## Humours of Military Life.

The other day, as the story goes, a raw recruit was brought up to the orderly room for being absent of parado. He was asked by the officer what he had to say, to which he ro

plied:

"Sir, the bugle sounded before I was ready.

The officer smiled as he told him

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 Mi-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 burracks he was absent from the roll call at 0.90. The sorgeant came to the barrack room, and, as is usual, mstead of calling the roll he went round the beds. Fach recruit was standing by the side of his bed, but on coming to McGinty's the sorgeant.

Inding no one there, inquired who was absent.

was absent.

"M'Ginty, 'a recruit shouted.

The sergeaut, a little ru'lled, 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.

"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 theredoubtable M'Ginty himself. The sergeant stopped him and asked his name, when, to the sergeant sutter amazement, he replied, "M'Ginty."

Still in doubt, however, the sergeant looked up the roll, and there, eure 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 toom.

A raw recruit, who was on guard, was specially 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 sim at the General, when the surprised officer shouted out—"What are you aiming at?"

when the surprised out" What are you siming 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."

you, and if you don't go away now, I'll fire at you."

A drill inspector, who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise. Harrig opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortage 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

did so—

"Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with sorutinising eye for a moment or two, and theu remarked, in a somewhat solemu tone of volc.—

"Your hands are right, and your heads are right, but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to have."

In a certain Sooth regiment station oil 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 oldier I used to get a man to jump on my back to press hack my shoulders."

"A weel, sir," replied the recruit.

"A weel, sir," replied the recruit.

shoulders." sir," replied the recruit, who was a bit of a worthy, "I think he forgot to jump off, for he's surely there yet."

In an Irish regiment in India, not far from Peshawur, the olderly officer was visiting the men's mess, and coming to a tent where a man was standing outside with a tin plate, and something on it, "Any complaints?" he asked.

something on it, "Any companies he asked.

"Yes, sur," was the reply; "the praties are very bad."

"Praties," said the officer, turning to the sergeant. "What does the man mean by praties?"

"Beg your pardon, sur," said the sergeant, saluting, "he's ignorant, he is; it's spuds he manes!"

The sergeant was drawn up for church parade, but the church was being repaired, and could not accommodate them all.

"Sergeant Maior," ordered the

"Sergeant-Major," ordered the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank."

A large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, Sergeant Major," said the Colonel, "dismiss all who did not fell out, and march the others off to church; they need it most."

At a parade of light horse the Cap-in noticed that one of the animals

had a very long tail, and told the trooper that it would have to be out short 'sofror 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 end, and he says, out the horse's tail at your peril you beggar, it sa funeral horse!" A company of a certain regiment was commanded by an office. Who was very particular about overy 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 sooks were folded. He told the company to take a lesson from him. and then asked Paddy to unfold his sooks, and show his sooks 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 not have holes in them

officer was considered and said:

"If you would cut your toe nails you would not have heles in them you would like that."

"If you would cut your toe nails you would not have holes in them like that."

"Sure, sor," 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 Emeraid Isle. The might Pat was installed the band was ongaged heating tattoo on the Palace Square. The sergeant-drum mor 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 Quane you'd be, an' Paddy Mulfoon getting six monther in jail for bating a lance copora!"

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.

"Yee," replied the soldier.

Thereupon the Colonel, who was a bit of a wag, looked up, and soid:—
"Take him to the guard-room; he will perhape change his opinion ere to-norrow."

Next day at the orderly-room the prisoner was again marched in.

Next day at the orderly-room the prisoner was again marched in.

"Well," said the Colonel, "what conclusion have you come to now?"

"Oh," 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 two ducks.

a mistake in saying that you couldn't drill two dueks, 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.
"Yee 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 flue thing Sim, to

gentleman of the old school, next morning.

"This is a verra five thing Sim, to be absent ta verra first nicht you join to corps," said the officer.

"Beg 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 maun mind that ye'll has to bide in barracke 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.

fired at an object some distance away.

"Now, Priv ic 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

"Quite right. What would happen

"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:

"Sorgoant (to quartermaster)—
"Sir, can you give me a spare eart for those boxes?"
Quartermaster—'But I want that one in case of emergency."
Borgeant "But sure, sir, can't you put the case of emergency on that other one with the two boxes, and let

other one with the two boxes, and let me have the empty box?"
"If you plaze," said an Irish recruit to the color sergeant, "could yez get me a week's pass to go and see my poor ould mother. She is very il!"
"What is the matter with her,

poor ould mother. She is very ill "White is the matter with her, Mickey?"

"I don't 'xacily know but the docther says as how she wants plonty o' tintion, and after the drilling yez given me the last three months, I will be able to give her plinty of 'tintion and standin' at aize, too, if she requires it. He got his pass, Une day, after dismissing the guard, the orderly officer proceeded to take the sentry's orders. The sentry gave them until teams to where it read "In case of lire or any unusual occurrence, alarm the guard.

"What is an unusual occurrence? asked the officer.

"Begorra, sor, to see the sintry walking about on his back!"

While a Scotch regiment was on

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 mon 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 next day why he didn't wash his feet, he replied "Weel, sir, there was a dizzen or mair o' us washin' our feet in ac bine, an I ken this much, I washed a pair o' feet, but whether they were mine or no I canna sweer!"

swoot!"

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. very dirty. He had been punished times out of number for uncleanliness on parade. One day a thought strack the Colonel. He would order the whole regiment to fall in, and make Pat walk up and down in front of it ot 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!"— Ian Twigh, in The People's Friend.

### FROM THE ASHES.

The Bodd's Medicine Company in New Quarter

The Bodd's Assidine Company in Now Quarters.

The extonsive establishment of the proprietors of Dodd's Kidney Fills. at Nos. 1 and 3 Jarris street, with its contents, excepting the offices, was entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 15th.

The fire broke out in an adjoining

of the Icth.

The fire broke out in an adjoining warchouse, but spread so rapidly that in less than ten minutes the employes of the Dodd's Medicine Company, from the laboratory, the advortising and the shipping departments, were all in panic flight for their lives.

The perfect safety of all these persons once assured, and while more than two hundred and fity gross of Dodd,s Kidney Pills, togother with labels, wrappers and tons of advortising were being consumed, interest and effort all centered in the rescue from the advortising rooms of a mass of seemingly old and worthless lotters. These, as afterwards learned, proved to be the accumulations of years, consisting of thousands of years, consisting of thousands of the inception of the basinesses of the inception of the president 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 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 were the most precious of all the possessions have been promptly opened. Here a rapid glance revealed many busy handarushing the several details of complete the production of the property of the work of the probable and the production of the probable and the surface during the tire, the basin of the probable action and production of Dodd's Kidney Pills, so that no other should romain unified.—From

Mr. David Boyle, provincial archreologiet, 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.

SKRITICISM.—This is unhappy an age of skopticism, but there is one point upon which porsons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Extractric Or, is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove path, heat sores of various kinds, and bonofit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.



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