

FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

"You should have seen the 'Jocks.' My word, it was wonderful. Never shall I forget those brave Scotch soldiers—the finest in the world, bar none.

"They show the way over the parapets, and while charging and fighting their plucky pipers walk behind playing as though they were on parade."—*Evening News.*

LISTS OF GIFTS FROM THE DOMINIONS.

The Right Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, secretary for the colonies, stated in the House of Commons it was proposed to issue at the end of the war a comparative list of all the gifts received from the overseas dominions. Particulars of such welcome proofs of their generosity and sympathy would, in the meantime, be published as received.

The Cunard Steamship Company will not in future accept the bookings of any men who are eligible for service with the forces. They announced this fact officially on Saturday, and a notice which is being sent to their agents reads: "Until further advised, please note that we cannot accept the bookings of British subjects who are fit and eligible for military service." Following Liverpool's lead, the Scottish companies trading in the North Atlantic have decided not to book British subjects eligible for military service until further notice.

Herr Anton Karlgren, a Swedish journalist, after a tour in Russia, declares that there has never been so much prosperity among the peasants as since vodka was prohibited. The danger now is that the peasant may spend his free time and extra money unwisely, and in some districts teetotalers are organizing "people's houses," with reading rooms, etc.

In Berlin the new orders forbid the sale of distilled spirits except between 9 a. m. and 9 p. m.; no liquor can be sold in places where there are women waiters or barmaids; none is to be sold to drunken persons; no sales on credit are allowed, and the liquor must be drunk on the premises.

Chancellor of the Exchequer McKenna, in reply to a question put by Will Thorne in the House of Commons, said the capital wealth of the British Empire was approximately £26,000,000,000 (\$130,000,000,000). The approximate yearly income was £4,000,000,000 (\$20,000,000,000).

"Then there's plenty to go on with!" responded the sturdy Labor member amid much laughter.

THE MODEST SCOTCH.

(Manchester "Guardian.")

A recruiting officer for the London Scottish visited a big London firm the other day and asked leave to recruit the staff. "You may if you like," said the manager, "but I'm afraid you won't get much of a bag here. We have very few Scotchmen on our staff, and I suppose your recruits have to be Scotch?" "Oh, no," replied the recruiter, "Scotch or superior English."

HOW BISHOP WON FAME.

An amusing story of how he won the title of being the champion cocoanut shier among the clergy is told by the Bishop of Chelmsford.

He informed a gathering of clergymen, says the London "Chronicle," that when vicar of Bethnal Green he took a party of workmen to Epping Forest and was there challenged to have a shy at the cocoanuts.

He accepted and, paying his sixpence, was given seven balls. Then something happened which would not happen again were he to live to be as old as Methuselah. With those seven balls he knocked off seven cocoanuts. He has lived on the reputation of that feat ever since, and when any one asked him to have a cocoanut shy, he said, "You go and knock seven off with seven balls and then I will speak to you."

EXACTLY ALIKE.

(Richmond "Times-Dispatch.")

"You ought to be pleased with these rolls, George, dear," said the young wife. "They are exactly like those your mother used to make when you were a boy."

"Of course they are," replied George, gallantly. "In fact, I thought at first they were the same ones."

And the stupid creature could not understand why Mrs. George burst into tears!

FIRST CLASS.

An old Irish countrywoman, going to Dublin by train, stepped into a first-class carriage with her basket and made herself comfortable. Just before the train started the guard passed along and, noticing the woman and the basket, said gruffly:

"Are you first class, my good woman?"

"Sure I am, and thank you," she replied with a smile. "And how do you feel yourself?"

In his book Dr. John Kerr relates many amusing stories of his adventures as an inspector of schools in Scotland during the past forty years.

On one occasion he was examining a class in mathematics, and put the following question to a boy:

"If a salmon weighed ten pounds and it was to be sold at twopence a pound, what would it be worth?"

The lad, who was the son of a fish-monger, replied:

"It wanda be worth a curse."—"Tit-Bits."

Lord Young was a man of caustic wit, and he also had an encounter with Lord Deas. I shall reproduce it exactly:

"Lord Deas, as a consequence of a riding accident, was lame for some years before his death, and always walked with a stick in one hand and an umbrella in the other. Speaking to Lord Young, he said: 'George, do you know why I always walk with a stick and an umbrella?' 'No,' was the reply, 'unless it is that you don't want to be taken for the devil on two sticks.'"

"Did you hear that there was a man-eating shark discovered in the harbor yesterday?" breathlessly asked the summer girl.

"Well, there's one good thing about it, he'll die of starvation," said the second summer girl.—*Newark "Evening Star."*