

Humours of Military Life.

The other day, as the story goes, a raw recruit was brought up to the orderly room for being absent on parade. He was asked by the officer why he had to say, to which he replied: "Sir, the bugle sounded before I was ready."

The officer smiled as he told him to go away, and to be ready in future by the time the bugle sounded. A young lad, having the misfortune to bear the name of M'Ginty, enlisted at Hamilton in the 20th Scottish Rifles. He had not been there two weeks when he had occasion to go out to town, and as he was late in returning to barracks he was absent from the roll call at 8.30.

The sergeant came to the barrack room, and as is usual, instead of calling the roll he went round the beds. Each recruit was standing by the side of his bed, but on coming to M'Ginty's the sergeant, finding no one there, inquired who was absent.

"M'Ginty," a recruit shouted. "The sergeant, a little ruffled, told him to mind his own business or he would find himself in the guard room. He then asked who was orderly man for to-morrow."

"M'Ginty," cried another of the recruits. Losing his temper, the sergeant ordered two men to "fall in" and take the offender to the guard room. While the order was being carried out, and the men were going downstairs with their prisoner, who should be coming up but the indubitable M'Ginty himself. The sergeant stopped him and asked his name, when, to the sergeant's utter amazement, he replied, "M'Ginty."

Still in doubt, however, the sergeant looked up the roll, and there, sure enough, was the name of "M'Ginty." Seeing his mistake, he ordered the prisoner to be released, and went off amidst the laughter of the whole room. A raw recruit, who was on guard, was especially warned to pay proper compliments to all officers passing his post. When it came to his turn to go on sentry, he was told if the General came he was to present arms to him.

Shortly after he saw the General approaching his post, whereupon he immediately loaded his rifle, and brought it up to his shoulder. He was taking steady aim at the General, when the surprised officer shouted out: "What are you aiming at?" "Are you the General?" asked the recruit.

"I am," was the stern reply. "Well," said the recruit, "the sergeant told me to present arms to you, and if you don't go away now, I'll fire at you." The drill instructor, who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercises. Having opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed orotage between them, the instructor ordered the men to rest on their arms reversed. Then, by the way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with scrutinizing eyes for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a somewhat solemn tone of voice: "Your heads are right, and your heads are right, but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to have."

In a certain Scotch regiment stationed in India an officer, noted for being round shouldered, was crossing the barrack square one day while a squad of recruits were being drilled. He happened to notice a rather awkward looking recruit amongst them, and approaching, he addressed him thus: "Why, man, don't you smarten yourself up? When I was a young soldier I used to get a man to jump on my back to press back my shoulders."

had a very long tail, and told the trooper that it would have to be cut short before next parade day. The trooper said he durst not cut it, but the Captain said it must be done, and that he would have to inform the party the horse belonged to, or he would lose his day's pay. Next day on inspection no notice had been taken of the Captain's orders, and the trooper being reprimanded, he replied: "I told the man what you said, and he says, 'I cut the horse's tail at your peril, you beggar, it's a funeral horse!'"

A company of a certain regiment was commanded by an officer, who was very particular about every soldier having a good kit. Going round the kits every inspection day he noticed how nice Private Murphy's kit was arranged, and how neat his socks were folded. He told the company to take a lesson from him, and then asked Paddy to unfold his socks, and show all the other men how to fold them. After hesitating a little, Paddy obeyed, when his socks were found to be full of holes at the toes and heels. The officer was enraged at what he saw, and said: "If you would cut your toe nails you would not have holes in them like that."

"Sure, sir," said Paddy, "I'm not in the way of growing toe-nails on my heels."

In an infantry regiment, stationed at Malta, the time of the big drummer having expired, he was transferred to the first-class army reserve, and was replaced by a son of the Emerald Isle. The night Pat was installed the band was engaged heating tattoo on the Palace Square. The sergeant-drummer allowed Pat to beat all the marches to the end, when, according to military custom, the band was to play "God Save the Queen."

Thinking Pat was not competent to beat "God Save the Queen," the sergeant-drummer said: "Give me the stick, Pat, and I'll beat the Queen."

"Och, Saint Patrick!" said Pat. "Drum-Major, avick, is it after beating the Quano you'd be, an' Paddy Mulloon getting six months in jail for beating a lance corporal?"

In one of our regiments stationed abroad was a soldier who from having too much to say, was never out of trouble. One day when on parade, his company officer heard him remark that the Colonel couldn't drill two ducks, and accordingly made him a prisoner for disrespectful language. On being brought before the Colonel, the latter asked if he was the man who said he (the Colonel) could not drill two ducks.

"Yes," replied the soldier. Thereupon the Colonel, who was a bit of a wag, looked up, and said: "Take him to the guard-room; he will perhaps change his opinion ere to-morrow."

The next day at the orderly-room the prisoner was again marched in. "Well," said the Colonel, "what conclusion have you come to now?"

"Och," said the prisoner, "I made a mistake in saying that you couldn't drill two ducks, for I have come to the conclusion that you couldn't drill one."

"Four days' cell," said the enraged Colonel, while a titter ran round those who stood by.

The company had just turned out to dig a trench round their tents, when a non-commissioned officer observed a man standing idle, who felt "rather seedy" after the previous night's amusements, and addressed him thus: "Look here, I've been watching you this past half hour, and you have not taken a pick in your hand yet."

"Away, min," answered the private. "I've been picking all the time."

"What have you been picking?" "My teeth."

A recruit of a Highland regiment which was stationed at Malta went out to see the town, and remained absent. He was brought before the commanding officer, a Highland gentleman of the old school, next morning. "This is a verra fine thing Sim, to be absent ta verra first night you join ta corps," said the officer.

"Deg pardon," said Sim, "but I lost myself in the streets of the capital, and could not get back in time."

"I'll tak' yer excuse," said the officer, "but ye manna mind that ye'll have ta hide in barracks till ye ken the toon!"

At one of our military stations in India a sergeant was instructing a section in the use of the rifle. He had been explaining to them the course taken by the bullet when it leaves the muzzle of the rifle when fired at an object some distance away.

"Now, Priv to Murphy," he said, turning to one of the rear rank men, "you seem to be doing everything but looking to your front and paying attention. Perhaps you will answer me a few questions. Supposing I was standing a thousand yards away, and a body of men were firing at me, if you were halfway between us, what would happen to you?"

"The bullets would pass over my head, sergeant."

"Quite right. What would happen to me?" "I hardly know, sergeant, but I fancy you should get dodgin' behind the house!"

An Irish regiment was on the march in India when the following dialogue occurred:

"Sergeant (to quartermaster)—"Sir, can you give me a spare cart for those boxes?"

Quartermaster—"But I want that one in case of emergency."

Sergeant—"But sure, sir, can't you put the case of emergency on that other one with the two boxes, and let me have the empty box?"

"If you please," said an Irish recruit to the quartermaster, "could you get me a wool pass to go and see my poor old mother? She is verry ill."

"What is the matter with her, Mickey?" "I don't exactly know, but the doctor says as how she wants plenty of tinton, and after the drilling ye give her the last three months, I will be able to give her plenty of tinton and standin' at aize, too, if she requires it." He got his pass.

One day, after dismissing the guard, the orderly officer proceeded to take the sentry's orders. The sentry gave them until it came to where it read "In case of fire or any unusual occurrence, alarm the guard."

"Who is an unusual occurrence?" asked the officer. "Begorra, sir, to see the sentry walking about on his post with the shty box on his back!"

While a Scotch regiment was on the march in India from one station to another, the doctor—as is usual at certain camps on the line of march—paraded the men for feet inspection, and on going his rounds made one man a prisoner for having dirty feet. Upon the officer of the company asking him the next day why he didn't wash his feet, he replied: "Well, sir, there was a dizen or mair o' washin' our feet in so line, an' I ken this much, I washed a pair o' feet, but whether they were mine or no I canna swear!"

The Irishman is always "facile princeps." In an Irish regiment there was one man noted for being very dirty. He had been punished times out of number for uncleanliness on parade. One day a thought struck the Colonel. He would order the whole regiment to fall in, and make Pat walk up and down in front of it to try and shame him. This was accordingly done. When Pat had finished he went up to the Colonel and said, loud enough for everyone to hear:

"This is the dirtiest regiment I have ever inspected, sir!—I am Twigh, in The People's Friend."

FROM THE ASHES.

The Dodd's Medicine Company in New quarters. The extensive establishment of the proprietors of Dodd's Kidney Pills, at Nos. 1 and 3 Jarvis street, with its contents, excepting the offices, was entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 16th.

The fire broke out in an adjoining warehouse, but spread so rapidly that in less than ten minutes the employees of the Dodd's Medicine Company, from the laboratory, the advertising and the shipping departments, were all in panic flight. The perfect safety of all these persons once assured, and while more than two hundred and fifty gross of Dodd's Kidney Pills, together with labels, wrappers and tons of advertising were being consumed, interest and effort all centered in the rescue of the advertising notices of a mass of seemingly old and worthless letters. These, as afterwards learned, proved to be the accumulations of years, consisting of thousands of testimonials from persons cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and dating from the inception of the business up to the day of the fire. These records of triumph, these proofs of the supreme merits of this great kidney treatment were the most precious of all the possessions of the firm, and were to be saved, if possible as they fortunately were, at the last possible moment.

On the invitation of the president of the company a reporter of The News visited the quarters, located at Nos. 6 and 8 Bay Street, where no premises have been promptly opened. Here a rapid glance revealed many busy hands rushing the several details of completion of new goods to fill orders continuously arriving from all points in Canada, the United States and other parts of the world. Judging from the accumulated orders on file, of which your reporter got a glimpse, the output of Dodd's Kidney Pills is already almost beyond the conception, and one can easily understand that their moral demand creates such an incredible demand. Characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the Dodd's Medicine Company, it may be mentioned that, though absent in Buffalo during the fire, the able extent and outcome of the probable and while the premises were still burning orders had been wired and goods from New York and other points were speeding towards Toronto for the reproduction of Dodd's Kidney Pills, so that no other should remain unfulfilled. From Toronto News.

Mr. David Boyle, provincial archaeologist, has unearthed thirteen skeletons in three Indian mounds in lot 6 con. 9 township of Asphodel beside Rice Lake. The mounds are older than the French occupation and the remains brought to light must have been there for centuries. Pine trees have grown and decayed on top of the mounds.

SKETCHES.—This is unhappy an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject are generally agreed. Dr. THOMAS' EUCHEMERIC Ointment is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 140 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. Mr. Michael Costello, and Miss Liddle Lewis were married on Tuesday morning of last week in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Ont.

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