

thirsty soul no teams, or teamsters neither doctors, dealers or druggists could have hoped to make a living in Nanaimo. Thanks then I say to those outside enterprises for our present prosperity, and we now arrive at the date of the circulation of the petition for a municipality. In December 1874 no sponor had we started than the old ENEMY OF PROGRESS exhibited the cloven foot, and started a competition to defeat the wishes of the people, and to curtail their privileges under a bastard claim of a bonus, which was no wiser object than to defeat the municipality, and although for once he has failed, in his deceitful designs, he has not failed to stigmatize those who signed for incorporation as a pack of fools. And now comes the climax of impudence. Who would have supposed that this arch enemy of liberal institutions, who for ten years has used every means in his power to stay their progress and when defeated could have the impudence to come forward and ask to be made the generalissimo of the system, as well give the devil the Scriptures and commission him to christinize the Fijis, as to give this turncoat the control of our civic affairs, with any hope that he will administer them with advantage to the system, or benefit to the whole people. I say therefore arouse ye citizens, and impress upon the youth of the town by your example, the bratish principle, that a turncoat who for selfish ends gives the lie to all his past actions should be despised and rebuked and let Mr. Uzziah keep [Bate] sing for his next song.

.. Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.

THE ANGLER.

There's going to be a jolly row in our quiet little town,
For the privilege of Freedom, or a case of the men down;
And the one who would be overall and hold the keys of State,
Is fishing with a rotten line—altho' a tempting bait.

Before the town could boast of a City for its name,
The people were kept down by this angler's little game,
But now they have a chance, their manacles to break;
If they only have the sense to shun this tempting little bait.

In a country where Freedom should be within the reach of all
Where honest men might settle, and where they surely shall.
If they hear the voice of reason and not rush unto their fate.
A right down case of slavery by sticking to this bait.

Why--can a man not rest from [weary] la ors here
Settle in a quiet way--from hardships long and drear
There is a reason for it all not difficult to state
For fish will be caught by a very little bait.

Why can a man not buy a little piece of land,
With money he has earned with an honest open hand;
There is another reason, just as easy to relate,
Men swallow rather easily this cunning little bait.

If you would be brave and free, as all true men should be,
Place the Miners' friend first on the Polling tree;
Release yourselves from thralldom, you now imprisoned state;
Remember underneath the hook there is a cunning bait.

Down with Chinese labour, down with Chinese votes!
Make Harvey your Mayor, then hurrah for cheaper lots;
Down with Slavery and Monopoly and Vancouver Coal Co rule,
Let us be freedoms sons once more, and cease to be their tool.

Keep them out the Council, withhold from them the sway,
They would have over you and all within their way:
They will seek to make the City what it was before,
And slaves, you will remain as in the days of yore.

They did not want a City, and you know the reason why,
And as soon as it was spoken of, they raised a Hue and Cry;
Now since they cannot keep it, they will try the best they can,
To be Mayor, Town and Council, and every other man.

Written by L. J. Harvey
RATHER COOL--The unblushing effrontery of Mr. M. Bate candidate for the Mayoralty who after strenuously opposing Municipal institutions for the space of seven years, suddenly turns his coat, and coolly asks the Electors to give him the highest Civic honors at their disposal, as a reward for his inconsistency.

Men with narrow selfish views oftimes misconstrue the best actions of nobler minds because nothing noble could be conceived within the narrow space of their sordid hearts.