

Pretoria Day's Outburst.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
Evening Celebration.

There was hardly a household in town but had a hurried supper, for as early as 6.30 o'clock the crowds commenced to stream toward King street (east) and other view-points from all corners of the city. To see the people lining the graveyard front on King street (east) and perch on all spots of vantage reminded one of the good old days of the band concerts on the Registry Office terrace, and parade assemblies on that broad and level street years ago. Chief Clark was on hand to marshal the fire forces and other contingents and did his duty well. He lost no time in getting the various detachments allotted to their positions and just as it grew dark enough to light the torches the belated North End firemen arrived after a "forced march," which was but a luxury behind the excellent music of the Carleton Cornet band. Everything was now ready and to the music of a half dozen bands and at a signal from Marshal Clark the blazing line of torches and fire apparatus started. Progress reproduces for its outside friends the exact make-up of the procession after the militia joined it at the Queen Square and Charlotte street.

Lt. Col. McLean, mounted.

Lt. Col. Armstrong brigade major, mounted
Lt. Col. Jones, in command of 3rd R. C. A. 3rd R. C. A. with band.

Major Sturdee, in command of 62nd battalion.

62nd Fusiliers, with bands.

Chief of Police Clark, mounted.

Squad of police—Capt. Jenkins Sergt. Capeles and Officers Anderson Collins, Napier, McFadden Greer, Smith, Hamm and Garnett.

Several Jameson raiders, mounted.

Chief Engineer Kerr of the fire department in his team.

District Engineer Blake and Ald Seaton, the chairman of the safety department in Mr. Blake's team.

Barouche containing Mayor Daniel, Deputy Mayor Maxwell, Sheriff Sturdee and Recorder Skinner.

Barouche containing Aids. Christie, Tuite, Robinson and Macrae.

Barouche containing Aids. McGoldrick, Millidge and Waring.

Barouche containing Aids. Hilyard and Colwell.

Barouche containing E. S. Carter, G. L. Purdy and W. C. Godsoe, jr.

Barouche containing Geo Boyd, Thos Gilliland, P. Lystebvre and J. Jones.

City Cornet band with Bandmaster Rosendale.

No. 1 hose reel.

Members of Wellington Hose Co, No. 1, with torches.

No. 1 steam fire engine.

No. 2 hose reel.

Members of Union Hose Co, No. 3, with torches.

No. 2 steam fire engine drawn by four horses.

No. 3 hose reel.

Members of Extinguisher Hose Co, No. 3, with torches.

No. 3 steam fire engine.

No. 4 hose reel.

The members of the company with torches.

Carleton Cornet Band.

No. 2 company Salvage Corps and Fire-police wagon.

Members of the company with torches.

Fairville Band.

Fairville firemen and hook and ladder company.

No. 3 hook and ladder wagon.

Members of No. 3 hook and ladder company with torches.

No. 5 hose reel.

Members of No. 4 hose company with torches.

No. 4 steam fire engine.

No. 1 hook and ladder truck.

Members of No. 1 hook and ladder company with torches and accompanied by the members of No. 6 hose company of Carleton and those of No. 2 hook and ladder company of Carleton.

No. 1 company Salvage Corps and Fire-police wagon.

Members of No. 5 company with torches.

No. 5 steam fire engine.

Barouches with citizens.

Victoria Rink's own band.

Barouche with banners put in by the Victoria Skating club.

Oom Paul in effigy put in by the same club.

Members of that club with banners and inscriptions.

After the town had been traversed by the procession the militia drew up in two long lines on Market Square where with soulstirring formality and solemnity almost a royal salute of 21 guns was boomed out by the Artillery and a *te de joie* (fire of joy) was shot by the Fusiliers. Fifteen thousand people choked the Square and looked on the scene from buildings round about, while King street was a veritable river of humanity. In the glare of red fire the whole scene was inspiring. After all honor had been done the Queen, Bobs, our own boys in South Africa and the local militia officers in the way of cheering the populace sang "God Save the Queen", to the accompaniment of the combined bands, the soldiers coming to the general salute. Then the big demonstration was at an end, although until daylight Wednesday happy bands of celebrants clustered about the corners giving vent to their loyalty in song—but oh such singing!

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Critic says some true and pretty things of Mrs. Stevenson, the beloved wife of the novelist. She has had a varied life, such as might have tried the endurance of an ordinary woman. But if she ever faints under the primitive conditions of existence in the South Seas, no one knew it.

She was equally at home upon a well-appointed yacht or a "cockroach steamer," beguiling the time with infinite resources when the ship lay becalmed, undismayed by tempests and sudden squalls, and whether upon a lonely atoll or under the palms in an island village, setting up her household gods, and making each spot a home.

She has begun more than one voyage as an unwelcome passenger. The captain

and crew wanted 'no fine ladies.' In short they were afraid of having to wear their company manners every day. But invariably the end of the voyage found every man on board, from the captain to the Chinese cook, her devoted friend and servant.

Her courage in an emergency, her uncomplaining fortitude in the matter of rats and cockroaches, her calm acceptance of South Sea customs, called forth enthusiastic approval.

She could cook like a French chef, bind up a wound as well as a surgeon, devise sports and invent games, and had invaluable remedies stowed away in a little old medicine-chest. She looked after the health and comfort of the wild-mannered native sailors as kindly and unaffectedly as she taught Ah Foo to make bread, with coconut toddy for yeast, or drew out the captain or mate to talk of his home and family.

A half-caste sailor once said: "Mr. Stevenson is good to me like my father, and his wife is the same kind of man."

King Tembinoko said of her: "She good; look pretty; plenty chench" (sense).

Perhaps, says the Critic, they both meant what Edmund Gosse, the poet, so well expressed, when he wrote of her as "dark and rich hearted, like some wonderful wine red jewel."

But her husband caps all praise to her in some stanzas ending:

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

"Do you believe in teaching the languages in the schools?" asked Mr. Clingstone of Miss Gildersleeve.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young lady. "Every one should be able to speak English and golt."

Is a man influenced more by heredity or by environment?"

"Humph! If heredity brings a man money, he can make his own environment."

VARNISHED.

How a Sufferer From Rheumatism Was the Victim of His Wife's Knowledge.

Although Alexander Pope says that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," there is a wife in New York who is vexed that she didn't know the little difference between a druggist's and a painter's turpentine. The Mail and Express tells the story.

Peter H. George, of the upper West Side, has been troubled with rheumatism, and on damp days suffers severe pains in the muscles of his chest, back and arms. His wife rubs him vigorously with turpentine, and he usually gets relief. One of the muggy days recently brought on an attack, and Mrs. George was disappointed to find the turpentine bottle empty.

The servant was sent out to buy a quart, which she did at a neighboring paint shop. It cost ten cents less than at the druggist's. Mr. George was rubbed well, dosed with colchicum, and put to bed. Early next morning he called loudly for his wife.

"My dear," he said, "will you oblige me by getting the hammer out of the tool-chest?"

"The hammer?" echoed Mrs. George. "Well what in the world—"

"The hammer, I said," repeated Mr. George, "and the cold-chisel."

"The hammer and the cold chisel?" Mrs. George echoed again. "Are you out of your head?"

"No," replied Peter, "I am not out of my head, but I want to get out of my shell. I want to be broken open. I am the great human upper West Side oyster. Look here!" and Mr. George sat up in bed and exposed his arms from shoulder to wrist. They are both so highly glazed as a well-polished piano, and his back and chest were in the same condition.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. George. "I do declare, the painter has given us turpentine mixed with shellac, and I've been varnishing you just as if you were a sideboard."

Investigation proved the truth of Mrs. George's statement, and it took an hour to get the veneer off Mr. George's skin, dur-

ing which process he made many emphatic remarks. The drug-store will hereafter supply the George family with turpentine.

LIBERAL COMPENSATION.

He Got His Clothes Torn (But Was Amply Rewarded).

The author of "Inside Our Gate" tells of an exciting encounter between the family dog and an unexpected caller, and of the various and unexpected results which followed it.

Don was a very mild dog, but one morning, as he lay at the kitchen door, a "vegetable man," suddenly turning the corner, startled him from his nap. He flew at the man, caught him by the trousers, and ripped one leg nearly up to the waist. The man shrieked, and that sent Hilda flying into the parlor.

My mother, taking it for granted that the man was bitten, and that he was very angry, ventured to the door to ask about it.

There stood the vegetable man, holding the cloth about his leg, and when he saw her he asked in a very mild tone if she would please lead him a thread and needle.

"I really must apologize," he said, "for coming so suddenly upon the dog. He is quite excusable; but I regret this rent, because I have on my best pants. My wife insisted on my wearing them, as I was coming to a village; but it can't be helped now."

Hilda gave him a stout thread and needle and he sat on the back step and sewed himself up."

Meanwhile, my mother quite taken aback by his mild manner, sought out a pair of my oldest brothers, trousers brought them to the man, and gave him two dollars.

"I am under great obligations to you, ma'am," said he. "These pants I have on only cost three fifty, and the pair you have given me are worth fully that. I am afraid my wife will think I have overreached you. You must let me give you a basket of pears."

My mother insisted on buying the pears, and the man went off in high spirits, saying, "Don't blame the dog; he was entirely excusable, entirely."

Some weeks after this my brother couldn't find a certain pair of trousers that he wanted to wear. They were almost new, he said, and he was sure he left them in his closet when he went to the city. My mother opened her eyes at me.

"Were they expensive trousers?" she asked.

"No," said he, "I only paid twelve dollars for them; but they were new and I liked them."

The fate of those trousers became a family mystery.

"Smoking Glass."

Pat was no astronomer, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but next to his pipe, he loved to be "up to date." A friend had been telling him about an approaching eclipse of the sun.

That night Pat sat on his door step, patiently puffing away at his old pipe. He would light a match, pull at the pipe, and then, as the match burned out, try another. This he did till the ground was littered with burnt matchwood.

"Come to supper, Pat!" called his wife from the kitchen.

"Faith, an' Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Moike has been a-tellin' me that if Oi smoked a bit av glass, sure I could see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Moike's been a foolin' me, or whether Oi've got hold of the wrong kind o' glass."

Generous.

A very gracious speech is that recorded of a certain Scottish official, quoted by the London Outlook.

When the queen, during a stay in Scotland, visited the Tay Bridge, one feature of the attendant ceremony was the presentation of a beautiful basket of flowers.

The queen smiled as she took it, but Dundee was not yet satisfied that it had done all in its power. The provost stepped forward with a low bow.

"And, your majesty," said he, "you need not return the basket."

Rain.

There is nothing that sounds better,
When I lie in bed at night,
Than to hear the rain a pelting
When I know the farm is right;
Than to hear the lukewarm splashes
That would fairly sprout a stone,
And I get up in the morning
Just to see how things have grown.

I don't go much for thunderstorms,
They're apt to lodge the grain,
My tastes is for the steady,
Pouring, downright, all day rain
That spoils the small potatoes,
Because it makes them grow
Till they nudge and say "Roll over"
And bulge out of the row.

I own I like to idle
When I do it for a shower
That earns more in a second
Than I do in an hour;
For it's good to sit and listen
To the seeds a pushing through
And besides, there's always choring
For the hired man to do.



A GRECIAN BRIDE.