

AN ENGLISH WAY.

(London Times.)

The following letter, received from a correspondent, gives an account of friendly feelings evoked in a young American naval officer by his stay in this country.

The officer writes:

"Let me say before I go any further that while I used to have a great admiration for England and the English, the associations of the past year have taught me to love the country and its people very deeply indeed. And this is another peculiar opportunity of the last year. In ordinary times, due to the English reserve, it would have been quite unusual to have formed so many intimate friendships in one year. Yet I feel almost as much at home in glorious old England as in my own home-land in the West—the land of romance.

"Perhaps I can show you . . . my real appreciation by telling of an incident which occurred in Liverpool one spring evening. I was sitting alone at the Adelphi Hotel one evening just as dusk was settling. An English gentleman approached me, and noticing I was alone, asked me to come to his home for a quiet dinner. I was very much attracted by his winning personality, and during the ride to his home found to my pleasure that he was a retired colonel from the South African wars. During the course of the evening the talk turned to France. Several times they spoke quite naturally of the work of their son at the front. You may judge my surprise when I found out the next morning that their son had been 'killed in action' just a week before our quiet little dinner. To one who really understands, this explains and analyzes my feeling for the English. If America can learn this spirit and preserve it for the generations to come our costs will be small indeed."—(Journal of Commerce Montreal.)

An "Irishism".

"And what struck you most?" said the benevolent old lady, who had been listening with awe to the wounded warrior's exciting story.

The Irishman scratched his head with the arm that remained intact.

"Shure," he replied, "what struck me most was the number of bullets that missed me!"

Didn't Know His Own Mind.

A newly formed company of a Lancashire battalion was under the vocal fire of a red-faced drill-sergeant. For hours he had roared and raved, and used up all his verancular in the English language. Towards the end of the afternoon his commands grew more and more rapid and involved.

"'Shun!" he yelled.

The company froze with fright. "Left turn!"

About fifty per cent turned with an air of indecision, then, before the rest could follow, he cried in quick succession:

"Right turn! About turn! Quick march! Halt!"

He glared in disgust at the extraordinary result, and started with surprise as one yokel left the ranks, and made for the barrack-room.

"Hi, you!" he roared. "Where the devil are you off to?"

The youth turned and looked at him pityingly.

"Aye, and it's real sick of it I am an' all," he drawled. "Thou doesn't kna' tha own mind for tea minutes together."

The "Better Home".

It was a case of suspended animation. He was quite a young boy, hardly out of his teens, and the mother had come "across" to see the last of him.

"My poor woman, the dear boy has gone to a better land than this," said the military doctor, attempting to comfort her.

To everybody's amazement the boy opened his eyes, and said in cockney tones: "No I ain't!"

"Albert," said the mother gravely, "don't contradict the doctor; he knows better than you or me!"

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