

JAPANESE BULLETS ARE MILDEST OF MISSILES.

The Little Brown Men Are Humane in War Making—Russian Soldiers Pierced Through Have Rapid Recoveries and Are Soon Better.

(London Telegraph.)

Here is a scrap of dialogue between an officer and his soldiers, which gives an idea of the views taken by Russians on Japanese bullets:

"Where were you wounded, Zemlakoff?" The private points to his shoulder. "Here, your honor, the bullet struck me, and then passed out. Another hit me here (he touches his arm) and went through. On my back I have two wounds; see, here they are; another bullet entered my leg, look."

"Why, in heaven's name, how many bullets did you absorb, then?" "Not one stayed in me, your honor; they all swept right through. A man can let any number of Jap bullets go through him, your honor; the soldier's neighbor chimed in; 'you hardly even know it has struck you. A fly's sting is more painful. Our bits of lead don't go fooling about like that!' 'Why not?' Because they go to stay, unless a bone-setter can fish them out. And that is a black outlook."

This is another dialogue which recently took place in one of the trains between a surgeon and a soldier:

"In what battle were you wounded?" "At Wa-Fang-Kao, on the 15th of your honor." "Where were you hurt?" "In my head." "Did the bullet stay?" "No, your honor; it went right through."

The doctor was astonished. He examined the skull. It was quite true. Two scared orifices were there; the one through which the missile had entered was on the left side of the head, the other in the neck.

"How did it happen?" he enquired.

"We were behind the earthworks, your honor, when the bullet struck me." "Well, and then you fell?" "Not at all, your honor. I got up on my feet—for we were all lying down—and then I crawled off backward toward the ambulance tent. After that I felt a bad pain in my head, and the blood streamed down my face. When I had gone ten paces or so I dropped senseless, but perhaps it was because both my legs were wounded, too." "Well, and then you came to, I suppose?" "No, your honor. I did not. I felt a racking pain when I first knew where I was, and lay a fortnight in hospital in high fever, raving." "And how are you feeling now?" "All right, your honor, only when the weather is bad I have a slight headache."

"Now, a bullet in the head," remarks a Russian physician, who is collecting data on the surgical aspect of the present war, "a bullet in the head which pierces the brain is certain death beyond remedy. But

other conditions are now successfully treated, provided always that the chief centre of the vital functions of the brain is not damaged. Those three factors give us the right," the medical investigator adds, "to term the Japanese bullet 'light.'" But, alas, the captain supplemented his information with this item of news: "At the outset of the war we knew that if a man was not killed on the spot he would recover. But now many more are dying of their wounds. It is clear that the Japs have changed their bullets."—London Telegraph.

The medical investigator, leaving these cases to examine others, then called upon a captain who had been in the thick of the fight and had lost all younger officers, non-commissioned officers and 140 privates between May 31 and June 15, and asked him for information.

"I am lost in wonder," he remarked to the captain, "at the miraculous way in which our fellows rise from the dead, as it were. They recover from wounds, which are officially mortal. Now, I want you to tell me, are these exceptional cases that I have been studying, or have you anything like them?" "The 'Japs' fire accurately," was the answer; "they often hit our men in the head, but when the bullets pass clean through, many of the men get well." "Curious. Well, and how do they fare when the bullet strikes them in the abdomen? You know a hurt in the peritoneum almost infallibly brings on peritonitis and death. And yet we are transporting men who were wounded in that very region and are now hale and hearty."

"I suppose that means only that they were wounded while they had been long fasting. If a man gets a bullet in the peritoneum on a full stomach he will probably not live to enjoy many more meals. Anyway, I can tell you that whoever gets one of our bullets, either in the abdomen or the head, won't worry much in this vale of tears." "How do you account for the difference in the results?" "I attribute it to their funny bullets, which have a different mantle from ours. Theirs is more compact. But if you take it and rub it over so little on a stone, then it's deadly. But, besides, the quality of the casting, there is the size of the bullet itself. Compared with ours it is tiny and its velocity is considerably greater. Our magazine rifle (1891 model) takes a bullet of three lines, and imparts to it an initial velocity of 620 metres; whereas the Jap rifle (model 1897) have a 2.5 line bullet with an initial velocity of 725 metres. The Japanese bullet only penetrates the tissue, but does not tear it, just as a bullet fired from a rifle may make a hole in a window pane without shattering the glass. When passing through the abdomen it inflicts the minimum of damage, its chief effect being to expand the muscles of the peritoneum, which quickly contract, closing the orifice, and thus saving the injured man from peritonitis and death."

"Those curious phenomena of recuperation which we witness in the present war. They are the small calibre of the bullets, their velocity and the compactness of the mantle. Thanks to these, skull wounds which would have been considered mortal under

other conditions are now successfully treated, provided always that the chief centre of the vital functions of the brain is not damaged. Those three factors give us the right," the medical investigator adds, "to term the Japanese bullet 'light.'" But, alas, the captain supplemented his information with this item of news: "At the outset of the war we knew that if a man was not killed on the spot he would recover. But now many more are dying of their wounds. It is clear that the Japs have changed their bullets."—London Telegraph.

THE ATLANTIC BOTTLED UP.

A Field For Somebody to Make a Fortune in the Mineral Water Business.

"I have never understood," said a doctor, "why somebody didn't bottle the Atlantic Ocean and sell the water under a fine name as a mineral water."

"The water of the Atlantic contains some of the most wholesome mineral salts, and has a decided value medicinally. Some of my patients keep it on hand much of the time, and profess to find it vastly beneficial."

"One of these men gets the sea water several miles off shore and at high tide so as to be reasonably sure that it is free from pollution. He bottles it in good sized demijohns and lets it ripen much as the famous Juniper water of the Dismal Swamp is ripened for carrying to sea on board vessels making long voyages."

"Did you ever smell any of these Kentucky sulphur waters after they have lain barrelled in a cellar for a few weeks? The odor is pretty bad, but it isn't worse than that of ripening sea water. When you take out the cork the whole household knows it. But after a while the sea water loses its offensive smell, and then it is ready for use."

"I don't know whether my patients have ever calculated the cost of bottled Atlantic, but if the bottling was done wholesale instead of retail it ought not to come very high, and it is certainly one thing that no trust could ever monopolize. I've a notion that the fellow who first puts up sea water in an attractive form and gets the attention of the public will make a handsome little fortune before his competitors cut in and undersell, or out-advertise him."

REFUSING TO WORRY.

(Washington Star.)

I don't know much about tariffs, I've heard of the octopus, but I'm free to say that our way. He hasn't molested us. They say that imperialism is going it fast and strong, but it's not here yet and I'm willing to bet. That the country will get along.

The corn in shinin' in plenty, An' the cattle is stout and fine, And this good old earth holds peace an' mirth. Some people are bent on sorrow, And there isn't much use to pine, And others inclined to song, But with sun an' rain, it's purty plain That the country will get along.

AMONG THE HUMORISTS.

Harkins—Are the Wilberts pretty well to do?
 Dudley—Oh, yes, they're pretty well fixed. At least they're well enough off to be able to call their suite a flat; they don't feel it necessary to speak of it as an apartment house or a family hotel.

Barker—Isn't it a little queer to speak of a young man's "maiden" vote?
 Brinker—Oh, so, that's all right.
 Barker—Then I suppose if it was a young woman you'd call it her bachelor ballot?

Greene—Frowne seems to think himself a savvy boy.
 Gray—Yes, he hasn't any idea there is any gambling going on in this world outside of the church fairs.

Fancy—I wish it 'ud clear up.
 Rooty—Why, dis rain won't hurt de grounds.
 Fancy—But tink how it'll swell de boards in de fence!

"She claims she's a fine singer. Do you think she ought to see a vocal teacher?"
 "No."
 "Who, then?"
 "A claim, adjuster."

"Suppose I were to tell you you must now go to the market today," said Mr. Naveit. "How would you live that?"
 "Oh!" ambiguously replied his young wife, with a steely glitter in her eyes. "I wouldn't mind."

Bacon—I heard Bumpton was confined to his bed this morning.
 Egbert—Nonsense! I met him down at the Post Office!
 Oh, well, he wasn't confined more than half an hour. You see, it was a folding bed, and the pesky thing closed up on him.

"I should think, doctor, she said, 'that you would feel terrible to have a person die under your knife.'
 "Oh, no," he replied. "I get the practice, just the same."

"The city water is so bad we have to buy our drinking water by the gallon."
 "Well, you should be used to buying water by the time. You're a stock broker, aren't you?"

"The proprietor is out a good deal, is he not?" asked the visitor.
 "Yes, he is according to the book," replied the clerk.

Teacher—Suppose your father gave you your mother \$20 and then took \$5 back again. What would that make?
 Tommy—All kinds of trouble.

Has your business been injured by the trusts?
 Yes, I lost about 20 p. c. of everything I let go out of the store on credit.

Caller—What makes you say sister is fond of me, Bobby?
 Bobby—Sister!

Who is the villain of your production? asked the hotel clerk.
 We?, answered Mr. Starnington Barnes, the man who plays the villain is named Smith; but the real villain is the manager who got us out here.

Willie—Pa, what is a "temperance man" anyway?
 Pa—A "temperance man" my son, is a man who boasts intemperately of the fact that he drinks water to excess.

Flora—What do you think of higher education for women?
 Dora—Not much. I've taken six courses in higher mathematics and I can't yet figure out how to make George propose.

What did your property in Swamphurst cost you?
 Four dollars a foot.
 What'll you sell for?
 Oh, I'll let it go at \$3 a gallon.

The Times Asks only a Fair Trial and that won't cost you much. Try It.

Did I see you kiss my daughter, sir?
 I really don't know, sir. I was too much occupied at the time to notice.

Nell—Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture.
 Belle—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?

Aunt Hetty—Oh, yes, those swell folks dress for lunch, an' then dress again for dinner.
 Uncle Hiram—They do? Well, I'd be satisfied to eat in the same old clothes, provided I had a brand new appetite.

Yes, said the giraffe, I've got a sore throat. Can you imagine anything worse than that?
 Well, said the centipede, I had my feet frostbitten once.

Little Clara—Mother, tell me a fairy story.
 Mrs. Gayboy (glancing at the clock) — Wait until your father comes home, dear and he will tell us both one.

I cannot understand your indifference fiercely snoked the lovelorn swain.
 Then you might try running away from it, replied the sweet girl, with a significant glance at the clock.

McFub—Now, what sort of a chap is this fellow? I want to know all about him.
 Spinks—Well, he wears a celluloid collar and his name is—
 McFub—Held on! That's enough.

Mrs. Gotham—Don't you believe if a woman tumbles upstairs she will not be married that year?
 Mrs. Dearborn—No, I don't. I know a woman in Chicago who can't go up a pair of stairs without tumbling half a dozen times, and I've known her to be married four times in one year.

"How did I lose her? My dear boy, as easily as tumbling off a log—by sending her a box of rare flowers. You are astonished. Wait till you hear what happened."
 "I was in Florida and she was in Chicago, and I thought I'd clinch the thing by sending a box of orchids for her birth day celebration. This is what I wrote on the card accompanying the flowers: 'Sweet to the sweet. To one as fresh and sweet and blooming as these flowers which are only the type of her own beauty.' Poetical wasn't it? Unfortunately though, the box miscarried and didn't reach her in three weeks. By that time the orchids were as dry and shriveled up as last year's leaves."
 "That was the last of me so far as she was concerned."

"Is an airship 'he' or 'she' papa?"
 "She, I think, my dear. You know you never can depend upon getting 'em to go the way you want 'em to go."

Sissy Giles—We've got a new baby at our house.
 Sissy Gates—H'm! Guess your janitor doesn't attend to his business.

Hill—They tell me Park has a dog. Of course, let him tell it, that dog is a wonder.
 Dale—He doesn't have much to say in the critter's favor. He only claims that that dog is the most intelligent body in his family.

She—Did you blow the lamp out, Henry?
 He—What do you take me for, a cyclone? It was all I could do to blow out the light.
 She—And yet the people down the road declare you are the greatest blower in town.

Mason—Dick declares he never will marry.
 Dixon—Did he actually say that?
 Mason—He said so in effect. When I told him marriages were made in heaven, he said he would remain single until he got there.

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