWSE,
Real Estate Broker,
Port Moody.

The Port Moody Gazette

...TERDAY.....JULY 17, 1886

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

...eodore Thain of Moodyville was here ...day.

...t. McAlister, pilot of Victoria, visited ...sday.

...Tays Bros. are doing well at the ...ing business.

...Teaser arrived, Monday, with freight ...r merchants.

...r one hundred passengers arrived by ...nday's train.

...*Daily Advertiser* (Vancouver) is a ...to the new town.

...t. Geo. V. Sinclair, *of Knights of* ...r celebrity, is in Port Moody.

...O. K. Strong, telegraph operator ...up the line, is stopping at the Elgin.

...the hotels, boarding houses, and ...rants are doing a thriving business.

...*Herald* (Vancouver) is in daily expec... of a new press and type from the east.

...Chas. Rhodes, paymaster for Mr. ...ook, came down from Yale, Monday.

...pecial with C.P.R.Co's., pay car and ...ster came down the line Monday 14 ...

...J. C. Armstrong was over here on the ...re of his brother, W. J., for the east, ...sday.

...W. Peters has commenced to saw ...s exclusively, with the Burr mill, ...Moody.

...carloads of machinery, including ...ables for engines, arrived here from ...t last week.

...engers generally are delighted with ...nery witnessed along the route ...gh British Columbia.

...Thos. White's wife and two daugh... ...ompanied him across the continent ...Province last week.

...t. Hughes secured a young black bear ...eek, and intends taking it with him ...return to England.

...Rankin, the energetic and popular host ...Palace Hotel, New Westminster, was ...g" our town, Thursday.

...W. J. Ferguson has been appointed ...ph operator and station agent at St. ...'s Mission by the C.P.R. Co.

...A. Hamilton and Trapp Bros., business ...f New Westminster, have been fre... visitors of the terminus this week.

...D. S. Curtis, general druggist, New ...minster, accompanied by his lady, ...d here *en route* to Victoria, Wednesday.

...and Mrs. Dashwood Jones returned ...t Moody from Savona on Monday, and ...nplate residing here for an indefinite ...

...A. J. Minor, machinest, left for Kam... Wednesday, where he expects to ...for a short period, having a contract ...the C.P.R.

...P. M. Literary Society have received ...Mayor McLean his grateful acknowl...nt for their contribution to the suffer... ...the Vancouver fire.

...W. N. Bole, the hero of the late po... ...campaign in the Royal City, accom...d by his lady and Mrs. Coulthard, was ...terminus last Saturday to enjoy the ...

...rs. McColl, attorney, New Westmin...r and Revising Officer of the poll list; ...P. Eckstein, Clerk, were here last ...day to give voters an opportunity to ...r.

...ough there has been an increase of ...ation of late, Trommer, the shoemaker, ...e trade in his line has not increased ...same ratio, too many of them prefer... ...wear moccasins.

...esday's west-bound train was de...three hours at Revelstoke, west cross... ...the Columbia River, on account of ...dres. The train west on the previous ...twelve hours late from the same ...

...se knowing the whereabouts of Pat... ...King, bridge carpenter near here in ...ll relieve a widowed mother's anxiety ...absent son, by communicating such ...ation to R. McDonald, Tonawanda, ...York.

...an was remanded before his worship ...Taylor, Esq., J. P., on Wednesday, ...charge of still refusing to obey the ...of his superiors on board ship New ...and was sentenced to twelve weeks' ...nment in New Westminster jail.

...Thos. White, who is engaged in re... ...the wharf, pulled up one of the old ...piles, and has placed it on exhibition ...wharf to show what utter destruction ...n done by the *teredo*. We under... ...Mr. H. Abbott sent a specimen to Mr. ...Van Horne, Montreal, for his inspec...

...executive committee of the P. M. ...League met in regular session last ...y night, and received the reports of ...eral sub-committees previously ap..., and discussed schemes of grave ...ce pertaining to the future. A gen...ting is appointed for to-night, when ...ndance, of not only members, but ...s generally, is desired.

...Elliott & McCoskery have assumed ...of the boarding and dining room ...ents of the Elgin House, Mr. and ...ding having retired from the man... ...The public may rest assured that ...ious high reputation of the house ...ally sustained by these gentlemen, ...tensive experience in the hotel busi... ...sufficient guarantee of their ability ...all reasonable expectation.

...able Armstrong let Representative... ...e have a glance of the interior of ...oop jail and court house last week, ...distinguished gentleman was unre... ...his denunciation of the meanness ...Government toward this place, and ...a purpose to see that hereafter at ...mall proportion of our dues, in the ...of appropriation, is properly granted. ...ding in question is a disgrace to the ...

...J. Shennan informs the *Gazette* that a ...his' trial of the Harrison Lake Hot ...has given the most satisfactory evi... ...their efficacy in the cure of erysip... ...being in that short space of time ...ly restored from a virulent attack ...disease. He further states that the ...on of the water of these springs is ...wonders on certain people thereat, ...afflicted with paralysis and other ...

...ancouver *Herald* man is a little "off ...ning" when he tells his readers that ...a of Port Moody could not relieve ...hing crowd on the 4th inst. One ...hotel hosts, who keeps the largest ...the place, says he could have fed ...hundred more than he did, and he ...all who went away with an unap...petite were some who were vainly ...r a two-bit meal, the houses in ...ly being all above mediocrity, and ...y accordingly—50 cents a meal.

...her evidence is wanting of the bad ...r cotempory opponents have es... ...than the notable fact of their hav...very occasion, both in season and ...son, studiously avoided the men... ...whatever circumstances, having a ...bearing toward Port Moody, and, ...e time, emphasizing in the strong... ...the imaginary objections conceived ...ile brains of men whose interests ...se to the place. As a point in ..., not one had the courage to report ...t's reply—relating to the termi... ...the occasion of the arrival of the ...train on the 4th inst.

Rev. Father Fay took passage from here on the east-bound train, Wednesday.

The bathing season is upon us, and the art is being well patronized by both sexes.

Dr. Brown, New Westminster, went on professional business to Agassiz, via Port Moody, Thursday.

Mr. Thos. White, *Moodyville*, has completed his contract of repairing the C.P.R., wharf, Port Moody.

Mr. D. B. Grant returned on the 11th from Victoria, where he had gone to select stock for his store.

Several trains of freight left Montreal for Port Moody during the past week, and may be expected to arrive here this month.

The prompt settlement of the C.P.R.Co., for the cattle killed and lost by the accident, Tuesday, is evidence of their business qualities.

Our post master, Mr. Grant, has been ill for a few days the past week. Dr. F. S. Hall of New Westminster was his attendant physician.

Mr. Gillis, railway station agent, Lytton, joined the benedicts last Sunday, and passed *down on Monday en route to Victoria* with his bride to spend the honeymoon by the seaside.

Ship New York, Capt. Hughes, will probably be discharged next week. She receives a cargo of coal at Nanaimo for "Frisco;" thence she will carry a cargo of wheat to Liverpool.

The "Metapedia," the private car of President Sir George Stevens, was attached to Wednesday's train, being occupied on the trip by Generals Sir John McNeal and Donald Steward, London, England.

Sheriff W. J. Armstrong, wife, and daughter left by Wednesday's train for Toronto to pay a visit to their old home, expecting to return in about three months. We wish them a pleasant trip and safe return.

Tom Paine Esq., President of the Georgia Sea Gull Company, called on his old friends here Tuesday eve. He is somewhat interested in the propogation of swine, having on hand at his ranch, Lulu Island, upward of 600.

Messrs. Cambie and Strong, engineers, H. Keefer and McFarland contractors were among the passengers on str. Princess Louise last Sunday. The str. Arrow Capt. Cox, makes occasional trips with freight and *passengers to and from this port.*

A sailor named Sullivan was brought before John Taylor Esq., J.P., on Tuesday, 10 o'clock, charged by Capt. Hughes of ship New York, with refusal to obey orders. The sentence of the Court was the forfeiture of six days wages, and an order to return to duty.

Elliott and McCoskery have fitted up their bar room at the Elgin house in an elegant style, having ornamented the walls with a good supply of fine engravings and added furniture to meet the requirements of their greatly increased trade since the operation of daily trains and boats.

THE CATASTROPHE AT BEAVER.

The east bound passenger train, engine 372, that left Port Moody 13 o'clock on the 7th inst. met with a serious mishap on the following day 19 o'clock at Beaver in the Selkirk mountains. There was considerable fire and a dense smoke for several miles along the line. The engineer, however, was informed by the section men that the train might get through by running at good speed, but the heat was so great from burning cordwood near the track that a rail was warped sufficiently to cause the engine to jump the track. In order to get it on the track again it was uncoupled from the tender, and in so doing the fireman, got his hands so badly burned as to necessitate his being subsequently taken to the hospital in Donald for surgical attendance. Mr. H. A. McLeod, engaged in the mail service on the train running between here and Calgary, in the heroic endeavor to rescue a mail sack, received painful wounds on both hands and feet, but he succeeded in his purpose, and remained on board of his car to Calgary and returned here Sunday 12 o'clock, proceeding to his home, New Westminster, where it is hoped, by good care, he may fully recover within a short period of time. Mr. McLeod speaks in terms of highest praise of C.P.R., officials for the unremitting care and attention they bestowed upon him. The tender of the engine and three cars—a first and a second class passenger car and mail car—were destroyed; the Pullman sleeper and engine being saved. The loss to the company is estimated at about $100,000.

DON'T LOOK LIKE IT.—The C.P.R.Co., have carpenters employed in fitting up commodious offices for freight clerks and the Dominion Express company. Do such movements look like change of the terminus?

THE NOVELTY COMBINATION.—A troupe entitled as above held forth in Clarke's Hall on the eve of the 8th inst. to a fair audience. The performance for the most part, consisted of some of the latest and most popular songs of the day, dramas, step dancing, &c. The "Living Half Lady," and the feats of the "Electric Lady," were features of the performance that alone were worth the price of admission; at least, such was the verdict of most in attendance.

DISAPPOINTED.—It is not to be wondered at that some coming to British Columbia will be disappointed. They usually expect too much. As an instance, we met a "downeaster," who had just come overland, the other day, and he was actually looking for the orange groves which he had heard something about. We referred him to a clump of Douglas firs, as coming nearest in resemblance to what he was inquiring about. We surmise he will return and curse the country because it was not as he expected to find it.

NOT AT ALL PROBABLE.—The report that this route by Burrard Inlet is likely to be abandoned for the Fraser river, connection with C.P.R., at Port Hammond, is only another of these wild rumors originating in the cranium of the purely theoretical class. We can assure any who have doubts on the question that there is no probability of such a thing occurring. The C.P.R.Co., must be given the credit of more business sagacity than to attempt such a suicidal policy. In the event of such a change Vancouver, the Company's pet town, would surely suffer to a greater extent in thus being cut off from commercial intercourse with the outside world than Port Moody.

GREAT FIRES IN THE INTERIOR.—All reports agree that extensive fires are raging along the line of the C.P.R., east of Kamloops, extending to the locality of Donald. The dry spell east of the Cascade mountains conduces to this end materially, and much loss to the company, it is predicted, is likely to accrue from this cause. There is, however, a more hopeful view to take of the matter, inasmuch as the vigilance of the company in guarding against such casualties will be of the strictest character, and, although some delays may result therefrom occasionally during the summer, there is no real ground for the apprehension of much serious difficulty from the above cause.

EASILY CURED

Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke St. Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. *Other treatments had been* tried in vain. Hagyard's Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

The secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade states that the Canadian Pacific authorities have conceded a reduction of fifteen per cent. off freight rates from Winnipeg to western points, the same reduction being also extended to leading towns west of that city.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

The Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior, arrived at Port Moody by train over the C.P.R. on the 9th inst., and was met by a delegation of our citizens, who presented him the following address:

Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior:

SIR,—We, on behalf of the Port Moody Progress League, and of the citizens of Port Moody generally, beg leave to extend to you a cordial welcome to our incipient town, upon this—as we understand—your first visit to the Pacific coast of the Dominion of Canada. Our natural surroundings present, as yet, much of the rudeness and ruggedness, which is, in some degree, characteristic of all towns in the course of being hewn out of the wilderness. But since the Dominion Government has wisely, as we deem, long since selected Port Moody as the terminus of the already famous Canadian Pacific railway, now only just opened for daily through traffic, and as the British Admiralty has selected upon its shores land reservations for a great naval yard and marine depots; and since, as you may perceive, it seems by nature formed for the site of a great city, we believe the time is not distant when we shall have no need to apologise for the rude appearance of our young town.

We hail your arrival amongst us with especial satisfaction, from the fact that you have recently become a member of the Canadian Cabinet as Minister of the Interior.

In that Department we are aware that there is a vast amount of work to be done, in which the mainland of British Columbia is especially interested.

We allude particularly to the matter of the claims of those who have settled, or as it is frequently expressed, "squatted" upon the lands held by the Dominion in this Province.

The grievances of these settlers have frequently been brought to the notice of the Dominion Government, but without producing any satisfactory result to the aggrieved parties. This is not the occasion upon which to dwell upon these grievances in detail. We will only venture to say that it is of immense importance to the welfare of British Columbia that the questions should be answered at the earliest possible moment, as to how, and when, and upon what terms, these settlers are to hold the lands they occupy, if they are to hold them at all. We further venture to say most respectfully, that the "Regulations for the disposal of Dominion lands within the railway belt in the Province of British Colambia," passed in Council in April and July, 1885, are wholly inapplicable to the circumstances of *this Province.*

We sincerely hope and trust that your visit to British Columbia will facilitate your dealing with the question of acquisition and tenure of Dominion lands with promptitude *and upon its merits. At the same time we* cordially wish that your visit to this Province may be as agreeable to yourself as we hope it will be profitable to us British Columbians as a community.

JOHN T. SCOTT,
Chairman of Committee;
JAMES A. CLARKE,
Pres. Progress League;
WM. ELSON,
Vice-Pres. Prog. League;
JOHN J. COWDUROY,
Treas. Progress League;
P. S. HAMILTON,
Sec'y Progress League.

Port Moody, July 9, 1886.

Mr. White thanked the citizens of Port Moody for the address presented him, which was utterly unexpected on his part, and he said that he hoped the people of Port *Moody would fully realize their expectations* with reference to the future of this place.

With reference to the Dominion lands in this Province, it was the chief object of his visit to so arrange matters before his return home, that those who had endured the hardships of clearing the track for civilization, incident to pioneer life, should be secured in all the rights and immunities to which, at the hands of the Government, they were justly entitled. *He further stated that he* had already arranged to meet a deputation of settlers of this neighborhood at New Westminster next week, and he confidently hoped that such an understanding might be *arrived at as would prove of mutual satisfac*tion to both the settlers in question and the Dominion Government.

The honorable gentleman made a very favorable impression upon all who listened *to his reply.* Messrs. J. A. R. Homer, M.P.; L. A. McLean, Mayor of Vancouver; "Winnipeg" Ross, Dr. LeFevre, Pickens of the Vancouver *Herald*, and many other prominent gentlemen from various parts of the country, were present. Mr. White departed for Victoria at 13 o'clock, by the str. Princess Louise.

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

Robert McCulloch, of Hamilton, Canada, got drunk and attacked his wife with a razor, slashing at her throat. Thinking he had killed her, he turned to her brother, crying: "I've killed her, and will be hung any way. I may as well kill you." But Murphy disarmed him, after having his hand cut frightfully, and McCulloch is in jail and his wife is getting well.

The brigantine Evangeline, Capt. English, at Halifax N.S. from Montego Bay had a narrow escape from Shipwreck on the passage. She sailed from Montego on June 4 for Inagua, where she was to load salt for Halifax. When beating to windward between Jamaica and Cuba she encountered a very violent gale, which lasted for three days, accompanied by fog and rain. The vessel lay to most of the time, and while in this position struck a reef on the south side of Cuba. The sea was running high, and commenced to break over the ship. The first sea which boarded her filled the cabin and Mrs. English was nearly drowned. The second sea drove the vessel further np on the reef, but this was quickly followed by another and heavier sea, which carried her off the rocks into deep water, where she made her escape.

We alluded lately to the rumour as to the real reason which induced the Russian police to summarily close a photographic studio on the Nevski Prospect some time since. It was discovered (so it is asserted) that the intention of the "artists" was to take, not the Czar's portrait so much as his life. Since then many curious details have reached this country, some of which have reference to the seizure of an infernal machine shaped exactly like a photographic camera. This diabolical apparatus was so constructed, it is said, that bombs could be fired through the tube, which could have been aimed at its victim on the pretext that the operator was focussing the so-called camera. The story, if true, is indeed a most unpleasant one, and it is to be hoped that the details are, after all, only the outcome of an ingeniously inventive correspondent's imagination. Once let it be understood that cameras posted on their tripods may be infernal machines in disguise, and the lot of the open-air photographer will certainly be far from a happy one, especially in Russia.—*Photographic News.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent).

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, 1886.

Congress has been wrestling with appropriation bills this week, hoping to hasten an adjournment, but that event is still far off. No matter how urgent their work, however, our lawmakers can always find time to stray off into irrelevant paths in the midst of any debate. No matter how important the question under consideration, not a day passes but that both legislative halls of the Capitol are scenes of undignified assaults of Members upon each other, partisan thrusts, and acrimonious personalities.

While looking down at the representatives of fifty-five millions of people, your correspondent is often grieved at the audacity and effrontery of legislators who turn from the mighty responsibility and pressure of public business to waste time over their own petty wrangles and personal animosities. The present week has been unusually prolific in quarrels of this kind, and in the revival of little feuds. One of the most ludicrous scenes took place between Congressmen Cabb and Laird. Hot words passed between them for several minutes, and flat contradictions and threats followed, when both jumped up threatningly, and each threatningly told the other that he had better not threaten.

And no matter how great the urgency of public business, Congressmen take time for a little pleasantry whenever an opportunity is presented. To-day the fun may be at the expense of one of the National Capital's monuments. To-morrow it may be a Cabinet officer who is placed in some ridiculous light. Yesterday it was the new Pension *building that was assailed with a battery of* ridicule. Representative Durham put it mildly by calling it an architectural monstrosity. Representative Rogers referred to it as a cross between a car stable and a union *depot. Mr. Seringer thought it was ugly* enough to be blown up with dynamite, while Mr. Cannon admired the structure very much and Mr. McMillan said he rather liked it.

Senator Ingalls of Kansas predicts that the Senate will undo some of the work recently done by the House, when that grave and august body gets a chance. He referred to the bill passed by the House, prohibiting *pool-selling, book-making, betting on sports,* elections or other events, and gambling of all kinds in the district of Columbia. There was a spirited debate in the House at the time. Representative Hemphill, of South Carolina, said that every State had a law of this kind, and as we were a Christian nation, the people of the District of Columbia should receive as much moral help as people elsewhere. Representative Adams, of New York, who undertook to point out the fatality of such laws, asked if they were not uniformly evaded in every State. The South Caralinian was not prepared to deny the allegation, bnt contended that the law was good, and that because people were bad enough to break it was no reason why it should not be made.

Representative Barbour, of Virginia, was also opposed to placing legislative restrictions upon horse-racing and other such pastimes. He held that it was of national importance, that we wanted to cultivate that noble animal—the horse. "But is this bill against horse-racing or against betting?" asked Mr. Weaver, of Iowa. "Oh, everybody knows," said Mr. Barbour, "that you can't keep up horse-racing without the interest that betting gives." But the House passed the bill against such sports, and that is the one Senator Ingalls says the Senate will kill when it comes before it. "We are inclined to be very wicked on the Senate side of the Capitol," said he, "and the Puritanical ideas that seek to take root in Washington will not be fostered much by our treatment." He holds that people have a right to do as they please with their money, but it is to be hoped that he is mistaken as to the sentiment of the Senate on this subject.

So many interesting and important events have occurred in Washington, and so many distinguished people have lived and died here, that it is at last suggested that houses and spots of historical interest be designated in some way. It is rather strange that the city fathers have not attended to this before. It would add greatly to the interest and pleasure of visitors to Washington if tablets were placed upon the walls of houses, similar to that marking the house into which Abraham Lincoln was borne to breathe his last. For instance: "On this spot George Washington built a house intended for his winter home;" "In this house died Henry Clay;" "The residence of Daniel Webster;" "The boarding house of Aaron Burr;" "In this house the assassin attempted the life of William H. Seward." There are a hundred spots of interest that might be marked in this way for the pleasure of visitors.

SEVENTEEN MEN KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.

A terrible elephant story comes from India. It appears that on the morning of April 8 last, while an elephant was being ridden by its keeper in the district of Sultanpore, in Oude, the animal resented "prodding" with a spear by pulling the man from his back and throwing him some distance away. Fortunately the man fell in a hollow, and remained there undiscovered by the elephant, who went to a neighboring village. There he chased an old man into a house, then broke down the walls, pulled the man out, and dashed him to pieces. The same night the elephant knocked down several houses in quest of human beings in the villages of Sadarpur, Bargaon, Jaisingpur. He killed six men in Bersoma, three in Sota, four in Gangeo, and four in Mardan. He likewise killed a bullock and a pony, and also completely destroyed a new carriage. The animal used to stand at the door of a house, force his entry by demolishing the walls on either side, and would then kill as many of the elephants as he could, pursuing others who tried to run away. He mangled the corpses terribly. After securing a victim he sometimes returned to the spot to see if life was extinct, and would commence mutilating the body afresh. He carried several bodies long distances and threw them into ravines, &c. The elephant found his way to the Dehra Rajah's place, where he tried to enter the house of a gardener; but some men, mounted on three elephants, assisted by spearmen, drove him off. He then returned to Bebipur, where he tried to break down his master's house, in which several persons had taken refuge. The police got into the house from a back-window, and were obliged to send for help to the Dehra Rajah, who sent three elephants and some spearmen. The animal received two gunshots on the head at Bebipur; which, however, only temporarily drove him off. He was ultimately captured, at imminent risk, by the Rajah's three elephants and men.—*St. James's Gazette.*

It has recently been demonstrated that in a perfectly moist air no formation of fog is possible, however much the temperature is lowered, so long as the air is absolutely free from dust, and that the more air, sufficiently moist, is charged with such foreign particles, the more intense is the formation of fog. If filtered and completely moist air in a glass ball have its pressure diminished, only a few particles of fog will reveal themselves to the most careful inspection. But if a few cubic millimeters of ordinary house air be now admitted into this filtered air, a very fine, silvery transparent fog at once forms itself, of such slight density that even in the case of a considerable area of it the atmosphere would be but very slightly affected. At the first moment of its formation, if a reflected image of the sun, or the reflected light of an electric, lamp, be viewed through it, the image will be seen surrounded by an intensely luminous blue or greenish light.

ELGIN HOUSE!

Port Moody, B. C.

This Hotel is the best and most conveniently located for travellers to and from the C. P. R. terminus, by either stage, steamboat, or railway, being the General Passenger Depot, and Headquarters for Business men visiting the new City.

The Telephone Office is located in the House, giving guests the advantage of speaking with friends at either New Westminster, Hastings, or Vancouver.

The Table is equal to the best on the Mainland.

The Parlors and Bed-rooms are neatly furnished and well ventilated.

The Bar-room is large, and supplied with Card, Pool and Billiard Tables, and the leading Local, Canadian and American Newspapers for the entertainment and instruction of Guests.

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

The Public may rely on receiving every Courtesy and Attention from the undersigned at most REASONABLE RATES.

ELLIOTT & McCOSKERY,
Proprietors.

The Delmonico Hotel

(FORMERLY CALLED THE THE WINNIPEG HOUSE)

COR. CLARK AND KYLE STREETS, PORT MOODY.

THIS HOUSE, JUST COMPLETED, IS THREE STORIES IN height, is hard finished throughout; has a Bar well stocked at all times with a good selection of the choicest

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

The Gentlemen's Sitting Room is a model of neatness and comfort, where will be found, for the use of guests, the Canadian, American and local newspapers. The Ladies Parlor is elegantly furnished. The Dining Room is large and handsome, and the tables will always be supplied with the

The Best in the Market.

The House has the capacity for the accommodation of 50 guests, having over 20 rooms furnished with

First-class Spring Beds and Bedding
and Fire Escape from each room,

and has a commanding view of the beautiful harbor. The House will be conducted on first-class principles at MODERATE RATES.

Patrons may rely on receiving every possible attention from the proprietor and his attendants.

T. LEVI, PROPRIETOR

CALEDONIA HOTEL,

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 & 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.

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.

PORT MOODY MARKET.

Pioneer Market of Port Moody.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FRESH AND SALT WATER

FISH,

Vegetables, Fruit, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c.

General Shipping and Commission Merchants. Orders from the Interior Promptly Attended to.

C. S. WINDSOR & CO.

☞REMEMBER THE STAND—Two Doors West of the Caledonia Hotel.

DIRECT IMPORTATION.

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 and Dublin Stout,

WHICH HE WILL SUPPLY

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

PIONEER
Boot and Shoe Store

QUEEN STREET,
PORT MOODY, B. C.

THE UNDERSIGNED, successor to the late W. C. White, is now thoroughly established at the Terminus, and, having devoted his life to his trade, is prepared to supply the public with the best work in his line to be had in the province.

LOUIS TROMMER

SHINGLES, SHINGLES!

Five hundred thousand shingles for sale, at prices never before heard of in British Columbia.

Send for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Address all orders to
WM. F. PETERS,
Port Moody, B. C

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY.....JULY 17, 1886

THE HAND LOOM.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

In the manufacturing district of the West Riding of Yorkshire the hand loom will soon be as rare as is now the spinning wheel or the "tummer." Not often, in these days, is heard through the open cottage door the click-clack of the shuttle and the rattle of the "yelds," or the soft thud of the beam closing up the weft. Seldom will the traveller in the dark afternoons and long evenings of winter be puzzled by the quick and regular glancing of candle gleam through the blindless casements, as the two and fro motion of the weaver's beam alternately hides and reveals the light within, reminding the beholder of the revolving ray of a lighthouse in its sudden appearing and disappearing, except that the alternation is much more rapid. In the former times, when, with the dark days of winter, "waking and water porridge" began—a local phrase which expresses more than can be concisely explained—on many a hillside there might be seen these lights of the loom flashing and fading in quick exchange like the dancing of Jack o' Lanterns in the valley below; here for a few moments a steady gleam, while the weaver refilled his shuttle or "took up" a broken thread, and then again the quick exchange of gloom and gleam. Nowadays we do not, without some surprise, meet man or woman, lad or lass, with the donkey, "going a-bunting;" which to the uninitiated, may be explained simply as carrying to the weaver's home the warp and weft to be woven, and again carrying back the complete piece of cloth. Very, very rarely is a man or woman seen with the leather strap across the forehead, and the huge burden—bigger far and heavier than any illustrator has ever ventured to place on the poor Pilgrim's back—weighting the step and bending the back.

Now, there is quickly growing up a generation quite strange to the sounds and sights which were as familiar as the day and night a few years ago in the hamlets and villages of the West Riding. That was the age of the hand loom weaver. The period has left its mark on the humble architecture of the district. For the hand loom weavers were built those curious dwellings with the whole upper story one long line of windows, separated by narrow stone mullions, so arranged for the purpose of affording the most light for the weaver's task. These buildings mark a period in the industrial development of the woollen trade distinct—and may I not add, as interesting—as any change in Gothic architecture, marked by transition from round to lancet, or from lancet to geometric windows. There are no such houses built now, and it is long since the building of them ceased. Their place is taken by huge weaving sheds, filled with the rattle of scores of the loud roaring power looms. The hand loom weaver himself is becoming extinct, and only in out-of-the-way places is he to be met with; many a room which has been filled with the sound of the loom and the cheery song of the worker, with his wife whirling the wheel and rocking the cradle near by, now is silent and desolate—a place of lumber, and inhabited by rats. Not without suffering has the old industry perished, not without leaving scars has the grievous breach of continuity been healed over. Surely there are few objects more pathetic than the last lingering survivors of a vanished race, whose comrades have all perished in the struggles for existence, where the battle is for the strong, and the fittest—not necessarily, alas! the best—survive.

Let me take the reader with me, and I will guide him to one who might well be taken as the last of the hand loom weavers. Perhaps the journey itself may not be without its teachings. We must leave the railway far behind, and from the busy town we will follow the high road, no turnpike now, though once a main coach road between Lancashire, up the long ascents, broken, by short reliefs of down hill, till we come nearly to the borders of the moors which stretch from the Cheviots to the Peak, forming the sturdy "Backbone." Then we leave the high road and descend by a steep by-way into a deep valley, which slopes evenly down to the brook in the bottom. The hillsides are cultivated and cut up by the stone fences into little enclosures of grass land, and here and there a farm steading. The valley is filled with a silence that is strange and almost oppressive to one accustomed to hear the hum of the mill wheels, or the rumble and shriek of the railway train; you can even hear the murmur of the water in the brook. Not in this lonely dale dwells modern industrialism. At the bottom of the valley across the brook is a paper mill, disused and quiet now; a Chancery injunction killed the intruder. Here we betake ourselves to a footpath leading up the brook. Soon we pass the site of a fine old hall, the scattered stones of which tell of the building that once stood there. A foolish speculator pulled it down, that he might build himself a finer mansion; but ere his plans were carried out his riches left him, and his work stands a sample of many another enterprise; the old has been destroyed for the sake of the new, and the new has been left incomplete, an ugly blotch, to be turned to such base uses as necessity might determine.

As we go further up the valley, we pass several small, old-fashioned mills, used in the days of hand loom weaving for spinning the warp and weft and fulling the cloth. The machinery is still there, but it is many years since there was any work for it, and the buildings are falling to ruin; the stream still flows by, but no longer labors for man; the big water-wheels are motionless, the mill-dams are partly silted up, and under the bushes at the side lurk some fine trout which an angler would esteem it privilege merely to try for. In addition to these deserted but not desolate homes of the industry of the past, we come to a more painful illustration of the tide that in its ebb leaves men wrecked and ruined; high on the valley side rises a huge pile of building—a modern mill, six stories high—but in the window openings are no windows, except in the two top stories; the floors have been laid; the foundation of the chimney and engine-bed have been laid, but are not built upon. It is a huge wreck, and for twenty years has remained untouched. This place was built chiefly by the savings of industrious farmers and weavers of the neighborhood, who hoped to provide a permanent source of employment and profit in their midst; they began to build, but were not able to finish. So the mill stood, and will stand for years to come, till wind and rain and frost tear to pieces what man foolishly and blindly put together. Food for reflection here, enough for half a day's moralizing!

We shall never get to our weaver unless we quicken our step, and leave much unnoted. The eye will quickly take note of the long, straight valley, gradually narrowing as it rises, and finally closed in at the upper end by the dark moorland. It needs, too, but little power of observation to perceive that many of the farm houses are unoccupied, that the fields are badly cultivated, and not always free from bushes and brambles. You will begin to wonder if this is indeed the busy West Riding, the thriving, overcrowded West Riding. You will find it difficult to realize that hardly five miles away is one of the chief centres of the woollen industry, a town which boasts that it has suffered less from bad trade than any other in Yorkshire. It is depressing to see these significant marks of poverty, the unmistakable tokens that here the waste is invading the cultivated field. Is it not that here we get a glimpse of the reverse side of modern progress? Does it not suggest the doubt that possibly progress may imply retrogression? At last we approach the head of the valley; right across it is a large embankment forming a reserve of water for the use of the mills down the valley. Above this reservoir is no cultivation; all is heather-clad moorland, beautiful with its own peculiar and indescribable charm, cleft into gullies down which pour the winter rains, and which the summer sun fills with ever varying light and shade.

There, on the right, on the very edge of the moor, is a farmstead; a barn and cow-house at the upper end, the farmhouse in the middle, and a cottage at the nearer end—all in one line and under a continuous roof. Let us see what people live here at the extremity of civilization. As we approach the cottage we hear the click of the loom. Here, then, is my hand loom weaver; look in at the window and watch him a little while before we enter. Yes, he is at work; one hand with the shuttle, the other on the beam, and his feet working the "treddles;" we look for a moment or two; the work is of the coarsest and simplest kind, and the loom goes slowly.

We turn from the loom to the weaver. What an old man! he hardly seems strong enough for his task! His face is very worn, but utterly patient; and, as he slowly pushes the beam backward and forward, it is as if his thought were in some distant past, so far back that it is neither pain nor joy to recall it. A most gentle and pathetic face; if we look long, we shall scarce refrain from tears. We will enter; he does not hear our knock, so we open the door and go in. The poor old man starts and his face changes—he is half alarmed, half suspicious, at the entrance of strangers, who seldom, indeed, cross his threshold. A few friendly words reassure him, and he will have us be seated, though there is nothing better than a broken chair and a stool to sit upon. As we glance around, we hardly need to be told that he lives alone. There are no marks of woman's careful handiwork, and we miss the cleanliness which makes even poverty less poor—no wife nor child of his could leave the poor room quite so forlorn. He tells us that a widow woman and her daughter come in to clean for him sometimes, but he generally does everything for himself. He is eighty-four years old, but has no pay from the parish. He makes all his living himself by his loom. It takes him a long time to finish a warp, and he has to carry it four miles when he has finished it. If the warp is a good one, and he can keep regularly at work, he can earn about 4s. per week, but he does not average that. Sometimes in bad weather he cannot get out at all, and he is very badly off then. He lives mostly on water porridge and milk. All this he tells us in answer to questions. He has none of the garrulity of old age. He shows hardly a gleam of interest as he speaks; utters no word of complaint. As we cease to question, his face settles again into the same wintry calm that we saw as he bent over the loom at his work. Presently a smile comes into his face, but it neither breaks the calm nor thaws the winter expression, like a glint of sunshine through a rift in snow-laden clouds falling upon snow-covered hills, as he says: "It is not for long, and God has always made a way for me." The old man has faith in God; in his poverty, that is his sole but sufficient possession. I recall to mind my thoughts on another visit. When I entered the cottage the old man was in the "left" above the stairs, and he was talking aloud as if to some one he knew well and trusted; the words fell with far greater freedom and readiness than I had ever heard from him before; a feeling of awe, and a consciousness of being an intruder, irresistibly came over me as I perceived that he spoke to God.

I do not know this old man's history, nor by what changes and chances he had been left thus solitary after eighty-four years of struggle and striving. For the few years that are left, what will be his lot? When the aged limbs refuse to work, what remains for the poor hand loom weaver? Will he die alone in his cottage, or will he be taken into the workhouse, to drag out a few weary days in a crowd that is more lonely than solitude? Who knows? Who cares? He should have left his hand loom for the power loom, he should have left the deserted valley and migrated to some more thriving district; he stuck to a failing industry, and as the industry has slowly perished, so have his means of life diminished; he should have transferred his skill to some more profitable employment, he would not then have needed our compassion or our sympathy. Perhaps he might and ought to have been more far seeing; but surely it is no waste of pity to feel the sorrows and hardships of these victims of the changes that have come over the woollen trade. Few are now the hand loom weavers, and year by year the number rapidly decreases. If he live to weave the warp woof for but a few more years, the lone dweller by the moorside may be literally the last of the hand loom weavers.

ICE PERILS ON THE OCEAN.

The reports received during the last ten days of May indicate that unusually large bodies of field ice and numerous icebergs are moving south along the eastern edge of the Grand Banks, and although the trans-Atlantic passenger steamers have been exempt from accident thus far this season. They may expect to encounter dangerous ice if they continue to cross longitude 50o north of latitude 41o.

A report from St. Johns, N. F., states that the steamship Nova Scotian reports a belt of Arctic ice, nearly 200 miles wide, eastward of Newfoundland, and the mail steamer Plover, from the extreme north of Newfoundland, reports the heaviest body of Arctic ice within its experience, drifting southward toward the track of steamers. Icebergs among the floes can be counted by hundreds.

The steamship Bonavista, from St. Johns, May 14, reports never saw icebergs so numerous between St. Johns ond Cape St. Mary's,

The British steamship Miranda reports that, between St. Johns and Cape Race, counted 113 icebergs and as many more between Cape Race and Cape St, Mary's.

An earlier southern movement of the bergs was probably prevented by their being frozen in with large fields of floe ice, but both have now appeared in the track of commerce in usual quant, and a number of vessels have suffered from coming in contact with them.

The following vessels have been reported as injured by ice: British steamship Palestins, three plater stove at water line and fore peak flooded, unknown abandoned schooner passed in field of ice—evidently full of water; British steamship Panther, shaft broken; British steamship Falcon, shaft broken: British steamship Advance, bow plates stove: British steamship Bonavista, propeller broken; British steamship Siberian, bow slightly damaged; Norwegian schooner Vistory, lost part of stem: an unknown abonded bark, seen in ice— next morning had disappeared— supposed to have sunk: British brig Elizabeth McLea, bows crushed and stove in.

FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE.

Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

Holloway's Pills are the medicine most in repute for curing the multifarious maladies which attack humanity, when wet and cold weather gives place to more genial temperatures. In short, these Pills afford relief, if they fail of being an absolute remedy in all the disturbances of circulation, digestion, and nervous energy, which at times oppress a vast portion of the population. Under the wholesome, purifying, and strengthening powers exerted by these excellent Pills, the tongue becomes clean, the appetite improves, digestion is quickened, and assimilation rendered perfect. Holloway's medicine possesses the highly estimable property of cleansing the whole mass of blood, which, in its renovated condition, carries purity, strength, and vigor to every tissue of the body.

OF GREAT AID TO MARINERS.

THE USE OF OIL TO LESSEN THE EFFECT TO HEAVY SEAS—SUCCESSFUL HESTS.

The evidence of the value of oil for this purpose continues to be of the most satisfactory nature, and fully justified the policy of the Hydrographic Office disseminating the facts as widely as possible. The use of mineral oil is not recommended, while the importance of carrying a supply of animal or vegetable oil, to be used in emergencies, cannot be overrated.

Capt. Boutcher of the English steamer Mentmore reports that, on his passage from Baltimore to Liverpool, he experienced heavy gales from the northwest, attended with very heavy seas. As the ship had a deck load of cattle and there was imminent danger of some of the cattle being washed overboard, he placed two oil bags, filled with fish oil, at each end of the foreyard. The oil being left astern, effectually prevented the sea from breaking aboard the ship, and, in the Captain's estimation, saved a number of the cattle from being lost, the seas being so heavy that, had it not been for the oil bags, the decks would have undoubtedly been swept, Capt. Boutcher states that he was induced to use the oil bags by reading the reports as published on the monty charts.

Capt. Wass of the brig Morancy, while on a voyage from Rockport, Me., to Port au Prince Hayti encountered a hurricane from southwest to northwest, accompanied by a tremendous sea, which washed his deck load overboard, tore the tarpaulins from the hatches, smashed the cabin windows, swept away every movable thing about the deck overboad, and did other damage. Finding two feet of water in the hold, and seeing his ship was treatened with destruction, the Captain determined to use oil. The vessel was hove to under storm trysail. A small canvas bag filled with shadings, saturated with boiled linseed oil, was hung at the weather cathead; a swab saturated with kerosene and boiled linseed oil was suspended over the side, abreast the main rigging; two oil kegs, filled with kerosene, were lashed on the rail, abreast the fore rigging, and on the weather quarter, and the faucets turned so that the oil ran over the side very slowly. The effet was seen very soon in the perceptible smoothing of the previously breaking seas. The oil slick extended at 200 yards to windward of the vessel, and scarcely a drop of water came on board after the use of oil was begun. There were used during the gale five gallons boiled linseed, and three gallons kerosene oil. The length of time during which the oil was in use is not stated. Capt. Wass is a firm believer in the oil theory, and never goes to sea without a supply.

Capt. Davis, master of the bark Jas. H. Borland, in an interview stated that, on his last voyage from South America to New York, during heavy gales, with mountainous sea running, he used oil to quiet the waters of Feb. 26, March 1, and March 3, 1886. He used four bags of oil, and from each main channel, with short lanyards attached, allowing the bags to dip in the water at each roll of the vessel. He made the experiment both running before the wind and sea, and hove-to, and in each case found the oil to take the combers off the sea and prevent the water from breaking on board. He says that when running before a heavy sea a vessel yaws a couple of points, and that when she does so the seas sometimes break on board over the opposite quarter, unless some method is found to rig the bags out so that the oil will cover a sufficiently wide space astern to prevent this. He recommends rigging spars out over the bows lashed to the catheads, if they can be made strong enough, and hanging the bags to these so that the oil will spread over a surface twice the greatest beam of the ship. Bags hung from the fore yardarm would not do, as the wind would blow them inboard; the lanyards must be short, and the bags weighted to prevent the wind dashing them against the ship's side and blowing the oil on board. Capt. Davis used linseed oil; and, when all that was gone, he used common varnish. The oil had the desired effect, but the varnish was too thick, and did not answer the purpose. One gallon of oil per hour was used for the four bags while running, and a less quantity would be required when hove to. Iron davits would be the proper thing from which to hang the bags. Vessels should be fitted, and oil carried for this purpose, and not wait for a gale of wind and the seas to break on boad before commencing to make preparations.

Capt. McGregor of the English steamer Albanno reports to this office that he used oil on his last passage from Baltimore to Dublin. Experienced very heavy gales and seas from westward in latitude 44° 10' N., longitude 29° 12' W. Placed two oil bags astern, filled with linseed oil and oakum. Previous to placing the bags over the stern had taken heavy seas aboard, flooding the decks, but after towing the bags no more water came aboard. The gale lasted three days, with very heavy seas, but, owing to the oil, ran quite easily and took no water. Used about seven gallons of oil altogether. —*U. S. Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean.*

ROOT AND BRANCH WORK.

CURE, NOT MERE ALLEVIATION.

Assuming, and rightly it would seem, that the *principle* of disease is the same in all cases, the celebrated HOLLOWAY, a man of great attainments, succeeded many years ago in producing two remedies suitable to the relief and cure of most diseases to which human nature is liable. Their popularity is immense, and we question whether the distinguished inventor has a richer harvest field than Australasia within the world wide circuit of his business operations. The Pills and Ointment are household remedies wherever permanent dwellings exist, and few of the tents of the roving adventurers in pursuit of wealth from the bowels of the earth are unfurnished with them. The singular adaptation of the Pills to all constitutions, as well as all disorders, is one of their most valuable properties. In all complaints and difficulties special to the feebler sex, they seem to exercise the happiest influence. In the two great crises of life, the dawn of womanhood, and the epoch which marks the point between maturity and decline, they have proved invaluable to women in every clime and country. Females, from the tenderness with which they are usually brought up, from the peculiarities of dress which fashion has forced upon them, from their delicate and sensitive organization, and the position they occupy as the immediate perpetuators of the race, are subject to ailments from which men are exempt, and it is indeed fortunate for the sex that a medicine which meets their wants and debilities has been given to the world. With Holloway's Pills and Ointment always at hand in her closet, every woman can be her own physician, and the physician of her husband and children, if she have any, as well. No need of running for the doctor or besieging the drug stores; she has the whole pharmacopœia, or rather something infinitely better than the whole pharmacopœia, in a nutshell. She can hold between her finger and thumb the talisman that will cure many disorders. We are not surprised that Holloway's remedies are popular with women of all ages, for they have proved their efficacy in the home circle, and know from observation and experiment their inestimable worth.—*The Sentinel.*

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all secretions.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

We clip the following from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, as showing how the great Canadian Pacific is regarded from an American standpoint:

Now has come the time to verify the predictions of the builders of the Canadian Pacific. They have spent the spring in repairing and strengthening bridges, ballasting, grading cuts, improving trestles and mending embankments against next winter's snowfall, and last week the first trial trip of a fast through train from Montreal to Port Moody took place. The results will be reported by telegraph.

It will not do to sneer at this enterprise, the distance by the Canadian Pacific from the Pacific coast to Montreal, which is in longitude 73 degrees, is about the same as the distance by the Central and Union Pacific and their connections from that coast to Pittsburg, which is in 80, degrees the figures being as follows:

From San Francisco to Pittsburg via Ogden.....2888 miles.
From Port Moody to Montreal by Canadian Pacific.....2895 miles.

Thus in this section of the transcontinental journey the Canadian route gains 7 degrees of longitude over the American route. But this is not all. At Montreal passengers and freight by the Canadian Pacific strike ocean steamers which carry them by a voyage of 3043 miles to Liverpool, whereas passengers and freight by the Pacific railroads running through Ogden, when they reach Pittsburg, are still 444 miles from ocean steamers at New York, and then they have a voyage of 3430 miles before they reach Liverpool. If the Canadian steamers plying between Montreal and Liverpool were as swift as the steamers plying between New York and Liverpool, passengers by the Conadian route would beat passengers by the American route not less than three days. This is no small consideration.

It is of course to be borne in mind that real competition can only be conducted by the Canadian line during five or six months of the year. Before May 15th and after October 15th the ice renders the navigation of the Saint Lawerence somewhat hazardous, and travelers, as a rule, do not court dangers which they can avoid. But in winter they can take the Grand Trunk at Montreal and reach Portland, which is 260 miles nearer Liverpool than New York, and the Portland route is never closed by ice. Of course, this does not obviate the dangers of interruption by snowslides and other winter accidents on the land journey. In that portion of Ontario which lies north of Lake Superior, in parts of Manitoba and in those parts of Assiniboia and Alberta which the Canadian Pacific traverses, the snow sometimes lies forty feet deep, and our fiercest blizzards are known to come from Assiniboia. Railroading throughout such a country cannot be but extra hazardous. Still, the Denver and Rio Grande manages to run trains in the mountains of Colorado, where there is as much snow and as much cold, and the Grand Trunk and the Northern Pacific have overcome obstacles as formidable.

If ever the Canadian Pacific people put on a line of steamers from Port Moody to China and Japan it will behoove our transportation line's to look out. The traffic to support the Canadian Pacific must come from Asia. It was in view of this that the Government of the Dominion was slow to grant the demand of British Columbians for a Chinese exclusion Act. It was well understood at Ottawa when the present restriction Act was passed that it would probably have to be repealed before a contract could be made for a line of steamers from Port Moody to Hongkong; and it was an open secret that when the door was thrown open for the importation of Chinamen, who would come with the expectation of filtering through the border into this country, the steamer would make so much money out of steerage passages that they could afford to compete to advantage with the Pacific Mail and the Oriental and Occidental lines in the tea business. These are matters which will bear thinking over.

A TERRIBLE BLUNDER.

"The Metropollyten Boerd of Works having got to hopen a new Bridge down at Putney, witch they has bin ever so many years a bilding on, naterally asked the good and Poplar Prince of Whales, for to cum and hopen it for'em, and to ask his bootiful Princess for to cum with him, so as to make sure of one brite sunbeam to light all the place up. And with that remarkabel kindness as so extinguishes'em both sed as how the'yd cum. So far so good. And there was lots of flags and lots of Tents, and lots of flowers, and Bands, and gards of honner, and setterer, and the usual speeches. So far so good. And then there was a hawful paws, and everybody looked preshus cold and hungry, for there was a bitter North-Easter a blowing, and then the hawful shock bust upon'em all, that there wasn't not no wittles, no not ewen a glass of wine to drink good elth to the new Bridge! And so the Prince and Princess got into into their carridge and drove away. And all the rest of the Cumpany did the same, all looking werry cold, and werry hungry, and werry disappinted. And this the pore Metropollytan Boerd of Works thinks is about the rite way for to hopen a new Bridge, poor fellers. But as they're ony about thirty years old, there's of coarse ewery hegscuse for'em, but they'll know better when they gets a little older, if they lives as long. Well, if that wass all, I don't think as how I shood ha' cared to ha' trubbled myself about it."—"Robert," in *Punch.*

THE WANTS OF A MODERATE MAN.

He said he had no wish to be opulent, with a bank book rotund, and distended, and corpulent; but he didn't wish to live like the primitive Quakers, or butchers or bakers, or candlestick makers, but in a fine brown-stone surrounded by statues, and set in a lawn of some forty-seven acres.

Applause for dear clothing was not worth the winning, he desired no wardrobe of purple and linen; but he didn't wish to go attired like a sailor, or dress in a uniform suit like a jailer, and all that he wished was some two dozen changes made up in good style by a fashionable tailor.

He wished no rich viands to gladden his peptics, or to coddle his stomach like chronic dyspeptics; but he wished a cuisine and a French cook to cater, a professed expert, no commonplace waiter, no statuesque, boarding house, imbecile bungler to scatter his chaos of pie and potato.

He wished no small army of liveried dependents, no uniformd lackeys and cringing attendants; but he didn't wish to live like a hermit or miser; but in plentiful leisure as better and wiser; and some twenty servants and forty good waiters would make life worth living for him and Eliza.—*Lynn Union.*

A GOLDEN OPINION.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagyards Yellow Oil is the best household emedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful, complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co. N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to set up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a leather bed which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Blanquiere's proposal to abolish the use of titles of nobility was rejected by 242 to 216.

Reports from the English hop growing districts concur in pronouncing the prospects for crop growing in Kent favorable and for that near Canterbury "never better."

Young men believe in nothing nowaday." said Mrs, Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an Aerostic."—*Punch,*

A correspondent at St. Stephens, N.B., says that business at that port shows considerable improvement. A good deal of building is going on, and a system of waterworks is being laid in the town.

The operation of the divorce law in France has forced Alexander Dumas to repudiate his far-famed murderous advice to injured husbands. *Tuela!* is expelled by *divorce la!* and the ladies are happy.

As a shipping port Cardiff is far ahead of all others in the Bristol Channel, and, in fact, ranks as the third port in the United Kingdom. She is the first port in the world in the coal trade, having shipped 9,600,000 tons in 1885.

A bridge of concrete, thirty feet in span with a roadway thirteen feet wide, and capable of supporting safely a load of 300 tons, was recently built in Switzerland in a single day. Two months' time was allowed for the complete hardening of the concrete, after which time heavy traffic began without apparent injury to the structure.

Mrs. Rosaline Megalen, an Irish Lady, was seized by a number of ruffians on the outskirts of Vincennes, dragged into a piece of woods, gagged, bound and ill-treated. The fiends then set her clothes on fire and left her. When discovered the lady was in a dying condition. Nine men have been arrested as perpetrators of the outrage.

The steamer *Germanic*, had on board two fishermen named Olsen and Brown, who were picked up at sea on June 20th. The men were drifting in a dory. They belonged to the schooner *Baxter*, of Gloucester; and became separated from their vessel during a fog, and had been driven out to sea in a gale. Before their rescue the men had been drifting three days and nights, and had suffered terribly from hunger, thirst and exposure.

SO SORRY.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a new bonnet, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you'll pay for the bonnet, sir," she said.

"I've twenty dollars, my pretty maid,"
"I'm afraid you can't go, then, sir," She said.

—*Palmer Journal*

LOVE DELUDED.

A lover placed a golden ring
Upon his lady's hand,
"Dearest!" he vowed, "my love for thee
Endless till time doth end shall be!
'Tis like this golden band."

Time sped. The lover faithless proved;
No more fond words he spoke.
Another pressed his lady's hand,
He squeezed too tight one evening, and
The golden circlet broke.

"Ha! ha!" the maiden cried in scorn,
"The ring is like his love!
The end has come and he has gone,
But never mind, the thing I'll pawn;
'Twill pay for one new glove."

But lack-a-day! her fair intent,
It never came to pass;
Loud laughed old Isaacs when she came,
"Wha-at! geef five tollar for that same?"
The ring was gilded brass.

—*Somerville Journal.*

DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA.

The most interesting among new British consular reports on the trade of China is said to be that of Mr. Clement Allen on the trade of Pakhoi. It appears that Pakhoi is the gateway to the southwest provinces of China. Despite the natural disadvantages of the province of Kwang-si in which Pakhoi is situated, Mr. Allen shows that the increase in the imports of cotton and woolen goods last year at Pakhoi was very remarkable. Thus, of shirtings 24,361 pieces were taken, against only 249 pieces in 1884, and 163 pieces in 1883, and of cambrics and muslins, 12,491 pieces, against 5,012 pieces in 1884, and 2,310 pieces in 1883. The imports of yarn were actually doubled, while the imports of raw cotton declined. Silk goods were imported to the value of £12,381, against a declared value of only £1,043 in 1884. This, says Mr. Allen, is the more remarkable as the rice crops of the province were destroyed by destructive floods, and the people were obliged to import unusually large quantities of this foodstuff. It is said that the war with France has been of service to China in a political sense, as it has roused the patriotism of her people and led to a dilligent attention to business and an increased understanding of international courtesies.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS SUFFERING.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton, was cured of scrofulous abscesses that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the blood.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed her rheumatism cured. There are base imitaions of this medicine for sale; see that you get Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

RESTLESSNESS, MORBID ANXIETY, and a fretful disposition, are usually met with in the dyspeptic. These mental *indicia* show how close is the connection between brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success. It also remedies Biliousness, Constipation, and Impurity of the Blood.

PORT MOODY Saw Mill.

THE BUSINESS OF THE ABOVE Saw Mill in future will be carried on by the undersigned. All descriptions of Rough, Dresssed, and

Building Lumber

Furnished cheap for cash. Orders delivered anywhere on Burrard Inlet, Fraser River, or up the C. P. R. line.

BE SURE AND SEND FOR PRICES before purchasing elsewhere.

Address

W. C. McDOUGALL.

Port Moody, Dec. 17, 1885.

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 incident 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, 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 Medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in a most every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa, Hence, in all throughout the British Possessions who 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.

P. S. HAMILTON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY, REAL ESTATE AGENT AND CONVEYANCER,

Murray Street, - - Port Moody

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE IN every section of Port Moody. Also Suburban Lots, by the Acre, immediately adjacent to the Port Moody surveyed Townsite.

Lands for sale on the North side of, and having water frontage on, Port Moody Harbor, finely situated and exceedingly valuable.

Also, Farm Lands of superior quality and on favorable terms, in New Westminster District.

Carefully prepared Maps and Plans exhibited, and the fullest information furnished, at Mr. Hamilton's office

RARE CHANCE

—FOR—

ENTERPRISE.

—o—

To Brickmakers, Woolen Manufacturers and others.

—o—

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

For particulars apply at

m22 THIS OFFICE.

PORT MOODY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ANNAND, GEO.	Propr. Pacific Hotel
ARMSTRONG & BURR,	Lumber Merchants
BRETT, JAMES,	Baker
COON, C. E.,	Druggist and Telegraph
CLARKE, J. A.,	Real Estate
FALES & Co.,	Gen'l. Merch.
GRANT, D. B.,	" "
HAMILTON, P. S.,	Barrister & Real Estate M. D.
HESLOP, M.,	" "
INSLEY, WM.,	Propr. Elgin House
KILBY, E.,	Contractor
KELLY, R. B.,	Propr. Caledonian Hotel
LANGIS, H. E.,	M. D.
MENNIE, A.,	Lumber Agent
MURCHIE, —,	Groceries & Crockery
NELSON, F. F.,	London House
TIFFIN, J. B.,	Shingle Manufactory
VanVolkenburgh Bros.,	Meat Market
TROMMER, LOUIS	Shoe Store
WISE, JOS.,	Stage Proprietor

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT all persons are forbidden to purchase from any person or persons any lot, part or interest in that certain scow now owned and occupied by the undersigned and *family*, and lying in the waters of Port Moody.

T. B. SPRING.

Port Moody, B. C., April 17th, 1885.

PARTNERSHIP.

I HAVE TAKEN ANGUS McLEOD into partnership in the business carried on at the Pacific Hotel, Clarke Street, Port Moody. The firm name in future will be Taylor & McLeod.

JOHN R. TAYLOR.

June 25th 1885