—THE—
Port Moody Gazette.
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For further particulars apply to
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LICENSE TO CUT TIMBER.

To the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa.

I beg leave to apply for a license to cut Timber on the west half of section 35, Township 40, and the west halves of sections 2 and 11, Township 41, New Westminster District.

THOMAS CAHILL

July 12, 1886.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

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

JOHN TAYLOR.

Port Moody, Oct. 29th, 1886.

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

Port Moody Gazette.

VOL. 4. PORT MOODY, B. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887. No. 22.

ONE FATAL NIGHT.

BY CHARLES W. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THROUGH HOLLAND."

What a destiny for a man! How proud he might be of his wife! How he might glory in throwing himself at her feet: his wealth, his heart, his whole love and being. And she—how she would do the honours of his house; how grandly all this wealth would become her, and sit upon her. And yet I could see that, with it all, his love was a selfish love. He still loved himself best, and thought of himself first Of any higher love he was incapable.

What wonder that I was miserable? What chance had I against John Wellesley, with his broad acres, his town-house, his great income—for the Wellesley estate had been so managed that its revenues were considerable. Mrs. Hayward quickly saw how things were turning. She flattered my cousin, fawned upon him, and singled him out on every possible occasion. If anything could have cooled John's ardour, it would have been this woman's miserable folly and want of tact. But, too far gone, he contented himself with disliking her heartily.

The climax came. More and more, hour by hour, my deep and passionate love had grown for Ellen Hayward. That she read the truth in my eyes I never doubted. I could not control them as I could control my speech. I never uttered one word of love. Yet she did not seem to encourage John Wellesley. Day by day she was more silent; her spirits became unequal; her quick, quiet step was quiet still, but slow. I never saw her change countenance whenever John approached her. She would glance over at her lynx-eyed mother, who no doubt gave her many a curtain lecture, and constrain herself to reply to him when he spoke. She never manifested the slightest pleasure in his society. Yet I knew that she would be compelled to marry him, So a fortnight passed away.

One morning some of our party had gone out for a walk, others were in the billiard room; my two cousins and two young men were alternately flirting in the music room and playing a quartette on organ, piano, violin and violoncello, making a furious noise but not very much music. A spirit of restlessness was upon me, as it ever was when Ellen Hayward was absent. She had gone out with the others; John was of the party. They were probably together, and that was enough for me. I felt that I could not bare this for much longer. I was growing dazed and giddy with misery. I would leave it all—hope, happiness—behind me; go back, and drown my sorrow in hard work

I strolled alone into the small blue drawing-room, and shut myself in. I had taken a volume of Byron with me, and opening the book by chance, was musing over those lines that in their sad undertone seemed to find their key-note in my present mood. The reader probably knows them by heart, as I did.

"There's not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and
mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more
their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn
and gray beneath."

I had thrown myself into a lounge in the deep bay-window, behind the curtains drawn across the archway, and was quite concealed. The room led into a conservatory, of which the inner door was open. I had glanced in upon the delicate ferns and beautiful hot-house flowers, thinking, with all a lover's rhapsody, that my love was purer than the opening rose, more queenly than the regal camellia. Suddenly, with my eyes bent upon the last verse of the lines, I heard the outer door of the conservatory open—and close. Two persons entered the room: my cousin John and Ellen Hayward. He was talking rapidly.

"Ellen—Miss Hayward," he cried, in a voice in which there was much astonishment and a little pain: "you do not mean what you say. This cannot be your final answer. I will not take it."

"Indeed, indeed you must," she murmured in a voice agitated and broken by conflicting emotions. "I am sensible of the honour you would do me, Mr. Wellesley, but I can never be your wife. I hoped my manner to you would have spared us both this pain."

"Think what you are refusing," he returned. "A lot that almost any girl would envy; a position few occupy. Everything that wealth can command shall be yours."

"Wealth and position can never bring happiness to me," replied Ellen "I have been taught to dread, almost to despise poverty; but there is a fate I dread more than that."

There was a moment's silence. What could I do? I was hidden behind the curtains, a most unwilling witness to the interview. It was a trying moment. I felt half guilty of treason, yet unable to help myself. It was impossible to come out upon them.

I dreaded lest they should discover me. The whole thing had happened so suddenly that I had not time for thought or action. Had the window beside me been open, how gladly I would have escaped into the grounds. But it was closed and fastened. John spoke again.

"Can you give me no hope?" he asked, almost bitterly. In my heart I almost felt for him. "No hope—even for the future?"

"None," she replied. "None, Mr. Wellesley, now or ever. I can never marry you." I could hear that she was crying silently.

"You speak confidently, Miss Hayward." Then after a moment's pause he resumed: "You could not speak thus certainly without a cause. Tell me this, at least, in mercy. Do you love any one else?"

I felt, for I could not see, that her hands went up to her face. I pictured the crimson tide that the words must have called up. I heard a half-broken murmur: "You have no right to ask me that." And my heart sank within me.

"I am answerd," he said, most bitterly. "Truly, I see that there is no hope for me. Tell me, Miss Hayward, oh! tell me that my rival is not my cousin George. Anything sooner than that. By heavens! I would——"

"Oh! no! no!" she interrupted. "Never! never! I will never tell you that! How can you, how dare you ask me? Do you not see, Mr. Wellesly, that you are humiliating me? Leave the room, I beseech you. Leave me to myself."

She must have pointed imploringly to the door. He could only obey. One moment's hesitation, a half uttered word, a step towards her, and the door closed behind him. She was alone—yet not alone.

At the mention of my name I had well-nigh betrayed myself. I could almost have come out and spurned him for his unmanly, ill-considered question. And yet, with it all, I pitied him. Was I not myself suffering the same exquisite pain—a thousandfold intensified, according to our natures?

The door closed behind John Wellesley. Ellen Hayward's self-control gave way. She sank to the floor, with her head upon a low easy chair, and broke into passionate sobs. And then, I could not tell how or why, there was a sound in those sobs that for the first time awoke hope in my heart. What could I do? How declare myself to her?

Moments, that seemed an age, passed by. Quietly I came out of my place and went up to her. She must have thought I had then entered the room. Neither then nor ever after was she undeceived. I spoke but one word, too agitated to say more.

"Ellen."

The sobs ceased. For a moment she looked up: then, with a half scream, hid her face again in the chair.

"Ellen."

It was unnecessary to add anything. That one word told her all. Slowly she rose and turned to me, trembling as a delicate fern, her lovely face all tears and blushes, like a rose in the early morning. In a moment she was clasped within my arms, her face concealed on my shoulder.

I shall never forget that first moment. When I felt she was mine; mine in poverty; mine chosen before all the wealth and rank that might have been hers. And I there registered a vow that my first duty in life should be to make her happiness: to place her first in every thought of my heart.

Then came the reaction. What had I done? What would Mrs. Hayward say? Her consent would never be gained. Nor could this be a matter of wonder. Who or what was I, compared with those who had sought the hand of Ellen Hayward?

"Ellen," I cried, clasping her yet closer to me; "you will be lost to me in spite of all. We shall never gain your mother's sanction. How, indeed, can I in honour ask her for you in my present position? My love! my love! to what terrible trouble have I brought you?"

"I do indeed dread my mother," murmured Ellen. "I cannot marry without her consent. But, George"—she whispered my name shyly—"on the other hand, she cannot force me to marry against my will. If I owe her a duty, I owe one to myself also. I will wait for you, even if it be until we are both old."

We were disturbed by the laughter of many voices. They were returning from their walk. Ellen escaped to her room. I heard an enquiry for Miss Hayward and Mr. Wellesley. They had lost them in the Fellows wood, just beyond the shrubbery.

I had but one thing to do now. It had better be done quickly. That after noon I sought a private interview with Mrs. Hayward, and told her the truth. I need not repeat what passed. A more bitterly indignant, angry woman I never saw. Never should her daughter become my wife. She had other views for her. I had played her a cruel, a dishonourable turn, in clandestinely, as she phrased it, stealing her daughter's affections. She would sooner follow her to her grave than see her my wife. And more to the same affect.

"To-morrow morning," she concluded, "I and my daughter will leave Erlsmere. You shall see her no more."

"Save yourself that trouble, madam," I retorted, for my anger, too, was roused, though under control. "I have just been with my cousin. He leaves Erlsmere to-morrow, and I go with him."

"Leave! Mr Wellesley leave Erlsmere" cried Mrs. Hayward in startled accents. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I have not asked him. Perhaps your daughter could give you a reason." For the life of me I could not have avoided that small stroke of malice. And Mrs. Hayward turned livid with rage and terror. She had made so sure of her game.

"George Wellesley," she cried, in a tone of suppressed passion: "if you have done this thing, if you have supplanted your cousin in my daughter's affections, I will never forgive you to my dying day. Now leave me. Leave me, I hope I shall never see you again."

A hope destined to be fulfilled: but not as she wished it.

Ellen did not appear again that day. I contrived to have one short interview with her, in which she promised to be brave for my sake I bid her farewell; and, feeling it might be long ere we met again, I left my kisses upon her lips, as pledges to be redeemed in the time to come.

The next morning I left Erlsmere with my cousin. He was morose and moody, and only answered my remarks in monosyllables. He knew nothing of what had passed between Ellen and me: he said nothing, but I fancied he guessed something of the truth. I saw that he was not very deeply wounded. His heart would soon go back to its normal condition.

III

We reached London. My cousin went to Portman Squire, I to my chambers. There I found an unexpected surprise. A brief awaited me in an important case. If I succeeded in carrying it through, it might well prove a stepping-stone to work and success. I laid my head upon the pillow that night, and felt that I would not exchange lots with the happiest, most prosperous of men.

When at breakfast the next morning, my cousin, to my intense surprise, came in. Never before had he paid me so early a visit. One look at his face told me that something had happened.

"Have you played me this trick?" were the first words he uttered: and for the first time in my recollection his voice betrayed something like genuine emotion.

"My good fellow," I replied, "I am not in the habit of playing tricks—to you least of all. What's the matter?"

"The diamonds are gone."

I stared at him in bewilderment. I recalled our conversation in the carriage as we drove to Erlsmere: my wonder as to what he would do if such a thing were to happen: his self-confident reply.

"You don't mean to say the diamonds are stolen!" I returned. "It was only the other day you told me of their safety. You said they were beyond the reach of burglars, or something to that effect"

"True. I remember. And I was hoping—a forlorn hope, I admit—that you had somehow caused them to be abstracted, in order to make good your words, or to read me a lesson."

"A forlorn hope, truly," I answered, at once vexed and amused. "I am glad you admit that. You must recollect that you did not even tell me where they were stowed away. I stopped you as you were about to reveal the secret."

"I do remember. Well, they are gone. They were all in one parcel, wrapped up in cotton-wool, enclosed in wash-leather, and deposited in a small black leather case. When I got home last night, and had dined, I went to have a look at them. They were gone! I have never closed my eyes all night," he continued, feverishly twirling his hands. And indeed he looked almost haggard. This loss was effecting him far more than the loss of his lady-love.

"Who in the world can have taken them?"

"Who indeed! returned my cousin. "Evidently some one who had knowledge of the diamonds. You will naturally think of the servants I am satisfied of their innocence. Not one of them knew even of their existence. I have had every one of them, man and woman, up before me. I told them I had lost a valuable parcel during my absence. The ignorance of each and all of them was too evident to be mistaken The butler's manner was certainly peculiar, but he is altogether above suspicion."

"Brown is undoubtedly above suspicion," I replied. "Twenty years of faithful service to my uncle would prove that, independently of the man himself. But what are you going to do in the matter?"

"Do!" he cried, starting up excitedly, "do everything. I will not leave a stone unturned to recover my precious diamonds. I am now off to Scotland Yard, and I mean to advertise largely in all the papers If any earthly power will bring back the diamonds, I shall see them again. Woe betide the thief if I catch him! He shall have no mercy"

I felt that to be true enough. Mercy was not very much in my cousin's line.

"They will be hard to trace," I said. "Single stones, unset, may easily be disposed of from time to time. But you must hope for the best. It is a terrible loss" And I thought how rich I should have considered myself with half that sum.

The matter was put into the hands of the authorities at Scotland Yard. In a few days the following startling advertisment appeared in most of the daily papers:—

"£10,000 Reward. Whereas a large parcel of diamonds has lately been stolen from No. 100, Portman Square The sum of £10,000 will be paid for their recovery. A proportionate reward for their partial recovery. The further sum of £1,000 will be paid for the identification and arrest of the thief or thieves. Apply to Chief Inspector Sims Scotland Yard"

I read and re read the advertisement. The reward was a large one My cousin's love for his precious stones must have been great indeed, apart from their intrinsic value. His feeling of revenge against the offender must have been almost as powerful, to have induced him to add the further sum for the apprehension.

Three weeks passed away. The robbery had become the talk of the town. Day after day the advertisement appeared. Whosoever the thief might be, he must surely be trembling in his shoes. The whole machinery of Scotland Yard was set in motion: as yet without result. The mystery remained shrouded in gloom. The perpetrator of the robbery was still at large, and the diamonds were still missing.

During this period I was working hard at my case, getting up every possible evidence, determined to achieve a brilliant victory. It was a case full of subtle and minute points; of intricacies that had to be unravelled at the cost of much patience: a case that would fall through without the most careful and sustained attention, and it involved a momentous issue. Fotunately, I felt that I had right and justice to sustain my efforts.

It happened that I had occasion just at this time to go down into Gloucestershire, upon a little private business of my own. I could not well spare two whole days to the task, and therefore decided to travel down by the night train. I reached Padding on with about five minutes to spare, took my ticket, chose my compartment, and laid down a small black bag upon the seat. Then I found that I had forgotten to take an insurance ticket, according to my usual custom, and I left the carriage to remedy the mission, returning almost at once. I halted a moment at the door of my compartment, and looked round. As I did so I caught sight of an individual occupying the very seat I had just quitted. My black bag was nowhere visible. I was about to speak to the man, when something caused me to hesitate. There was a peculiar look about him which I did not quite like or understand: a strange restlessness in the eye, as he stared full at me, a wild, almost *hunted* expression in the face. Almost fancying him a maniac, I shrank from addressing him. I went up the guard.

"There is a man in my carriage," I said, "whose appearance I do not altogether like. I cannot make him out I even doubt his right to be in a first class compartment. Moreover, a black bag that I left for a moment on the seat has disappeared. Will you oblige me by asking to look at his ticket."

"Certainly, sir," replied the guard, touching his cap. "If the man has made any little mistake," he added with a smile, "we will let him know it."

We went up together to the carriage. It was now empty, and the bag was where I had left it! The guard looked at me, I at the bag. I felt mystified and bewildered.

"You have evidently mistaken the compartment, sir," said the guard. "An easy thing to do unless you notice the number; they are all alike. I think you had better get in now; we are on the point of starting. Do you wish to be alone, sir?"

"Yes," I answered. I had much to think of, and one or two papers to look over. Solitude would assist me. The guard closed and locked the door. In a few moments the train moved off. I threw myself back in the corner of the carriage, closed my eyes, and gave myself up to reflection. The late incident had perplexed and somewhat annoyed me. I gradually came to the conclusion that the guard was right; I had mistaken the compartment.

It was a fast train. Thinking over the various points in my case, I gradually fell into a doze.

Something awoke me; I could scarcely tell what or how. A groan, a movement, an unseen presence. At first I thought it was inside the compartment, but this was impossible; I was alone. Then I concluded it must be the guard passing the window. I jumped up and looked out, but could see no one; he must have gone back to his van. I threw myself back in my corner, and was soon dozing once more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it.

Geo. Dodge, Sr., a well-known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men (Sam Lewis) whilst working in the woods so severely sprained his ankle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, he was able to go to work next day.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS
D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world.
Their Seeds are popular because they are good.
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1887 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Windsor, Ont.

PIONEER
STORE
QUEEN STREET, PORT MOODY.
D. B. GRANT, Proprietor
SPRING STOCK
Just Received!
THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs the citizens of Port Moody and vicinity that he has just received a large and varied assortment of seasonable
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes
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

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

Brick Clay for Sale.
FOR SALE—FIVE ACRES OF FIRST-class brick clay land, adjacent to C.P. Railway, about two miles from Port Moody. Sample and information can be obtained from A. R. HOWSE.
Real Estate Broker,
Port Moody

Port Moody
THE
STATUTORY TERMINUS
OF THE
Canadian Pacific Railway.
A. R. HOWSE,
Surveyor,
Real Estate Broker,
Conveyancer,
Etc., Etc.
Town Lots for sale in every part of the Town site.
Excellent Farms for sale---CHEAP.
Suburban Properties suitable for market gardeners, etc.
Every information freely given.
OFFICE—MURRAY ST.
PORT MOODY, B. C.

NOTICE.

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I INTEND applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 100 acres of land, more or less, situate in New Westminster District, Group 1. and described as follows: Commencing at a point on east side of Scott's claim on right bank of Seymour Creek, thence north 65 chains, thence east 18 chains to Seymour creek, thence southerly and westerly following meandering of Creek side to point of commencement.

JOHN TAYLOR.

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

The Port Moody Gazette

SATURDAY.....APRIL 23, 1887.

LIBERTY.

The Barons of England were the guardians of liberty; under the system established by them the people occupied a proud position, and really represented the power of the State. In this age the people have very little power, and the pettyfoggers employed to make the laws are resolved that it shall be diminished daily until it is completely destroyed. Take, for instance, the law courts. In all parts of the United Kingdom the court is held in public, and it is therefore necessary that the judgment shall be given according to the evidence. THERE the people are the supreme court, and every judge knows that his decisions will be viewed in the high court of public opinion. Consequently decisions by judges in the United Kingdom are nearly all according to the evidence. It is easy to see that the system of hearing evidence and giving judgment in public courts places the people in the proud position of acting as high court judges. But according to the modern idea, circulating all over this continent, the people shall have no power at all, no liberty; nothing more than liberty to pay taxes and work for low wages. See what arrangements the local pettyfoggers called legislators have made to deprive the people of the evidence that would enable them to judge the merits of decisions in court.

Under the new rules a county court judge may hear the evidence in public and reserve judgment, to be given when arguments are heard in chambers. In fact, under the new system, judgment in a back room supersedes the system of giving judgment in public court. At present the people do not fear this system, because every man in the Province knows that the judges of the Supreme court are just; but every man seems to forget that these judges must die, and that a shyster, aided and assisted by a multitude of independent electors, may get on the bench. And then, imagine what justice will be like in a back room, with a dollar worshipper representing the plaintiff and another pagan professing the same creed representing the defendant! In this case the judge and the two lawyers will really represent three wolves and will worry the plaintiff and defendant until both are compelled to walk out of court with empty pockets. A petition to the local pettyfoggers called "ministers" would be laughed at; but, if the people wish to guard their liberties, they will petition the Supreme court judges and ask them to use their influence to secure a return to the old system of giving judgment in public court. Justice alone in a back room with a pair of legal dollar worshippers is not in a safe place; but in public court the honest judge must feel that public opinion is his shield. Would the Barons tolerate the system of giving judgment in a back room? Never! They had souls of fire and swords of steel, and they loved liberty.

BUSINESS.—The stores in town appear to be doing a fair business and the hotels are generally well occupied. The backward spring has doubtless been against us but bright sunny skies will soon produce a change.

The cargo of the barque George was discharged in a splendid condition and very rapidly. We noted that all the packages were marked "via Port Moody." It is probable that all the cargoes will come marked in the same way.

TO COME TO PORT MOODY.—We learn from recent advices that the new steamers of the C. P. R. Co.. are to come to this port. Our people may say, of course, we were sure of that, but the people of Vancouver have been led to think otherwise and it will be a great disappointment for them.

"IF 'IFS' AND 'ANDS'" ETC. — If those European fellows would only get into a muss and compel John Bull to go on with the graving dock at Bedwell bay and the fortifications, already fixed upon, at the mouth of the North Arm and elsewhere, this town would be the busiest place on the Mainland.

THE APPEAL.—The appeal of the landholders at Port Moody against the expropriation of their property by the C. P. R. Co., to the Supreme Court of Canada, has been duly despatched to Ottawa: it will probably come up for hearing about the middle of next month. The points in favor of the appellants are so clear, that there can be only one result possible.

SHINGLE MAKING.—We hear of two or three persons who propose to go into this business, and we are quite sure that it ought to pay well. The magnificent cedar trees which are almost everywhere to be had renders cost of material a mere bagatelle. Then the facilities for shipment are unequalled and the market always ready to take all that are offered at a fair price.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. -If there is anything that John Robson hates more than the *Mainland Guardian* and the PORT MOODY GAZETTE it is this little town which has completely destroyed the Vancouver speculation. He made the great mistake of despising his rivals and led VanHorne into the same blunder. They will both have their eyes opened before they have done with us.

THE ROADS.—Thanks to the clerk of the weather, the roads are now passable without danger of a broken axle or perhaps, a broken neck. It is quite impossible to understand why the Government should so persistently refuse to repair the road from this town to New Westminster. We can understand VanHorne trying to starve out our people in order to secure the land and the harbor for a small price: but that the Government should be an accessory to such a heartless transaction, is dreadful to think of.

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 he 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 wenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Crown Prince of Italy is down with measles.

The journalistic sensation-mongers have been at work again. The announcement that during the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General in the Senate Chamber the doors would be closed induced them to magnify it into a precautionary measure to guard against violence; and it has been telegraphed abroad that His Excellency was afraid to appear on the streets of Ottawa, and that when he ventured out he was followed by detectives. These and similar statements are absolutely false. But then the sensation-mongers who supply "news" to certain American and Canadian newspapers must find something to say, and they regard the Governor-General as a good card.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent).

THE GROWING LABOR PARTY—THE FISHERIES' DISPUTE—EUROPEAN NOTES.

NEW YORK, April 11th, 1887.

The sensation of the day is the result of the late elections in Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and other great municipalities. The success of the labor party has surprised and frightened the politicians. As between the Republican and labor candidate in Cincinnati, the result is not yet known—it is almost a tie—while the Democrats were beaten clean out of sight. The labor party were not so successful in Chicago, because of the number of Anarchists and Socialists that affiliated with them. In Milwaukee, however, they carried the municipal elections as they did also in other parts of Minnesota and Michigan. Even the great dailies of New York are beginning to treat the labor people with respect and it is acknowledged all over that a new party is here and has come to stay. The great trouble with the new party is its connection with the Socialists and its extreme faction the Anarchists. The Socialists and Anarchists are chiefly Germans and have a splendid organization. The Trades Unionists and Knights of Labor form three-fourths of the new party, but the Socialists control it while concealing their power. You see they throw their whole soul and intellect into the cause. They are in dead earnest and they are intelligent. It was they who rolled up so large a minority for Henry George. But then their strength is also their weakness. There are thousands upon thousands of store keepers, lawyers, the professionals generally—what may be called the lower middle class—who find it hard enough to get along, and not believing in the present system, are desirous of a change and would join the Knights of Labor to bring it about. But they are frightened with the Socialists and their wild theories. The Socialists do not conceal their opinion that a revolution must come and that force must be used if necessary. While the Knights of Labor are resting with their families or mayhap going to the theatre or to church, the Socialists, who never visit such places, are plotting and organizing in beer gardens, so that when they attend a district meeting they carry all their resolutions by tactics, skill and eloquence. The time is coming, nevertheless, when there will be trouble between the two bodies and a separation, which will be all the better in the end for the honest labor party.

Contrary to the prophecies of American newspapers, the British Government do not take back water on the fisheries' question. Lord Salisbury says Canada is right and must be sustained, and though, of course, he says it in the courteous language of diplomacy, his meaning is evident enough. President Cleveland, on being asked by the secretary of the Massachussett's Fishing Association what steps he will take in case the Canadians resume their practices of last year in the coming spring, says, in an elaborate answer, that he will exercise if necessary, the powers conferred upon him by Congress in upholding the honor and dignity of the Republic, which means, I presume, that he will retaliate in the manner I described in a former letter to the MAINLAND GUARDIAN.

Meantime, another little breeze international is blowing from the Black Republic of Hayti, which owes England a million dollars and will not, or cannot, pay the money. England threatens to seize Tortugas if the claim is not made good, and the United States as having some interest in the matter enters a mild protest in the shape of a letter from Secretary Bayard. I suppose nothing will come of it, but on the principle of the theologians that several venials foot up to a mortal sin, this, the fisheries and a few more little disputes amount to a big one and finally a casus belli.

What the dear newspapers call a romance in real life, and has given them the opportunity of printing pica headings, is the career of a millionaire in California of the name of James Kissane. It is really a marvellous one. He was in business in Cincinnati thirty-three years ago, but money being slow piling itself up in his coffres, he freighted the steamer Martha Washington with what he represented as a valuable cargo and then set fire to it on the Mississippi in order to get the $200,000, for which he and his confederates had it insured. The insurance companies refused to pay, and to procure money to fight them he organized large and successful forgeries on the N. Y. Chemical Bank, which were discovered through an accident, and Kissane (or rather Rogers his real name) was sent to Sing Sing for three years. It would take up too much of your space to go into details in regard to his subsequent deeds. He was a brave and skillful assistant of General Walker in his invasion of Nicaragua, he held a high command in the Chinese army during the Taiping rebellion and made a fortune, in fact he did a hundred wonderful deeds until he finally settled in California, changed his name to Kissane, married into a good family and became a good man, an excellent citizen and a millionaire. And now a host of ancient enemies have come forth and are hounding him, some of them, the Chemical Bank for instance, demanding restitution, and others demanding punishment for various bigamies, arsons, forgeries and murder. Kissane is represented as a magnificent looking man with the manner of a grand seigneur.

The Canadian Parliament will meet in a few days and then will commence the tug of war. Edward Blake positively refuses to lead the Liberal party and as no one else can, it seems to be in a fix. Neither is the path before the Conservatives one of roses. The Quebec Conservatives threaten—unless they obtain exhorbitant concessions and control of the party—to form a party of their own. All this may lead to a coalition against the French Canadians and to troubles consequent thereon, or on the other hand it may bring Messieurs les Francais to their senses.

The British Parliamentary barque is still tossing on the stormy sea of coercion. The Tories have carried closure and are now engaged on coercion in the passage of which they are meeting unexpected trouble. The British Liberals are with the Irish to a man against what they stigmatize as a brutal and an unnecessary measure. and even a few of the Tories themselves, and at least three of the Liberal-Unionists, have drifted back to Gladstone, because of the drastic nature of the bill. The Government have found it necessary to drop the clause changing the venue from Ireland to England, and the late by-elections having gone universally against the Government, have also added another source of discouragement. In fact, there are those—some of them are friends of Salisbury and Balfour too—who are inclined to think the Government is drifting fast to perdition on Irish rocks.

The white robed angel of peace has spread her protecting wings over Europe for the present and the dogs of war have been sent back to their kennels. The energetic Nihilists have lately made several attempts to perforate their beloved sovereign in several places and have failed, but the Czar is reported crazy. And faith it is no wonder. In order to create a diversion it is said he is prepared to move upon the Balkans, in which case the Nihilists—considerate patriots that they are—agree to a truce. This is in effect, how they acted with his father. They let him alone while he was fighting the Turks, but when all was over smashed him into a great many smithereens.

A GOOD LIFE PRESERVER.

T. Milburn and Co., March 16th, 1886.

I was completely relieved from that dreadful disease, dyspepsia, with only four bottles of that life preserver—B. B. B., and cheer fully recommehd it to any one subject to such disease.

P. Devanny, Morrisburgh, Ont.

A BAILIFF'S AFFRAY.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

Evening is merging into night, as two men make their way to a small plantation, almost bordering on the banks of a famous salmon river—the Lochy.

Both men are of a sinewy, strong build, and are physically suited for the arduous, and oftentimes perilous duties, which they have to perform.

They are water bailiffs, and having had information of a probable visit to the river of some of the neighboring town's fishermen, they have taken a position, from where they shall shift to a range of bush skirting the river edge, when the night shall wear later.

They are conversing in the Gaelic language and from what they are saying, it is evident they are not the only men of the service on the look out.

In reply to a question of his companion's a short set, wiry looking man, is saying, "Yes, I saw them take the hillside just as it was getting dark."

"How many?" asks the former speaker.

"Five, and quite enough to smash any boats crew that dare come into those waters."

It has become intensely dark, and the men now cross the fields lying between their hiding place and the brush or where they intend taking up their post, and from which they can hear the entrance of any boat, to the river, that may try to enter it, with a view to poaching operations.

The firemen who had taken the hillside as a circuitous route to the town, are in the same employment, and are picked men—in fact, they are the crew of his lordship's cutter.

This boat was specially built for the river salmon protection, and judging by her lines, must be a very fast sailer when properly handled.

However the information was received by those men as to the designs of the fishermen on that night, it proved to be thoroughly correct.

No doubt the failure of the men to catch a sufficient quantity of fish in a legitimate way had the effect of driving some of them to the resolve of facing the dangers of a run into the river, where they could secure an expensive and better class fish, for which more money would naturally accrue to them if they managed to evade the watchful bailiffs.

It is said of one of the Russian Emperors that, on pulling up his window blind to look out on the morning, he remarked:—"My air is very mild this morning."

Hardly less presumptuous was the saying of the British aristocrat when looking into a river, he remarks:—"My salmon are in good condition at present.

The unsuspecting fishermen who are being so systematically entrapped, are busily engaged in preparing to leave their boat shelter. The nets on the occasion are transferred to the boat when the "coast" is reported clear by the watch they have set. The enterprise was not unknown to more than the boat's crew, and in the event of being successful a greater number will participate in the profits. Six men step into the boat as she is prepared to leave the shore, no person being about to notice their departure, it being put off, till a late hour so as to avoid their being seen in case the ultimate outcome of the adventure should occur.

As they pull away in the darkness, it would not be supposed the river was their destination.

To further avoid suspicions, or to throw any of the bailiffs, whom they might suspect of having been on the outlook for them of their real object, they rowed along the shore in an opposite direction. After proceeding for a short distance however, they strike across for the opposite shore, and under the shade of the well wooded slope, they keep along till they enter a beautiful bay, where they rest to consider when it shall be best to drop across to the mouth of the river. Misleading as they think their manœuvre to be, to any interested parties, their intention is not unknown to a spy, who has watched them all along, and who is now reporting to the boat's crew, who were patiently awaiting his advent on the hillside, were they had remained talking and smoking till such time as the informer should return.

They immediately start down hill, and enter the town nestling at its foot, by a lane leading almost direct to the police station.

While one of the men steps into the station to inform the chief of the circumstances which had brought them there; the rest enter a store house underneath out of which they come, carrying the cutter between them.

Occasionally when it was deemed necessary the boat was placed there as affording the best chance of capturing poachers by entering the river after they had gone in. But a few minutes had elapsed between their arriving at the station and their getting on the track of the fishing boat.

The coxswain who is a wary old man keeps the cutters bow on the opposite bank of the river, from that by which the other boat has entered.

"Make as little noise as possible with your oars, and pull steady," he is saying, as they cross the mouth of a river, emptying itself of a smaller volume of water almost into the mouth of the Lochy, to which it runs for a short distance, at right angles. As they lay to under the brush covered bank; one of the two men who had been on guard, tells them that the time is opportune for making a dash on the poachers.

On informing them of this, he went back to his companion, and together they stealthily move as close to the fishermen as they can safely do without alarming them.

Two of the fishermen are on the bank drawing ashore the net, while the rest are leaning on their oars in the boat, which they contrive to keep from going on the shore, or drifting with the stream; and ready on the least alarm to send her through the water for dear liberty.

A short smart pull brought the cutter to the opposite side of the river to the point where they entered. Half way across the entrance is a chain of rocks through which it would at any time be dangerous to try to enter.

This it is which makes them seek the opposite bank from that by which the fishermen entered. No sooner is the stroke of their oars heard than the men on shore make for the boat but before they can board her, and in spite of threats and flourishing of oars and foot spurs, the two bailiffs throw themselves on them, and a desperate fight takes place.

The action of the bailiffs was premature and they are soon overcome by the desperate fishermen, one of them being felled by a stroke from an oar which rendered him unconscious. The other powerless to do anything alone rushes along the bank shouting to those in the cutter to hasten on.

Meanwhile the fishermen get the net into the boat, and shooting into the channel await events, while keeping the boat floating away with the current.

The swiftness of the stream has delayed the bailiffs boat to a considerable extent and even now they have not gained the scene of the late, unequal fight.

The fishermen undecided how to act find the cutter approaching nearer every moment and it is evident if they gain any more on them, they will be recognised.

Realizing the danger they are in they let the boat run to the bank they had just shot out from; the cutter keeping more to the other bank, as they could make no headway in the centre of the stream.

With the current in their favor, they make a desperate effort to reach the mouth. No sooner is their intention apparent to the bailiffs, than they are greeted with a shout; and instantly the cutter is about and making for the entrance where they hope to intercept them.

The bailiffs have the best of it, and this being apparent to the other crew, they resolve on a bold and dangerous stroke.

Both boats are now almost side by side on opposite sides of the river and right ahead of the poachers boat is the short chain of rocks which are dangerous to navigate at anytime. Between two of the most prominent of these rocks is a narrow channel, and making straight for this outlet they ship oars and pass through with a jarring noise, and emerge from the opposite side.

Before the pursuing boat can round the rocks from the safe outlet which they have chosen, the other boat is speeding on its way home; the baffled and tired out bailiffs being left far behind.

J. M.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

The Duchess of Norfolk is dead.

The Portuguese Government has concluded a treaty of friendship with China.

Charles Newdegate, ex-member of the British House of Commons, is dead.

The city of Belfast has been excited, but the police have kept rival Orange and Catholic mobs apart.

It is reported that there is a suspicious vessel off Youghal, County of Cork, waiting a chance to land a cargo of dynamite.

The Pioneer reports further fighting in the Ghuzni district. The Ghilzais are confident and have offered the throne to a local Mollah.

Le Paris, replying to the strictures of the Berlin *Post* on France's attitude toward Germany, denounces the German policy as lying cynical and brutal.

The police of Buda, Pesth, have discovered an Anarchist plot and have arrested two leaders. They are foreign workmen who arrived there only recently. They were arrested for spreading Anarchist doctrines.

Emperor Francis Joseph has sent his portrait in a silver frame with his autograph to General Kaulbars as a token of regard. General Kaulbars was formerly Military Attache to the Russian Ambassy at Vienna.

A sensation has been caused in Paris by a speech made by M. Ferry in Algiers, in which he said that if French possessions in Africa had not been extended to the sea by conquest, Tunis would now be threatened by Italy.

Lieut. Poreg has been sentenced to eight years' hard labor in the mines of Siberia for distributing revolutionary propaganda. The chief of police of Odessa has organized a body of 400 volunteer detectives to watch suspects.

Archbishop Croke of Cashel and all the priests of his diocese have signed a memorial protesting against the passage of the new coercion bill, which the document alleges, is a measure calculated to lead to greater crimes.

Dr. Leuz, the African traveller, was welcomed by numerous savants on his return to Vienna. Dr. Leuz states that he was prevented from relieving Emin Bey and other explorers by the insufficiency of the means at his disposal.

A despatch from Paris to the *Chronicle* says:—"Every mayor or other official in Alsace-Lorraine suspected of French sympathies has been dismissed. Even in the schools the same determination is evident to repress all French sentiment."

Advices from the Dutch East Indies say that the Dutch had an encounter with the natives in Acheen on the 4th instant, and that the Achenese fled after a sharp engagement, leaving 33 dead. The Dutch loss was 12 killed and 26 wounded.

Governor Ross has received a letter from the Medina River district, which states that cattle are starving to death, and even the bottom lands are bare of grass. The ends of the branches of trees are being used for feeding animals, but the supply of these will not last long.

A number of thoroughbred horses belonging to the stud of Count Andrassy, the retired Hungarian statesman, were recently poisoned by arsenic administered by a discharged servant. Five horses died, but the others were saved by the timely administration of antidotes.

During a family quarrel in Meadville, Pa., Mrs. Buchholze hurled a lighted lamp at her husband's head. The burning missile exploded, and both husband and wife were enveloped in flames. Buchholze dragged his wife from the burning building, but she was so badly injured that she died. Buchholze is dying.

Daniel Grace, a farmer of Kilbany, County Cork, has been evicted after a most determined resistance. A force of police went to his house for the purpose of evicting him he had erected barricades and succeeded in keeping the officers at bay all day long. The struggle was renewed, but the police finally effected an entrance and Grace was driven from his home.

There is considerable excitement among saloon keepers in Toronto, as the time approaches for 74 of their number being wiped off the list. It is said the matter will be fought out in the courts, and taken to the Privy Council, if necessary. One of those wiped off will keep on selling, and when fined will enter an appeal so as to have the question definitely tested in the courts.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck has asked Dr. Von Puttkamer, Prussian Minister of the interior, to confer with Mgr. Galimberti to try and consent to obtain Papal consent to a law compelling all the Catholic clergy in the Reichland to preach in the German language, the bishops to print their edicts in German, and the teachers and students in seminaries to speak German exclusively.

The Governor of Warut in the Kelat-Ghilzai district was killed by Ghilzais while going to the assistance of the Candahar troops, engaged in suppressing the Ghilzais rebellion. It is reported that the Governor's force was massacred. Unfounded reports are current at Peshawur to the effect that the Ameer of Afghanistan is dead, that Kelat has fallen, and that Cabul and Candahar are in danger.

A telegram from Geneva, purporting to come from a Nihilist source, denies that a notice of sentence of death has been sent to the Czar. The telegram also says that the Nihilists have changed their tactics, that they have abandoned the dagger and the bomb in favor of a persuasive policy and have formed a committee to unmask the manœuvres of certain agents who spread in the press fictitious Nihilist proclamations.

A despatch from Quebec says. In conversation with a prominent priest regarding Cardinal Taschereau's letter concerning the Knights of Labor he stated that the indulgence granted does not affect the result, if the decision of the Vatican should ultimately be against the order, and that the present Knights of Labor organization is not the same body as was condemned, their rules being so altered as to make it a public and not a secret organization.

John McAdams, a young man who made his home in Windsor for the past month, went into a store and made some trifling purchase and gave the clerk a $10 bill and received his change. Half an hour later the bill was discovered to be bogus, and McAdams was arrested, charge with circulating counterfeit money. A large quantity of bogus bills on the Bank of British North America, and some American currency of the same kind were found on his person.

TAKEN ABACK—The audience at the opera house recently was prepared to stand a good deal, but when a female with an American flag in her hand began to sing "Columbia the pride of the Ocean" to the air of "The Red, White and Blue" they laughed heartily. They did not think such a barefaced appropriation of an English song possible. They roared whenever the word navy came in, having in their mind's eye no doubt the formidable marine of Uncle Sam.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

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GUM BOOTS,

Ladies' French Kids.

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COLUMBIA STREET.

Will for 90 DAYS sell any article in stock at 20 per cent. below cost.

Gum Boots at $5, Cheap at $6.50.
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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 venti lated.

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.

G. McCOSKERY,

Proprietor.

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 acommodation 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-elected 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.

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY.....APRIL 23, 1887.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co., have trebled the charge for freight from the east, and the result will be serious injury to eastern manufacturers. The merchants who reside on the coast of this Province will be compelled in self defence to purchase goods in California and Oregon. The navigation of the Fraser must be improved, and the old wagon road from Yale to Carriboo kept in good repair so that goods from the American markets may be taken into the interior without any aid from the monopolists who own the railway. The merchants are now making preparations to enter into agreements with manufacturers in California and Oregon The syndicate of capitalists who own the road may levy black mail on towns in the interior, but the ocean is a free road and will be used to bring the leviers of black mail to reason.

A supply of excellent beef arrived from the other side on Monday

There is some excitement at Granite Creek over the discovery of what is supposed to be valuable quartz leads. This "excitement" is not evidence. A great many men who have no money went out and staked off the whole mountain side between Otter flat and Granite Creek. And thus hasty proceedings is published as "news," and evidently intended to collect a crowd of gold seekers There may be a surplus supply of provisions in that locality and therefore the traders dream of quartz, and publish the dreams as "exciting news." A man who escapes from the innumerable traps set in all directions just now is in luck, or possessed of an abundant supply of common sense.

Ex-Lieut. Governor Cornwall will return to the Senate about the 1st. proxo.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—"The Government will take immediate steps to develop the black cod fishery along the coast of British Columbia.

The members of the society of St. George will visit Pitt lake on Monday.

Ten thousand dollars has been subscribed by citizens of Victoria for the jubilee hospital. They are chips of the old block, and they deserve prosperity. The city is divided into fourteen districts, and the fourteen collectors say —the grand total will exceed $20,000.

The British iron ship Parthia, now at Hong Kong, is chartered by the C. P. R. Co., to load a general cargo for this port. The ship will arrive here on the 18th. proxo.

In the Commons at Ottawa on Monday Thompson in reply to Baker of Victoria said:—"There is no contract for the supply of flannel brown and yellow cloth, to the British Columbia Penitentiary." It is evident that Baker did not know how to ask the question. The convicts are supplied

UNITED KINGDOM.

In the Commons, on Tuesday, Caldwell, a Liberal Unionist, gave notice that he would move for the appointment of a select committee to investigate the charges made by the *Times* against Parnell and other Irish leaders in connection with crime in Ireland.

Parnell says:—The *fac similes* published in the *Times* are forgeries." And the *Times*, in reply, says:—"In our deliberate judgment the letter is genuine."

Sir Bernhard Samuelson declared that "the Coercion Bill, if passed, would increase disorder in Ireland and endanger the union of the Empire, and therefore should be rejected." The Bill passed a second reading by a vote of 370 to 269.

In the Commons, on Friday, there was an exciting scene. Major Sanderson charged the Nationalists with associating with murderers. Healy, regardless of consequences, called Sanderson a liar. The Speaker called on Healy to withdraw the expression. In reply to the Speaker Healy said:—"I am not entitled to rise until you sit down." The Speaker resumed the chair, and Healy rose and said:—"I am only able to meet the charge in one way. If you rule Sanderson in order my expression is equally in order; if you rule him out of order, I shall withdraw my expression." The Speaker—"Sanderson made a charge of the gravest nature, and the responsibility rests with him. It is his duty to prove it, if he can; but I can not allow the expression you used, and I call upon you again to withdraw it." Healy would not do so and was suspended. Redmond rose and said:—"I say too that Sanderson is a liar." Sexton springing up said:—"And I say that Sanderson is a wilful, cowardly, liar." All the Irish then rose and cheered, waving their hats; and Sexton said to Sanderson:—"If ever I meet you outside the doors of this House I'll thrash you." The Speaker called on Sexton to withdraw the expression, and said:—"I cannot conceal from myself the fact that the provocation has been very great. Sexton apologised and was not expelled.

A government order was issued on Monday directing customs' officials to keep a strict watch over ships arriving from American ports, with a view to prevent the landing of dynamite or dynamitards.

A despatch from Bombay dated the 18th inst. says, "A body of the Ameer's troops attacked the Ghilsais rebels today and killed two hundred of them. The Russians are moving in force by slow stages toward Schultcar, which is 140 miles northwest of Herat."

All over Great Britain preparations for the celebration of Her Majesty's jubilee are carried on with vigor. The people are in earnest; their joy is real; and judging by present appearances the celebration will be truly magnificent,

The *Standard* says in reference to the Coercion Bill: "It is enough to remark that while Mr. Balfour admits that the powers he asks for are extreme, Mr. Dillon, in the course of his long denunciation, characterised the measure as 'terrific.' The opinion of persons less immediately interested will be that the bill is adequate to the necessities of the times; but that on the whole it does not go beyond them. There are provisions to which objection may reasonably be taken from one side or the other, but these do not affect its main drift."

The wreck commissioners have given judgment upon the cause of the collision between the Kapunda and the Ada Melmore off the coast of Brazil, by which the former vessel with 300 emigrants and sailors was sent to the bottom. The officer in charge of the Ada Melmore is guilty of a fatal error. To save oil he carried no lights! His certificate is suspended for two years. He ought to be tried by court martial for disobedience of orders. The sentence will encourage careless navigation, and cause great losses to the merchant service of Great Britain.

UNITED STATES.

The "self-made" in San Francisco are all in a flutter because the bloodhounds of the law are on the back trail over which Billy Kissane passed. There seems to be no doubt that he was a felon, fearless and famous. The whole history of his career proves that he is entitled to occupy the first place among the self-made modern aristocracy. Talmage in the pulpit says:—"Thirty-three years of right doing ought to shield Kissane from the punishment deserved by the errors of his early days, and if all the 'respectable' Christian people of America were now arraigned for wrong things they did thirty-three years ago, there is hardly a social circle or church membership that would not be rent asunder by a tragedy." The *Oregonian* says:—That is a fine and just sentiment, but it is wrested from its right use when honesty and righteousness do not precede the request for release from that terrible review. There is a great difference between the penitent and the impenitent thief." Those who look keenly at the history of the "self-made" must acknowledge that it is rather surprising to see commercial knavery in an easy chair, and common knavery in the penitentiary.

That Oregon jury convicted Marple of murder in the first degree on evidence that is worthless; but he is an "ornary" man and a thief. The judge sentenced him to be hanged on a Sunday; but to hang a man on a Sunday is illegal and, therefore, this ill-looking thief, who was not proved to be guilty of murder, may escape the rope. In the tenement houses of New York, and in the backwoods of Oregon, there are strange samples of the human family. Yosemite Mountain, Moccasin Bend, Chichamanga, and Mission Ridge will be purchased by the United States and preserved as national parks; and the outlines of these battle fields will be decorated with statues of Confederate and Union generals." There is a good deal of comedy in the Yankee, and the idea of making the war, which was a fearful tragedy, look like a comedy in the parks, is a real good one. The people of the next generation will laugh in the parks at the heroic folly of their ancestors.

On the 11th inst. the weather was fearfully cold in Dakota and Minnesota. On last Monday it was oppressively hot, and fires were running over the prairie burning people to death. Before the end of next week there may be a snow blizzard and a temperature far below zero. A house and home in this city escapes the miseries inflicted by blizzards and blasts.

The registration lists in Chicago before the recent election show that 24,671 voters were born in Germany, 23,000 born in Ireland, 34,000 born in America, and there are in the city 10,000 voters of other nationalities. The whole Irish vote was recorded against the Anarchists and Socialists.

At Denver on Monday there was a riot; the disputants were Swedes, Poles, and Hungarians. There was no cause for quarrel in the village. One party was engaged in celebrating the arrival of a beautiful Polish girl, and the other party was at a christening. The beer had "a stick in it," and caused the riot. All the houses were wrecked in an hour and the revellers looked like mad cats; but fifty police armed with Winchester rifles brought them to reason, and sent them off to prison piled up like dead pigs, in wagons. The less you look at the natural character of a man the more you like him. It is surprising to see how many of them resemble hyenas without tails.

Three hundred town lots were sold in Whatcom last week to New York and Boston capitalists. A great many rich men are there looking for lots. What is the meaning of this great demand? Some people say "Whatcom will be a railway terminus"; in fact the rival of Port Moody.

The Knights of Labor held a convention on Monday at Harrisburgh, Pa., and Grand Master Workman Powderly said "We defeated the Anarchists and Socialists in Chicago the other day." They said "We will carry our ticket through under the red flag, upon whose face not one star shall glisten nor one stripe be found." "But here," said the speaker, "is a decoration for this hall" —and he unfolded a flag of the Union —"under this, gentlemen, we can always march to victory." (Great cheering.) "That cheer," said Powderly, "refutes a lie, and will ring along the centuries as our condemnation of the red flag.

EFFETE TALENT.

Many instances must occur to our readers of men of genius who have, to use the old worn out simile, "gone up like a rocket to come down like a stick." Although this cannot be said of W. E. Gladstone, it may convey the idea of his present decadence. A born orator, with a keen sensitive intellect, he seized upon a question and with his extraordinary power of language, he immediately clothed it with a fascinating effulgence, that attracted and convinced people, almost, against their own inclinations. His wonderful facility in this respect, brought to his side a large number of people who believed he could not do wrong; so completely were they under the influence of this extraordinary charm, that no arguments could move them. They looked upon him as more than human, and the only man who could lay bare his earthly personality, was the late Earl of Beaconsfield. D'Israeli was not a great orator; he had none of the exquisitely polished language so readily at the commaud of Gladstone, but he had a keen wit and wielded trenchant sarcasm with the most deadly effect. Gladstone was not a master of fence; when he found himself wounded he could only give way to passion and hatred. This want of solidity in his character, this proof that his eloquence was nearly all he could boast of, has become more and more apparent with the advance of age. His want of judgment and blundering policy, has cost England thousands of valuable lives and many millions of money. The results of his mismanagement will not, unfortunately, die with himself, they will bear evil fruit for many years to come, and should be a warning to the English people against mistaking eloquence for statesmanship. The present position of Gladstone is distressingly pitiable. Fallen from his exalted estate, he is now merely a tool in the hands of Utopian Radicals, hungry placemen and Irish agitators. The longing for a return to the high place he held, induces him to listen to the misleading stories of infatuated followers, to accept blindly the specious arguments of men like Labouchere, and to cling to the Home Rule plank with grim tenacity, because he had once taken hold of it as a means of sustaining him in power. He does not give himself time to think, or, he has lost the power of analysis that would have enabled him to detect the flimsy arguments upon which Radical doctrines are based. He does not choose to see the objects of the mere placehunters and he swallows the Irish agitators nolus bolus, in the vain hope that they will help him again to power. As for the flatteries and blandishments of his worshippers, they produce for him a kind of dreamland, in flattering his vanity and great love of self, they afford him exquisite pleasure; he envelopes himself in the delicious thought that the world still regards him as the great man they thought he was, a long time ago. If there is anything more annoying to us, than another, it is to see the avidity with which the people of this Province swallow the rot furnished by the associated press for the Irish Fenians of the United States. We are prepared to believe that there are disloyal Irishmen amongst us, and that there are good hearted loyal Irishmen who are deceived by the mischievous nonsense prepared for them by the telegraph company and padded out by journalists who toady to what they conceive to be the popular taste. Their great object is to belittle England, to hold up every statesman to ridicule and popular hatred, who is opposed to what is likely to destroy the unity of the British Empire. Salisbury, Hartington, Chamberlain, Hicks Beach and Balfour, are gibbeted by these vendors of falsehood and garbled reports. For instance, the division the night of the debate on Morley's amendment is held up as a partial triumph for the cause of righteousness and truth, whereas it was only the great effort of the season, on the part of Gladstonians, placehunters, Socialists, Radicals and Irish agitators, combined, for the mastery in the House of Commons, in which they were defeated by a majority of eighty-nine, although thirty-two Conservatives were absent. Everything was prepared by the allies to defeat the Government; Gladstone was worked up to the highest pitch and when defeat came, no words can describe the vexation of the heterogeneous rabble with which Gladstone is now associated; they raged and roared and used language so violent, that one of them—Healey—was suspended. We can very well understand why the Government wishes to avoid making examples of these professional agitators. The desire to make themselves prominent by the most extravagant breaches of parliamentary decorum, is part of their business; the associated press have reporters and correspondents in London who are ready to transmit—very much embellished—any outrage on public decency that these agitators may commit; it serves two purposes; it sells the papers and it draws some more money from the deluded Irish sympathisers in the United States. Morley was to a certain degree correct when he said the Irish landlords should not complain, because, some of the money they received came from the United States to keep up the agitation. This may be so, but it is not at all creditable to the intelligence of the Irish people who have sought homes in the States. They contribute their hard earned money to keep up the very institution they detest, for, next to the professional agitators, the landlords reap the greatest benefit.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The spring is evidently backward throughout Europe and that may have some effect on the courage of would-be belligerents; added to this, the disinclination of the powers to assume the offensive, no doubt, has thrown the calculations of war prophets considerably off the track. There is, however, a very general feeling that war will take place, and failing the initiative of the governments the people may take the matter into their own hands in some quarter, to throw off the heavy burdens created by recent warlike preparations. Advices from Afghanistan appear more favorable to the Ameer, who thinks he can repress any attempt at rebellion; the majority of the tribes agreeing to support him, so that, for the present, Russian intrigue appears to be foiled in that quarter. The Balkan States are consolidating their forces and a stout resistance would be made to any attempt on the part of Russia to move in that direction. All efforts of Russian agents to get up a revolution in Bulgaria in order to make an excuse for Russian invasion, have signally failed, even bribes for assassination have ended in the capture of the would-be murderers and have only tended to more firmly unite the people against any interference in their domestic affairs by Russia. We have not heard lately, of the usual complaints from St. Petersburg, about the unruly character of the Kurds, and there is, therefore, no signs of troops being massed in Armenia. We suspect that the absence of these periodical complaints is owing to the precautions of the Turkish Government at Erzeroum, and the re-arming of fortifications in that direction; any incursions of Cossacks would be met by Turkish soldiers fully prepared for an intruding foe. It is a little remarkable, although quite natural, that Sweden should declare herself on the side of Germany. We note that Swedish officers had been in England acquiring a knowledge of the mode of working and manœuvering war ships, so that the present action in joining the combination against Russia was to be expected. This is part of the great plan, which we alluded to some time ago, to bar the advance of Russia in Europe. The cordon will be securely drawn around her in such wise that any movement on her part will set in motion an overwhelming resistance. Having accomplished this part of their arrangements, the powers of Central Europe may give their attention more particularly to France, as that power will be completely isolated, and rendered amenable to pressure. Her present so-called republican institutions are a menace to every monarchy in Europe, and means will doubtless be found to crush them. For this purpose it is not necessary that she should be engaged with a foreign enemy; there is nothing more simple than creating a revolution at home. The heavy burdens of the people are creating widespread discontent and, like all the rest, the French people begin to think that the republican government has something to do with it. Unfortunately for the republicans who form for the most part the urban population, their attacks upon the church have produced a disagreeable feeling among the rural population, who are at heart sincerely attached to their church. It would only require the appearance of a popular prince, a man of some talent, to blow the smouldering embers of discontent into flame. There appears to be a general desire throughout Europe to get rid of the Socialists; they seem to accomplish nothing but hatching plots against all governments and making work people discontented with their lot. In England, we note a gradually increasing tendency towards "fair trade," and even the Glasgow millers have petitioned the Government against foreign flour. That a modification of the present tariff will soon be made, we have not the slightest doubt and our impression is that it would soon have the effect of securing some degree of reciprocity with those nations which impose prohibition tariffs. China is gradually being civilised and a number of railways are soon to be constructed. To the great disgust of eager European contractors, the Chinese Government has wisely decided to employ none but their own people in constructing them. If the Chinese were conservative before Europe insisted upon thrusting western civilization upon them, they are now rapidly acquiring every barbarian improvement in commercial and military progress. They are quick in learning the readiest means of making money, and Europe may yet have to regret creating a keen and "peculiar" competitor, who will excel them in trade. The Chinese empire is yet a vast unopened field, where labor is cheap and intelligent, the habits of the people frugal and industrious. This will in time be a great enemy to labor strikes in Europe and America; as manufactures of every kind can be prosecuted at one-half the cost involved in any other country, besides having the raw material within their own bounds.

RUSSIA ABROAD AND AT HOME.

In foreign affairs during the past week the brilliant and successful celebration of the Emperor's birthday in Germany has naturally attracted most attention; and such as could be spared from it seems to have been chiefly devoted to Prince Bismarck's relations with the Pope. As to these last there is really little to be said, except that Prince Bismarck might, and doubtless would if necessary, content himself *in re* Canossa with the celebrated answer of Benedick. The contrast, however, of the state of the Russian and German Empires is too remarkable wholly to escape notice. For the moment the rumors of anything like a general war have ceased, and, indeed, if the alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy be firmly maintained, they have no longer any importance whatever. That triple alliance would be far too strong for even Russia and France together, and would make an attempt of either by itself to disturb the peace wholly futile, and indeed desperate. The interest has shifted almost entirely to the internal condition of Russia, with a certain remnant of importance attaching to the continued intrigues of the Czar's representatives in Bulgaria and at Constantinople. It is unluckily vain to hope that these latter will cease, and we may at any moment hear of fresh outbreaks like those at Rustchuk and Silistria. After the amount of agitation and of bribery which has already been expended on the Balkan Peninsula, it might be difficult for Russia to keep her nondescript riff-raff of bravos quiet even if she wished, and there is no evidence that she does wish. There is no immediate sign of a Russian occupation. But to worry and torment the Regency, and to keep Bulgaria in a condition of uneasy apprehension, would be a course of conduct quite consistent with the singularly petty policy pursued by the Czar ever since the audacious Principality and its more audacious Prince presumed to throw off Russian leading-strings and act for themselves. By teasing the Porte about the eternal indemnity, by encouraging the Zankoffists, and by a little more or less direct filibustering, Alexander III. can show his august displeasure in the manner apparently best suited to his taste and temper.

There is, however, very little reason to doubt that the Czar has been provided with subjects of much more pressing interest to occupy him at home. The persistent interference of the Russian censorship with newspaper communications makes the rumors of fresh actual attempts on his life very uncertain, but the balance of probability seems to incline to the theory that a new and considerable Nihilist plot has been formed. At present it would seem that its direction is in hands less skilful, if not less determined than those which, after several years' trying, succeeded in their criminal designs on Alexander II. As far as intelligence of the late design goes, it would appear to have been very clumsily managed. But the formidableness of these desperadoes lies rather in their dogged determination than in their intelligence. As entirely inferior to all moral considerations as if they were Parnellites (with the single exception that greed has nothing to do with their crimes), they have over the advanced guard of Mr. Parnell the advantage of complete indifference to their own skins and of that straightforward desperation which can be given by a fixed idea, but scarcely by an attention divided between the pockets of Irish landlords and those of American housemaids. The very impossibility of comprehending what attractions Nihilism or Anarchism can have for human beings possessed of average intelligence involves of itself the main and, apparently the insoluble, difficulty of dealing with their votaries. Every rational being knows exactly where to have his Irishman. The moment that that austere person can be convinced that the odds are heavily in favor of moonlight amusements ending on the gallows, of the reception of American dollars for certain purposes resulting in the receivers being stowed away comfortably where dollars are not almighty, and of the refusal of rent involving the loss of his own property, he becomes perfectly amendable to reason. It is only when the slackness of Government or the faction of party puts the odds the other way that he is troublesome, and, taking him all round, he may be said to be, for an intelligent governor, by no means the least easily governed man in the world. With the Russian Nihilist it is wholly different. The impenetrable fog which surrounds his aims and objects saves him from the danger of seeing that they are unattainable. His whole faith is a *credo quia absurdum*, and it is, therefore, no use to demonstrate, however practically, its absurdity. He is as deaf to reason as a Gladstonian, and as insensible to bodily punishment as a Choctaw. The most vigorous and successful repression may convince him for a time it is no use making attempts; but it can do nothing more. While Parnellism is only a form of vulgar greed, Nihilism is a form of irreligious religion. Hands can be undoubtedly kept from picking and stealing by abundant and judicious raps on the knuckles; but to crack the skull which covers an already cracked brain is certainly no preventive, though it may in a sense be a cure.—*Saturday Review.*

A SEVERE ATTACK.

"I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Burdock Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack. I could not eat for several days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John M. Richards, Sr., Tara, Ont. For all bilious troubles use B. B. B.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Michigan, writes: I upset a tea kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

Holloway's Pills.—The changes of temperature and weather frequently upset persons who are most cautious of their health, and most particular in their diets. These corrective, purifying, and gentle aperient Pills are the best remedy for all defective actions of the digestive organs; they augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach, correct biliousness, and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmixed with baser matter, and on that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, delicate and aged. As this peerless medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating and invigorating qualities, and its incapacity of doing harm.

SURE TO SATISFY.

There are many remedies for coughs and colds, but there are few that prove so satisfactory as Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which is a pleasant and reliable cure for all throat and lung troubles, including bronchitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough and the pulmonary complaints of young or old.

INDISCRETIONS IN DIET bring on dyspepsia and irregularity of the bowels. Eat only wholesome food, and if the trouble has become permanent—as it is very prone to do—try a course of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The combined effects astonish and delight the sufferer, who soon begins to digest well, regain functional regularity and improve in appetite: the blood becomes pure, and good health is restored.

Major-General Middleton may be expected here sometime in June. He will attract a crowd, because a Canadian hero is a curiosity.

Our correspondent at Nicola says—"The cattle are still dying round here by the dozen. The weather is very cold. The syndicate of cattle owners have lost 5,000 animals. The system of permitting cattle to care for themselves in winter is played out. Cattle kings will be dethroned and cow boys sent to plough by the vast population which is spreading rapidly over this Continent.

(ESTABLISHED 1862.)

Fred. Eickhoff

GENERAL DEALER IN

GROCERIES

PROVISIONS,

Dry Goods

CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

&c., &c

Of First-Class Quality

AND AT

Moderate Rates.

Corner of Front and Begbie Streets

NEW WESTMINSTER.

F. CRAKE,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

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

Opposite 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.

NOTICE!

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

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

ISAAC HENDERSON.

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

NOTICE.

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

H. J. A. BURNETT.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

JNO. B. HENDERSON.

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

NEW

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

Clarke St., Port Moody.

J. TAYS

Begs to announce that he has opened the above store with a well selected stock of goods at reduced prices, which are warranted to give satisfaction. He respectfully invites an inspection of the same.

The Port Moody Gazette

SATURDAY.....APRIL 23, 1887.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8th, 1887.

It looks very much as if the name of Mr. Whitney will live in history as the "Naval Secretary." He has just taken another step towards the improvement and building up of the Navy. This was the sending forth of an announcement inviting sealed proposals from the shipbuilders of the United States for the building of five new iron vessels. All Americans with yards equipped can compete, speed is an important consideration, and extra premium for extra quarter knots is guaranteed contractors.

Three of the vessels are to be cruisers and must be completed within two years. The others are to be gunboats and must be completed within a year and a half. It is also required that one of the vessels shall be built on or near the coast of the Pacific ocean, one of them on or near the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and two of them on or near the coast of the Atlantic ocean.

There has been a good deal of comment here in regard to the withdrawal from the National Drill, which takes place next month, of two prominent Alabama companies the "True Blues" and the "Greys," because some colored militia will participate in the contest. It is argued by the managers of the coming event that since it is to be a National encampment and drill, they have no rights, civil, military or moral, to exclude regularly organized soldiery on account of color. The drill has the recognition of the Government, in this sense is a National affair, and is simply intended to illustrate the proficiency of volunteer soldiery in the manual of arms and military manœuvres.

The social aspects of the occasion are quite another thing. Soldiers who camp on the same field are not obliged to put up at the same hotel, or eat at the same table. As citizens they are still privileged to select their own associates. Colored troops took part in President Cleveland's inauguration, they were assigned a place in the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of the City hall at Virginia's capital. The managing committee of the National drill, which is composed almost exclusively of Democrats and Southern men, did not hesitate to admit the two colored companies which applied for entry. And, indeed, it is not quite clear why the militia system of the country is in any more danger from the colored element, which is lawfully recognized in its organization, than is the regular army, which enlists colored men in its service and converts them into soldiers.

The first day that the Inter-State Commerce Commission was empowered to act judicially, which was on Tuesday (the day that the law went into effect) it selected permanent office quarters. The next day it announced its first official act—the suspension of the "long and short haul" clause, as affecting the entire Southern railway and steamship association. It is suspended for a period not to exceed ninety days, and is subject to restoration at any time by the Commission.

The Washington home of the new Commission is in a beautiful new building with white marble front, recently erected by the Baltimore Sun Company. Each Commissioner will have a spacious apartment there to himself. Applications for appointments under the Comission continue to come in by every mail. One applicant writes that he is about to take a pleasure trip to Europe, and that should the Commission require his services before the date fixed for his return they may cable him at his expense

When the champion pugilist of the world visited the White House one day this week, it is alleged that in an unguarded moment he gave expression to the opinion that a series of Turkish baths would improve the President's health. It was fortunate for the muscle developer that he did not belong to the medical association of the district of Columbia, or he would be investigated for expressing sentiments in conflict with the exalted "ethics" of the medical society.

This is in connection with the ordeal through which Dr. Sower has just passed for having remarked recently at an evening club that the manner of life pursued by the President is in danger of leading to apoplexy. The medical association of this city have discussed Dr. Sower's comment on the executive's health quite lengthily. Some hyperoethical doctors argue that as the President's case is in the hands of another member of the profession, any expression of opinion on the subject is unprofessional and a violation of their code.

LEGENDS OF THE STARS.

The Tannese islanders have the heavens portioned out into constellations, with definite traditions to account for the canoes and ducks and children that they see there. Egede tells us, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the Esquimaux thought that some of the stars had been men and others different sorts of animals or fish. In the South Pacific Islands dying men will announce their intention of becaming a star, and even mention where they are to be looked for. The bushman regards the more conspicuous stars as men, lions, tortoises, etc., while he sees in the Milky Way some wood ashes thrown up by a little girl into the sky, that the people might see their way home by night. To the Australians, two large stars in the fore legs of Centaurus were two brothers who speared Tchingal to death, the cast stars of Crux being the points of the spears that pierced his body. And the Indians of America, who told of the fisherman who once trespassed in heaven in quest of perpetual sunshine, and was shot by an arrow from one of the Celestials, could point to the actual fisher stars, where the arrow could be seen in the fisherman's tail. We who are accustomed to think of the Milky Way as a vast multitude of unknown worlds, and of the sun simply as the sun—a conception against the impiety of which even Seneca protested—can hardly enter into the feelings of the Esquimaux, to whom the Milky Way represented in all reality the vast concourse of the dead, or of the Adamanese, to whom the sun was literally a woman and the mother of the stars. But a goodly number of legends in actual European folk lore prevent the necessity of relying solely on the evidence of savage ideas in proof of the reality of this method of regarding or explaining the heavenly bodies. Everything in existence was apparently once regarded as human, or thought of under human attributes, as illustrated in the story of "Balder in the Edda." To protect Balder from danger his mother, the goddess Freja, exacted an oath that they would spare his life from water, fire, earth, plants, animals, birds, worms, and even from pestilence, only exempting from the oath one small bush, the mistletoe; not because it was not as human as the rest, but because it was too young to understand the solemnity of an oath. And when Balder met his death from the mistletoe, not only men lamented him, but beasts and plants, and even stones.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all Impurities of the Blood, Sick Headaches, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

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

SMILES AS A MEANS OF EXPRESSION.

In the first place, there is the presentation smile of society. You are presented to a lady, who not only bows to show that she puts herself at your feet, and perhaps gives her hand to show that she does not mean to pull hair or scratch (I still follow the doubtless correct evolution theory of ceremonials), but she "smiles and smiles" to show that her mood is one of sweet amiability, and that you are, therefore, for the present, safe.

Then there is the pretty, pearly, rippling laugh, with which your "nut-brown" anecdote, which has been heard already twice this evening, is received. Here, certainly, there is no pent-up cascade of emotion that seeks for an outlet, the sweet lady's laugh is partly for your sake, that you may feel the soft thrill of self-applause, and partly for her own, because she knows she laughs well. She pulls it exactly as if it were a stop in an organ.

Then there is the bitter laugh of the sad, sad young man, who wishes to impress upon your mind the hollowness that all things have for him; and the well-managed smile of Jaques, the elder cynic, who thinks thus to wither your youthful aspirations, and at the same time to suggest his own unfathomed deeps of cruel disillusion.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE MIKADO IN PUBLIC.

Suddenly the band, which had been playing a lively tune, began a slow and very impressive march. We now fell into two lines, between which the Mikado and court slowly advanced. His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of his guard, ugly and unbecoming. He wore a very impassive expression, occasionally stopping and nodding his head very slightly in response to the obeisances of his subjects and foreign guests. The Empress was dressed in a costume of dark crimson velvet, with close-fitting bodice, in which she looked extremely well. She appeared a trifle nervous, but was very gracious, shaking hands occasionally with the wives of the foreign ministers and others. Then came several court officials and some eight or nine ladies of the court, all of them dressed in European style. Most of the ladies appeared to our eyes rather plain. The imperial party sat down in a small marquee for refreshments, and the rest of us fell to in the big one. We then looked at the chrysanthemums, which were well worth seeing indeed. The flowers were of great size and beauty, white, yellow, pink, etc. In one tent were three large bushes, bearing respectively 155, 173, and 333 flower buds, all of considerable size, and at about the same stage of maturity. Presently a general uncovering of heads warned us that the imperial party had arisen and was departing. We were informed that this was almost the first occasion on which the Mikado had thus appeared in public. Truly, it is a wonderful change. Only a little while since the Japanese were taught that even to look at him—the glorious rising sun—was to incur blindness.—*St. James Gazette.*

A CLUB OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

We often laugh at the German students who walk about the University towns with little colored caps on their heads, and scars on their faces, and it has been said over and over again that their clubs were merely an excuse for tippling. We are wrong. There results from the years of youth which the German students pass together in working little, fighting much, and drinking more, a deep sentiment of enduring comradeship. The *fete* which the old students of the Borussia Club have just given at Berlin proves the truth of this fact better than any amount of argument. The banquet of the members of the Borussia Club of Bonn, who met on Saturday last at Berlin, was presided over by Prince William of Prussia, grandson of the Kaiser and future Emperor of Germany, who himself had been a member of the Club. He came in his uniform of colonel of the Hussars of the Guard, and over it he wore the riband of the club—white, black, and white, showing thereby that in spite of his uniform he still remained a student. The Prince took his seat at the table between the two eldest students, Prince von Salm-Reifferscheidt-Dyck and the president of the Imperial Bank, M. de Dechend, who both reckon more than a hundred half-years—that is to say, that both entered the University more than fifty years ago. Amongst the guests were Count Herbert von Bismarck, Count Lerchenfeld, Count Hohenthal (Ambassador for Saxony), Duke Ernest von Holstein, and the Prince of Hohenlohe-Ehringen, all former students and members of the Club. At dessert Prince William rose and proposed the first toast in the following terms:—"We will empty our first glass in honor of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany. We are united here on the eve of a great event, the anniversary of the ninetieth birthday of His Majesty, all full of serious thoughts, but proud of living and working under his orders, proud of these colors, black and white, and proud of the standard which the Emperor has planted so high. Do not let us forget the example and the lessons which the life of our master has set us, from Tilsit to the present day. And I doubt not that all of you will repeat with enthusiasm as I do, 'Long live His Majesty our gracious Emperor!'" The toast was welcomed with acclamations, and all present rose to their feet to hear the National Anthem. Then the Prince resumed and thanked the company for having chosen him President, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many Borussians around him. "Let the young," he said, in conclusion, "profit by the lessons in patriotism set them by their elders, and everything will go well! And all, young and old, let us shout together: *Borussia vivat, crescat, floreat!*" The meeting did not break up till three o'clock in the morning.

Well, those who wish it have my full permission to laugh at the meeting: for my part, I declare it is extraordinary. That men of seventy-five should come and sing and carouse with young men of twenty; that this Prince, the future Emperor of Germany, should come and drink with his former comrades, with those who were at the University before him and those who succeeded him; that these colonels, generals, lawyers, should meet for one evening round a table, and forget every distinction and social difference, and become students again! Well, I repeat, I think it is a very fine thing indeed. And the people that boast of such institutions, the people whose social strata are bound together by such strong cement, may be a people whom we cannot love, but they nevertheless inspire a certain respect. They are animated by a love for the flag, whether it be the banner of the club, the fainon of a division, or the standard of the country. It matters not to them. They are told, "Behold your rallying signal!" It is enough for them; they rally round it. Everywhere they have a device which they find ready, "For God, King, and Fatherland!" They believe in it, and are serious when they speak of it. It is true we are as ready, perhaps even more ready, to be killed as they are; but do we possess that sentiment of mutual comradeship? Have we a single society of Old Students? Do the old *volontaires d'un an* of the same corps ever meet in France? Ah! it without stopping before those obsolete forms which they have preserved, we could only borrow their soldarity, we should have acquired a very great part of their strength.—*Jacques St. Cere, in "Le Figaro."*

PERSONAL.

George Legault, of Tayside, Ont., says he can heartily recommend Yellow Oil as the best reliever of rheumatic pain, his father and mother having suffered for years with rheumatism, and all remedies failed except Yellow Oil.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effecual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

JEWELS OF JAPAN'S EMPRESS.

The jewels which were recently made in Germany for the Empress of Japan are said to consist of a diadem, a necklace and several bracelets. The diadem contains 600 diamonds, nine of large size. The center stone weighs nine karats, and is valued at 25,000 francs, while the large stones are so mounted that they can be separated and worn as brooches. The necklace is a riviere of three double rows, containing 140 diamonds, all of singular purity. The bracelets which are of silver, are ornamented with the various precious stones now in vogue.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

HABITS OF SHARKS.

Of the large sharks one of the commonest is the "fox shark" or "thresher." It is found on the British and on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts, as also on the coasts of California and New Zealand. The "thrasher" reaches a length of fifteen feet, of which the tail takes more than one-half, and is quite harmless to man. It follows the shoals of herrings, pilchards and sprats in their migrations, destroying incredible numbers. Its method of attack gives it its name, as in feeding it uses the long tail for splashing the surface of the water, while it swims in gradually decreasing circles around a shoal of fishes, which are thus kept so crowded together that they fall an easy prey to their enemy. Gunther does not credit the statement that it has been seen to attack whales and other large cetaceans, and thinks they rest upon erroneous observations.

The "basking shark" is the largest of the North Atlantic sharks, growing to a length of more than thirty feet. On the west coast of Ireland it is chased for the oil, which is extracted from the liver, one fish yielding from a ton to a ton and a half. It derives its name from the fact that many specimens may be seen in calm weather lying together motionless, with the upper part of the back raised above the surface of the water.

REMARKABLE CIVILITY IN PARIS.

The manner in which civility grows and flourishes in Paris during the month of December is very remarkable. Your concierge, who is more likely than not to be very disobliging ten or eleven months out of the year, will begin to put on gracious manners in the first days of December, and will become steadily more gracious, more smiling, more anxious to serve you, until she has received on or about New Year's day the object she has had in view in expending upon you a whole month's civility. All manner of people are on the lookout, for etrennes show you various little attentions as the year is drawing to a close which they forgot to show at other time.

A favorite bit of strategy is to give you an almanac, so that by the time the new year opens you are in a position to hang a calendar in each of your rooms and offer some more to your friends. People whose occupations you know nothing about, or would rather know nothing about, look up between Christmas and New Year's day and inform you of the duties they have been in the habit of performing for you as well as others. Altogether the new year is a very bad time for those whose incomes are as tightly fitted to normal conditions of existence as a hoop is to a barrel. It is no wonder that some people actually run away from Paris for a month or six weeks to escape the etrennes season.—*Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.*

DEATH BY THE GARROTE.

As I stood on an elevation overlooking the scaffold, I was able to observe all the details of the last scene of the tragedy. The condemned man mechanically yielded himself up to the executioner. The latter made him sit down at the foot of the post, with his back to it, and then tied his hands and feet hard and fast. He did all this without hurrying himself in the least, and with all that dignified indifference which characterizes the Spanish functionary in the discharge of his duty. If the preparations had lasted even a few seconds longer, I believe I should have lost all my own control. I could hear my heart thumping within my breast, and every moment or two something like a veil came before my eyes. You could not hear even a whisper in the crowd.

While one of the priests pressed a crucifix to the colorless lips of the sufferer, another was murmuring words of consolation and hope into his ear. But the wretched man was not listening. His expressionless face had a waxen pallor, and his eyes, as they wandered over the ocean of faces before him, already dim with the dimness of death. He started considerably when the executioner placed the iron collar about his neck; and I observed his mouth contract. Then, however, a white covering thrown over his features hid them from further observation. The executioner then gave two or three turns of the screw connected with the instrument of death. The bones of the neck cracked, a long trembling ran through the whole body; the arms twisted outward, and legs inward. Alvarez Oliva was dead.—*Madrid Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A PARIS DETECTIVE'S SHREWDNESS.

It is so seldom that detectives in real life actually do anything very clever that it is worth while recording their achievements, however slight, when they show some degree of ingenuity and devotion. The hero of this story is detective Blusset. For two or three weeks he had been watching three men whom he suspected of practicing crime by the theft of teams and wagons left standing in the street. With a brother detective, Garnier, Blusset a day or two ago saw the three thieves following a wagon loaded with four casks. Presently the teamster stopped at a saloon and went inside. Immediately the thieves got to work. Two of them remained on the ground to keep watch, while the third mounted briskly to the driver's seat and drove rapidly away. Leaving Garnier to see to the arrest of the two watchers, which was soon accomplished, Blusset set off on a run in pursuit of the flying wagon. It was not long before he was blowing like a porpoise under the unusual exercise, and he began to think that perhaps he would better give up the chase, when the horses became suddenly unmanageable and the wagon stopped. The animals in all probability were restive at the sound of a strange voice directing them.

This was Blusset's opportunity, and running forward with an air of great good-nature, he assisted the thief to get the horses under control. He could have arrested the fellow then and there, but there was where he showed his cleverness; he wanted to arrest also the thief's accomplice, so he let the wagon proceed again, after having received the thanks of the driver for assistance. But as it rolled away Blusset climbed upon the steps at the tail board of the wagon, and squatted there out of sight should the driver happen to turn his head. When the thief finally stopped it was before the establishment on the boulevard Menilmontant, Blusset quickly dismounted and retired. He saw the thief greet the concierge of the establishment and with his assistance began to unload the casks. The detective ran for a policeman and with the aid of the first one he met succeded in arresting both the thief and his accomplice. It is not often that a crime is so thoroughly worked and all parties to it secured at a single blow.—*Paris Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

OVERWORKED.

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

INTOXICATION AMONG ANIMALS.

"The philosophers," says Houzeau, "that assert that monkeys that have once used intoxicating liquors to excess will not touch them again are more desirous of giving us a lesson in morals than holding to the exact truth. The majority of tame monkeys are fond of wine and spirits. They help themselves when they can. They enjoy getting drunk, and some of them become such sots that they refuse to reform in spite of the most severe punishment. Besides, their intoxication resembles precisely that of man; their legs are badly controlled, their tongue is thick and its movements uncertain." Moreover, this identity of the effects of intoxication descends much lower in the animal kingdom. Donkeys have been seen dead drunk. Horses get drunk; and if, as a general thing, dogs refuse wine, some of them are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages when well sweetened and sufficiently diluted.—*Cosmopolitan.*

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

It is surprising to find it authoritatively stated at the meeting of a game protective association, at Cape Town, that the secretary bird is now extinct in Cape Colony. This curious bird has long been popularly supposed to enjoy unlimited protection on account of its snake-killing propensities that it will come quite as a shock, even to our naturalists and ornithologists, to hear that the Cape Colony, its ancient and most favorite habitat, knows it no more. In old days, undoubtedly, this bird was a high favorite among the Boers. It was by them often tamed, and might be seen stalking solemnly about among their kraals and buildings. As game became scarcer, however, it was discovered that the secretary bird did a vast amount of damage, not only to snakes, but to the smaller of the fauna and avi-fauna. For this reason, as well as for its rarity and quaintness, the poor secretary has been shot off and driven beyond the bounds of the colony, thus following the example of the nobler game. It is well that the Cape farmers are stirring themselves about the protection of the remnant of game left to them. Fifty years ago the limits of the colony contained in abundance most of the finest specimens of South African big game.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE ART OF "MAKING UP."

HOW AN ACTOR DOES HIS MUSTACHE AND CURLS—VALUE OF GREASE PAINT.

Dion Boucicault is a master of the art of "making up," and in half an hour can renew his youth in the dressing room. He does not use a great deal of paint, but he knows just where and how to put it on. Plenty of red over the whole face, deepened on the cheeks, is the first requisite. Then the lines around the eyes are lightened and apparently filled up. A curly wig covers his head and his long hair is tucked up out of sight.

Boucicault never shaves off his mustache, but nobody can detect any signs of hair on the upper lip of Conn in the play. Some actors use what is called a mustache mask, a thin piece of rubber or parchment that can be stuck upon the upper lip and covered. Boucicault's method is more artistic and requires greater skill. He merely paints his mustache the color of his face and sticks it down flat upon his lip. The ends serve to fill up the deepest parts of the lines running from the nose to the corners of the mouth. That is all the artificiality of the face, but the grease paint is applied with such accurate knowledge of the effects of the footlights that the man's face is completely metamorphosed, and he seems to have drank the waters of the fountain of youth. But paint will not conceal the gout, and when that gets into Conn's toe he does not jump about lively. His legs look steady and plump in spite of age and the rheumatism.

There again is art displayed. Boucicault has a pair of stout woven tights, lined with lamb's wool, which he wears for the double purpose of keeping his rheumatic legs warm and making them look like an athlete's limbs. The latter effect is obtained by the distribution of the wool in varying thickness, so as to fill up any natural deficiencies and give a well rounded appearance, and the lining is woven in the fabrics so that it cannot be displaced. These tights are beneath the stockings, and their presence never would be suspected. After the performance Conn retires to the dressing room and passes a towel over his face, his valet pulls off the tights and the white haired old gentleman once more appears.—*New York Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

PRINCIPLE IN THE LISTS WITH PREJUDICE.

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

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

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

Many bad joints, by which people are crippled for life, are made by neglected or badly treated rheumatism. Ida Plank, of Strathroy, Ont., was afflicted with rheumatism in her fingers so that she could not bend them. Yellow Oil cured her, and is a prompt cure for all painful complaints.

MISCELLANEOUS

Baron Nordenskjold intends to make an expedition to the South Pole.

It is learned from trustworthy sources that Mgr. Galimberti is to be made a Cardinal, and appointed Secretary of State to the Vatican.

The Privy Council has proclaimed Limerick and other parts under the Peace Preservation Act, prohibiting the importation of arms and ammunition.

Two companies have been organized in Ottawa for development of the oil fields lying west of Lake Dauphin, about 100 miles northwest of Winnipeg.

British Board of Trade statistics show that the imports during March, 1887, exceeded by £1,300,000 sterling, and the exports exceeded by £490,000 those of March, 1886.

It was stated at a recent meeting in Baltimore of the Freeman's Aid Society that the colored people are increasing faster by births than the whites are by births and immigration combined.

Edward B. Caldwell, a wealthy Englishman, of Perrysburg, M. T., was found murdered near his home. The indications point to the British Blood Indians as the perpetrators of the crime.

A conflict occurred at Belfast between a mob and a body of police. During the fight one man was wounded with a bullet. No other casulties were reported. The city is quiet, but it is said that preparations are going on for a renewal of disturbances.

A bird's nest, made wholly of long, spiral steel shavings, without the least particle of vegetable or animal fiber, has been found at Solothurn, in Switzerland, the center of a large watch manufacturing district. It has been preserved in the Museum of Natural History.

One of a herd of bulls that got frightened in the streets of the city of Mexico is said to have rushed into a house, bursting open doors, until he came to a room where a girl had taken refuge in bed. He looked at her, snorted, switched his tail, and then backed out and made off.

A woman of Motiers, in the canton of Neufchatel, Switzerland, confesses to having caused a great many fires which have occurred in the canton during a long series of years, and that when only eighteen years of age she strangled her husband, to whom she had been married about eleven months, simply because she was tired of him.

Two Frenchmen have been recently making enquiries in Toronto as to Canada's ability to supply horses fit for military purposes. Their movements were somewhat mysterious. They refused to give their names, or state why they were making such enquiries. The general belief is that they were representatives of the French Government.

It is reported that in Cauca, one of the States of the Republic of Colombia, a large quantity of valuables have been dug out of some newly discovered huacas, or ancient Indian burial grounds. Many of the articles are of great value and of an order entirely different from the many which have been dug from different cemeteries in the country from the days of the conquest to the present.

A French paper declares that the drummers and trumpeters of the German army are hard at work learning the beats and calls of the French troops. Also that in many engagements in the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German buglers, and that the command to halt, sounded by the same buglers, often stopped a charge of French cavalry and placed them in a position where they could be mowed down.

Gen. Samuel Greig, formerly Russian Minister of Finance, who has just died, was of Scotch extraction. His father and grandfather were Russian admirals of distinction. He settled the expenses of the Turkish war ('77 and '78) for 300,000,000 roubles. In 1880 he contracted a metallic loan without resorting to the assistance of foreign syndicates. He devised a system of taxes yielding 21,000,000 roubles a year, but he was deposed by a court intrigue, and Russia now regrets it.

Colonel G. B. Wolseley, a brother of Lord Wolseley, is to have a brigade command in India. Colonel Wolseley is 48 years of age, and has been thirty years in the service, nearly the whole of which time he has spent in India, so that he has some claim to the gratitude of the Indian military officials, independent of his connections, to which some will no doubt attribute his selection. He joined the Indian staff as Brigade Major in 1872, and has served on the staff almost continuously up to now.

Apparently the German soldier doesn't know much about his own country. A recent report of the Third Army Corps states that "only an insignificant part knew the names of our famous generals in modern times, a large number knew nothing at all about the events of the last three campaigns, and the most lamentable ignorance as to the members of the Royal House was also found to exist." To all of which the German soldier would probably reply that it is his business to fight and not to know all about history.

A new industry in the South has developed another use for pine needles besides that of spreading an aromatic odor through the embroidered covering of a pine pillow. One product of the pine needles is a remarkably strong oil that possesses many medicinal virtues. Another is a pine wool, which is bleached, dyed and woven. The wool is a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when used as a carpet lining. A strong, cheap matting is made from the wool, useful for halls, stairways and offices.

The St. Clair river is to be tunneled at Port Huron, in order to save time and expense in transferring trains by the two ferries running from Port Huron on the American side to Point Edward on the Canadian side. During the winter large shafts have been sunk on both sides of the river, and a depth has been reached at which the work of driving a horizontal excavation from each side can be begun. The tunnel will be over one mile in length, and it is expected to be open for traffic by the latter part of 1888 or early in 1889. It is the work of a private company, and the cost will be about $1,500,000.

The use of so many Italian words and phrases in the book-keeping of other peoples is a survival of the epoch in which the Italians were the foremost commercial people in the world. "Bankrupt" and "solvent" as well as "per cent," have got into the talk of men on 'Change, not from the classical Latin, but from the mercantile Italian. The declusion that we owe these mercantile terms to the Latin led our English book-keepers, at some time or other to substitute "per annum" for "per anno," which was the correct and older phrase. We owe our use of this phraseology to a period to which Lombards really lived and traded in "Lombard street."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

Chinese sailors on leaving port attract the attention of their divinity by the loud beating of a gong, the burning of fire-crackers and incense sticks and casting food offerings in the water. All this is to ward off evil influences. When starting on a voyage they consider it unlucky and the forerunner of foul weather to expectorate over the bow of their vessel. They have a strange custom of painting eyes on the bows of their craft, large and small, which are supposed to have the gift of sight by the superstitons; and when asked to explain the utility of the practice they stop further inquiry by responding: "Suppose no have eye, how can see?"

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

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