THE NEW CABINET OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Messrs. Wells, Prentice and McBride Accept Office In the Government and Are Duly Sworn In.

Bye-Elections For This City and South Victoria Have Been Fixed and the Writs Are Issued.

Yesterday Premier Dunsmuir completed his cabinet, presenting to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor the names of J. D. Prentice as provincial secretary and minister of education; W. C. Wells, chief commissioner of lands and works; and Richard McBride, minister of mines. The new ministers at once took the oath of office, were sworn in, and assumed charge of their respective departments.

Writs for the bye-elections in Victoria City and South Victoria, to provide for the re-election of Hon. J. H. Turner and Hon. D. M. Eberts, were at once issued and signed by His Honor. These elections are to be held on July 3. The bye-elections for the return of the other members of the cabinet will be set for a later date.

A meeting of the executive will be held to-day, when it may be arranged that the house will be prorogued to a later date than July 5, in order to arrange for the re-election of all the ministers previous to the opening of the session, the brief period of time which elapses between now and the date set for that event rendering this step necessary.

Hon. W. C. Wells, the new minister of lands and works, first saw the light of day at Varnock Hill, Prescott county, Ont., about 43 years ago. He is a son of the late Sheriff Wells of the counties of Prescott and Russell, and a brother of Hon. R. M. Wells, late Speaker of the Ontario legislature. For seven years Mr. Wells was in business in Montreal, and in 1886 he came to British Columbia, engaging in the lumbering business at Palliser. The new minister is a Liberal in federal politics. He first entered the provincial political arena in 1898, when at the general elections he was elected to the legislature for North East Kootenay as a supporter of the Semlin government. Again a candidate at the recent elections he was re-elected by a large majority, his opponents losing their deposits.

Hon. Richard McBride, a native son—and probably the youngest who ever obtained political prominence in British Columbia, was born in New Westminster on December 15, 1870. He received his early education at the public schools in that city, and afterwards at the Dalhousie University, graduating in 1890 from the latter educational institution. He was called to the bar in British Columbia in 1892, at that time being connected with the firm of Corbould, McColl, Wilson & Campbell, practising at New Westminster. Since 1894 he has been practising on his own account, and at present is in partnership with J. D. Kennedy at New Westminster. In 1896 he contested unsuccessfully the constituency of New Westminster against Aulay Morrison at the general federal elections. Two years later—in 1898—he was elected to the legislature for Dewdney as a supporter of the Turner government. At the recent provincial elections he was re-elected to the legislature as an Independent by a large majority. In federal politics Mr. McBride is a Conservative.

Hon. J. D. Prentice, an Englishman by birth, sat for East Lillooet during the session of 1895, and was again elected in 1898, playing an important part in the exciting scenes incidental to the collapse of the Semlin administration. At the recent elections he was returned by a good majority.

The Colonist's Vancouver correspondent sends the following:

"Lieut. Akroyd states that the guard of honor to the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of the house will be provided from the Third Canadian special service regiment.

"There is a Cassiar ballot-box running amuck in the province, and the present holder states that anyone can take it away who will pay $10 charges on it. The ballot-box is full of ballots and duly sealed. On the bottom is written, 'Warnock Cannery, Rivers Inlet,' and on a tag attached to the box is the following inscription: 'J. G. Garvey, Returning Officer, Cassiar District, Vancouver, B. C.'" The box was brought to Victoria on the Queen City and handed to the purser of the Tees, who brought it to Vancouver. Messrs. Evans, Coleman & Evans took charge of it as agents for the C. P. N. Co., and, not being able to find any claimant, took it to the express office. The express office refused to handle it, and returned it to Evans, Coleman & Evans, who wrote a postcard to J. G. Garvey, Cassiar district, in the hope that that gentleman would pay the $10 charges and whatever wharfage there was on the box, and thus relieve them of their serious obligation of taking charge of a government ballot-box. No answer has been received to the card. The Cassiar election, from last reports, is somewhat close, and if there was a recount the authorities would be looking very anxiously for that run-away ballot box.

"The explanation of the meanderings of the box is no doubt as follows: "The deputy returning officer at the Warnock cannery had been instructed to send the box to the proper government department at Victoria, and by some peculiar reasoning of his own decided that it should be addressed to Mr. Garvey, the returning officer for the district, while he made a further blunder by addressing the box to Vancouver, instead of Victoria. Be that as it may, the government must pay $10 charges to get the box back."

HON. J. D. PRENTICE.
Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education.

HON. J. H. TURNER,
Minister of Finance.

HON. W. C. WELLS,
Minister of Lands and Works.

HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR
Premier and President of the Council.

HON. D. M. EBERTS,
Attorney-General.

HON. R. McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

"A Fenian Raid"

How Two Portland Railway Men Were Taken for Fenians In Victoria.

Had Cartridges Marked Dynamite and Got a Scare In Consequence.

In the days of the recent demonstrations held to celebrate the fall of the Boer oligarchy and the doings of "Bobs" and 200,000 other Britishers in South Africa, there was, as Victorians will remember, an alarmist rumor abroad of the coming of Fenians to blow up the dry dock, the fortifications, government buildings, theatre—in fact anything that was possible to be destroyed by the "brave Irish pro-Boers from the nation to the South."

Victorians will remember the scare which followed the report which came from the British consul at San Francisco—who had seemingly good ground for it—that the Fenians were coming—and two Portland railroad men will also remember it, they probably retaining the occasion in their memory more strongly than the average Victorian, for they then got a scare which was a hundred per cent. worse than any of those who had become alarmed at the reported coming of the emissaries of the Clan-Na-Gael.

The two Portland railroaders who remember the scare were Mike Roche, of the Rio Grande Western railway, and J. O'Reilly, of the Illinois Central. Chief of Police Langley may also remember the incident, for, according to the Portland Telegram, he was connected with it in company with several others.

While the climax of the story—which is told by friends of the two Portlanders with the Milesian names—was somewhat startling, the events which led up to the visit of Messrs. Roche and O'Reilly to Victoria and what followed were natural enough. According to the story, the two railroaders, when they became acquainted with the fact that Victoria was holding a series of celebrations, thought they had business in this city, and accordingly Mike and Jack packed their grips and came up to Victoria. The city was, on their arrival, hidden in a wealth of bunting and decoration in honor of the British victories, and the citizens were wild with enthusiasm. Union Jacks fluttered from every flag-pole and window. Strings of fire-crackers spat and sputtered from the buildings along the principal streets, and bombs and giant crackers shattered the air. Crowds, too, gathered in the public places and shouted themselves hoarse—but Victorians are fully cognizant of these things.

To return to Mike and Jack, they much enjoyed the thorough manner in which the people of Victoria let their patriotism loose—but they wished afterwards that the patriotism was not so intense. The trouble all started through a small square package which O'Reilly carried. It seems that Mr. Ellis, of Seattle, who takes part in the international shoot now being held in this city, and O'Reilly—so the story goes—agreed to bring some cartridges over for him.

It was this box of cartridges which caused all the surprise, and perhaps Mr. Allan Cameron, assistant general freight agent of the Canadian Pacific railway, of Vancouver, then in the city, may have had something to do with it. Anyway, the queer looking package of cartridges, which could easily have been taken for an infernal machine or most anything else, was guarded most carefully by Mr. O'Reilly. When Mr. Cameron was in the company of the Portland railroaders, the conversation drifted to the subject of the box of cartridges. It was remarked that the box looked like an infernal machine, and from the subject of infernal machines the conversation went to Fenians and other fighting Irishmen. It is said that Mr. Cameron, who had no doubt heard of the information from 'Frisco that there really were some dangerous characters in town, shortly afterwards asked some acquaintances—in a spirit of fun, of course—if they ever saw two men who looked so much like Fenians as Mike and Jack, who, by the way, were entirely innocent of these allusions to their personal appearance.

In some manner it began to be whispered around town that a couple of Fenian dynamiters were in the city. At that period Fenians were being eagerly looked for, for several plots at destruction had been unearthed.

O'Reilly was strolling about the city, taking in the sights and hugely enjoying the expressions of patriotism, when he heard something that nearly paralyzed him.

"Did you hear about the dynamiters who were in town?" he heard one man say to another.

"No, what about them?" asked the friend.

"Why, there are a couple of Fenians in town, who came here to dynamite the fort."

"You don't say," said the friend, incredulously.

O'Reilly edged nearer. He wanted to hear all there was to hear.

"How did they discover them?" he asked in that pleasant way of his which has got his road many a ton of freight.

"Telegraphic advices," said the first speaker, vaguely.

O'Reilly was turning away when another party rushed up to the group and excitedly said: "They've found the dynamiters. They're stopping at the ——— hotel, and their names are O'Reilly and Roche, two Irishmen, from Portland. We're sure to catch them."

"What will be done with them" a companion wanted to know.

"They'll never reach the calaboose," said the other, darkly.

O'Reilly felt his hair standing on end. He wanted to get away, but his knees felt weak. He finally managed it, however, and like a streak of greased lightning made for the hotel to get his grip and warn Mike. He knew there was no use in trying to explain things, as his appearance was against him, and then, besides, he wanted to go home.

O'Reilly slipped in the side door very quietly. He went past the office and glanced cautiously about. He noticed the package on the counter, and his hair curled in earnest. Marked across it, in large letters, was the word "dynamite." O'Reilly felt sick. He longed for Mike or a friendly Portland policeman to whom he could tell his troubles.

Some time afterwards O'Reilly and Mike were explaining matters to Chief of Police Langley, who took them through a private entrance and advised them not to expose themselves too much, as there was no telling what some crank might do.

ELECTRIC HEADLIGHT.

Engines Fitted With the New Lamps at Revelstoke.

For the past week or so, says the Kootenay Mail, Mr. E. E. Bishop, representing the Pyle National Electric Headlight Company, of Chicago, has been in Revelstoke and last night the result of his visit was made known when engine No. 683 appeared with electric lights burning brightly. The dynamo, which is very compact in its structure, rests on top of the boiler between the bell and dome and from it the wires are run through pipes, where not most dangerous, connecting with the headlight and back to the cab. The headlight is a strong incandescent one which lights the track for a long distance, the cab being lighted with small lights as was also the sides of the engine, doing away with the necessity of a torch while oiling. Tom Sweeney was a proud man as he displayed his locomotive, the first on the Western division to be fitted with lights, on her trial run last evening. Engine No. 650 will also have the lights put on her, after which Mr. Bishop goes to the Coast.

Returned From the Front

Major Drummond Tells of His Experiences In South African War.

He Defends Lord Methuen's Course at the Battle of Magersfontein.

"Methuen is a splendid General," said Major Drummond, who returned to Ottawa from South Africa a week ago. The Boers are, he considers, good riders, but no better than other colonials, and their skill in shooting he does not consider remarkable. The Major went out to South Africa with the First Canadians, and almost immediately after his arrival at Capetown he was sent up to join Lord Methuen's staff. This appointment was a fortunate one for him, as he immediately got to the front. He had previously been five years on Lord Methuen's staff.

"The day after we landed I was sent by Gen. Walker to join Lord Methuen's staff. There had been one or two casualties among the staff officers. Lord Methuen was wounded himself, and, as I had been five years one of his aides-de-camp before going to Africa, I was despatched to the front. This was before the fight at Magersfontein."

"What do you think of the story about Gen. Wauchope saying to the Highland Brigade, 'Don't blame me for this'?" asked the interviewer.

"I don't believe he ever said it," replied Major Drummond. "A finer soldier than Wauchope never stepped, and he was not the kind of a man who, at the finish, would attempt to shove the responsibility off his own shoulders upon others. He knew as much as anybody about the nature of the work he had to do.

"The elements were against us more than anything else that day at Magersfontein. It was stormy, and the sky was as black as ink. Had we had two fresh battalions that day, we would have cleared the Boers out of the trenches and won the day.

"One of the incidents of the fighting around Magersfontein was the re-appearance of a Boer gun on the night of the relief of Kimberley. This gun had been knocked out by us for three weeks, and we thought it had been finally settled, when it suddenly commenced sending shells among us. Our gunners considered this an impertinence, and they took great delight in sending back shells until it was silenced. It never spoke again.

"The position of the Boers at Magersfontein was a very deceptive one. From our camp it appeared to be of great length and very high. The veldt gradually rose to the Boers' position, and when our men had marched toward it for some distance they found that the position was not nearly as long as it appeared, nor were the kopjes as high as they looked in the distance.

"Lord Roberts' strategy has been as brilliant as it was successful, but he had the opportunities to go round the flank of the enemy and yet contain his first position. Lord Methuen was differently situated. He had not enough troops to contain his first position and flank the enemy. Had he attempted such a movement there would be nothing to prevent the enemy from advancing upon his first position and cutting his lines of communication. Methuen is a splendid soldier, a man of high character, and one who will do his duty in spite of everything. His orders were to press to the relief of Kimberley, and he was doing what he was ordered in the best manner possible, considering the number of troops he had. People are beginning to realize now that they judged him too hastily. The story of his madness is all twaddle. The only fault he had was the one which led to his getting wounded, that was in going too far to the front. When he ordered an advance and the men hesitated, not caring to go in under any other leader than Methuen, he at once was at their head, and then he was wounded.

"After the relief of Kimberley I had command of a regiment of colonial mounted infantry, and was in the capture of Boshof, where I secured a rifle for Lord Minto, and also a flag. I had the local rank of lieutenant-colonel. From Boshof we returned to Kimberley, and then went out to Fourteen Streams, where we left a force to watch the Boers on the opposite side of the river. Then we went west to Barkley to look for rebels. When the preparations for the relief of Mafeking were under way I was ordered by Lord Roberts to recruit my force up to about 750 men, and for that purpose we had to get many new horses, which were then scarce. I wanted very much to go to Mafeking, as I had been there fifteen years before with General Warren. On the way to Barkley West I felt an old trouble coming on, and I also got a strain, so that it was almost impossible for me to ride. I had to give up service altogether. A few days after that Col. Mahon succeeded me in command of my regiment, and it was his good fortune to be sent to the relief of Mafeking."

"What about white flag treachery?" asked the reporter.

"I heard of many cases and several of which were undoubtedly instances of treachery. Col. Villebois de Marueil, the French officer, lost his life because of treachery. Some one behind him raised a flag just as Villebois shot a Yeomanry officer dead, and in an instant Villebois was killed. It was at this time that Sergt. Pat Campbell, husband of the famous actress, Mrs. Pat Campbell, was killed.

"Some of the striking features about the war are the excellence of the supply and medical arrangements. It was a very noticable thing that the military supply department was able to meet all the requirements. The original intention was to supply 60,000 troops. Now nearly 200,000 are being supplied. Short rations were inevitable in Lord Roberts' rapid march across the Free State. They were moving quickly, and then the loss of a ship with 200 wagons on board handicapped the supply department. The medical arrangements were so good that the next morning after the fight at Magersfontein the wounded were on the hospital trains on their way to the hospital at the base.

"The war has shown the immense value of mounted infantry, and this class of the forces will, I think, have to be largely increased. The originator and backbone of this force was General Hutton, and I am glad to think that he has a splendid force in South Africa. When the Canadians and Australians met they were all loud in their praise of General Hutton, and all wanted to be under his command.

"Man for man I do not think the Boers are any better shots than other colonials. Had they been as good shots as reported, they would have inflicted a great deal more harm upon our troops. On many occasions their shooting was not good."

The flag which Major Drummond got at Boshof was one of the combination ensigns intended for use after the Transvaalers and Free Staters had driven the British into the sea. It consisted of yellow and white stripes, three of the former and two of the latter. In the upper corner next to the staff were stripes of red, white and blue. This flag differs from the ordinary Free State and Transvaal flags, and it is said to be the flag which the Boers intended to adopt for their new Republic of South Africa. The rifle is a beautiful weapon of the Mauser type. It is lighter than the ordinary Mauser and was evidently intended for a sporting rifle. Major Drummond will give this weapon to Lord Minto. He has another which he left in England. Major Drummond has quite recovered from his injury, but will not be able to ride for some time.

RELICS OF THE WAR.

Collection of Interesting Objects From the Battlefields.

Near the southwest corner of the fine museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, under the riddled banners, stands at this moment two small glass cases.

All around are the trophies and spoils of many frays, and the new cases, which the secretary thought fit for the nation's notice yesterday, are worthy of the company they are in.

The relics are not very many—slender gleanings, you may think, from so rich a harvest of death. The things in the smaller case were brought mostly from Ladysmith by the Powerful officers and men. Here, washed clean, is the little White Ensign that flew from Caesar's camp for the salvation of the town; it is rather worth keeping. Resting upon it are bullet-riddled, khaki-covered straw hats of the men who flew it, and the big brass cases of their 4.7 and 12-pounder guns.

There are Boer Mauser clips, and a Dum-dum bullet; we had none ourselves. There are Boer bandoliers of fine leather, and a curious one of American cloth cut to fit a woman's bosom. There is Boer dried meat, like the bark of a tree, and Boer bread, crumbling to powder, like food for tame mice; and a great weather-stained Amsterdam Bible opened at Gustav Dore's picture of the false prophet slain by a lion. It was found in the trenches; so was a worn psalm book with curious diamond shaped notes; and so was a child's Bible. How came that there?

The larger case has relics from Graspan and Belmont and Modder River. Here are more shells and cases and bullets—Mauser and "pom-pom" and Creusot and shrapnel, a canister of cast bullets the size of damsons, and the lid of an Eley's cartridge box, marked "Soft-nosed express solid-pointed nickel-covered bullet." Not much room there was for generous doubt.

Here, also, are a proclamation of the President, a scorpion and another horrid insect captured in an officer's tent and sent home by Lieutenant Grubb, Boer letters—"We must reckon that the English were all drunk and that made them so bold"—a Boer knapsack, more like a worn-out child's satchel, in which were found pins, candle, a Bible, psalm book, and a book the title of which you may easily translate, "Light for the Traveller Nearing Eternity."

And last of all you come to photographs of the officers who were alive but are dead; row upon row of them, manly faces—boys and grizzled men—Britain's flower. You may see them for a moment or two, and then ———. Well, say that the tears of a nation have dimmed the glass.

THE SEALING FLEET.

All the Schooners Will Soon Have Spread Their White Wings—A Number Sailed Yesterday.

There now remain but three of the sealing fleet to go to Behring sea this season, and after to-day all will probably have departed. All day yesterday the tugs Cleve and Sadie were engaged in taking the schooners to the Race. Yesterday morning the Teresa, Ida Etta, Sadie Turpel, Saucy Lass and Venture were taken out, and in the afternoon the Carrie C. W. and Allie I. Alger followed them. A number of others were towed down to James Bay, ready to depart early this morning. These included the Carlotta G. Cox, Borealis, Umbrina and Minnie. All are expected to leave this morning. The Diana and Mary Taylor are to leave to-day—if preparations are completed—and the last of the fleet, now loading lumber at Sayward's mills for the Coast Indians, will sail on Monday.

One of the crew of the Saucy Lass did not go to sea on the schooner. He had received his advance and had visited many "lighthouses" during the morning, before he went back to the schooner. On arrival at the wharf he fell and landed on the deck of the schooner, some eight or ten feet below, cutting his head badly.

"You have a fine collection of literary portraits, Miss Myrtilla."

"Yes, aren't they lovely? Every last one of them looks like somebody I know."—Indianapolis Journal.

ECZEMA ON THE SCALP

Would Itch and Burn Until the Child Screamed With Agony—A Wonderful Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The case recorded here is one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery, Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright avenue, Toronto, states:—"My boy, Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE LAST OF KING THEODORE

An Interesting War Chapter In the History of Abyssinia.

From Wide World Magazine.

It was on December 2, 1867, that King Theodore heard of the landing of the British, and on the 20th an Amharic copy of Sir Robert Napier's proclamation reached him from Tigre. Next came Napier's ultimatum to Theodore, which had been seized on the way by the chief of Walkait and forwarded to Mr. Rassam. On the advice of the Magdala chiefs, who held Mr. Rassam in great esteem, and also at the special request of his fellow-captives, the ultimatum was suppressed, as it was feared that the wording of it would enrage the crazy monarch and cause him to slaughter all the Europeans who were in his power. Now, the English translation was strong enough in all conscience, but in the Abyssinian tongue it made the prisoners quake for their lives. Mr. Rassam felt certain that the moment the King saw this letter he would have all the captives killed. So he kept the ultimatum back. Nevertheless, Theodore well knew that a crisis was at hand, and as he always did things on a large scale, he set 50,000 men at work making a road. He then came and shook hands with Mr. Rassam, and told him he was aware the British army were coming to give him battle; and he asked him, in case anything happened to him (Theodore) to kindly take charge of his seven-year-old son Alamayo.

On March 18 the King sent orders that Mr Rassam's chains were to be knocked off, and also that he was to receive two thousand dollars in lieu of the things that he had lost. He also sent him one hundred sheep and fifty cows, though what Mr. Rassam was to do with these latter it is difficult to say. The ceremony of knocking off the fetters was interesting. Some of the chiefs assisted, whilst others placed their fingers between the flesh and the iron in order to prevent Mr. Rassam being hurt by the blows. On the 22nd the King forwarded all of his valuables to the treasury, including a desirable bar of gold 14 inches long and 4 inches square. A few days afterwards he dismantled the fortress of all its guns and ammunition—no doubt a recondite piece of strategy of his own. Later on the King held a big court. He had worked himself up into a towering rage, swearing by his own death that he would pierce all Mr. Rassam's fellow-captives with a long spear. By the way of a little practice he drove the weapon into a brand new carpet. By the way, about 2,000 square yards of the ground were covered with carpet in Theodore's sacred vicinity. One morning the King asked Mr. Rassam to come out and witness the dragging up of a monster mortar. It was a fine sight. Borne on a spring waggon, it was hauled by main force a distance of 100 feet up a slope of about 45 degrees. "I was told that the mortar weighed at least seven tons, and as many as 500 men were employed in lifting it, encouraged and assisted by all the chiefs of note, who occasionally helped by placing great chunks of stone under the wheels to prevent them from slipping backwards."

Poor Theodore became more and more careworn. He harangued his army, and said it would have to encounter men whose dress was bedecked with gold, and who carried muskets which shot and stabbed simultaneously. And then down came 570 native prisoners to have their chains struck off. Now, there were very few men engaged in this task, and, naturally, the prisoners grew a little impatient. Whereupon the King worked himself up into a foaming rage and rushed out sword in hand. Presently courtiers came rushing to Mr. Rassam, crying: "The King is making a general slaughter of the captives. Tell your people to remain in their tents and remain quiet." And sure enough the King was hard at work among the poor captives, and the holocaust did not end until 6:30 in the evening. It seems the place of execution was only 100 yards from Mr. Rassam's encampment. The unhappy prisoners were brought before the King, one by one, and after the name and offence of each man had been repeated he was hurled over the dreadful precipice. Those who were not instantly killed were carefully shot by musketeers stationed below. After a trifle of 197 had been wiped out in this way, the King cried enough.

When the actual conflict took place the Abyssinians fought sometimes with sticks; and they lost at least 1,700 men. Theodore commanded in person, and after his defeat he sent to Mr. Rassam and asked him to intercede with the general for peace. About 4 p.m. on April 11 the new and old commandants of Magdala came to inform Mr. Rassam that the King ordered him to go down to the British camp and take his fellow-captives with him. It was thought that Theodore meant to massacre the whole that Theodore meant to massacre the whole of them on the way. "Well do I remember my last interview with the King! He was standing facing the British camp, with about twenty picked musketeers and his European artisan. He suggested that it was too late for me to go that evening. Did I wish to go at once, or would I stop the night with him and go to my people in the morning? I replied that whatever pleased His Majesty pleased me. 'Good,' he said; 'you had better go now.' These were his last words. I protested that my companions were behind, but he motioned me onward. I went a little way and looked back. The King was standing on a rock, and holding a double-barrelled gun in his hands. He motioned me onwards again. I went 6 a few steps farther, and then, to my intense joy, I saw my fellow-captives coming down the hill towards me. Poor Theodore! he was never taken alive!"

BETS OFF!

An amusing telephone story is told of a certain lady named Brown. One morning recently she proceeded from breakfast table to the telephone in the hall to order some things from her butcher.

"Hallo!" said Mrs. Brown. "Are you Baty's the butcher?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick steak by 12 o'clock?"

The boy employed in the butcher's shop happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded:

"Well, you just bet your sweet life I will!"

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?"

"Sure I do," said the boy. "You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook."

"You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself."

"Is that so?" replied the boy. "Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off!"—London Tit-Bits.

"You raise a good deal of garden sass, don't you?" said Jaxon's neighbor to him over the back fence.

"I'd raise a good deal more of my wife's sass if I didn't," responded Jaxon without discontinuing his labors.—Detroit Free Press.

En Route To the

Scene on a Train F a Great Many E Canadians.

Shanty Men Enjoy T on the Long T Muskoke.

From the Monetary Times.

Would you like a traveller your paper? I can give yo haps it would be more str line if I called it an indus would it not? Yes, an Indu is certainly more dignified. good-bye one night at the station to a handsome young tleman, he called my attenti ing car filled with a gang of dian lumbermen from Mon eastern townships, whom he to Northern Ontario, to do suppose? To cut hemlock Muskoka woods for a tannin

These horny-handed and go lows were for the most part was about the Pretoria ju remember—that one could no tinguish signs of authority I became aware later that charge of an Irishman, Caffe perfectly sober. The power such a group is incredible; a fellow whom I will call Bil train left, almost wrung the Harry who was giving him w Indeed, he swore to practice —fidelity, industry, and good erally on the trip.

Finding no one whom I Pullman, I presently strolle the second-class car. Here m were, talking, dozing, gestic ing. When he caught sigh became a master of ceremoni duced me to half a dozen as Monsieur Harray." Then can shaking, with me and with With a view to variety, a s gested, and some one sang brious French one which he sa guerite;" if so, she was in d a drunken and inane Marse from the lips and fingers o hands were the soberest part pressing, as they did, in some verve which his voice could evoked no chorus. Then c our side of the car the best best-dressed man of the lo "Somebody's Waiting," of w but the refrain was distinct, me gravely that this was an suggested to one the twenty- the Lumberman's Alphabet, a in some of the Western Stat

"A is the axe, as you very w B is us Boys who can swing C is for chopping, which no D is for danger, that we are E is for echo, that through th F is the foreman who headed

But nobody seemed to kno proposal was rejected, prob reason that Mons. Jourdain play, rejected the ornate com that there was "trop de br dans."

Here the attention of Caffe ed, and he began to count h this compartment, now in t was missing! Where could h our end—not in the vestibul platform. Calling out in Fr a rush for the brakesman, an he was troubled with what owl story called "A Lost M every one had a version of appearance, and at least six at once.

"Great Heaven! he's killed he jumped off—he quit the a lache, a fool, a polisson, nigger," and any other ol came handy. Next the called into council, and ther silence while he cross-questio Verdict—upon very infirm an cumstantial evidence—that jumped off at Lachine, wh sweetheart, some said a m struck me most was the vie of the matter. He seemed t about the man's life, if he or his feelings, if he were Lachine; but it made him that eight or ten dollars goo be wasted on a passage t and no value for it. Lost men cut no bark.

With the light-hearted n their nature, the men soon cident. A babel of sound mouth organ was produced the boy of the party drew of the Green" in a barel form, but he did much bett Sweet Home," moving on panions to tears. More h which I had to take part t like General Grant's. On me over, and sang unkno into my ear so long tha Bill seized him and stop "Achille! tais toi, sacr-r-r forming him that his vo buzz-saw anyhow. To ano ly orator, who seemed on sons

Who take the rustic murm
For the great wave that e
world.

and was loading me up w tics, Bill said, with great dez, Jacques, que vous e tranquille Monsieur." An after, with much sweetne self to me thus: "Mons dere, ma frien' he's leetle in' but dat's good boy al soon I'm showin' you s two tree minute."

And sure enough, in l takes to tell, Jacques and hard at it, one of the gro of floor-manager (the narrow passage-way of t ing out the figures of a c "Avanche—balancer—sha grande chaine. Houp la! Promenade an' salute tour—retirez vous Messie —Balance everybody. Vi good one."

Talking with a quiet member of the party, I his own recital, a Canad his home in Quebec at some variety in life. sa railroading in York Stat Michigan lumber woods Muskegon; teaming for t pany in Montreal; workin the Quebec tanneries. N himself partly cured of a wife and two babies to

Having heard me spe men about Muskoka, he know what like it was. his employer had given