## BULLS AND BLUNDERS

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR IS OFTEN THE BEST KIND.

Strange Slips on the Part of Orators, Excited Men and Very Fre-Fiction Is Often a Serious Offender Against Reason and Dignity.

Most of the best humor is unconscious; in other words, it is of the Irish "bull" variety. Mr. J. C. Percy has made quite a collection of these amusing funniosities and published them under the title of "Bulls and Blunders. Needless to say, there is no "bull" so good as the real Irishit is always so natural and spontaneous, as, for example, that of the son of Erin, who declared he would scorp to put his name to an anonymous letter, or the other who said to a man with whom he was having a few words: "If it wasn't for soiling my hands I'd kick you into the street." In Dublin there was an old beggar ed soldiers, the topic of conversawoman who, when asking charity, declared pathetically that she was the mother of six small children and a to sell an old saucepan: "Shure, to get a little money to buy somethin' to put into it." A fond lover This would not be very popular with told his sweetheart he thought so the soldier. In the Egyptian camsleep at night for dreaming of her." But even sober business people on the other side of St. George's Channel fall into it-not the Channel, but the "bull" - sometimes, otherwise why should a London newspaper have remarked, describing the boat race, that 'Cambridge led all the way, and lost," or a Tottenham constable declare that "the prisoner made no reply, which I entered in my notebook?" Here is a smart "par." from a well-known motoring journal: "The man who buys a car, and especially if it happens to be a woman, is far more attracted by a carriage than a piece of machinery." Talking about journalistic "bulls," here is a neaf one from a provincial paper: "Foot and mouth disease will soon be laid by the heels." Here is a gem from a Lurgan newspaper: "Mrs. So-and-So. of Putney, celebrated her one hundredth birthday last week. She was visited by his twin sister, aged 95, who had traveled many miles to see her." And how about this in "The Referee" last November? "The man who clips your ticket in the Metro is either a boy, an old man, or s woman." Even the prosaic farmer can be funny on oceasion, as the one who explained that he ear-marked his hogs by cutting a piece off their tails." Here is a story of Pat's pre-

Clerk of the Court to Jewish witness: swer: "Solomon Isaacs." This story cate suffering on the part of somesounds all right: "As I was going | body else. over the bridge the other day I met | In London the demeanor of the Pat Hewins, 'Hewins,' say I, 'how smart crowd is distinctly more cheerare you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, ful as the war proceeds. Conditions, Donnelly,' says he. Says I: 'That's | the mere prospect of which seemed not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more unbearable, have now become second is mine Hewins.' With that we look- nature. It would be wrong to say it ed at each other, and sure enough is possible to get used to having it was nayther of us." Said a Kerry one's relatives killed or wounded man: "Now that Home Rule is pass- But one is inclined to think that ed, Ireland will be the only country when bereavements come in mass, where we will be able to fight in peace when more or less every one is sufand quietness." And it was an Irish- fering, the shock and horror diminish man who remarked, after a "bust in intensity. up," that "the best part of the day was the night." Fiction writers frequently let their imaginations run away with them, as can be seen from the following typical examples taken from novels: "Her

ference which is distinctly good.

They were discussing the countries

they would claim had they not be-

longed to their own peculiar land.

Said the Englishman: "If I had not

been born of Anglo-Saxon parents

would like to be an Irishman." And

Scottie remarked that if he had a

hand was cold like that of a serpent." "The countess was about to reply when the door opened and closed her mouth." "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed in Portuguese. "At the sight, the negro's face grew deadly pale." "He never opened his mouth nor said a word except silently to shake hands." graphic descriptive novelist wrote: 'And there were those three villains, perched on the fence, lying in wait to commit that fatal murder, which they afterwards failed to accomplish, on the body of their poor lifeless victim." The dramatic critic of a Dublin newspaper, in his review of "Romeo and Juliet," said "Mercutio never thoroughly roused himself until the sword of Tybalt had given him his quietus."

Children are responsible for some of the most delightful bulls. Here is one from a boy's essay on the cuckoo. "He doesn't lay his own eggs himself." Another little boy told his mother he was going to start praying for a rocking-horse, so she had better start saving up. This is from a boy's letter to a chum: "You know Bob Jones' neck; well, he fell in the river up to it." "Desmond," said a teacher, "what is the spinal column?" and Desmond's reply was: "It's what my head sits on one end of and I sit on the other." A mother once said to her son, "Why, John, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear." No. mother," was the reply. ust telling it what it mustn't say." 'can you tell me who George Washngton was?" "Yes, mam," was the the corked bottles in the mixture quick reply, "he was an American general" "Quite right; now can you tell me what he was remarkable for?"

"Yes, he was remarkable because he Gen. Botha's army, which prof was an American and told the truth."

n. Turning to one of the scholars she saked, "James, what was ton's farewell address?" "Heaven, mam," was the prompt re-

A teacher was hearing the history

Several anti-German riots were re-

Board warned hotelkeepers with re-

MAY GET TWO MEDALS.

In This War the Problem Is Unusual and Complicated.

It is safe to say that of all subjects which form topics of conversation in the trenches during the moments which the enemy leaves the J. C. Percy Has Made a Collection of British soldier for social intercourse, none is more popular (unless the soldier has completely changed his character) than the great question quently of Solemn Writers- "How many medals shall we get for this war and what will be the bars?" That has always been, since the British army received medals, the one subject which has interested him more than any other.

> In the argot of the barrack-room the medal is a "gong," and it is the ambition of every soldier in the army that that "gong" should not be bare of bars (the little strips of silver across the ribbon inscribed with the names of the action which mark the quality of the award), and the more bars there are to a man's medal the higher does he stand, not only in his own estimation, but in the estimation of his comrades.

It is curious how, when discussing the war, generally, with woundtion invariably veers round to this medal question. The optimistic think that there will be three. One sick husband, and the same woman is given by France, one by Russia, and credited with the remark when trying a third by Great Britain. Others believe that the medal will be of wouldn't be partin' wid it if it wasn't | bronze, and will be issued in uniformity by the five nations engaged. and one which was presented by the Egyptian Government. In the South African war there were also two, but that was due to the fact that the war was continued under two sove-

What is probable is that there will be a British medal and one issued by the allies in conjunction. that is to say, the Russian soldier will wear the Russian medal and the allies', and the French soldier will wear the French medal, issued by the French Government, plus the allies', and the same decorations will be offered to the British soldier. It is said that the color of the new ribbon, made up of the national colors of Belgium and will either be a black ribbon, with red and yellow stripes on each edge, or will be a red ribbon, with a black and yellow edging, the exact pattern of which has not yet been decided upon,

Purple Pansy Brigade.

One of the latest war crazes in English society is the "purple pansy brigade." If you have an intimate friend or relative wounded at the front you wear a buttonhole of purple pansies. The result has been an unexampled demand for the purple

Now that there is almost no one who has not a friend among the casualties, practically all the women at fashionable gatherings wear a cluster of the sympathetic flower, and some of the men do the same. At some of the smart luncheons at the big hotels the effect is most curiously

choice he would like to have been But the purple pansy also serves as born in England (which no true a useful conversation opener. "My Scot will believe). Then Pat said: | dear, what friend of yours has been "If of were not an Oirishman I would ) wounded?" leads to all sorts of interbe --- well ashamed o' meself." esting, mysterious, sentimental in-Clerk of the Court to Jewish witness: quiries. The purple pansy, therefore, "What is your Christian name?" An- is a great relief, although it does indi-

Old-Time Scaling-Wax.

Interesting results have been obtained by the Government chemist by sions on documents in the Public Record Office in London. The seals examined dated from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, and differed but little from modern sealing-wax. of beeswax and resin, others of pure eeswax. Two seals, of the dates 1399 and 1423 respectively, were composed of wax the characteristics of which agreed more nearly with those of East Indian than of European beeswax. The wax composing an impression from the Great Seal of 1350 agreed, in chemical and physical characters, with pure beeswax of to-day. The pigment in the red seals was vermilion, while the green seals contained verdigris.

British Guns Wire Wound. British guns still retain their supremacy. They are lighter and more easily handled than the German guns. This is due to the fact that German guns are solid, while the English weapons are wire-wound. The Germans have never believed in the wire-winding; they have always regarded it as a piece of British stupidity. After the recent naval battles they now have their doubts.

To Seal Bottles

Bottles may be securely sealed in ether a quarter of a pound of sealthe mixture froths stir it with tallow candle. As soon as each redient is melted dip the tops of

which has begun its delayed camrice, has had tens of the veils and "goggles" served out for the struggle against the sand and the

At Melbourne, Australia, the report-d resignation of Alfred Beakio, Chief life in Victoria, he made such a

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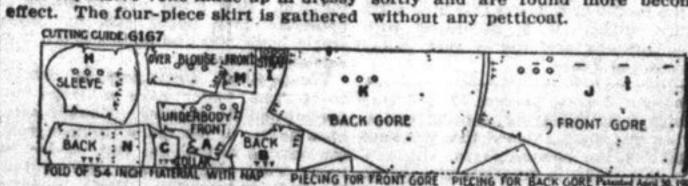
FROCK FOR A LIMITED INCOME at the waist-line, and the overblous an adjustable affair. It is true that women's ideas of a limited income vary greatly, but everyone will agree that \$3.50 is about as reasonable a sum as anyone would expect to expend on a frock of dressy appearance. The model shown here may be carried out in floral printed voile at 25 cents a yard. For medium size 51/2 yards are required, making the material inch satin at \$1.50 a yard would add \$1.13 to the bill, leaving 99 cents for the % yard of lace required for the one is willing to spend 75 cents extra 1/4 yard of white silk or satin may be added for the vest and collar, but this is purely a matter of taste. fold of the material. If a round outline is preferred for the neck it is an easy matter to cut out the neck edge

of the shield and single small "o" perforations. The double "oo" perforations must be followed in case the square neck is desired, however. The back and front gores and the piecings for both of these are laid on a lengthwise thread of the voile, as are also the sleeve, the overblouse front and the underbody front. The overblouse is adjustable and extends below the waist-line, giving a

very graceful effect to the model. Among the less expensive voiles are several very good striped patterns with inch-wide stripes of colors alternating with white. These wide stripes are more fashionable than the narrow, candy-stripe patterns, except for

Figured silks are excellent for spring and early summer wear, and they have been utilized to excellent advantage in the inexpensive evening and afternoon

Many of the new full skirts fall more An expensive voile made up in dressy softly and are found more becoming



Pictorial Review Costume No. 6167.

CECIL RHODES.

The Great Empire Builder of British South Africa.

Of the comparatively few mer who have built undying monuments for themselves while yet living, was Cecil Rhodes, who died March 26 1962, when he had only passed the ideal milestone of a half century. Rhodes was born in Hertfordshire Eng. In his early days he had a lung affection which bade fair to do for him in the variable atmosphere of England. This led him to South Africa, where the conditions gave thought to the working of great genius. He soon discovered the opportunities that 'lay in the region thought of others, Rhodes had gained practical control.

Cecil John Rhodes, no matter what his personal ambition, was always loyal to the greater Britain. He did more for the development of Natal, of the Transvaal, of Cape the gems which sparkle in crowns of stopping it when the fog clears. so-called royalty, the tiaras of herit-ed nobility, or the new rich, is so an ordinary wireless station of rath-the trial.

the northern one through British as from the Russias, which en- stopped. neers may could be more easily iated than can be the Dar-

danulles or the Bosphorus. dream was almost made a reality be fore his death. One of his acco ents which had come near the earts of Americans was his endowrman students in the belief the t would tend to unite more closely the bond of friendship between Eng-land and Germany. Possibly it may be said that this is the only one of plendid dreams of Cecil Rhodes which has not "come true."

Licked Into Literature." has just died, had one of the most romantic careers in the annals of lit-

if unfortunately for himself, luckily for novel readers, a long drought killed off his flocks and herds, and compelled him to enter the Government service as a stipendiary magistrate, coroner, and goldfields warden.

It was while exercising these official functions and keeping his eyes open that he met most of the characters and gained the greater part of the experience embodied in his stories. Curiously enough, he took to writing as the result of being lame. When a comparatively young man, he pappened to be kicked by a horse. This led to his being laid up, and to while away the tedious hours he wrote an Australian sketch called "The Kangaroo Rush." He sent it to which later became the greatest dia- The Cornhill, which accepted it, and made his name, was published in 1888.

Wireless Fog Guns.

A system of wireless control that other individual force. Regardless control of acetylene fog guns located of strips of territory or isolated re- at points difficult of access. When gions acquired by conquest or trade started, the gun automatically feeds by Portugal, Germany, France, Bel- and fires itself at regular intervals glum, when King Leopold was Bel-glum, Rhodes made for Great Brit-acetylene runs out, and the wireless ain the virtual domination of one of control simply provides a means of cigars on it."
the grandest of continents. None of starting it when there is a fog and The major

dazzling as the simple personal fame er low power, while the waves are of the consumptive boy of Hertford- received at the fog guns by four short acrials. The electric impulses then He conceived the railroad from pass to two synchronizers, each of the Cape to Cairo, almost comsum- which is connected with one of two mated when he gave way to the electro-magnets that control a needle greatest conqueror. Death; while valve in the outlet of the acetylene America's railroad monarchs and enseers are still dreaming of the energized it opens the reedle valve inter-continental steel ties between and causes the gun to begin and conthe two western continents and from tinue feeding and firing itself automatically, and when the other magmerica and Alaska across the nar- net is energized the valve is closed ow strait that separates the Ameri- and the operation of the gun is

The Man of All Others. Three girls are exchanging confiort of men they like best. est. A man with a past is always

Second Girl: Toat's true, but don't think he is nearly so interesti as a man with a future. Third Girl: The man who inte me is the man with a present.



LISTING CASUALTIES.

Keeping Track of Soldiers' Names Is a Tremendous Task.

"Please let me know what is the matter with Patrick; he was killed the last I heard?" is but one instance of the thousands of pathetic queries for the answering of which a colossal index of casualties has been in process of formation during the past few months on a high place in London somewhere between Big Ben and the Nelson Column.

All day and all night continues the building of this house of index cards. On the day of the new moon also, and on all Sabbath days, for no precept of any faith would forbid

From every British ambulance in the fighting area, from every hospital where men are received at home or abroad, and from every battalion staff come lists and lists and lists of wounded, sick, or missing, or captures, or of slain. Solid-looking oak cabinets which stand back to back in pairs are constantly being supple mented by more cabinets in each of cost \$1.3%. Three-quarters yard of 36- the rooms allotted to this work.

Considered merely from the point wonderful collection, and if soldiers yoke and % yard of 2-inch belting. If enlisting adopt fancy titles from current language, were not all names once nicknames before they were established by long use? Here you find such as Homer, Shakes-In cutting out the voile only the back | peare, Hathaway, Graco, side by side of the waist, the collar and the back of with such as Hell, Bulldeath, Deadthe underbody are laid on a lengthwise man, and Corpse, John Pintard and Nicholas Romayne.

And those who sit writing the entries on the index cards-non-combatants? Perhaps, and yet most of them are also really among the casualties of this far-reaching war. though unrecorded upon any roll of honor. These temporary clerks are men who have lost their professional posts-men who, in the general disturbance of business enterprise, have had to close their offices and grasp at any straw of paid service which would keep them and their families from bitter privation. Some of them have sons in the fighting line-many would be there themselves but for grey hairs or physical infirmity.

The head of one room served his gun in the South African war till one arm was smashed by a shell splinter, and not one of them but gleans some scrap of consolation from a belief that he runs more risk from hostile aircraft in the series of rooms that has come to be known as Zeppelin terrace than in his house at Putney or Wandsworth.

Sitting on one of the thousand chairs that were made in a fortnight at the beginning of the war, he may be searching the drawer of the Leinsters for some clusive Sergt. Toole or noting down on the card of Pte. Brown of the Royal West Surreys that he is at Versailles with bronchi al catarrh, or he may be reporting to the inquiries department that the husband of a woman in South Wales, believed to have been killed at Ypres, is now known to be a prisoner of war at Doberitz.

It is no place for casual visitors, but such would not find moodiness the characteristic of these rooms. Though, indeed, composed of tragic circumstances, these records have a spiritual value which makes for valor. The sum total, like all heroism, is not a tragedy. One some-"killed in action," feels for a moment the terrific magnitude of the toll of life, and these ever accumulating cards call up in his mind the phantom hosts they symbolize: the ghostly army death recruits so fast. Then, being an Englishman, he turns to his neighbor with a laugh and denounces the man that put the Inniskillens in a drawer so low that mond field of the world. When the richness of it all came to the slower was kicked into literature." "Rob- ter lunch.

> Missed Every Shot. One of the best stories told about

Sir John French, field marshal of the British forces, is how one night at dinner some officers were discussing rifle shooting. The general was lis-Colony, of all that is now called the several points in Scotland seems to tening, as was his wont, without mak"South African Union," than any have solved the problem of distant ing any remark, until at length he tening, as was his wont, without makchipped in with: Say, I'll bet anyone here," in h

calm, quiet, deliberate way, "that I can fire 10 shots at 500 yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of The major present accepted the of-

mess was at the shooting range to see Sir John fired. "Miss!" he an nounced. He fired again. "Miss!" repeated. A third shot. "Miss!" "Hold on there!" protested the major. "What are you doing? Yo are not shooting at the target at all." But French finished his task

"Miss!" "Miss!" "Miss!" "Of course I wasn't shooting at the target," he said. "I was shooting for those cigars."

Deadly British Rifles. Quite a number of people believe that cartridges are served out to the soldiers separated from one another Cartridges are, however, usually giv-Three girls are exchanging confi-ences and telling each other what ort of men they like best.

First Girl: I like a man with a est. A man with a past is always as an extra cartridge above the maga-sine, eleven rounds in all. When the cartridge-clip is forced into the maga-sine the fastening is removed, so that each cartridge, when it reaches the

gazine, is separate from

The magazine of the army rifle is nothing more than a detachable box containing a spring. This spring forces up one cartridge at a time into its position ready for firing. As a rule the ten cartridges in the magagire are only used in great emer-gency, as when the order for rapid firing is given to stop an enemy's harge. In the ordinary way th magazine, with its ten cartridges, is shut off from the rest of the rifle by means of a metal sline called the Text

Keep the Men in Good Humor

When hubby "lights up" for his after-dinner smoke, be sure he has a match which will give him a steady light, first stroke. . . . Ask your grocer for Eddy's "Golden Tip" or "Silents," two of our many brands.

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