EMPEROR AT ALDERSHOT.

KAISER WILLIAM REVIEWS 12,000 BRITISH TROOPS.

His Majesty Looked Remarkably Soldier-Like in the Handsome Uniform of the Royals—He Warmly Congratulated the Duke of Connaught Upon the Bearing of the Men.

Public interest in the movements of the German Emperor in England was on Monday transferred from Cowes to Aldershot. He rode through streets flanked by Venetian masts, white red, and blue, entwined and interlinked with bannerettes, shields, and flags, including the Stars and Stripes and the French, Italian and German tricolors. The Duke of Connaught rode on ahead in order to formally receive the Emperor on the review ground, where for some hours past the 12,000 men who were to take part in the day's display had been assembling. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, the Duke of Connaught appeared on the review ground. The German Imperial standard, with the iron cross, was hoisted on the flag-staff at the saluting station. The Emperor galloped on to the field, his silver helmet glittering in the sunlight and his black plumes waving in the breeze. His Majesty who wore the ribbon of the Garter, looked remarkably soldier-like in the handsome uniform of the Royals. As soon as he had taken his place at the saluting point, there was a Royal salute, followed by the presentation of arms, whilst the infantry massed bands played "God Save the Queen." His Majesty, accompanied by his staff, and having been joined by the Duke of Connaught as General Commanding, proceeded to pass down the line for the purpose of inspection. While this was going on, there was little for the vast crowds of spectators to see; but there was plenty of compensation in the way of

STIRRING MUSIC.

During the inspection of the cavalry the bands struck up a tune which dates from the time of the Thirty Years' War, and which is a great favorite with the Emperor—namely, "The March of the Finland Cavalry." After the inspection the Emperor, with the Duke of Connaught, and attended by their suites, rode back to the saluting point, where His Majesty, speaking in German, engaged in a prolonged conversation with the Duchess of Connaught, who, with her children, occupied a carriage on the ground. The march past then commenced. Heading the column were the massed bands of the cavalry brigade, who took up a position opposite the saluting point and played a Prussian march as the artillery and cavalry passed by. When it came to the turn of the 1st Dragoons to come up to the saluting station, the Emperor himself rode out and, amidst the keenest manifestations of interest, took his place at the head of the regiment. Having led them past, he rejoined the Duke of Connaught, and resumed his close scrutiny of the various moving columns, squadrons, and batteries. The Scots Greys, who made a strong show, came up to the tune of "The Garb of Old Gaul." The Grenadiers, who marched as one man, evoked

AN ADMIRING CHEER.

The 1st Scots Guards were heralded with the tune "Highland Laddie." The Coldstreams, who were accompanied by their Maxim guns, had a stirring march played in their honor. The 91st Highlanders in their picturesque costume came next, and, appropriately enough, the inspiriting bagpipes gave forth "The Campbells are Coming." Some relief to the long line of brilliant color was afforded by the more sombre uniform of the 4th Rifle Brigade, of which the Duke of Connaught is honorary Colonel, and which contingent now passed the saluting point. The 1st West Yorkshire Regiment attracted some attention. The 2d Royal Welsh Fusiliers were, of course, headed by the inevitable white goat. This animal, remarkable for the length of its horns and its general comeliness, was as usual led along by a trooper, and appeared to excite not merely curiosity but considerable wonderment amongst the visitors from the Fatherland. Following the Welshmen came the 1st Wiltshire Regiment, who were played by a tune familiar enough in that county, namely, "The fly is in the turnip." The massed bands struck up "We'll all go hunting to-day," as the 2d Leicestershire Regiment put in an appearance. The various contingents, it should be explained, were usually played past by the massed bands of their brigade, which took up a position opposite the saluting station, and generally found some appropriate air for each regiment. The 2d Cheshire were headed by their pioneers, with axes and trenching tools. Conspicuous in their helmets were small

BUNCHES OF OAK LEAVES.

It may be recalled, as explaining this distinction, that at the battle of Dettingen they rescued Charles II. from beneath an oak tree, when he had taken refuge from the enemy, and ever afterwards they have sported the leaf when in the presence of Royalty. "Whistle o'er the lave o't" was the air which brought the 1st Highland Light Infantry past the saluting point, and the strains of the Scottish tune had scarcely died away when "Come Back to Erin" took their place and the 2d Leinster Regiment walked briskly up. Next followed the 2d Worcestershire, with their white helmets, after whom came the Medical Staff Corps, in whose honor the bands struck up "The Boys of the Old Brigade." With the coming and going of the Ordnance Store Corps and the military police the first march past was brought to a close.

The infantry brigades, which had first marched past in column of double companies with arms at the shoulder, now returned in mass with arms an the trail, and then passed again in lines of quarter column. The cavalry, which had gone by first in squadrons at a walking pace, returned at a trot. The final gallop, however, was one of the most striking spectacles. The Horse Artillery with the ponderous guns in the rear swept over the plain at a marvellous pace, throwing up clouds of dust. The Emperor, shifting in his saddle, turned and watched the flying column with along and scrutinizing gaze. The military display was now practically over. The troops, having returned to their original positons, advanced in review order and saluted, thus finally bringing the manœuvres to a close.

The German Emperor, riding up to his staff, had a brief conversation with them. Next His Majesty advanced to the Duke of Connaught, and shaking him by the hand, warmly congratulated him upon the appearance and performances of the troops.

THEY WANT HELPMEETS.

The Government of Western Australia Will send a Cargo of Girls from Great Britain.

A large number of the colonists of Westtern Australia are lone men, without wives or sweethearts. But they are not orphans, and will not be so long as their present motherly Government is spared to them, which has set its heart on seeing them happily mated before it passes away. That homely-minded Administration has instructed its agent in London to ransack the British matrimonial market for helpmeets for its subjects, and to send forward a cargo of them at its expense. It exercises the maternal prerogative of making the general choice, defining the limits within its young fellows can pick out their partners. It probably will stop at that, and not insist on allotting the bevy, upon the strength of its superior knowledge of what is best for the boys. It sent abroad for the maidens not because, like Rebekah, it was weary of the daughters of the land, but because most of these daughters were already chosen and there yet remained

THOUSANDS OF WEST AUSTRALIANS.

who would fain be husbands, if by any chance they could get them wives. There is a dearth of woman's charms in that land of pastoral peace. There always was. The population has lacked in balance from the very beginning of the colony. Just now there are about 30,000 men and boys against about 20,000 women and girls. Throughout the last thirty years the ratio of the female to the male population has on the average been lower than this. In the other colonies the sexes are more nearly on an equality in point of number. Western Australian has very much the smallest population of the four colonies on the island, the next lowest having six times as many settlers as Western Australia has. Since the land does not attract men, how can it be expected to attract women? They have a right to a better marriage-settlement than merely a free passage to a country they will not voluntarily go to. The convicts who were sent to Swan river, in the same colony, had their passage paid, but that did not reconcile them to the life appointed to them there. Some of the young women now imported may have a larger freedom than certain of the founders of the old families had, and some may not. The Government of Western Australia seems to think that marriageable girls are something of a drug on the British market, or it would offer

A MORE TEMPTING PREMIUM

to get mates for its forelorn bachelors. But it may have to revise this belief, and bid higher. If it takes statistics as a guide it will find narrow basis for the theory that the United Kingdom has a big surplus of womankind. But perhaps it proceeds upon the fact that there is a large visible supply of unmarried women. This is because there is a large visible supply of unmarried men. But, again, the West Australian Government may assume that these two visible supplies do not become one for the reason that the men are coy. That is open to question. However, Western Australia opens its arms to the fairest that chose to seek a shelter there. It will be likely to have to throw in a large dowry than a free passage and its blessing to cause any great rush of the flower of British womanhood to its shores. Why does it not offer three acres and a cow, or some other substantial prize? France, and the old trading companies to which she turned over the early government of this colony, had more gallantry than to ask any lady to come out here for the mere reward of a free passage and a husband. Land was freely bestowed, yet bachelors here had to pine in solitude because of the reluctance of their countrywomen to embrace so dreary a life. But Western Australia treats the girls as if they should be thankful it does not impose an import tax or a poll tax upon them. Were ever maidens in such fashion wooed!

They Should Rough It.

Evidence multiplies to sustain the belief that tuberculosis is developed most readily in warm modern stables and under what may be called hot-house conditions. A writer in Country Gentlemen, in speaking of a case at Lenox, Mass., in 1888, when thirty-two cattle were destroyed, says: "These cattle were kept in a new barn built only after careful study into every detail. Stables were light and clean. Water was supplied in each stall. Even the most rigorous snap of a Berkshire winter failed to produce a freezing temperature in these stables, and for days at a time these cows remained inside, where they were well groomed and supplied with the best of feed and water. The warmth and comfort of these stables seemed to provide hot-bed conditions for the nurture of the tuberculous bacilli. Berkshire county has had at least six serious outbreaks, or rather developments, of tuberculosis since, all of which have occurred in herds of cows kept in costly barns of modern construction, with the best of care, and I know of no instance where cattle left to 'rough it' have been troubled except in isolated cases which were easily traceable to hereditary inoculation."

There is no legitimacy on earth but in a government which is the choice of the nation.—Joseph Bonaparte.

THE EYES OF THE FLEET.

THEY WERE GALLANT OLD TARS THAT MANNED THE SHIPS.

The Wooden Walls are Changed But Not the Spirit of the Crews—Strict Observance of Naval Etiquette.

The introduction of steel armour into the navies of the world has made many changes in the life and training of the blue-jacket of the present day, in the Royal Navy. The departure of the graceful old wooden three deckers and fast frigates, "the eyes of the fleet," as Nelson called them, with their towering masts and bewildering network of ropes and spars will always to the old salt remain a source of regret. Heroic men will, as in the past, command and man the armorclads, and do as brave deeds in the future for the British Navy, as when a Howard, a Drake, a Blake, a Jarvis and a Nelson led the van of their fleets to victory. The typical "old sea dog" has gone out with the wooden walls. But so has much of the brutality which the seamen had to endure a century ago. There is little likeness between the life in the ships of to-day, and when the press gangs flourished and men were kidnapped to fill up the ship's company. According to Marryat and Smollett, the cruelties that were practised on those old warships are not, however, to be charged to the officers alone. The Government and the Admiralty had a good deal to answer for. And yet, notwithstanding all their hardships, the sailors of the old time—such is the influence of the sea, such its freedom, and such the wonderful stimulus given by salt air to the imagination—were able to sing those hopeful and vociferous songs in which a little cherub is stated to be sitting up aloft keeping watch over poor Jack.

"Jack dances and sings, and is always content;
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's atrip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor."

One would hardly expect to hear these cheerful sentiments from a man who had been knocked down by a press-gang, loaded with irons, and stolen from his wife and family. And yet these songs were sung in battle to victory again and again, and long before the "Jacks" had hammocks to swing between decks, or tables were thought of for the mess, before they even got decent food, but the best of grog. The Royal Navy of the British Empire may be said to date from

THE TIME OF THE GREAT HARRY,

built by King Henry VIII. It was a ponderous construction and not unlike some of the armored battle ships of to-day in style. The guns, however, were "pop guns" compared to the mammoths of to-day. This was really the first great warship and was the model on which Spain built her Armada fleet, which three centuries ago attempted to invade England, and was quickly dispersed, defeated and almost totally destroyed by the English fleets under Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins and other gallant sailors who had no fear of Spanish galleons, and much love of Spanish prize money. Round the coast the Dons were chased by the small British cruisers, and Spanish ships were destroyed as far north as Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, when lack of ammunition called the English off.

The wild waves did the rest. Beaten and discouraged, with more than a third of his Armada lost, Sidonia sailed away into northern stormy seas. On the wild shores of Morven the great galleon Florida was wrecked, others on the Outer Hebrides. On the coast of Lancashire a rock that only shows its head above low water once in a hundred years did deadly work on a Spanish ship. The stormy coasts of Wales and of the Isle of Man had their victims, and Charles Kingsley vividly describes how that Santa Catarina went to pieces on Lundy. It was on the coast of Ireland, however that most damage was done to the scattered Armada. Many vessels were wrecked. One vessel with a number of youths, scions of the noblest houses in Spain, was sheltered for a time and put to sea again, and then was beaten to pieces on a rock in a bay near the Giant's Causeway, under the cliffs of Bengore Head. The names of "Spanish Rock," "Spanish Bay," "Spanish Organ," are memorials of that dread time, which the visitor to that grand coast hears in connection with tradition now grown somewhat mythical.

From this period, 1588, to the present day

"BRITANNIA" HAS "RULED THE WAVES,"

protecting the weak and defying the tyrant and braggart. That the milder waters of Southern seas have produced great navigators and enterprising traders is true, but they have not brought forth the mighty captains of war who claim to have the blood of the old Norse Vikings and Berserks in their veins.

The blue-Jacket who enlists to-day has a more comfortable time of it on the larger vessels than those who gained the battles of "Copenhagen," the "glorious 1st of June," "St. Vincent," "Aboukir" and "Trafalgar." He has now better food, well cooked, and a variety of it; the brutality of the "cat" is abolished; he gets more shore leave, has better pay; has a skilled surgeon to look after him when ill in the sick-bay, which is now well lighted and ventilated, when the state of the weather permits. His duties too call for more intelligence and study than in the past. Sail drill is not now the "pons asinorum" of a man-o'-warsman's education. Now he must know a little of that, be a good gunner, up in torpedo practice, and infantry land drill and in all it is pleasing to state the great majority of the seamen of the Royal navy are proficent. Now let us take a turn aft from forecastle

TO THE QUARTER DECK.

There was always more punctiliousness about enforcing all the minute distinctions of etiquette in the navy than in the army, and many laughable incidents are related of this peculiarity of naval officers. The smaller the vessel the more emphatic were the officers in exacting all that was due their rank and station. It is related that during the Crimean war the fleet in front of Sebastopol was joined by several gunboats of the most diminutive type. An officer of one of the war vessels had occasion to visit one of these mimic boats, and, ranging up alongside in his barge, stepped from his barge, (which was nearly as long as the boat he was visiting) over the port quarter of the gunboat, when the lieutenant in command, in a tone of insulted dignity, informed him his vessel had a gangway, it being the proper thing for officers to always enter a vessel by the gangway. His vessel might be no bigger than a yawl, but so long as it was in commission he did not propose to have any of the usual rules of etiquette omitted.

Life between decks includes also that of the officers. They have a fairly good time of it in every port they visit with the summer girl. Unlike the "tars" the officers messes are considerably distributed and on a flagship are numerous. The Admiral and Captain have each a separate mess. The wardroom and gunroom officers, over whom the senior officer presides, have decidedly the best of the captain and the Admiral, for they have some society, and even quarrelsome society is preferable in certain moods of the human mind to solitude. But the captain keeps to his cabin, which is guarded by the marine, and both he and the admiral are surrounded by a mass of etiquette. When the captain grows tired of reading he can smoke and console himself with the reflection that when he is admiral he will have his staff mess with him. When he grows weary of reflecting on the glories of admiralhood, he can play solitaire, and when he is tired of that he can denounce his own idiocy in yielding to such an amusement. The wardroom officers

AND GUNROOM MIDSHIPMEN

have each a mess. Sometimes the captain and the admiral live very much together. Usually their quarters, which are in the stern of the ship, are so arranged that they can be thrown into one set of apartments. The admiral and his fleet captain ought certainly to be on such terms of friendship that living together would be a pleasure. But there have been instances where a short experience at sea has been quite enough to master what had seemed to be a friendship ashore, and to effectually close the door between the cabins of admiral and the captain. Then the two would not speak until the end of the cruise, if they were compelled to remain together for so long a time.

This, however, is not the case with so genial and kindly-hearted a gentleman as Sir John Hopkins, who is popular with all his officers and men, and can take and give a joke with a young middy. The officers' quarters on the ships are comfortable, as far as the limited space will allow and the proverbial courtesy of British naval officers is only surpassed by their open handed hospitality to their friends and visitors.

A WIND OF DEATH.

A Terrible Hurricane on the Sea of Azof—Probably a Thousand Lives Lost—Great Destruction of Property.

A St. Petersburg despatch says:—A terrible hurricane has swept over the Sea of Azof. The force of the wind raised heavy sea waves which have swept away many of the sea coast villages, not leaving a house standing, and drowning a large number of people. In addition several steamers have been lost during the hurricane, and their crews have been drowned.

A wind of death—no other name can describe the cyclone—swept across the Sea of Azof the other day. It will be impossible for days yet to compute the damage done, but it is almost certain that at least 1,000 people have perished, some by drowning, others by being crushed under falling houses and trees. The wind was first felt at Nogaisk. Nogaisk is peopled mostly by fishermen, who were out on the water. When the hurricane had swept out to the north a terrible scene was presented. The village was raised, overturned as if an immense plough had been pushed through it. Lying everywhere were women and children dead or in the last agonies of death. The shallow waters of the Sea of Azof were lashed into such a height that it was plain that every fishing boat must have been sunk. The cyclone swept on to the north-east, after wrecking Nogaisk. Its path seems to have been unusually wide, for at Marinopal it devasted the country to a point 11 miles in-land and its outer edge far upon the sea. Marinopal was practically blotted out of existence. Not three houses in a hundred are left standing. It is estimated that over 200 perished in this town alone. North of Marinopal the storm seems to have made a sudden turn to the eastward over Dolgapoint, its left edge inflicting slight damage to the town of Berdimsk. Houses there were unroofed, and a dozen persons were killed by falling timbers. Once at sea the storm made its full fury felt.

Of the steamers that touched at Berdimsk not one had come in at the hour of the latest report. Great fear is expressed that every craft on the sea has gone to the bottom, and that every passenger is drowned. When the wind swept over the northern end of Azof it took a new course, going southerly along the coast of the land of the Black Cossack. In turn Eisk and Acheuv were ravaged, each town being almost totally destroyed. Telegraphic communication with this district is suspended, and it is impossible to learn the extent of the destruction, but at least one thousand persons must have died on the two shores. The storm, as far as can now be learned, seems to have suddenly lost its force near Temerink, and passed off with comparative quiet southerly over the Black Sea.

His Plans.

He—You know, my angel, it will have to be a case of love in a cottage.

She—That will be just heavenly. Where is the cottage?

He—Um! I haven't got the cottage yet. You see. I am saving up money for a bicycle first; much cheaper than a horse, you know.

Surely they who devour the possessions of orphans unjustly shall swallow down nothing but fire into their bellies, and shall broil in raging flames.—Koran.

OUR LUMBER EXPORTS.

The Prospect for the Lumber Trade this Winter is Excellent.

From the other side of the line a demand for lumber flung itself on this market as soon as the passage of the United States Tariff bill was assured. The English demand, which has been exceptionally good all summer, continues to operate. From the beginning of the year up to the present month Britain took timber and lumber from Canada to the value of six million and a half dollars, while in the same period last year she took only four million three hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth. Her greater purchases were appreciated this year because those of the United States had so greatly fallen off. For culls and the cheaper boards we depend entirely on the United States. The reduction of the lumber duty by the McKinley Act

STRETCHED THE DEMAND

south of the boundary and enables us to ship this class of lumber there, though before that its low value made a two dollar duty a bar to its sale there. The cause for the United States demand falling off so sharply this summer was the expectation that the duty would be removed. Coupled with this as a hindrance to an export demand from that source was the alternative that free logs gave the United States importer. Nearly all the timber product sent across the line this year was in the form of log. Now that the duty is off lumber there is an instant call for that, and activities have received a fresh impulse in the valley of the Ottawa and in Georgian Bay district. The prospect for the winter is excellent. There is every likelihood that more men will be at work in the woods during the coming winter and in the saw mills during the following spring and summer than there have been for years. Lumber operations on a reasonably large scale in this country will of themselves initiate and sustain a respectable circulation of money. Both logs and sawed lumber are free. The question is, to which will the United States demand be the more partial? The reason why logs were preferred this summer is plain. On them there was no risk of loss through a change in the tariff or through the action of our Government, for logs were free of either an export or an import duty. With lumber it was otherwise. On it

THERE WAS A DUTY,

which was expected to be removed, as it ultimately was. The bias of this season's demand towards logs is no ground for assuming that logs will always be preferred, and that we shall lose the labor of cutting them into lumber. Such an assumption is the basis of the plea for an export duty on logs. The imposition of such a duty would at once restore the United States import duty on lumber, as lumber is on the free list now only upon the condition that duties will not be imposed on timber products by the country from which it comes. No doubt that proviso was put in at the instigation of the Michigan owners of saw mills. It indicates a desire to bring in logs, and logs we may expect to see towed across to Michigan. But there will be a large part of the United States demand for lumber which our mills can as easily connect with as the Michigan mills can. The cutting of the greater part of the lumber will be done on this side of the line.

A BRAVE BURMESE GIRL.

Her Successful Fight with a Tiger—Receives a Reward of One Hundred Rupees.

The following act of bravery by a Burmese girl is recorded in the Indian newspapers. In the Taungdwin Chaung, a lateral valley falling from the west into the Chindwin river, near Mingin, in the Upper Chindwin district of Burma, one evening in the month of May three girls, aged from eighteen to twenty-one years each—Minway ben, Mi Mintha, sisters, and Mi Shawayu, a friend—were returning with firewood from the jungle in single file to their village, Seik tha. Mi Shawayu, who was in front, carried an ordinary dha (large knife or chopper), the others were unarmed. Suddenly, with a loud roar, a tiger sprang on the younger sister, who was last in the line. The two others ran forward a few steps, then Minway ben seeing her sister being mauled by the tiger, ran forward, snatched the dha from Mi Shwayu, and returning, struck the tiger a terrible blow on the head. In a moment he had her down and began mauling her also, but striking again, Minway ben killed the brute on the spot. Meanwhile the third girl had run on, and giving the alarm the villagers turned out and found the dead tiger and the two wounded girls lying together, and discovered that the younger sister had gouged out one of the tiger's eyes before her sister returned to the rescue. The girls, after six weeks in hospital, recovered, and are about again. The skin of the tiger, which must have been nearly nine feet in length, is in the possession of Mr. W. N. Potter, Deputy Commissioner, Upper Chindlong, and shows a clean cut on the head nearly six inches long. An official enquiry was held, and reported to the chief commissioner, and the girl was strongly recommended for a reward, which was granted, in the shape of a hundred rupees in cash.

The Largest Bible.

The largest Bible in the world is to be found in Rome. It is written in Hebrew, and weighs 320 pounds. It is as much as three men can do to carry it. In the year 1512 a syndicate of Venetian Jews offered Pope Julius II. the weight of the Bible in gold, but His Holiness declined to part with it. At the present value of gold the Bible would be worth $375,000.

Ye Family Filter.

Little Dick—"Is this the filtered water?"
Little Dot—"I don't know. Taste it."
"It tastes like old straw."
"Yes, that's filtered."