T OF
G THEODORE

g War Chapter in
History of
byssinia.

d Magazine.
ember 2, 1867, that King
of the landing of the Bri-
20th an Amharic copy of
ier's proclamation reached
Next came Napier's ulti-
ore, which had been seized
the chief of Walkait and
r. Rassam. On the advice
chiefs, who held Mr. Ras-
eem, and also at the special
fellow-captives, the ulti-
ppressed, as it was feared
ng of it would enrage the
and cause him to slaughter
ns who were in his power.
ish translation was strong
onscience, but in the Abys-
made the prisoners quake
Mr. Rassam felt certain
nt the King saw this letter
all the captives killed. So
imatum back. Nevertheless,
knew that a crisis was at
he always did things on a
set 50,000 men at work mak-
He then came and shook
r. Rassam, and told him he
British army were coming
attle; and he asked him, in
happened to him (Theodore)
charge of his seven-year-old

the King sent orders that Mr
ns were to be knocked off,
he was to receive two thou-
n lieu of the things that he
also sent him one hundred
y cows, though what Mr. Ras-
o with these latter it is diffi-
The ceremony of knocking
s was interesting. Some of
sisted, whilst others placed
between the flesh and the iron
revent Mr. Rassam being hurt
On the 22nd the King for-
his valuables to the treasury,
esirable bar of gold 14 inches
inches square. A few days
e dismantled the fortress of
and ammunition—no doubt a
iece of strategy of his own.
King held a big court, He had
elf up into a towering rage,
his own death that he would
Rassam's fellow-captives with
By the way of a little prac-
the weapon into a brand new
the way, about 2,000 square
e ground were covered with
eodore's sacred vicinity. One
King asked Mr. Rassam to
d witness the dragging up of
mortar. It was a fine sight.
spring waggon, it was hauled
ce a distance of 100 feet up a
out 45 degrees. "I was told
ortar weighed at least seven
many as 500 men were employ-
it, encouraged and assisted by
s of note, who occasionally help-
g great chunks of stone under
to prevent them from slipping

eodore became more and more
He harangued his army, and
d have to encounter men whose
bedecked with gold, and who
uskets which shot and stabbed
isly. And then down came 570
oners to have their chains struck
there were very few men en-
is task, and, naturally, the pris-
a little impatient. Whereupon
orked himself up into a foaming
ushed out sword in hand. Pre-
rtiers came rushing to Mr. Ras-
g: "The King is making a general
of the captives. Tell your peo-
main in their tents and remain
hand sure enough the King was
ork among the poor captives, and
ust did not end until 6:30 in the
It seems the place of execution
100 yards from Mr. Rassam's
nt. The unhappy prisoners were
efore the King, one by one, and
name and offence of each man had
ted he was hurled over the dread-
ice. Those who were not instant-
were carefully shot by musketeers
below. After a trifle of 107 had
ed out in this way, the King cried

the actual conflict took place the
ns fought sometimes with sticks;
lost at least 1,700 men. Theodore
led in person, and after his defeat,
to Mr. Rassam and asked him to
with the general for peace. About
n April 11 the new and old com-
s of Magdala came to inform Mr.
that the King ordered him to go
the British camp and take his
aptives with him. It was thought
eodore meant to massacre the whole
on the way. "Well do I remem-
last interview with the King! He
nding facing the British camp, with
wenty picked musketeers and his
n artisan. He suggested that it
late for me to go that evening. Did
to go at once, or would I stop the
ith him and go to my people in the
s? I replied that whatever pleased
jesty pleased me. 'Good,' he said;
d better go now.' These were his
rds. I protested that my compan-
ere behind, but he motioned me on-
I went a little way and looked back.
ng was standing on a rock, and hold-
double-barrelled gun in his hands,
tioned me onwards again. I went on
teps farther, and then, to my intense
saw my fellow-captives coming down
l towards me. Poor Theodore! he
ever taken alive!"

BETS OFF!

amusing telephone story is told of
ain lady named Brown. One morn-
ecently she proceeded from break-
able to the telephone in the hall to
some things from her butcher.
alloa!" said Mrs. Brown. "Are you
s the butcher?"
es."
ell, this is Mrs. Brown's residence.
you please send me a large, thick
by 12 o'clock?"
e boy employed in the butcher's shop
ned to answer the telephone, and
ptly responded:
ell, you just bet your sweet life I
o you know, sir, to whom you are
king?"
ure I do," said the boy. "You're
y, Mrs. Brown's cook."
ou are mistaken, young man. You
peaking with Mrs. Brown herself."
s that so?" replied the boy. "Then in
case, madam, we'll call the bet off!"
ndon Tit-Bits.

ou raise a good deal of garden sass,
t you?" said Jaxon's neighbor to
over the back fence.
d raise a good deal more of my wife's
it I didn't," responded Jaxon with-
discontinuing his labors.—Detroit
e Press.

En Route To the Woods

Scene on a Train Familiar to a Great Many Eastern Canadians.

Shanty Men Enjoy Themselves on the Long Trip to Muskoka.

From the Monetary Times.

Would you like a traveller's story for your paper? I can give you one. Or perhaps it would be more strictly in your line if I called it an industrial incident; would it not? Yes, an Industrial Incident is certainly more dignified. When saying good-bye one night at the Grand Trunk station to a handsome young Montreal gentleman, he called my attention to a smoking car filled with a gang of French-Canadian lumbermen from Montreal and the eastern townships, whom he was shipping to Northern Ontario, to do what, do you suppose? To cut hemlock bark in the Muskoka woods for a tanning firm.

These horny-handed and good-natured fellows were for the most part hilarious—this was about the Pretoria jubilation time, remember—that one could not at first distinguish signs of authority in any. But I became aware later that they were in charge of an Irishman, Caffery, who was perfectly sober. The power of talk among such a group is incredible; and one young fellow whom I will call Bill, before the train left, almost wrung the hand off Mr. Harry who was giving him warning advice. Indeed, he swore to practice all the virtues—fidelity, industry, and good behavior generally on the trip.

Finding no one whom I knew in the Pullman, I presently strolled forward to the second-class car. Here my brave boys were, talking, dozing, gesticulating, singing. When he caught sight of me Bill became a master of ceremonies, and introduced me to half a dozen as "a frien' of Monsieur Harray." Then came such handshaking, with me and with each other. With a view to variety, a song was suggested, and some one sang a very lugubrious French one which he said was "Marguerite;" if so, she was in disguise. Next a drunken and inane Marseillaise came from the lips and fingers of one whose hands were the soberest part of him, expressing, as they did, in some degree, the verve which his voice could not. But it evoked no chorus. Then came over to our side of the car the best-looking and best-dressed man of the lot, who sang "Somebody's Waiting," of which nothing but the refrain was distinct, and assured me gravely that this was an Irish song. I suggested to one the twenty-six verses of the Lumberman's Alphabet, as it is sung in some of the Western States:

"A is the axe, as you very well know,
B is us Boys who can swing it al-so,
C is for chopping, which now does begin,
D is for danger, that we are all in,
E is for echo, that through the woods rang,
F is the foreman who headed our gang."

But nobody seemed to know it, and the proposal was rejected, probably for the reason that Mons. Jourdain, in Moliere's play, rejected the ornate composition, viz., that there was "trop de broullianmi dans" it.

Here the attention of Caffery was aroused, and he began to count heads, now in this compartment, now in that. A man was missing! Where could he be? Not in our end—not in the vestibule—not on the platform. Calling out in French he made a rush for the brakesman, and hinted that he was troubled with what Paddy in the owl story called "A Lost Man." Instantly every one had a version of the man's disappearance, and at least six were talking at once.

"Great Heaven! he's killed—he fell off—he jumped off—he quit the job." "He's a lache, a fool, a polisson, a son of a nigger," and any other old name that came handy. Next the conductor was called into council, and there was instant silence while he cross-questioned the party. Verdict—upon very infirm and entirely circumstantial evidence—that the man had jumped off at Lachine, where he had a sweetheart, some said a mother. What struck me most was the view Caffery took of the matter. He seemed to care nothing about the man's life, if he was injured, or his feelings, if he were homesick for Lachine; but it made him grave to think that eight or ten dollars good money should be wasted on a passage to Gravenhurst and no value for it. Lost men or dead men cut no bark.

With the light-heartedness that is in their nature, the men soon forgot the incident. A babel of sound arose again—a mouth organ was produced. Out of this, the boy of the party drew "The Wearing of the Green" in a barely recognizable form, but he did much better with "Home, Sweet Home," moving one of his companions to tears. More hand shaking, in which I had to take part till my arm felt like General Grant's. One fellow pawed me over, and sang unknown slow music into my ear so long that the protector Bill seized him and stopped him with "Achille! tais toi, sacr-r-e pendard," informing him that his voice was like a buzz-saw anyhow. To another over-friendly orator, who seemed one of those persons
Who take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

and was loading me up with parish politics, Bill said, with great ferocity, "Attendez, Jacques, que vous etes fou; laissez tranquille Monsieur." And at once thereafter, with much sweetness declared himself to me thus: "Monsieur, excuse me dere, ma frien' he's leetle foolish dis evendere, ma frien' he's leetle foolish dis evenin' but dat's good boy all de same—Purty soon I'm showin' you some dancin'—jus' two tree minute."

And sure enough, in less time than it takes to tell, Jacques and Dominique were hard at it, one of the group doing the part of floor-manager (the "floor" being the narrow passage-way of the car), and calling out the figures of a cotillion.

"Avanche—balancer—shake de hand—faire grande chaine. Houp la! Balancez encore—Promenade an' salute de lady—Faire le tour—retirez vous Messieurs et Mesdames—Balance everybody. Vive Canada!—Dat's good one."

Talking with a quiet and sober-looking member of the party, I found him, from his own recital, a Canadian who had left his home in Quebec at fifteen, and had some variety in life, sailing on the river; railroading in York State; working in the Michigan lumber woods at Alpena and Muskegon; teaming for the Shedden Company in Montreal; working for Mr. Shaw in the Quebec tanneries. Now at 31 he found himself partly cured of roving, for he had a wife and two babies to steady him.

Having heard me speak to one of his men about Muskoka, he became curious to know what like it was. For, he explained, his employer had given him "a chance" of a job in charge of a gang aroung Bracebridge, and if he liked the place, he would remain there, and send for his family. So, as a loyal Ontarian, I said what I could for Muskoka. But perceiving the simple wants of the man, and remembering that blessed is he who expects little, for he shall not be disappointed, I warned him that gold did not grow on the bushes there.

He was no fool, this man, Fred Foucault, even though he seemed likely to be "contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair," if I may use one of Burns' phrases instead of one of Dr. Drummond's to describe a French-Canadian characteristic. His description of the development in American lumbering of late years, the small mill superceded by the large; the changed methods, "lumbering by railroad" as it may be termed of late; the reign of the gang-saw—the coming of the band-saw; the over-hasty depletion of the lumber woods in Michigan; the receding of the pine forests from Saginaw Bay clear across the peninsula to Ludington, and then beyond the Big lake into Wisconsin; the increased attention now paid to woods that were formerly despised; the waste without repair, and the cost of that waste—All this was spoken with artlessness, and yet with a shrewdness that showed the habitant to have both observed and reflected. His career, besides, proved in how many directions a man of no particular training may find employment in this young country if he only chooses to work at what offers, and not, as some fools of immigrants do, throw themselves on public charity because they cannot get the precise sort of work they have been used to.

It is instructive, and the writer thought a little curious, to discover through the incident of meeting this gang, that the Messrs. Shaw & Cassels had started several hundred men already in the Muskoka woods cutting hemlock bark for tanning purposes, and more were to come, as soon as they could be got from Montreal and the eastern townships. It serves to give one an idea of the enormous quantity of this material a large tanning establishment requires. The morning, I should add, found these roysterers all sober, a little shame-faced at their overnight excesses, but full of their unvarying civility, as they changed cars for the North.

ALL THE SMITHS.

John Smith, a fighter to the core,
Of wondrous pith and power,
Lived in Virginia long before
"First Families" were in flower.

He fought the aboriginies
With Puritanic ardor,
And killed 'em with so much of ease,
He only fought the harder.

Said the old chieftain, Powhatan,
And hope looked very thin for him,
For he was captured by a chief
Who had it strictly in for him.

Said the old chieftan, Powhatan,
"I'll pluck your lights and liver
And gouge your eyes out, haughty man!
And fling you in the river."

So he proceeded thus to do
And wreck his ruthless slaughter,
When in between the warring two
There rushed the chieftain's daughter.

"Let up," she cried to Powhatan,
"Should bloody murder vaunt us?
This is a very lovely man!"
Cried dusky Pocahontas.

"He shall be mine," the maiden cried,
"One hair you shall not bother!"
And threw herself by Smithie's side,
Defying thus, her father.

"Oh, very well," said Powhatan,
"Since you admire the villain,
I'll spare this wicked Englishman,
Tho' he deserves a killin'.

So Smithie saved his precious head,
And 'mid delight and laughter
He and the Injun girl were wed,
And happy lived thereafter.

Now all the Smiths—Dick, Harry, Tom—
With eager rapture want us
To think they are descended from
The lovely Pocahontas.

—St. Louis Post Despatch.

CUSTOMS PROCEDURE.

A Number of Important Changes Being Made.

Some important changes are to be made in the mode of operating the Canadian customs, says the Canadian Trade Review. In the first place the statistical departments are to be removed from the different ports to Ottawa. It is believed that with the centralization of the labor the statistics of the department can be more readily compiled. This is the plan followed at the present time in the United States, and is found to work satisfactorily.

Another change contemplated is the reorganization of the Board of Customs. This board has for the last half dozen years existed practically in name only, and the government with the reorganization will give it some work to do.

The work of this board will be centralized in Ottawa, and will consist of four members, two Dominion appraisers, two members to be appointed, and the commissioner—five in all. The board will determine on cases in the Capital City, in place of the old method of going about from port to port as has formerly been done.

The third and most interesting change, so far as regards the public, is a new regulation requiring duplicate invoices, one to be filed at the port of entry, and the second to be forwarded to the department of customs, Ottawa.

This change will make it necessary for the merchants to get their invoices in triplicate instead of duplicate, as at the present time. Probably at first this may give considerable annoyance, but it was thought that in the long run it will be more satisfactory all around. For years complaints have been made that some ports had advantages over others, inasmuch as the goods are not appraised at an equal value in all ports. The hardware merchants were particularly loud in their complaints, and often made the claim, with probably a great deal of justice, that they were working under a disadvantage which should not exist.

With the centralization of this work in Ottawa and with the invoices directly under their eye, the officials will, it is thought, be able to correct these irregularities without any trouble.

It is not at all likely that any move will be made in the last change for some months to come, and it is expected that a long notice will be given the importers, so that they may provide for triplicate invoices, and thus not interfere with their business.

THE GREEN SICKNESS

Girls who lack sufficient nerve force to develop into health and womanhood become pale, weak nervous and irritable, or they have chlorosis or "green sickness" and can only be cured when the nerves are restored and revitalized and the blood made rich by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative in pill form. It makes pale, weak women and girls healthy, rosy and plump. Note increase in weight while taking it.

Union With Newfoundland

People of the Ancient Colony Begin Looking Towards Canada.

Wide Awake St. John's Writer Points Out Advantages to Them.

From Montreal Gazette.

A marked change which is passing over the public mind here, in reference to union with Canada. In proof of this articles have appeared in the Evening Telegram, formerly an uncompromising opponent of Confederation, and now become its earnest advocate. It is the organ of the present government, though in its declarations in favor of union, it carefully guards against the supposition that it is expressing the views of the government, and claims to be taking an independent position. The articles are lively and pungent, and the writer is thoroughly outspoken. In the issue of the 30th ult. his views are ably stated, and without any reserve, as the following extracts well show: "The second failure" (of negotiations for union in 1895) "was also fortunate, for we are now in an infinitely better position for negotiating a union which will be mutually beneficial to both Canada and Newfoundland than in 1895, when the fortunes of the colony, by reason of the great fire, and the crash of our local banks, were at the lowest ebb. Our mineral wealth and lumbering and pulp-making capabilities have been demonstrated to be great beyond all conception since 1895. We can now almost dictate our own terms to Canada within reasonable limits. The change in Canada itself since 1869 has been far more sweeping. At that date it was a union of widely scattered provinces held together by a feeble tie which many predicted would be burst asunder in a brief period. Now, Confederation has grown into a brilliant success. Canada has grown into a nation with the brightest possibilities before it. It has taken a leading part in the great movement which has bound the colonies to the Empire; and Canadian soldiers are fighting side by side with the regular soldiers of the Queen, and with not less distinguished valor. The reputation of Canada has gone up by leaps and bounds. Its influence with the Imperial government is powerful, as the sacrifices made by Canada in the interests of the Empire have won the gratitude of the English people. Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches state that the great colonies at least will ere long be represented in the Imperial parliament. As a part of Canada Newfoundland would share in the honers to be awarded, and its claim to a settlement of the "French Shore Question" would be immensely strengthened. To be able to send representatives to the English House of Commons would be a consummation the advantages of which are too obvious to need enumeration. It used to be a favorite argument among our anti-Confederate friends that the weak and needy Dominion wanted to get hold of this colony to help to save it from the fall to which it was tottering. That argument has no force now, when Canada has become great and prosperous, and it united to it we should share in that prosperity. As far as our means permit, we have shown ourselves not less loyal to the Empire than Canada itself, and a disposition to carry out the union of the colonies with the Empire by joining hands with Canada would be highly appreciated by the statesmen and people of England, and would confer on us a status we could never reach in our present selfish isolation."

The writer then goes on to deal with the question practically, and asks what benefits would the toiling men in Newfoundland derive from union with Canada? This is his answer:—"To begin with, it is evident that Canada, a farming and manufacturing country, can furnish all that our working classes eat and wear. Under our present tariff these articles are heavily taxed, paying duties that range from fifteen to forty per cent. The workingman cannot put a cabbage, turnip or potato into his pot without paying heavy duties. His clothing pays thirty to forty per cent. Union with Canada means untaxed food and clothing. The coast of the workingman's tea, sugar and molasses would, under the Canadian tariff, be reduced by twenty-five or thirty per cent. All farm produce, fruits, etc., would be free. All classes would benefit by this; but the difference to the households of the fishermen would be the difference between pinching and plenty—between grinding want, and comfortable food and clothing. Of all classes the working classes have most to gain by union with Canada; and when once their eyes are opened to see this, party politicians will not be allowed to play fast and loose, but will be compelled to secure for them the greatest boon they have ever obtained. Under the Canadian tariff, too, everything that the fisherman uses in his occupation—his salt, his nets, seines, lines, twines, shipbuilding materials, would be free of duty—an immense saving to them. They have been deceived, misled—kept in the dark and cajoled by interested persons; otherwise they would long since have demanded Confederation—the first thing that will help them out of their present condition of semi-serfdom."

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Amusing Incidents That May Occur in Canada Next Year.

Even a census enumerator has a limit, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, but in this instance of the exhibition of the limit the census man came out second best. The enumerator in question had to make a certain territory in the city where, as a rule, a fellow is lucky if he gets away at any time without being abused, let alone at a time of inquisitiveness.

In some tenement districts the inhabitants look upon each other with suspicion, while a stranger has no chance whatever, in case his acts are the least bit off the ordinary. The enumerator who is now out of a job visited one house, and after the door was opened started off with the list of questions the law says every one must answer correctly. The woman who answered his knock set the dog on him, or would have done so if he had not made a most hurried exit. He returned next day, but was given no opportunity to explain the object of his visit. The lady was in a more quiet frame of mind, but none the less suspicious, for all that.

"What do you come around here asking me those questions for? You want to find out all about myself and my family. In a day or two another fellow will come around and say the same thing I know I knew my father years ago; then the fellow they may disappoint you. You will discover that my name is Hanger. You peared along with the others, too, unless get out of here, and stay out of stairs," you want to get thrown down stairs." After the poor enumerator reported the case to the special agent, he said he had had all he wanted of that kind of work, and there was plenty of work for the officers of certain kinds of drinks whether one man went that night.

With the exception of this one man there have been but three other cases of enumerators resigning their position, in these instances, sickness being the reason assigned.

The citizens of St. Louis are, as a rule, more anxious to be counted than they are to make trouble for the man whose duty it is to count them. Supervisor Higgins said yesterday that one woman came to his office and said that an attempt was being made to pad the census, as she knew they tried to count her twice. Upon investigation it was found that the woman had heard enumerators talking about the census; that she had received the impression that they were taking a count of herself and her household, and that is how she happened to get into a wrangle with the enumerator when he called at her house.

Another man had an experience which he related as follows: "Out in my district I called on a lady of uncertain age the day after an official call had been made at a neighbor's house. When I asked this lady how old she was, she replied: 'Did you learn the age of my neighbor across the way when you called there?' Answering in the affirmative, I was then told, in a tone of voice as sharp as two-edged sword: 'Well, I am two years younger than that other woman, if you are so anxious to know.'"

Supervisor Higgins told yesterday of a number of persons working on government work at Wade, Union County, Ill., who claimed St. Louis as their home. Individual slips were sent over there, and when returns came in it was found that the city's population was seventy-two larger than it would otherwise have been, but for the fact that the public take an interest in the work and want to help the government obtain a correct count.

So far there have been few accidents reported by the census man. One on crutches, another thrown from a buggy and a third bruised by falling from a bicycle form the extent of injuries so far as known.

WHY HE WAS SUBMERGED.

At the conclusion of the service the minister of a certain non-conformist church in in England went down the aisle as was his unvarying custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church," said he to one as he warmly shook his hand.

"No, sir," replied the stranger.

"Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister.

"I suppose," responded the other, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian."

"A submerged Presbyterian!" exclaimed the minister, "I should be glad if you'd explain."

"Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in a Church of England choir and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday school."

"But," said the minister, aghast, "you contribute, doubtless, to some church."

"Yes, I contribute to all of them," was the answer. "That's what submerges me."

FIT REFORM.

The King had inaugurated a government of reform and had laid down many new rules for the good of the people and the land.

"Another offender, your majesty!" announced the guard, suddenly appearing at the door.

"What is the charge, sirrah?"

"He wears a long cutaway coat," answered the guard.

"What of that?" cried the king, frowning.

"But he is a little man."

"Twenty years in the bastile," thundered his majesty.—Indianopls Sun.

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON.

Speculation As to the Reason of the Shortage.

Columbia River Salmon.

The belief is daily becoming stronger among fishermen and others interested in the industry that the failure of the supply means that the claims of the number of salmon propagated artificially have been greatly exaggerated to a considerable extent. That several millions of young salmon are turned loose from the hatcheries annually is thought to be unreasonable in view of the steady falling off in the catch, and the success of the experiments conducted on a small scale indicates that a mistake must have been made in the count of the fry.

Notwithstanding the fact that there were a large number of fish marked before being turned loose during the last few years, comparatively few of them have ever been heard of, although a very close watch has been kept. At one of the local canneries the Chinese who clean the salmon have had a standing offer of 50 cents for every fish discovered with the adipose in missing, and it is extremely improbable that any marked fish were overlooked. But, notwithstanding this incentive to vigilance, only five marked salmon have been detected this season.

George Johnson, foreman of the Cutting cannery, and one of the best posted men in Astoria on the fishing industry, offers the sensible suggestion that early fish be hatched, instead of those taken in July and August. If late fish are hatched, he says, the result of the hatching, if any, will not be learned until the latter part of the season. His idea, therefore, is to secure for the first run of salmon as may be required for the purpose of propagation, and put in enough of the young fish to determine definitely whether or not the industry can be restored to its former importance. If that is not done it is only a question of a few years, he believes, until the canning industry will be a thing of the past on the Columbia River.

Asked his opinion as to the fact that marked fish turned out of Oregon hatcheries have been found in the Sacramento and other coast streams, Mr. Johnson said that the proportion would not necessarily show what part of the hatchery fish returned to their native waters.

"My idea," said Mr. Johnson, "is to hatch early fish in sufficient quantities to either insure satisfactory returns or else demonstrate that it is not possible to make artificial propagation a success.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

THE HARVESTER WRECKED.

She Was Totally Lost Off the Australian Coast—Crew Were Saved.

The old bark Harvester, one of the best known vessels on the coast, is a total wreck on the Seal Rocks, off the Australian Coast. Captain Edwardson and the crew of fourteen were saved. The bark was last on the Pacific Coast in November, toward the latter part of which month she sailed with a cargo of lumber for Delagoa Bay. She was making for Newcastle N. S. W., from Delagoa Bay when she went on the rocks.

As an American ship in the old days of the bucko mate the Harvester was known as one of the terrors of the sea. She was a sister ship of the Reaper and Gatherer of a [illegible] enviable fame. That was more than [illegible] years ago, and the atrocities then [illegible] ted on the so-called hell ships are [illegible] heard of nowadays.

The Harvester was built by the Sewalls at Bath, Me., in 1875. She was bought in 1887 by A. [illegible] Lorentzen and others and converted into a bark.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S TACT.

An incident of the Archbishop of Canterbury's later life is described by a working man in a letter to his son, a biographer, says H. B. Marwin, in the Atlantic.

"I believe many of us, perhaps the majority, thought he had a work-ship training in his early days, because he appeared to have the faculty of looking at things with a workman's mind. I have seen hundreds of gentlemen try to do this in my time and fail, but your father did it unconsciously. To give an instance. Two of our committee were secularists. Once, at a meeting, when your father was speaking about a life to come, one of them, who was in the chair, dissented audibly. It was a social meeting of men and women, following a tea—he had had tea with us. Now, most clergymen, hearing an ejaculation of that kind, would have solemnly repeated the statement and enlarged upon it. Your father did nothing of the sort. He simply nodded his head back to the chairman of the meeting behind him, laughed, and, with a knowing kind of a look at his audience, said to the chairman. 'Come, it won't do, you know,' meaning that the chairman's denial of a future life would not 'go down' with that audience, at any rate. This by-play was infinitely more effective than any labored argument would have been."

THE FLESH OF THE WILD SOW.

From Thomas Muffet, 1875.

Of all Venison, Hippocrates most commendeth the flesh of a wild sow, because strengthening meat, but also medicinable strengthening meat, but also medicinable to keep us from costiveness, Reason teaching us that it is far above tame Pork or Swine's flesh: First, because it feeds more purely: Secondly, because it hath not meat brought to hand, but it gets it by travail, and hath choice of Diet to feed wherein it listeth; Thirdly, it is not penned up (as commonly our Swine be) in a little, close and stinking stie, but enjoyeth the benefit of a clear air, which clarifieth blood, as much as any meat can augment it. It is a rare meat now in England, and found only (as I have been informed) in my Lord Latimer's Woods, who took pleasure in hunting them, and also made wildbulls of tame cows, as our fore-fathers (more wisely) made tame of wild.

If they be young, fat, fully grown, and taken in chase, in winter time (presently after most is fallen), they are unfit for few men's stomachs, being thus prepared, as I have seen them done in High Germany. First, after the flesh is thoroughly cold, parboil it in Renish wine, wherein ripe juniper berries were sodden, then, having taken it out and sliced it, season every slice apart with pepper, salt cloves, mace, ginger and nutmegs, of each a sufficient quantity, that of all make it in paste, with good store of good butter, and it will prove a most excellent meat to be eaten cold.

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows ploughed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you the dearer," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some sout to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—McClure's Magazine.

THE CANADIANS WERE THERE!

Now let Baden-Powell be feted
Mafeking is liberated!
Little "Bobs" was not belated—
He had fixed the date with care;
And now in the jubilation,
That transports the British nation,
Give us due congratulation—
"The Canadians were there!"

Thus the morning papers head it.
And old John Bull where he read it,
Cried, "Its greatly to their credit,
In the glory they must share!"
And he told with satisfaction,
How our gallant battery section
By forced march got into action—
"The Canadians were there!"

Then Her Majesty, who listened,
While her eyes with pleasure glistened
Though the tears therein imprisoned
(She was sitting in her chair)
In her queenly pride arising,
Answered—"John, its not surprising,
You might well have been surmising—
"The Canadians were there!"

"For throughout this war I've noted
These Canadians, kahki-coated,
To my crown and cause devoted,
Are in evidence everywhere:
You will find those lads of mettle
Wheresoe'er the muskets rattle,
Reading, after every battle—
"The Canadians were there!"

"True," said John, "they're simply splendid
Brain and heart and muscle blended—
And I'll wager when its ended
And the Marshal's bugles blare
O'er a new redeemed Pretoria
Where beneath your sway, Victoria,
Freedom sings her Del Gloria,
"The Canadians will be there!"

—J. W. Bengough.

CANADA FIRST.

Dominion Wins First Prize For Timber at Paris.

Toronto, June 21.—The Evenig Telegram's cable from London says Canada has been awarded first prize for the display of timber at the Paris exposition.

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MINERAL ACT.
(Form F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Richard III Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Chemainus District.

Where located:—At Mount Sicker.

Take notice that I, Lenora Richards, known as Mrs. S. A. Richards, Free Miners Certificate No. 48933B, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 14th day of June, A. D. 1900.

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897."

ALASKA PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY.

Registered the 1st day of June, 1900.

I hereby certify that I have this day registered the "Alaska Pacific Express Company," as an extra-provincial company under the Companies Act, 1897, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects hereinafter set forth to which the legislative authority of the legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the company is situate in the city of Seattle, State of Washington, U. S. A.

The amount of capital of the company is $100,000, divided into 1,000 shares of $100.

The head office of the company in this province is situate in Victoria, and E. H. Blackwood, express agent, whose address is Victoria, aforesaid, is the attorney for the company.

The time of the existence of the company is fifty years.

The objects for which the company has been established are:

The establishing, maintaining, conducting, and operating any express or fast transportation route or routes, by land or water, or both, between, or from or to any place or places in the State of Washington, and to or from any place or places within the territory of Alaska, and between, or from or to, any place or places in the state of Washington, and to or from any other place or places within or without the said state, and between or from or to any place or places within the geographical limits of the United States of America, and, to or from any other place or places in the said United States or any place or places in any foreign country, possession, or colony, for the conveyance or transmission, for hire and reward, of any kind of property, by express or fast transportation facilities; and for the purpose of facilitating said express or fast transportation business and effecting exchange between all or any of the several places at which said corporation shall or may transact any of its express business, the drawing, accepting, indorsing, guaranteeing, buying, selling, and negotiating of drafts, orders for money, and inland and foreign bills of exchange; the receiving at any place, of coin, money, silver and gold in any form, and any and all kinds of valuables for transmission and delivery of the same to and at any other place whatsoever; the buying, selling and disposing of gold and silver coin and bullion, gold dust and other valuable minerals and mineral products, money and securities for money, and the transaction of a general exchange and collection business; and to have and exercise all of the powers conferred by law upon corporations organized under the laws of the state of Washington.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, province of British Columbia, this 1st day of June, one thousand nine hundred.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
(L.S.) Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

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By Mr. Davin in the house this week. As