

TOLD ABOUT BISMARCK.

HIS WIT AND LOVE OF CHILDREN IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

Fashion in Which he Reached an Understanding With Beaconsfield—His Appointment as Ambassador to Frankfort—Retort of a Shepherd.

The writer saw Prince Bismarck on three occasions. The first time was shortly after the Danish war, when he was visiting a Baron Tornerhjelm of Vrams Gunnars-Trop, in Sweden. He was a strikingly massive figure; one could not fail to notice the kindly eyes, flashing fourth under shaggy brows. He was a horn ruler of men; any child could see that. But the children ruled him. He loved children and was a great favorite among them. He entered into their games and romps with as much animation and interest as any of them and it he blundered as sometimes he did, he received his correction in the most ridiculously submissive spirit and yet in all sincerity. In the morning he was often seen lying on the lawn with a group of noisy children crawling all over him. And in his excursions about the state he used to have his pockets filled with tobacco, which he distributed indiscriminately among the peasants whom he met, evidently hugely delighted at their astonishment and awkward thanks.

Many witty sayings of his were at that time going from mouth to mouth among the people. Shortly before the Prince's visit Baron Tornerhjelm had been made first court stablemaster by the King. At dinner some one wondered why that royal favor had been conferred upon the Baron. Now it is to be noted that the Baron had just rendered his first service to the country as a member of the Swedish Riksdag, but when, as before his election, he had been pronounced anti-royal in his sentiments, he had been the very reverse in the Riksdag, supporting every royal measure to the utmost of his ability. Therefore, when the conundrum as to the royal stable mastership was mooted, Prince Bismarck solved it by remarking that this was probably due to the perspicacity of the King seeing the nimbleness with which the Baron understood how to change saddles.

At the two other meetings Prince Bismarck was in Berlin. This was only some ten years ago. The first time he was coming out from his residence to take his customary 8 o'clock morning ride, and the whole carriage creaked as the ponderous figure sank down upon the cushions. The second occasion was in the afternoon when he was taking a walk in Unter den Linden. But what a transformation; his walk was heavy and labored, his forehead deeply furrowed, and his eyes had become dark and hard; still a faint smile now and then flitted over his features as he acknowledged the greetings of some friend.

There are a couple of characteristic events in Prince Bismarck's life well known in Germany, but not so familiar to English-speaking people, and the late Lord Beaconsfield is said to have sprung up in a very characteristic manner during the Berlin conference. Bismarck was the first to arrive in the room, and as he was walking about in full uniform and helmeted Lord Beaconsfield arrived and greeted the German Chancellor, hat in hand. In acknowledging the salutation Prince Bismarck did not remove his helmet; so after a little while Lord Beaconsfield put on his hat. Meanwhile not a word had been exchanged between the two statesmen. Then Bismarck went up to a window and began to drum on the pane with his knuckles. Pretty soon Lord Beaconsfield came up and began to thump the pane next to Bismarck's. A glance was exchanged and they understood each other.

The other story relates to Prince Bismarck's appointments as Ambassador to Frankfort. One morning Junker Bismarck told his wife that he was going on a business visit to Berlin and would be back in a few days. This was just after the close of the Reichstag, where he had made himself well hated by the Liberals for his unqualified support of the King. In those days there were no railroads or telegraphs, and the roads from Varzin to Berlin had to be travelled in a carriage. The trip became tedious, so to relieve the monotony he stuck his head out of the carriage window and asked passers by what the news was from Berlin. Almost invariably the answer came that everybody was talking about the King's intention to appoint that young firebrand Bismarck as Ambassador to Frankfort. When Bismarck arrived at the capital, instead of going to the cheap quarters he had intended, he went to a large hotel, taking expensive apartments so to be in suitable surroundings when the expected command from the king should arrive. He also took pains to have the principal papers announce his presence. And then he waited—one day, two days, three days, yet no news came from the King. On the fourth day his cash was scarce, he thought

he had been hoaxed, and he was in far from an amiable mood. But just as he was getting ready to leave Field Marshal Wrangel was announced. On entering he informed the Bismarck that he had been commanded by the King to offer him the embassy to Frankfort, and to tell him to think the matter over and give the King as early response as possible. As Wrangel was about to withdraw Bismarck said:

"In thanking his Majesty for this favor, say that I accept this mark of confidence."

The answer made old Wrangel start, soldier as he was. He only said, "Is this your answer to his Majesty?"

Bismarck said "Yes."

A little later a royal equipage arrived to carry Bismarck to the palace. The King was walking about in great excitement.

"Wrangel tells me," the King burst forth, "that when he gave you my commission you at once declared your readiness to accept the post."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Are you aware," the King continued, "that the post at Frankfort is the most important as well as the most difficult to fill?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And yet," said the King, "you were ready at once to accept the position?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Explain yourself," roared the King.

Bismarck then related his experiences on his trip to Berlin, and said that from the moment he had been told of the King's intention he had bent all his thoughts and energies to understanding the requirements of the place, and when Wrangle announced the King's gracious offer he had become satisfied that he could fill the office, hence his prompt acceptance.

"When can you start?" asked the King. "At once, your Majesty."

"Then start," was the command. The interview was over.

A few weeks later Frau Bismarck received a long letter from her husband, asking her to pack up and inviting her to join him for an indefinite stay at Frankfort.

There is a story told among the peasantry of Schleswig, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the province, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who had uttered the dreaded Chancellor's name in connection with his dog.

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein Herr," the urchin replied as he doffed his cap. "es ist bloss die schweinhunde." (Oh, no sir; it is only the pig-dogs.)—N. Y. Sun.

Farm Laborers Wanted in The North West.

Arrangements have been made by the C. P. R. for the sale of one way second class tickets on Tuesday, August 16th, only, to points in Manitoba or Assinaboia, to and including Moose Jaw, Estevan, Binscarth and Winnipegosis at the rate of \$14.00. With each ticket will be given a certificate which, when filled out by a farmer to show that holder has worked with him at least one month will entitle him to purchase a return ticket, on or before November 16th, at the rate of 14.00 each. Tickets are sold via Canadian Pacific all rail line only.

FODDER IN THE TROPICS.

Cattle in Hawaii May in Time Develop Scarcity of Attributes.

A cow cannot climb a tree—undoubted fact in natural history. Yet if environment can effect what some believe it can, a few generations of cattle in Hawaii are likely to evolve a race of scansorial kine, for the common fodder for cows and horses grows on trees.

There are only two directions in the islands of Pacific, and everybody uses the terms windward and leeward as glibly as if bred aboard ship to use sailors' English. In Hawaii these two directions are distinctly marked. On the windward side of every island tropical rains, growth of green things to jungle luxuriance; on the leeward side drought, rarely broken, scanty grasses precariously existing in a sun-baked soil, for most months of most years here and brown. But as not every one can live to windward, and it seems a pity to let so much leeward go to waste which might otherwise be good, the algarroba tree has been introduced from the African aridities and has made cattle ranching a successful possibility on the dry lands.

Priests of the French mission were the introducers, they having become acquainted with its value in Algeria. As its name shows, it is the Carob tree of the Arabian Nights, the source of most people's know-

ledge of things Arabic. The tree grows most luxuriantly in most Hawaiian soils and bears continuously the year around. This is a matter of particular importance, for it is the fruit which is of value. The tree grows to the height attained by large maples, and branches luxuriantly so as to shade a considerable area, and, as the leaves are both abundant and large, there is formed protection against the heat which stock appreciate. The fruit is a large fleshy pod filled with beans the size of a horse chestnut. It is upon the pods and the beans that cattle feed. This fodder is so satisfying that for long periods cattle are fed on nothing else and reach market in prime condition.

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Marks.

Margaret G. W. Arnold.....88

Florence M. Johns.....85

Mary F. Pearson.....81

Ethel M. Pearson.....80

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION—PASS SECTION.

Marks.

Edith C. Hamilton.....98

Mary A. Stewart.....95

Louise F. Clarke.....92

Isabella G. Ross.....92

F. Geraldine Coster.....88

Ellen L. Stopford.....81

Mabel G. Pugsley.....78

JUNIOR DIVISION—HONOURS SECTION.

Marks.

May Harrison.....96

Mary H. Dickie.....93

Violet M. Bullock.....91

Constance E. Oxley.....91

Laura M. Hewitt.....86

Mabel Bragg.....78

Kathleen Smith.....73

JUNIOR DIVISION—PASS SECTION.

Marks.

Elsie Townshend.....93

Florence J. Campbell.....91

J. L. Winifred Barker.....85

Ivy E. Roy.....82

Bishop Jeune, who was master of Pembroke, was once asked to state the duties of the head of a college. He replied that these were to write a few letters and to see a few young gentlemen in the morning. What, then, are the duties of a dean of a cathedral? 'All the duties,' was the answer, 'of the head of a college except writing a few letters and seeing a few young gentlemen in the morning.'

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