

BULLS AND BLUNDERS

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR IS OFTEN THE BEST KIND.

J. C. Percy Has Made a Collection of Strange Slips on the Part of Orators, Excited Men and Very Frequently of Solemn Writers—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 funnies and published them under the title of "Bulls and Blunders. ... It 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 soldiers my hands I'd kick you into the street."

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 pansy. ... The purple pansy also serves as a useful conversation opener. "My dear, what friend of yours has been wounded?" leads to all sorts of interesting, mysterious, sentimental inquiries. ... The purple pansy, therefore, is a great relief, although it does indicate suffering on the part of somebody else.

Old-Time Sealing-Wax. Interesting results have been obtained by the Government chemist by making analyses of old wax impressions 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. Most of them consisted of a mixture of beeswax and resin, others of pure beeswax. Two seals, of the dates 1389 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 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 the following manner: Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of resin and two ounces of beeswax. When the mixture froths stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as each ingredient is melted dip the tops of the corked bottles in the mixture. It will completely exclude the air.

Goggles For Troops. Gen. Godtha's army, which probably numbers about 50,000 men, and which has begun its delayed campaign against German Southwest Africa, has had tens of thousands of wells and "goggles" served out for their struggle against the sand and the glare.

At Melbourne, Australia, the reported resignation of Alfred Deakin, Chief Commissioner of the Commonwealth to the Panama Exposition, and Neil Nelson, Assistant Commissioner, has caused a sensation.

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 months which the enemy leaves the British soldier for social intercourse, none is more popular (unless the soldier has completely changed his character) than the great question: "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 given by France, 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 wounded soldiers, the topic of conversation invariably veers round to this medal question. The optimistic think that there will be three. One given by France, one by Russia, and a third by Great Britain. Others believe that the medal will be of bronze, and will be issued in uniformity by the five nations engaged. This would not be very popular with the soldier. In the Egyptian campaigns there were two, one British 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 sovereigns.

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 pansy. ... The purple pansy also serves as a useful conversation opener. "My dear, what friend of yours has been wounded?" leads to all sorts of interesting, mysterious, sentimental inquiries. ... The purple pansy, therefore, is a great relief, although it does indicate suffering on the part of somebody else.

Old-Time Sealing-Wax. Interesting results have been obtained by the Government chemist by making analyses of old wax impressions 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. Most of them consisted of a mixture of beeswax and resin, others of pure beeswax. Two seals, of the dates 1389 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 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 the following manner: Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of resin and two ounces of beeswax. When the mixture froths stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as each ingredient is melted dip the tops of the corked bottles in the mixture. It will completely exclude the air.

Goggles For Troops. Gen. Godtha's army, which probably numbers about 50,000 men, and which has begun its delayed campaign against German Southwest Africa, has had tens of thousands of wells and "goggles" served out for their struggle against the sand and the glare.

At Melbourne, Australia, the reported resignation of Alfred Deakin, Chief Commissioner of the Commonwealth to the Panama Exposition, and Neil Nelson, Assistant Commissioner, has caused a sensation.

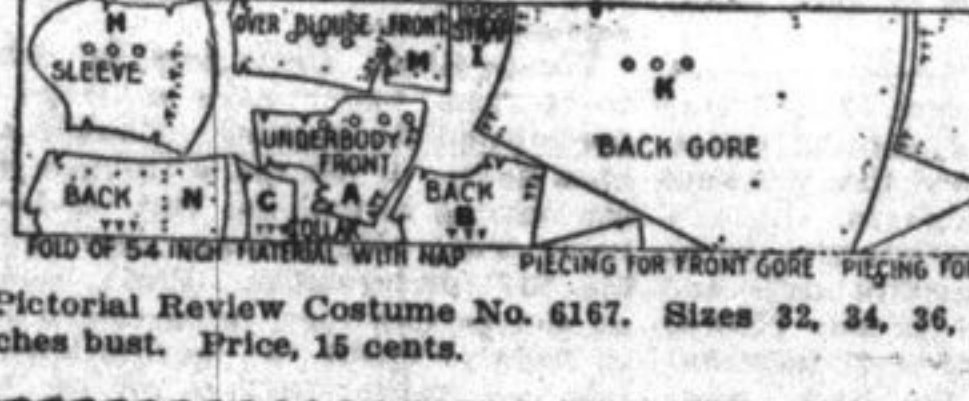
Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

PROCK FOR A LIMITED INCOME.



An expensive style made up in dressy effect. The four-piece skirt is gathered at the waist-line, and the overblouse is an adjustable affair.



Pictorial Review Costume No. 6167. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Cecil Rhodes.

The Great Empire Builder of British South Africa. Of the comparatively few men who have had undying monuments for themselves while yet living, Cecil Rhodes, who died March 26, 1902, when he had only passed the ideal milestones of a half century. Rhodes was born in Hertfordshire, Eng. In his early days he had a lung affection, which made fair to do for him in the various attempts 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 which later became the greatest diamond field of the world. The richness of it all came to the slower 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 new riches of Natal, of the Transvaal, of Cape Colony, of all that is now called the "South African Union," than any other individual force. Regardless of strips of territory or isolated regions acquired by conquest or trade by Portugal, Germany, France, Belgium, when King Leopold was Belgium, Rhodes made for Great Britain the virtual domination of one of the grandest of continents. None of the gems which sparkle in crowns of empires reveals the lines of heritages nobility, or the new riches, as dazzling as the simple personal fame of the consumptive boy of Hertfordshire.

He conceived the railroad from the Cape to Cairo, almost consummated when he gave way to the greatest conqueror. Death, which the American railroad monarchs and engineers are still dreaming of the inter-continental steel ties between the two western continents and from the northern one through British America and Alaska across the narrow strait that separates the American from the Russian, which engineers say could be more easily negotiated than can be the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus.

What had been called Rhodes' dream was almost made a reality before his death. One of his accomplishments which had come near the hearts of Americans was his endorsement of his millions of the Rhodes scholarship for the higher education at Oxford University of the most accomplished American and German students. He included German students in the belief that it would tend to unite more closely the bond of friendship between England and Germany. Possibly it may be said that this is the only one of the splendid dreams of Cecil Rhodes which has not "come true."

"Kicked Into Literature." Son of an adventurous naval captain, "Rolf Boldrewood," or to give him his real name, Thomas Alexander Browne, the author of that famous story, "Robbery Under Arms," who has just died, had one of the most romantic careers in the annals of literature. Pioneer squatter in early life in Victoria, he made such good use of his opportunities that while still in the twenties his chest was good for a quarter of a million. Then, 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 happened to be kicked by a horse. This led to his being laid up, and to while away the tedious hours he wrote an "Australian" chapter called "The Kangaroo Rush." He sent it to The Cornhill, which accepted it, and so, as he used to say merrily, "he was kicked into literature." "Robbery Under Arms," the story which made his name, was published in 1886.

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 month also, and on all Sabbath days, for no pretext of any faith would forbid that work.

From every British ambulance in the fighting area, from every hospital where men are received at home or abroad, from every battalion staff come lists and lists of wounded, sick, or missing, or captured, or of slain. Solid-looking oak cabinets which stand back to back in pairs are constantly being supplemented by more cabinets in each of the rooms allotted to this work. Considered merely from the point of view of English surnames, it is a wonderful collection, and if soldiers 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, Shakespeare, Hathaway, Graco, side by side with such as Hell, Bulthead, Dead-man, and Corps, 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 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 enterprises, 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 gleams some scrap of consolation from a belief that he runs more risk from the bullets in the masses of rooms that has come to be known as Zepplin 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 Ledgers for some elusive Sgt. Toole, or noting down on the card of Pie Brown of the Royal West Surreys that he is at Versailles with bronchial 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 Dohert.

It is no place for casual visitors, but such would not find moodiness of his locks and herds, and compel 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 happened to be kicked by a horse. This led to his being laid up, and to while away the tedious hours he wrote an "Australian" chapter called "The Kangaroo Rush." He sent it to The Cornhill, which accepted it, and so, as he used to say merrily, "he was kicked into literature." "Robbery Under Arms," the story which made his name, was published in 1886.

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 listening as usual, his without making any remark, until at length he chipped in with: "Say, I'll bet anyone here," in his 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 cigars on it."

The major present accepted the offer, and the next morning the whole mess was at the shooting range to see the trial.

Sir John fired. "Miss!" he announced. He fired again. "Miss!" repeated. A third shot. "Miss!" "Hold on there!" protested the major. "What are you doing? You are not shooting at the target at all. But French finished his task. "Miss!" "Miss!" "Of course I wasn't shooting at the target," he said. "I was shooting for those cigars."

Deadly British Rifle.

Quite a number of people believe that cartridges are served out to the soldiers separated from one another. Cartridges are, however, usually given out fastened together in clips of five. The modern rifle used by the British army is known as a magazine rifle, and holds two clips or ten cartridges in the magazine itself, as well as an extra cartridge above the magazine, eleven rounds in all. When the cartridge-clip is forced into the magazine the fastening is removed, so that each cartridge, when it reaches the magazine, is separate from the others.

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

Officials in charge of the German ships held at Hoboken, N.J., have appealed to the police for additional protection for the vessels. The liners at the piers include the Vaterland, the greatest ship afloat.

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. THE E. B. EDDY CO. HULL, CAN.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE. Acts like a Charm in DIARRHOEA and is the only Specific in CHOLERA and DYSENTERY. Checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—FEVER, CROUP, AGUE. The best Remedy known for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. Effectually cures almost all attacks of SPASMS. The only palliative in NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE. Chlorodyne is a liquid taken in drops, graduated according to the majority. It invariably relieves pain of whatever kind; creates a calm refreshing sleep; allays irritation of the nervous system when all other remedies fail; leaves no bad effects, and can be taken when no other medicine can be tolerated. INSIST ON HAVING Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. The immense success of this Remedy has given rise to many imitations. CONVINCING MEDICAL TESTIMONY WITH EACH BOTTLE. Sold by all Chemists. Prices in England: 1/6, 2/6, 4/6. Sole Manufacturers: J. T. DAVENPORT, Ltd., LONDON, S.E.

Women's Fine Low Shoes and Pumps. In Patent, Gun Metal and Dongola Kid, latest lasts and heels. \$2.50 & \$3. H. JENNINGS, - King Street

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotics. NOT NARCOTIC. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Solely Prepared by J. C. Hatcher, Montreal, New York. 35 DROPS - 35 CENTS. Exact Copy of Wrapper.