THE WEEKLY WORLD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21.

TO COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS.

The publishers of The World always welcome correspondence and especially so breezy items from the country. No contribution is so valuable or interesting as anything relating to any particular district in the Province. We, however, have to request that brevity be observed in every instance. Nethwithstanding the immense quantity of reading matter appearing in our columns each week, fully one-half as much is omitted for want of space. Contributions not deemed acceptable, unless otherwise ordered, will not be returned. Parties desirous of acting as correspondents in localities not already represented will please address this office.

All correspondence should reach the office of publication not later than Monday or Tuesday to ensure publication in that week's issue.

Write only on one side of the paper and in as large and legible hand as possible, and, above all, remember that brevity is the soul of wit.

A USELESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is definitely stated that Premier Bowell has no desire to occupy a seat in the popular chamber and that he will continue to slumber in that home of the aged—the Senate. The mending or ending of this body should be made a decisive issue in the campaign that will soon be upon us. Both the Liberal and Patron platforms so declare and if the former reach power the country will be saved tremendous expense—or the electors will get value for their money. At present the Upper House is a convenient haven for decayed politicians, defeated candidates and moneyed supporters of the Conservative party, the consequence being that it is in no way representative and beyond the hearing of a few salacious divorce cases each session, which no doubt the baldheads enjoy hugely, does nothing for the salary and mileage an over-taxed people have to pay into the public treasury for its support. The Tories, it is presumed, true to their traditions, bask in the grandeur of a puppet Lords, but the Liberals have breathed in more progressive ideas, in keeping with modern thought. The Senate must go, or be reformed, and Laurier will do it.

SMALLEY TO RETURN.

It is now a settled fact that George W. Smalley, the well-known correspondent of the New York Tribune at London, is to return to America, having accepted the position of correspondent on the London Times in the United States. He will continue, however, to be a writer on the Tribune. Quite recently it was reported that Mr. Reid would retire from the management of the latter, owing to poor health. According to the story Mr. Smalley would succeed him as editor, holding the position seven or eight years. By that time Mr. Reid's son, it was said, would be old enough to succeed Mr. Smalley as editor, and would then take charge. Not long after the rumor was circulated Mr. Reid was compelled to relinquish his duties on account of ill-health, and he went to Egypt. What position Mr. Smalley will hold on the Tribune staff when he arrives has not been learned. Mr. Smalley is one of the best known correspondents. He has lived in England 25 years, and is quite an Englishman and something of a Tory. He is a graceful and polished writer.

What makes the Japanese who come to this city seem more than passing strange at first is that they have been brought up to know no decalogue. The commandments are but two: Obey the Mikado; love and obey your parents—having done which they may follow their own sweet wills within the pale of the law, for nothing is wrong which does not inflict hardship on others. Simple as is this rule of life, it has, in Japan, at least, shown its ability to produce a people happy and happy-making; a fair proof that too many laws tend to confusion. The second commandment including filial piety, is carried out in its broadest sense; the first is observed blindly; but in old Japan the orders of the Mikado trickled down to the commoner through several mouths, and they were wont to reach him as construed by his immediate lord. While to the European who only sees the railroad-opened cities, old Japan is a thing of the past, it suffices to go a day's 'rickshaw journey from the tourist track to discover that modern Japan is confined mostly to the governing class of the Capital and to their immediate surroundings. Where the Japanese has cut his hair a la brosse, and wears a derby and a "boiled rag," he is, or is trying to be, Europeanized; when you get to regions where the paint brush queue points at you from the top of his poll, and he wears a kimmo and walks home from his bath in puris naturalibus, there is old Japan still resident. And the time-honored motto of old Japan is unquestioning obedience.

The St. John Globe quotes the remarks of this journal concerning Liberal hopes for the Province and is glad. The Brantford Expositor does likewise and concludes: It is to be hoped these great expectations will not be disappointed. Protectionism has done nothing to help the Pacific Province, whose great natural industries are languishing for the larger markets which a more liberal trade policy than that now in existence can alone secure. In the past the Columbians have felt more or less prejudice against the Liberal party because of the unwillingness of the Mackenzie Government to attempt to carry out the impossible terms of union given the Province by the Government of Sir John Macdonald, but these issues are long since dead. There is no reason why the residents of the Pacific coast should not to-day be in cordial sympathy with the party led by Mr. Laurier, a fact which it is safe to assume its leader very faithfully presented on the occasion of his visit to that section of the Dominion last summer. When even British Columbia threatens to desert them, small wonder that a species of ague seems to have struck the members of the Ottawa Government, who stand shivering and undecided, not knowing what course to take, while an entire nation looks on in disgust at the pitiable spectacle.

No doubt there are Conservatives from Restigouche Co., N. B., in Vancouver, and the following names of prominent gentlemen supporting Mr. George Haddon in the Liberal interest will be to them sufficient evidence that Mr. John McAllister, decent fellow though he may be, has not much show of carrying the Government banner to victory. We quote from the Moncton Transcript whose editor, J. T. Hawke, recently spoke there; Mayor Alexander, Wm. Murray, M. P. P., ex-Mayor Doherty and Kilgour Shives, Campbellton; George Moffatt, ex-M. P., and a former adherent of Sir John Macdonald in the House of Commons, Dalhousie; James Read, Charlo; Simon McGregor and a large number of others, who in 1891 voted for the sitting member. This fine agricultural county is certain to be redeemed.

The report of the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of British Columbia, held in London, on the 20th ult., a full report of which appears in another column, will be read with interest by our readers, and the business community generally. Everything considered the reports submitted cannot be regarded but as eminently satisfactory and reflecting the greatest credit on the management of that institution, which is so intimately connected with the progress and prosperity of this Province.

Probably few commonwealths afford safer conditions for testing the woman suffrage experiment than Maine. That State possesses only a small foreign born population, the people are public spirited and intelligent and untainted with socialistic and revolutionary theories of government, and the vicious elements constitute comparatively a small class. These conditions are entirely different from those which obtain in a cosmopolitan State like New York, where a Constitutional Convention lately denied women the right to vote. While such an extension of the right of suffrage in Maine, therefore, would be interesting, it would not demonstrate that it could be safely followed everywhere else, at least for the present. Nevertheless the action of the name law-makers will encourage woman suffragists of other States to renewed activity. This is desirable. These propagandists, however, should enter upon a "campaign of education" among the people, and particularly among women. This is what their fellow workers in the same cause in Maine have apparently done, and it is the only way in which woman suffrage can be made an actuality elsewhere.

The letter of a Canadian-Conservative, dated Kamloops, which appears in another column of to-day's issue gives a different version of what transpired at the private meeting of the friends of J. A. Mara, M. P., on the 23rd ult., to that which has already appeared in this journal from the pen of a Conservative. Mr. Marpole, Superintendent of the Pacific division of the C. P. R., our last informant says, did not use the language attributed to him by the writer of the letter headed A Heavenly Appeal. His remarks as reported by A Canadian Conservative on the occasion referred to were such as no reasonable person could object to much less take umbrage at. Whilst an Englishman by birth, Superintendent Marpole is by adoption an earnest, active Canadian, believing, as a vast majority of the people of the Dominion do, that this country has a great future before it, and that its destiny is a glorious one. He always has been a warm personal friend of Mr. Mara, and in supporting the motion made for that gentleman's re-nomination gave expression to sentiments which, so far as we can judge, did not justify the attack made on him by Conservative. In a foot-note to the latter's communication we expressed the belief, knowing Mr. Marpole as we do, that he could not have spoken as he was reported, and we are pleased to find that his remarks were misinterpreted. It is hoped that other journals which gave space to the attack will in all fairness deal similarly with the defense.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICS.

J. T. Wilkinson, of The World staff, now in the east, was interviewed last week by a Toronto Globe representative, and in its issue of the 9th inst., we find the following under the heading of Politics on the Coast: J. T. Wilkinson, the traveling representative of The Vancouver World, and one of the best-informed men to be met with in regard to British Columbia, is in the city. Mr. Wilkinson is making a business trip in the east, and before returning to the coast will visit different parts of the Province of Ontario. Speaking of the political situation on the coast with a Globe reporter yesterday, he said: The political in British Columbia has entirely changed since the last general election. Hitherto people out there have been strongly Conservative, or, more correctly speaking, they have been ranged on the side of the Government. Now, the two parties appear to be more evenly divided. The Government has always counted upon making a clean sweep of the Province. here is nothing so uncertain as an election or a horse race, and I have had some experience with both, but if I am not greatly mistaken those who are counting on sending six Government supporters from British Columbia will be the worst disappointed people in the country. Bill Nye, speaking about politics, says that he can take them or leave them alone, and, like him, I usually leave them alone. I am constantly going through the country, and everywhere I find that there is a strong feeling in favor of a change at Ottawa.

It was the good Tory town of Preston, Ont., the local manufactures should bear their fair share of taxation at least until the hard times had passed away, and now it is good Tory Berlin, in the same neighborhood, that is demanding that the right of municipalities to grant exemption to manufactures should be taken away altogether. What's the matter, gentlemen? Hasn't the N. P. made you rich?

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The World has already spoken of the death of Prof. Blackie and of the great loss his removal was to literature. The following tribute to his power is from the Outlook, published in New York, and as an American wreath laid upon his grave is herewith reproduced:

The academic type is not always so rich in great and fascinating human qualities as it was in the case of Professor John Stuart Blackie, who died last week, and whose portrait appears on the cover of the Outlook. Professor Blackie was in all respects an exceptional man, even in Scotland, a country which has given the world so many striking individual types. He was a genuine scholar, an indefatigable student, a master in several departments of knowledge. There was not a touch of the dryasdust in him. No man of his time was more thoroughly human, in the noble sense. He might have stood side by side with Erasmus for wit and keenness, to say nothing of his knowledge of Greek; he was as human as Abelard, but with a strong Scotch self-restraint and force; he was as tireless as Petrarch, but with far greater steadiness of nature; he was as genuinely Scotch as Burns himself, and he had Scott's love of the traditions, the lore, and the ballads of his native land. He was in all respects a very rich and strong personality, enlarged instead of limited by academic training and academic work; a man who never fell into grooves, who brought to every occupation the zest and freshness of a discoverer, and who carried everything before him by the impetuosity of his nature. In this age of great old men, Professor Blackie, who was born in the same year with Mr. Gladstone, deserves to stand in the company of that statesman, of Bismarck, and of the other men who have carried their unwasted prime far on toward the nineties. Trained at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, in the old-fashioned Scotch schools, Professor Blackie laid upon this home foundation several years of superstructure at Gottingen, Berlin, and Rome, devoting himself with intense energy and elasticity of spirit to Greek, German, Italian, and classical philology. On his return to Scotland he attracted attention by a metrical translation of Faust, published 61 years ago. Like a good many other men of letters and teachers, he tried the bar, but the courts of law were not the appropriate field for his talents, and in 1841 he went to Aberdeen to fill the chair of Latin Literature; and there, in the space of 11 years, by his vitality, his freshness, his scholarship, he made a national reputation. Eleven years later he was called to the chair of Greek at the University of Edinburgh, and retained that position until 13 years ago. During the 30 years of his Greek teaching at that venerable seat of learning there was no figure more picturesque and no teacher more highly honored than Professor Blackie. His relations with the students form a chapter of wit, satire, and homily not surpassed in interest and variety in Scotch tradition. No other class-room was like his. At times it was a scene of the wildest uproar; it was never academic in its gravity; but the teacher was master of it and of the last man in it. He was the idol of his classes. His breakfasts to his students and his suppers to his friends were feasts never to be forgotten. There was no end to his knowledge, his good spirits, his wit, and his anecdote. No language was dead in his hands; it breathed and sang. To hear him recite Homer or read selections from the tragedies was to come under the spell of a living Greece once more. His oddities and eccentricities of dress and manner, instead of detracting from his dignity, lent a picturesque interest to his lithe figure, his striking and impressive face, and his wealth of silver hair. He knew Greece as thoroughly as he knew Scotland. He was saturated in the literature of both countries, and seemed to recall each with equal pleasure and ease. The vitality of his nature extended to his knowledge, and he recited Greek poems, Scotch ballads, or Faust, not as a scholar, but with the spontaneous fervor of an old bard. It is impossible to even enumerate the books which came from his hand; up to the last day of his life he was an indefatigable worker. It will be long before Scotland sees another man who combines in such a rare degree the elemental forces of manhood and the range and charm of the scholar.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Comments and Conclusions of Eastern Contemporaries.

According to the Globe, a graphic delineator would tell the true story of confederation manufacturing in Canada since 1879 in three chapters, thus: (1) High tariff, roaring profits, rush of capital, Tilley's tour, clap on all sail, consumer treed, boom period, Red Parlor, pass the hat, splendid policy—two years later, scene changes, too much capital, too many spindles, home market glutted, exports handicapped, cut-throat work, dismal condition. (2) Try a combine, shut down mills, reduce wages, never mind operatives, stop throat cutting, prices "readjusted," consumer grumbles, hang the consumer, profits good, outlook improved. (3) Combine collapses, prices drop, small mills doomed, big ones struggling, shrewd capitalists buy them all out, industry coralled, one management, up go prices, fat dividends, farmers "squeal," farmer a humbug, natural prey, glorious policy, support Government, scoundrelly Grits.

Quebec Chronicle: The statistician has, no doubt, found that within the last 10 or 12 years serious crimes, such as murder and suicide, have increased very much in our Dominion. One would infer from the figures that Canadians, as they grew older, were becoming worse instead of better. But, as a matter of fact high crimes among Canadians has really decreased. The murderers and suicides are nearly all from other countries, who make Canada the scene of their murders and self-murders. As a rule, young cast-offs, who are sent out by their sorrowing parents to do better, because they are only disgracing the family at home and are incorrigible, are the ones who fill our prisons and perish at the foot of the gallows. The last eight or ten important murders committed in Canada, were perpetrated by these gentry. Shortis, the latest development of the tribe, the butcher of Valleyfield, is a young Englishman who left his country for his country's good, and so was the educated young fiend who beguiled his fellow countrymen to come to Canada to learn agriculture and then slew them in cold blood. In nine out of ten instances the criminals are not ours. They are the "black sheep" of respectable families, who, when they can endure their scandalous conduct no longer, ship them off to the Dominion, the States, or to Australia. Sometimes the change of air and scene improves them, but generally they go from bad to worse and if they kill nobody, they either go to jail for housebreaking or robbery. The ne'er do well at home, is not a much better citizen abroad.

Ottawa Free Press: "I was drunk at the time." This was the explanation offered by David Edward, of Gatineau, when asked why he killed his sister. What a lesson!

What a lie more like. Whisky and insanity are blamed for much with which they have nothing to do.

Ottawa Free Press: The tradesmen of the city are beginning to feel anxious as to the intention of the Government as to a session or a dissolution. The supplies run out on June 30th, and they would naturally like to see a new supply bill passed before next fall. The Civil Service clerks are also anxious. The uncertainty in which the Government is keeping the country is having an evil effect on business generally.

Hamilton Times: It is a hard thing to place a loved one under restraint, but the experience of all mankind has proved that when that loved one has been of unsound mind the safety of everyone around him has demanded his incarceration.

Montreal Herald: It is curious that until a man has murdered somebody his most intimate friends generally forget all about the insanity in the family. The gallows is a safer place than any asylum for a man whose sanity is first suspected after he has slaughtered two inoffensive fellow beings.

These two excerpts are not without a local application. We refrain from being more definite for the present.

THE YELLOW DOG OF POLITICS.

This is the caption of a leading article in the Toronto World, a Conservative organ, directed at the leader of the Patrons, which, if published in this Province, would immediately be followed by an action of libel; Mr. Haycock, however, is not ass enough to do that, people's angry spot is not so easily touched in the effete East. The editorial is as follows:

Stand up Haycock! Have you anything to say, Haycock, why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you? Perhaps it is just as well you elect to be silent, because anything you might say, Haycock, would only intensify the feeling of disgust that the public entertains towards you as the present dishonest Haycock, you're a fraud, a humbug. Ever since you appeared in the public arena last summer you have protested you were a fire-eater, an iconoclast, a no-surrender patriot. On Orange parade night, however, you showed up in your true colors. The mask being removed from your face, the real Haycock was revealed. The lion never was alive. He was merely stuffed with straw, and the wind from his savage bluster emaciated a harmless donkey, ears and all. If you were a dog, Haycock, the boys would tie a tin can to your tail and let you loose on the streets. Metaphorically speaking, that is just the way the people of Ontario would like to deal with you to-day. Haycock, you have disgraced the farmers of this Province. You have disgraced yourself. When you went around the country last summer, what was the gravamen of your charges against the Government? Why did you revile the lawyers, the placemen, the politicians? Because, Haycock, you said they were all parasites living in ease and plenty at the expense of the horny-handed sons of toil. You said the Government maintained a host of unnecessary and overpaid officials, whose enormous incomes were obscured by fees derived from a hundred sources. You protested, Haycock, that you were going to put a stop to all this. You protested, Haycock, that you were going to clean out the Augean stables. Have you been true to your promises, Haycock? Did you attempt to fight the enemy when it came in view, Haycock? No, Haycock, you show up even in a worse light than the coward who faces the enemy, and then, realizing that discretion is the better part of valor, turns his back and runs off. You, Haycock, run to the enemy and slavishly prostrate yourself before him. You accept his flattery, he buys you off with a smile and a promise. The public have sized you up Haycock. You are the yellow dog of politics. Henceforth people will kick you about like a thing that is cheap and nasty. You have no standing. You represent no principles. You are a political nonentity, a byword, an object of ridicule. The sentence of the court is that a tin can be tied to your tail, Haycock, that you be set loose in the streets, and that a proclamation be issued making it no misdemeanor to fling stones at you, to jeer and ridicule you out of countenance.

LAND HUNTERS.

British Columbia Regarded as a Farmers' Paradise.

Never before have there been so many land hunters and parties looking out for small holdings as there are at present throughout the Lower Fraser valley, and for that matter all over the Province. A few days since there were a large number of Norwegians in the vicinity of Abbotsford, Sumas, Mount Lehman and Aldergrove, being an advance guard as it were from the Norwegian settlements in Minnesota and the Dakotas. These visitors were hospitably received by the settlers whom they visited and formed a very favorable impression of that section of the Province. The productiveness of the soil and its capabilities pleased them very much. But most of all were they gratified with the prices obtained for all sorts of farm produce and the ease with which the leading markets of the Province can be reached. It is said that if land can be secured at reasonable prices, convenient to roads, schools and churches, many families will remove thither from the Northwestern States and make their homes in British Columbia. They are a desirable class of settlers, and they are industrious, hardwarking and full of preservance. They devote much attention to the cultivation of the soil, fruit, poultry and stock raising generally, dairying, etc., for all of which there is an unlimited market to be found in the Coast cities. Other nationalities are looking for land. Farmers who are disposed to be reasonable in their prices will find the present as good a time as is likely to arrive for many a year in which to make sales. Our climate after all is a great source of pleasure, and when one considers the prices now obtained for produce, the Province is considered a paradise for the farmer as compared with other countries.

DEATH OF JOHN KIRKLAND.

A Good Conscientious Gentleman Passes Away.

The announcement of the somewhat unexpected death of John Kirkland, J. P., of Ladner's Landing, will be received with profound regret by that gentleman's numerous friends and acquaintances throughout the Province. The end of a long, busy and eventful life came on Friday night in New Westminster, where he had been for the last six weeks receiving medical attendance. When the announcement of his illness was first made through The World it was stated that it was considered serious, and that he was a very sick man. Being of a robust constitution, well preserved for his age, and of great courage it was believed that he would conquer his ailment, which was that of the brain, consequent upon an attack of la grippe two years ago, from the effects of which he did not fully recover. On Thursday Dr. Bodington, the deceased's attendant, observed a decided change for the worse and on Friday morning he sent word to the family at Ladner's Landing to come to town at once. They reached Westminster at about 10 o'clock in the evening and at once hastened to the bedside of their sick father, whose sands of life they found to be fast ebbing out. To the very last he was quite conscious and perfectly resigned to his rapidly approaching end, which came at 10:30 o'clock, surrounded by his four sons, his son-in-law and members of their families. Mrs. Kirkland was too unwell to leave home. The remains were taken to Ladner's this (Saturday) afternoon, and on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock the funeral will take place from the family residence to Boundary Bay cemetery. A loving, devoted widow, the partner of a life-time, four sons, Herbert J., who is interested in the cannery business on the west coast, E. F. and William, who are working the farm, and E. L., provincial assessor and tax collector, Mrs. McDonald, who is teaching school in the interior, and Mrs. E. Hutcherson, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and a loving father, for whom general sympathy will be expressed in this, their hour of deep sorrow.

Deceased was a native of Beaston, near Nottingham, Eng., where he was born 68 years ago. His relatives there were cotton manufacturers. When he was yet but a young child, seven years old, his parents with their family emigrated to Canada and settled in the township of Puslinch, county of Wellington, where they hewed for themselves a farm out of the forest. Mr. Kirkland's father was a man of great ability and accomplished, and became famous as a farmer, stock raiser and educationalist. His family was an exemplary one, and being of more than average height and ability they too became well and favorably known. In the early fifties, with ex-Mayor Gowdy, of Guelph, John Kirkland became a contractor, devoting his attention principally to plastering. For a number of years he served as a councillor for the township of Puslinch, and afterwards in the town (now city) of Guelph. In 1871, being imbued with Horace Greely's advice to young men to go west, he decided to try his fortunes on the Pacific coast. He first visited Oregon, where relatives of the family reside, and in 1872 or '73 came to British Columbia, where he has lived ever since. He left Mrs. Kirkland and the family in the east. When the Mackenzie administration began the erection of the penitentiary at New Westminster, John Kirkland, through the instrumentality of his old friend and neighbor, David Stirton, then M. P. for South Wellington, and James Cunningham, M. P. of Westminster district, received the appointment of clerk of works and inspector on the building, a position which he held until it was completed. Then he bought some land at Ladner's, which at that time was a drug on the market, at $1 per acre. He set to work intelligently to improve his holding and succeeded in a short time in making himself financially comfortable. He afterwards acquired a large tract on Westham Island which turned out to be a valuable property. He was an unsuccessful candidate for legislative honors in 1882, 1886 and 1891, upon each occasion polling a very heavy vote, coming within a few of being successful. In 1885 he was president of the British Columbia Agricultural Association, in which institution he was a leading member, and one of the most successful exhibitors and prize takers. For several years he occupied a seat at the council board of Delta municipality, and occupied the Reeve's chair for a term or two and was regarded as one of the most progressive and intelligent farmers and stock raisers in the Province. In his herd are to be found splendid animals of the lordly Durhams, Herefords and Devons, as well as the best breeds in sheep, hogs, horses and poultry. His life throughout was a most exemplary one, and he died as he had always lived—a devout Christian and a full believer in the glorious inheritance which awaits the righteous when the Dark River is crossed. His word was as good as his bond, and his sentences, generally few, were expressive and conclusive. He left a family who are a credit to their parents, all well-to-do and in responsible positions. He was a life-long and consistent member of the Wesleyan Methodist church. A fine musician by nature, as well as by training, he was leader in many musical entertainments gotten up for the benefit of that and other churches and religious gatherings. In his death Delta and the whole Province lose one of its best and most honored citizens—one whose place it will be difficult to fill. In every particular he was one of nature's noblemen. Mr. Kirkland was a life-long Liberal and progressive in his views. He had an infinite scorn for the bigot and fanatic, content that each could pick his own way to meet at last before the Great White Throne.

THE SHAMROCK.

The spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock;
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves!
They decked the banners of our chiefs
And calmed the Irish exile's grief,
Our country's cherished shamrock;
The muse inspired with words of praise
The poets of our early days,
To write in many a glowing phrase,
And sing, in powerful, thrilling lays,
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the shamrock.
When on the feast of St. Patrick's Day
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland far away
He feels again youth's genial ray,
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gem of the rarest flowers
That ever bloomed in Eastern bowers
Possess for him not half the powers
That dwell within the shamrock;
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
The past with all its charms renew,
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew,
The faithful friends, the cherished few
He left to cull the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May Heaven's love upon you smile,
And banish foes that may beguile
The lovers of the shamrock;
May God forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony,
And rank the proud mid nations free,
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock.

—Oscar Wilde.

British ship Earl of Hopetown, 1,770 tons, Capt. Hall, from Valparaiso in ballast, to load lumber at the Hastings mill.

Norwegian ship Prince Amadeo, 1,561 tons, Capt. Steen, from Rio Janeiro to load lumber at the Hastings mill. She sailed January 22nd.

THE ROYAL CITY.

Happenings in and About the City of New Westminster.

New Westminster, March 14.—The members of the choir of the Central Methodist church are preparing to shortly give A. R. Gaul's sacred cantata The Holy City. This cantata was composed expressly for the Birmingham, Eng., Musical Festival of 1882, and has received very favorable notice from many English newspapers. The words, with the exception of a verse from Milton, two hymns and three verses from Te Deum, are entirely scriptural. The choir will have the assistance of Mesdames Geo. Lyal and Oliver; Misses Major, Robinson and Welch; and Messrs. Lee, McClellan, Rushton, Welch and White. The chorus will be reinforced by some of the best available vocal talent in the district, including some from Vancouver and Maple Ridge. The instrumental music will be rendered by a selected orchestra, and Mesdames J. A. Cunningham and T. R. Pearson will be pianiste and organist respectively. The whole will be under the direction of T. R. Pearson, whose ability and enthusiasm in musical matters are so well known as to make it safe to anticipate a genuine musical treat when the cantata is performed.

The ladies of the local branch of the W. C. T. U. held a social gathering at the residence of Mrs. R. J. Armstrong last night. The proceedings were pleasantly informal, the quiet chat being much enjoyed. Mrs. Armstrong and her daughters, Mrs. Beattie and Miss Armstrong, did their utmost to make their guests feel at home. The president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Jas. Cunningham, was also very assidious in her efforts to promote the pleasures of all present. Mrs. M. Sinclair read an interesting account of the work of obtaining signatures to the polyglot petition to the rulers of the different countries against the drink and opium traffic. Mesdames Seymour and Pearson contributed piano selections, Mrs. Alison and Miss McColl songs, Mrs. Young and Miss Brown recitations, and Mrs. Scouler a reading.

The action for damages for alleged illegal distress, Ah Sang vs. W. L. Fagan, Provincial tax collector, came before Judge Spinks in the County court this morning. Evidence is now being taken in the matter.

The requisitions for seed have nearly all been received from the farmers desirous of obtaining assistance from the Provincial Government and have been sent to Victoria for executive action.

Indian Agent Devlin, who has been a patient at St. Mary's hospital for the past three weeks, suffering from pneumonia and other lung troubles, is now convalescent. Although not yet able to venture out in yesterday's bright sunshine for a short time, Mr. Parker is also at St. Mary's at present, having undergone an operation for the removal of a tumor. He is progressing favorably.

The Edge is now running according to spring and summer time table, by which she leaves this city for down-river points each week afternoon, instead of at 2 p. m., as through the winter season.

New Westminster, March 15.—The annual meeting of the Westminster branch of the Bible Society was held in the Baptist church last night, the president, W. J. Armstrong, in the chair. There were also on the platform Revs. Prof. Whittington, Prof. Colter, J. H. Best, E. B. Chesnut, T. R. Hall, J. P. Hicks, and T. Scouler. J. B. Kennedy, M. P. P., secretary, C. G. Major, treas.; J. C. Brown, sec., and others were present. The attendance of the public was a fairly numerous one. After the devotional exercises, led by Revs. J. H. Best and T. R. Hall, the secretary's report was read. This was not of an encouraging character, the hope was expressed that the year now entered upon will see a material change for the better in the results attained by the branch. The treasurer's statement showed that the period under review opened with a credit balance of $64.14 and closed with one of $132.52. The collections for the year were only $34.30 and the sales $43. After a very interesting address from Prof Whittington, followed by some appropriate remarks from J. C. Brown, the report and financial statement were adopted. The president and treasurer were re-elected, and J. C. Brown was elected secretary in place of J. B. Kennedy. A committee which included representatives of all the churches evincing practical sympathy with the branch was chosen, and the meeting was closed in the usual way.

The annual general meeting of the Senior Lacrosse Club will be held at the city hall next Tuesday evening.

About 30 members of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies connected with St. Andrews' West End, and Sapperton Presbyterian churches paid a visit to some of their Vancouver Christian Endeavor friends last night. They reached Westminster on round trip tickets at 11:30 o'clock and after having thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality so kindly extended to them. Before leaving Vancouver, in acknowledging the kindness they had met with and had so thoroughly appreciated. Alex. Muir, president of the C. E. Society, expressed the hope that their Vancouver friends would soon give them an opportunity of welcoming them as cordially at Westminster.

The American barkentine, C. C. Funk, was towed up to the Brunette Company's Saw Mills yesterday by the tug Mamie. She will lumber for a Californian port.

This morning's market was about an average one, supplies in most lines having been much as usual. Meat was an exception, there having been comparatively little on sale. Eggs were moderately plentiful, with rates lower than last week, for bulk lots, and active business in them.

Informations have been sworn against four men, charged with a breach of the game laws. It has been stated that these men with dogs chased a deer, the animal finally taking to the river, in the waters of which, it was beaten to death. The accused will have to appear before Capt. Pittendrigh, at Mission, on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week.

At the County court this morning, before Judge Spinks, the taking of evidence in the case of Ah Soon vs. W. Fagan, for damages for alleged illegal distraint for amount of Provincial revenue tax was completed. An adjournment till 23rd inst., was then made for the purpose of hearing argument thereon. The defendant has as his counsel J. E. Gaynor and E. M. N. Woods, whilst Messrs. Reid (Howay & Reid) and Pelly appear for plaintiff.

The four-masted schooner Olga, Capt. Gibson, from San Pedro, Cal., was taken up to the Brunette Saw Mills this morning by the tug Lorne which towed her across from Port Angeles. The Olga will load lumber for San Pedro, and will take about 900,000 feet.

Quite a number of Westminster residents went over to Vancouver last night to attend the Rev. H. R. Hawels' lecture on Music, the Art of the Age. They returned by special car with the Christian Endeavor Society visitors, the two contingents together making up a full car.

New Westminster, March 16.—The concert given in St. Leonard's hall last night by the Royal Templars of Temperance, in aid of the Woman's Hospital, attracted a fairly good audience. The chair was filled by Mayor Shiles and a varied programme was gone through. Solos were sung by Mrs. Sydney Oliver, Miss Darragh and Miss McKee, A. Seymour and Working. Recitations were given by Mrs. Young, Misses Blackwell and Stacey, and Messrs. Geo. Grant and Herring, jr. Prof. Shelby's character impersonations were very diverting. A dialogue, written by Mrs. Thornber, in which the several parts were taken by Mrs. Thornber, Miss Stacey, Mr. Thornber jr., and Prof. Shelby, caused much amusement. The instrumental selections were very good those being piano solos by Mrs. J. A. Cunningham, and K. Wolgenden, a flute solo by A. Leslie, a violin solo by a youthful lassie, Miss Moncriff, and a duet for piano and violin by Miss Williams and Prof. Shelby. The pleasure of the audience was frequently marred by the misconduct of several ill-mannered fellows who sat in the back part of the hall, chattering and laughing nearly all the evening, until at length one exasperated reciter asked them to come up on the platform and take his place.

A narrow escape from what for a few moments seemed like resulting in a serious accident, was witnessed on Front street this morning. Some small boys clambered on to a passing train, and although they escaped unhurt, people on the sidewalk expected to see one or more fall on the rails. The train officials were not to blame in the matter, but it is hoped that something will be done to put a stop to such a dangerous pastime, before loss of life occurs.

NEW WESTMINSTER COMMENTS.

The following is extracted from the Parish register of St. John the Devine, Derby, B. C., this being the earliest official register of the Church of England, kept in the Fraser Valley: "Derby with Langley. The first sod was turned in this new part of Christ's vineyard of British Columbia at the proposed capital of Derby (named after Lord Derby), at the new Military Barracks, on Tuesday, February 20, 1859, by the Rev. W. Burton Crickmer, M. A., Oxford, missionary chaplain of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. First sermon from Genesis, 1.3. The Governor presented the rectory and church, built at the expense of the Colony, to Mr. Crickmer. At the Sandspitt, just below the Fort, and about 2½ miles above Derby, for a long time there was a flourishing place of business, and many inhabitants. At first there were many miners continually coming down from above who attended service on Sunday evenings, in the Fort Hall, in numbers varying from 10 to 40. Every Sunday services in the morning at the church, Derby, in the afternoon in the open air on the Sandspitt; average attendants at the former service, six; at the latter very various, being sometimes 30 or 40, sometimes six or eight. Had detachments of Mariners and of Royal Engineers, at various times at the Barracks. In the spring of 1860, opened a small chapel at the Sansplitt.—Derby and Langley given up as a fixed post for a resident clergyman in March, 1860, although still several people scattered about both Fort, Langley and Derby." Maybe some of the readers of The World can supply other interesting items about those early days.

It is not unlikely that an emphatic protest will be entered against the custom of destroying confiscated trout and such good things that occasionally come into the possession of the police. Of course the court must regard the behests of the law, but it does seem positively wrong to fertilize maple trees with such prime trout as those seized a few days ago, especially during the close season, when such choice morsels are apt to make the mouths of the undisciplined hungry water. The protest will be based upon the assumption that those tempting-looking fish were buried in the holes dug around the city hall for the reception of the roots of the maple trees which the parks committee are having planted there. Of course, it would be highly improper to suggest that the trout escaped, when the police were not looking, and so were not buried after all. The individual who would venture to think of such a thing must expect to get "six months hard" for his audacity. When time serves the protest will probably be lodged, so that such wilful waste may not bring woful want. It would not be a bad idea to distribute confiscated delicacies among those whose business requires their overstrained presence at the court—needy newspaper representatives for example.

They were discussing the paragraph which appeared in last Saturday's World, relating to the fracas during which a local barber, so it was alleged, lost a part of an ear. "And what did they do to the horrid man who bit him?" she inquired. "Oh! they bound him over to keep the 'peace'," replied her companion, who was a notorious punster. "Was that giving him a taste of the law?" said she. She had him there.

The ladies of the Westminster branch of the W. C. T. U. appear to be in a fair way towards making another convert, this time no less hardened a sinner than a newspaper man. Report hath it that the local correspondent of a Vancouver newspaper has twice lately been the sole representative of his sex at gatherings held under the auspices of those estimable ladies. It was, without doubt, a little embarrassing for the solitary male, particularly as he is "a stranger in a strange land," as it were, but he was fortified by the knowledge that at least he was only doing his duty to his journal. He goes further, however, and stoutly maintains that the men who were expected to put in an appearance, and did not do so were distinct losers by their absence. He adds that not only did he spend an extremely pleasent hour or two, but, owing to the gracious and cordial welcome so kindly extended to him—but that he was deeply impressed by the spirit of earnest devotion to their philanthropic work the ladies evinced. Real solid good must result, he thinks, where self-denying women are found putting aside the ordinary pleasures and pastimes of their sex, and concentrating energies and efforts in persistent endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate sufferers of the follies and vices of either themselves or others.

It is a great pity the supply of maple trees give out in this neighborhood before the city hall park planting was complete. As it is, the citizens have to put up with one crooked tree in their sight. But there, it matters little, since some people have long been in the habit of asserting that there is something crooked about the city hall. Now they will be able to point it out whether in daylight or try the aid of the electric light.

When the adjourned case against the two men, Inglis and Wieler, charged with stealing a fishing net, etc., was called on at the police court on Friday morning, Mr. Henderson, of the firm of Henderson & Keith, who appeared for the Texas Lake Ice Company, drew the attention of the Police Magistrate to a paragraph relating to the case which appeared in the local paper of Wednesday, the 13th inst. The paragraph in question appeared, after stating that the stolen articles were found on the accused's scow, ran thus: "They deny the charge, and there is good reason to believe they are innocent." Mr. Henderson took exception to this comment, which he submitted was improper, it being for the bench to decide this question, and not for the newspaper to anticipate a conclusion. If the men are innocent none would be more pleased than himself, and his clients to have their innocence proved; but, he contended, the Magistrate is the one to decide this. He was aware the comment would not affect His Worship's decision, his professional knowledge and experience being such as to guarantee that his finding would be based strictly upon the evidence adduced; but as the case might go to a jury, it was very undesirable that the public mind should be led in the direction of prejudicing the guilt or innocence of the accused. The Magistrate concurred, the impropriety of the comment having struck him at the time he read it. After a few words from Mr. Leamy, who watched the case for the accused, expressive of the confident assurance he had that the comment would in no wise influence the decision of that court, the matter was permitted to drop.

PERCY VERENS.

The new ships sent out from British yards in 1894 equal in tonnage the entire shipping of the Dominion of Canada, and the ship-building trade of the mother country seems to be improving, too. The Clyde ship-building and marine engineering prospects for the spring are especially encouraging, and about 45,000 tons of new work have been booked since the year began. This brings the total tonnage on hand and to lay down to 284,000, compared with 228,000 at the same date of last year. Free Trade England has the trade