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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, MAY, 9, 1891 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

REGIONS OF CHIHUAHUA.

Prospects of the Latter-day Saints in Mexico.

HON. J. W. YOUNG'S GREAT ENTERPRISE.

An Industrious People in a Land Smiling on Every Hand With its Abundance of Natural Resources.

Editor Deseret News:

From the solicitude felt by the Latter-day Saints, of Mexico, in wanderer concerns their co-laborers in Utah, one may infer that a brief sketch of the surroundings and prospects of the people here will not be without interest to many of your readers. Though working here as there, for the same end, they are surrounded by circumstances as different almost as night from day. Hardly a thing here resembles one of his Utah home except the faces of the friends of former days.

Instead of the prevailing mountainous region imbedded with valleys, we have here long stretches of level grassy plain over which one sees scattered here and there, a portion of a mountain chain, or a string of straggling hills. The soil is usually deep and rich with occasionally stretches of sand; the hills are mostly lava rock and limestone formation, very appropriately named by the Mexicans, "malpais," (bad country), bearing little vegetation except where isolated vales are covered with grass.

Though water is much needed at present, the Cases Grandes river, on whose banks the Latter-day Saints have, in the main, started their settlements, will, in a few years, be controlled so as to furnish water for the irrigation of a vast area of country. Yet, there are now at Cases Grandes and Diaz never-failing springs in which the people are already obtaining slaves enough for a moderate water supply during the dry season. The settlements of Juarez, at Pelomas and on the Rio Grande, may be well supplied with water the year round.

But one of the most marked points of difference between Utah and Mexico is in climate. Instead of the regulation four seasons, we have only two, which may be appropriately called "wet" and "dry." When, however, we sit in the comfortable evening shade, with the clear blue sky, without a flock of snow in sight, and read of the blizzards and driving snow with which our friends in the north are persecuted, we are mechanically assigned to the loss of the poetical seasons. The wet weather commences about the middle of July and lasts till the middle of October. During this time each morning is usually clear, while the afternoon brings on a drenching rainstorm. Occasionally, however, the sky is covered for days at a time and the rain pours down in torrents. In the rainy season the grass on the plains and whatever it can get a stand on the hills, springs up in all its glory, spreading a mantle of verdure the whole country over. One or other of the five kinds of grass indigenous here is green the year through, so that one does not need to keep cattle up at any time of the year. From the middle of October there are infrequent rainstorms till January, when, if there is any snow at all, a slight fall relieves the monotony of warm weather and reminds the Utonian of a March blizzard. It is an exceptional season that any snow falls, but we had a three days' winter last January. From February till the middle of July the old resident expects very little rain, and the hottest weather of the year. One would think that with so little cold weather there must be fellow intense summer heat. But such is not the case, for when the sun pours down its severest rays, the atmosphere is yet cool, and the slight bracing air so much so as to require warm, thick clothing for comfort.

The Latter-day Saints have a considerable foothold in the northern part of the State of Chihuahua, (pronounced chee-wah-wah) and their position is becoming stronger every day. Unlike the pioneers of the regular line north as at first, they have now taken to putting in their first crops in the early winter when the Mexicans allow the water to go to waste; then by the 1st of June, harvest is on, and the soil is prepared for another crop, commencing with the rainy season which is barely enough before the second crop can be harvested.

But the great signal of prosperity to the Latter-day Saints, in Mexico, at present, is the fact that Hon. John W. Young has in hand the building of a railroad through the heart of their country, connecting them with the rest of the Saints and the Pacific coast, on the west, and with the Mexican Central Railway system on the east.

It may be well to give just here some idea of the relative positions of the settlements of the "Mormons" in this country, and to sketch the route of Mr. Young's projected railway. From Deming, New Mexico, the initial point of the road, to the line between the United States and Mexico, is thirty-five miles, and four and a half miles south of the line is Las Palomas, the first station in Mexico. This settlement is in the Mexican "free zone," and has the location and facilities for an important commercial and manufacturing town, the custom house having been ordered to this point from La Ascencion, as soon as the railroad commences. It is twelve miles directly south of Palomas to the Cases Grandes river, where the track takes a bend, following up that stream through the Boca Grandes tract of land, forty miles in length, belonging to Hon. John W. Young, to Diaz, the most important settlement of the Latter-day Saints in Mexico. On the Boca Grandes tract, Mr. Young intends to establish three or four settlements. From Palomas to Diaz is a distance of sixty-five miles, almost directly south. Leaving Diaz, the railroad will continue south past La Ascencion, five miles distant, to Janos, twenty miles further on, and thence through Carillon to Cases Grandes. Carillon is the centre of a mineral region of such extent and richness as almost to stagger belief; but owing to the lack of facilities for transportation, a greater part of the new mining properties, as well as the old Mexican mines heretofore, still hold their output of low grade ore on the dump. And here, scattered over the face of the country for miles, may be found millions of iron in a plow, silver ore running from one to five and six ounces per ton. This ore valley in the transportation it will furnish the road in low grade pay ore alone, to say nothing of the ore to be taken from the mines at Batista, Carillon, Bavispe and Cases Grandes, would pay for its construction.

From Diaz to Dublan the road leaves the valley of the Cases Grandes, climbing a slight swell to the east, and enters that of the Rio de Santa Maria. The entire way from here to Guerrero (Guerqueton), a distance of 175 miles, is lined with forests of pine, oak, sycamore, ash and cottonwood. Galeana is the first settlement after Cases Grandes. Twenty miles further up the Santa Maria is the next station at El Valle. Here, too, as at Corralitos, the road will tap mechanistic mineral resources.

At El Valle the open valley ceases and the road winds up the river through a narrow ravine along which the river pours, through heavy forests of timber, past Los Cruces, Sanquipio (Tanahuatzin), where the valley widens again and the vast possibilities for water-power in close proximity to the timber, reasonably cause.

The road then leaves the road takes to the open valley on the west, passing Santa Ana and Santa Tomas on the way to Guerrero, a distance of five miles from Dublan, where a spur of the road, one hundred and fifty miles in length, will connect that point with the Mexican Central Railway at Chihuahua, the capital of the State.

The main line, however, will continue off south to a pass through the Sierra Madre mountains at Bacopa. On the western slope of the Sierra Madres, the road enters a large anthracite coal field, equal in extent and in quality of its product to anything known.

From Bacopa the course takes a southwest, passing Arpenopachi, La Junta, Agua Caliente, El Fuerte, and thence, continuing down the river of that name to the large Kansas colony at Topolobampo on the Pacific coast, traversing, from the initial point at Deming, 1250 miles of as rich agricultural and mineral country as the earth affords. The road will then parallel the Pacific coast from Topolobampo to Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, making 500 miles more, or 1500 miles in all.

Since the year 1885, a contract with the Mexican government to build this railway, has been in the hands of a number of capitalists here, but the work has been attended with indifferent success. One of the companies built some two years since fifty-two miles of grade, bought the enough to cover about that distance and an engine, and then the work stood still. Mr. Young made a proposition last fall to buy the contract. His offer was accepted and the transfer made in January last, but owing to the various complications in which the matter had been involved, work has been considerably hampered. Now, however, current progress is being made, and the contract is let for 125 miles of grade, to be completed by September 15, 1891. About seventy miles of track is now ready for the ties, while a hundred men and teams, besides a large force of Mexicans with the shovel, are pushing the work with vigor. As a sample of the enterprise, Bishop Wm. Derby Johnson, Jr., of Diaz, stands next to Hon. John W. Young, and his object from the first has been to give employment and bring prosperity generally to the Latter-day Saints in Mexico.

The track is to be of standard gauge, sixty pound steel rails, and track-laying will commence at Deming not later than July 1, 1891. As a matter of fact, the road will be in operation from the same parties on 2,500 miles of land, extending from the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, to south of Cases Grandes, a distance of about 150 miles. Along with this tract of land, Mr. Young will obtain a colonization concession similar which settlers on the lands mentioned will receive from the government privileges of considerable importance. These also he and colonists with Mr. Young have received the sanction and approval of the Mexican government officers, who have pledged themselves to exhibit them to him, or to ratify any transfer he may make of them.

Taken all in all, therefore, the condition of the Saints in Mexico, is one to give a sense of peace, contentment and prosperity.

L. A. WILSON.

LAS PALOMAS, Mex., via Deming, N. M., May 28, 1891.

Literary Notes.

Current Literature for June, a magazine of record and review, published at 52 West Twenty-third street, New York, will be pressed with much interest. There is a wide range of subjects, and the book is a marvel of cheapness—25 cents only.

Bellamy's Magazine for the current month is full of the best of reading matter, and the complete novel, entitled "A Bargain in Souls," is a powerful story from the pen of Ernest de Lancey Gill.

The *Forum* for June is a first-class number, as shown by the following subjects from among the table of contents: Von Moltke and Future Warfare; Church and Chest, The Common Wealth of Australia (by Sir Charles Dilke); Immigration and the Tariff; The Great Comet of 1890, Our Chance for Supremacy, Silver and the Law of More Money, Our International Copyright Law, and A National System of Popular Training. The magazine is published at Union Square, New York, by the *Forum* Co.

The *New England Magazine* is in hand with the following attractive list: Richard Wagner (from a bust by Lorenzo Gedion in Italy), Wagner and Tannhauser in Paris, 1861; Bluecoats Time, a poem; Benjamin Franklin's Birthday; At Amsterdam, a poem; A Fair Exchange, IV. Wind Drawers are Best, a poem; Early Days of the First Telegraph Lines; Pinetilla, a poem; The Image of Parkinson; Little Tom; Gibson, a story; Of Early Violets, a poem; Harvard Memorial poems; the Grand Wizards, a story; An Old Colony Day; How the City of Lynn; A Southern Study; A Massachusetts Land Title; Editor's Table; Omnibus; Past the Five Milestone; Editor's Court; Sing Myles, with illustrations. The many illustrations are as usual, finely executed. The magazine is published at 30 Federal st., Boston, Mass.

The popular writer, George Parsons Lathrop, contributes the complete novel to the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, "Child of Pleasure." It is a most interesting and dramatic story, being a tale of love and adventure, with scenes that shift from the quiet surroundings of a New England seaport town to Cayenne. Edgar Fawcett has a capital sketch of a literary man, under the title of "A Literary Pet;" and Mary E. Wilkins, where charming stories of New England village life have made her name a household word among magazine readers, contributes a delightful little tale entitled "Jenny." The series of "Familiar Letters by Horace Greely is concluded in this number. One of the best-beloved of royal personages is the Princess of Wales. A sketch of her life by Mrs. Lenry C. Lillie is one of the notable articles in the number. An article describing a trip to Alaska and the beauties of its mountains and valleys is from the pen of Charles Morlan, M. D. Agnes Peppler has a piquant little essay upon "The Chevalier of Pender-Vail"—a book by a new author that has created much interest in literary circles. "In the Thorvaldsen Museum," an article by C. H. Hefford, gives an interesting description of this monument to the genius of the great sculptor. "The College Settlement" is by Hester Dorsey Richardson. Clinton Scollard, Florence Earle Coates, Charles Morris, and Caroline Augusta Furness contribute poems.

SCIENTIFIC WAIFS.

A multicolor printing apparatus shown at the Printing Trades exhibition in London printed a poster with seven colors at once.

The greenish discoloration of cellars which is used to indicate the protection afforded from by the heated air currents produced by the gas.

Scientists have demonstrated that it is possible to change every gas into liquid form. It is simply a question of obtaining the proper temperature and pressure.

The total light of the full moon can be compared with the total light of the sun, though it is a very difficult problem, and the result will be that the sun is as bright as 300,000 full moons.

A more frightful experience no man could have than that of the hours fellows who started on a train to help fight the forest fires in Pennsylvania. The train was driven back by heat and smoke in the attempt to penetrate the burning forest. The wind blew fire toward the trainmen, and they were obliged to flee for their lives. The fire caught the inflammable wood of the cars as if it had been other paper. The men upon the cars jumped into a creek near by for safety. After a second of unthinkable agony they realized that they had sprung into a current of scalding hot water. The terrible fire had kindled even the creek water almost to the boiling point. But there was no other hope to save their lives. Those who did not jump for the creek were burned to ashes. The men crouched in the scalding water till the flames passed over them, and then emerged, badly burned and blistered, but alive. The awful moments in the creek seemed an age to them. It was an experience that they will never be in more as there is the least day of their lives.

Cycling No Longer a Fad.

The bicycle has come to stay. It is not a craze—one of the many that sweep through the land like the latest bubble. It has come to stay, and it has come to stay because it is a useful and valuable invention for all time. Of course it is not equally adapted to every country, nor to every portion of any country, but wherever the roads are good and the country hilly, it will more and more come into practical use.

Already bicycles and tricycles are extensively used in Europe for purposes of agriculture for horses, nothing to bare, no feed, no grooming and no medical care.

With such a machine the postoffice could make its rounds in half the distance now it can with the country doctor. Bicycle is still being seized to his needs, ready at the minute notice and no more cost, and able to run on the patient's door with no risk from cold traveled long the visit.

With its aid, too, the traveler explores the country roads and lanes, the footpaths, railways, and in inaccessible picturesque parts. The bicycle must have a great future in the local sport. The criticism of good critics is Sir Lee is seen at Washington, where many thousand bicycles somebody roll over the smoothly cemented streets.

Not much has been said of late about the utility of the bicycle, but it was used to the more practical ends of locomotion. It furnishes a new means of exercise for women. This exercise is exhilarating, it is in the open air, and the rider is not confined to it for his health, but does it for it or accomplishes of pleasure.—Youth's Companion.

Preserving Her Property, if not Propriety.

A rather good story is told of an occurrence at a well known restaurant in one of the fashionable quarters of Washington. The lady of the house was showing a visitor of her own sex—herself a leader of the upper ten—the various rooms of the establishment. Were engaged in this way a caller arrived, and the hostess asked the lady who was showing the pictures to excuse her.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the other, "I will stay here and finish examining the photos."

"No, you won't," said the fair entertainer. "I'm not too many that way already," and gathering up her treasures in haste she moved away.—Washington Post.

THE FOILED MASSACRE.

A few weeks before and wind passed slow structure, with two substantial log barracks, surrounded a square frontier post hastily armed fort, consisting of a sandy enclosure some seven acres, up in the wilds of Dakota and dreary Dakota, in order to keep a watchful eye on the wily Sioux, who were at that time treading and dancing the ghost dance in the neighbouring stockade. One morn of the October—with not time numerous of the—the infantry troops stationed here, Bertha, Lieutenant and Dixon, with his family and orderly, were the black and gentle sentry common which sentinel—usually managed to keep the Indians in hand.

A young sprig of a lieutenant, graduated from West Point and assigned to one of the infantry companies, had lately joined the military post. Not yet twenty, he was as handsome as an Apollo, if perfect physique, building and with most curious, wistful, dreamy eyes, which seemed to look through the world and beyond it. As none of the prim requisites of civilization had penetrated so far west, the man and the aboriginal were as one, and and the handsome, golden haired subaltern became an acknowledged favorite, both with the mounted and foot soldiers of the fort.

Previous to the advent of our fine looking young officer, Silver Dove, daughter of one of the head chiefs of the tribe, had enjoyed the distinction of being the most and favorite of the post, and had free access at all times to its most sacred precincts, a beautiful child of the forest, and as one of nature's children, Yellow Bear, she could say, "with just scarlet Anglo-Saxon mixed with the blood that to make her a distinguished one." Yellow Bear, with her mother to be a beautiful white woman captured by the Sioux, and who died on the birth of Silver Dove. Be that as it may, this primitive child of nature was a perfect beauty, combined with that wary and lovable disposition known to the poets and sweet dove, after which she received her name.

Lieutenant Tom and Silver Dove became fast friends, were frequently seen together, and it was a pretty picture, this young fellow, the lipping lightly beside the tall, handsome papoose, slow sloping her long, black, glossy tresses, and about raising her finger, dimpling cute to him, she plainly showed the affection so often settled in the look of some pet animal for its master, and the young man, with a merry, ringing laughter back, disappear in the wood.

Silver Dove was deeply in love with our handsome Tom, although she may have been ignorant of its meaning then, and he was not the man to trifle with anything that was so sweet and innocent, but then what would be expected of a thousand miles away from civilization? So we all mentioned that he meant just a harmless flirtation to break the monotony of existence up here in this stagnant and forlorn country. Yellowstone Jack said, "He was stuck on Dove, in love to the gal as a fly in honey." But when questioned in regard to his actions Tom would reply that the Indian maiden and himself could attend to their own affairs without any outside assistance.

About this time the Indians commenced hostilities again. We had captured some of the ponies belonging to the Sioux, and prisoners in the guard house awaiting further events. A sun dance was to take place soon, the reservation among the friendly tribes, and a number of us decided to witness it. After obtaining the necessary leave, arms and horses we start for the reservation, and Tom, Dixon and Dove, and myself, were the only white men present. The sun dance is celebrated less in actions, when all the young bucks who have arrived at majority are initiated as warriors.

Arriving at the agency we found a huge fire burning brightly. After being assured to some we set down to view the ceremony. A tall pole had been erected, and to the top were fastened a number of lariats. Seated in a large circle about the pole were the chiefs and warriors. Presently the medicine man, a tall, gaunt, hideous, emaciated several drums, accompanied by the accurated war song. An old chief harangued the crowd, then a condition for the young bucks to stand forth. Then a large hunting knife in his hand that glistened wickedly in the firelight, then another and another until nine stood in a crescent with half nude dancing around.

At a word from the chief, who appeared to be the master of ceremonies, they approached their relatives and friends, and, grasping the flesh up in a thick fold, forced the knife blade through, the tough sinewy skin and broad, the muscles of the right breast. Dancing and picking up the end of a lariat fastened it securely to the loops of bleeding, quivering flesh; then, leaning the body back, they commenced to pull and dance about the stake, reminding one of the Marquis Satellites of "Ipi merrie Hellas." They continued to pull, jump and dance, and yell, until the flesh was torn from their shoulder, and they dropped to the earth exhausted, having torture full designed was done only to declare our Indian bucks ships or exposure. Those who failed to bear the bloody loss spoke were called squaw men, and mock with another year to have their chance to prove themselves.

The sun dancing spectacle, however, and we turned in disgust to depart, when we saw a short distance off our young Tom and Silver Dove, the latter as if her heart would break, kneeling in supplicant attitude at his feet, tenderly entreating him not to leave her. Tom was in a hurry to get away and quickly passed the party, and together we took our departure, not failing to note, however, that young scowling visages were turned in our direction as we departed.

The young officer kept very quiet for a time, but when we had reached home he was ordered to his quarters, and he something in prayer all difficult to promise so early departure. Not much was expressed for me by such actions, I should say."

"Did are just the reason, pard!" exclaimed Yellowstone Jack. "She's such a sweet one for she wants you somewhere comes pet animals, so she won't gnar at yer troubles figure so often."

The dead day runners came into the post bearing news that the tribes to the north of us were all on the warpath, burning and pillaging everything. The cavalry troop which our infantry company mounted were sent to our assistance, leaving two companies of infantry to guard the post. Of course we did not anticipate trouble at the post, so we did not leave our tents at the orderly and by indulging in plenty of bunk fatigues, only a few men were kept on guard, some four days or longer.

I had to stock a few nights following the departure of the mounted party, one of the boys chanced to go over toward Lieutenant Tom's quarters. "Sup, fellers, come here and see how your friends farting in front of our lieut's quarters!" Presently the door opened, and Tom stepped out on to the porch. Here the gaunt, hideous wood spirit, old Silver Dove knew not arose around Tom's neck.

"Well, I'll be darned, fellers. That's a rum act, right here in front of the barracks, too. But what the devil's up?"

Tom listened to Silver Dove a moment, then darted across to the commanding officer's house on a gallop. Burst a tough sniff! The general stares is smoking. No time to excuse Tom. Back saddle gallop, he rids with half of ammunition and falls in. Several bidding guns and mounted mounts are brought and placed at the most commanding points. The commanding officer has just time to sing out:

"Boys, we are surrounded on all sides, and the Lord only knows how many red devils there are, but don't waste your ammunition!"

Then a blood curdling, piercing yell that I shall never forget rings out on the still night air, then from out of the surrounding darkness the red devils are discernible dashing toward the garrison.

But we were prepared for the onslaught, when the red imps of Hades arrived at fight the distance, intended to surprise, we turned the tables, and delivered such a galling fire from rifles, howitzer and Gatling gun that they fell back in disorder, thought as hard to hand as ever, but, then retreated in disorder back to the forest, the dead amphitheatre in the river near.

After a partial recovery from the first shock of the melee, and we had time to report our wits once more, a glad shout rang out over the post. Heaven be praised, Dove! She has saved us from a most horrible fate." But where is the girl? Here the red fiends revenged themselves by killing her!

An anxious search begins. Naturally every step was directed toward Lieutenant Tom's quarters, and there we find her, the dead body of the Indian maiden lying prone on the porch, the ivory hilt of a hunting knife protruding from our left bosom, and the body of poor Tom, shot through the shoulder, thrown across her, seemingly guarding in the last throes of life. We stood there both musingly, then we carefully entered the quarters. Silver Dove, for love of the youngster, had warned us in time, then, a traitor to her people, and knowing that death awaited her for all the end of time in order to be revenged, had gone here, probably to get a last look at her lover, and there as the threshold had deliberately taken her own life. Poor Tom had been shot early in the skirmish, and crawling up to the porch found the dead form of his Indian girl, then throwing himself across her bosom expired.

The Indians had laid their plans well. Having drawn the greater portion of the command to the north, they would then attack us, and after a general massacre locate the chiefs to seven in confinement; then the combined tribes would wage war against all whites in the territory.

I was sergeant of the guard at the time of the skirmish. Just previous to the attack the head chief was out taking an airing under the eye of a sentinel. He looked wicked, as I watched him musingly, then we Presently I heard a pistol shot, and running out found that the chief and vigilant sentry had run a tender harpoon clean through the old chief. By some means the Indian had obtained the pistol, and his stunning the sentinel was to be the signal for attack, but the poor marksmanship displayed resulted in his own death, and the sentry received only a slight flesh wound. After this fight and the death of their most noted chief the Indians never troubled us again.

The next day we buried the sixty Indians killed in the fight all in one hole near the outskirts of the cemetery. Then all the boys gathered in and built a high mound in the center of the parade. In it were interred with military honors the remains of twelve brave soldiers who killed in the skirmish, and at the moment we laid poor Silver Dove, dearly we covered her beneath the sod, and to the tune of the "taps" not a dry eye was visible among all those hardened veterans. Lieutenant Tom recovered later on, a wiser and much sadder individual.

I have stated to be an Indian fighter. Fifteen years after I had occasion to visit this same locality, now grown to be one of the largest posts on the frontier. The mound was still there, however, covered with a verdant greensward, and from its summit Nature had planted a beautiful shrub, created by those who were cared from such a horrible death. Attending to the top, I bowed to reverence before it. Part way up the tide was carved a dove with spread wings, circled above it the inscription, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings!" and beneath it, "Silver Dove." The a legacy left for Cases Sam's boys to guard, and they will guard it well.—Sergeant O. Blessell Dowes, U. S. A., in Detroit News.

Our Trade with Australia.

The first direct and continuous trade between this country and the Australian colonies was in 1852. Its growth up to 1876 was steady. Then the very creditable exhibits of the colonies at the Centennial exhibition drew attention to them. As a result of these exhibits American manufacturers sent their exhibits to them to the Sydney and Melbourne exhibitions of 1879 and 1880. In consequence our trade increased, so that during 1880 to less than ninety-six tenths of $9,149 from sulphur, and with a sum total of 16,000 tons, sailed from the port of New York for Australia, so say minutes of the trading from the Pacific coast.—By B. W. Cameron in Forum.

His Savings.

Old Gentleman (to Son driver)—My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of it in the savings bank?

Driver—No, sir. Afterpaple' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I put every where left in barrels. I'm afraid of them savin's banks.—Fashion.

Commissioner Raum, of the pension bureau, informs us that the pension money appropriated this year will not be quite all used up, but that a few millions will be left over to begin the next fiscal year with. The amount paid out for pensions the present year will, however, reach $110,000,000.

The American Medical association is composed of the most learned and distinguished physicians in America. Their judgment on the Koch lymph is that it has decided value as a medicine for tuberculosis.

Newfoundland, Cuba, Canada and a few more outlying places may come into our Union after a while, if they give sufficient assurance that they will secure themselves for the should understand distinctly that while we would admit them to proper restrictions, we are not hankering after them. Maybe if it could compromise this fact fully the Canadian government might feel easier in its mind.

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