

the time he can just manage to toddle out of the nest in which he was whelped. The ideal Irish wolfhound should be an animal of height, power, and pace, with, of course, the determination and bravery of the old dogs of the Irish kings and princes. That he is a noble and affectionate dog no one will doubt. Those who own him speak of his affection and gentleness, particularly towards women and children.

He is, however, rather a dog for the country house or the terrace than a companion in the city. The Irish wolfhounds appear to have been gaining in size and weight during the last few years. In 1893 it was laid down that the minimum height and weight of dogs should be 31 inches at the withers and 120 pounds; of bitches 28 inches and 90 pounds.

The general appearance of the Irish wolfhound should not be quite so heavy or massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the deerhound, which in general type he should resemble. Of great size and commanding appearance, muscular, strongly though gracefully built; movements easy and active; head and neck carried high; the tail carried with an upward sweep, with a slight curve toward the extremity. He should be the embodiment of activity, courage, and symmetry. The hair is rough and hard on body, legs, and head; especially wiry and long over eyes and under jaw. The recognised colors are gray, brindle, red, pure white, fawn, or any color that appears in the deerhound.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

The French Government has awarded the distinction of the Legion of Honor to no less than eighty-seven Catholic priests and 127 nuns.

Probably few people know exactly how the V.C., the most coveted of all military distinctions, is made. Ordinary medals are made from a steel die. But there is no die in existence for the Victoria Cross. Each cross, made from bronze which formed part of Russian guns captured in the Crimea, is made separately, from a model pattern cast when the first design was approved. The bronze used for the V.C. is of very hard quality, and when it has been melted and poured into the mould every drop left over is carefully saved.

A most striking comment on the accuracy of British gunnery is contained in a letter from the front by an officer of field artillery. He describes how, in a recent action, the "first and principal job" of his brigade was to break up entirely wire entanglements in front of the German trenches. Although this was the first occasion on which artillery had been used for such a purpose, the results were brilliantly satisfactory: the wires were reduced to lengths of about four inches and thrown clean over the German trenches, which enabled our infantry to take the first trench without encountering obstacles or resistance.

A FRENCH HYMN IN THE TRENCHES.

A correspondent in Northern France writes as follows: "I have heard it again, in still more impressive surroundings. It was one night in the trenches. We had been attacked, and for three-quarters of an hour there had been an awful din. The German 'marmites' which kept bursting in our winding trenches, our .75 and .120 guns, rifles, hand grenades, the shouts of the assailants, and our yells made a really good noise. Then, the attack beaten off, there had followed a complete calm, when all at once in the stillness of the night, sung by a magnificent voice, arose the first couplet of 'Notre Dame de France.' I do not think I shall ever hear anything grander and more impressive."

AMUSING CAPTURE OF GERMANS.

Now let me tell you all about a remarkable exploit of mine, which will not be mentioned in the despatches, for good reason (writes a correspondent of an exchange). I had forgotten something in the neighborhood, and went to fetch it, when suddenly at the turn

of the trench I found myself face to face with a fat German, followed by another equally stout. They were carrying each a steaming kettle of soup, the dinner for their company; and by mistake walked into the wrong lines. Fortunately their hands were full, and I was the first to recover from surprise, so I shouted in a terrible voice: "Kommen ihr!" This was a grammatical mistake; it should have been "Kommen Sie," or briefly, "Kommt!" However, they seemed to understand, for they followed like lambs, soup and all. I do believe they wandered purposely into our quarters, they appeared so soon reconciled to the situation. So I returned with two prisoners and two steaming kettles: the soup was quite a nice addition to our rations."

CLERGYMEN LEAD THE CHARGES.

Sister Maud Kellett, recently of the Sydney Hospital, now on the nursing staff at No. 2 General Hospital, Egypt, writes to her mother, Mrs. Kellett, of Penrith, telling of the glorious reputations, the Australians made for themselves. One Egyptian paper says: "The courage and bravery displayed by the Australians is unparalleled in the annals of history." The English soldiers who were there also are loud in their praise of the Australians. . . . As soon as one officer fell the snipers, who were hidden in "dug-outs" shot each officer as they passed the next in rank took his place. A Catholic priest, who has been recommended for the V.C., led one company after all its officers had been killed; a Church of England clergyman another company; and a doctor another company— one and all seemed inspired to move on and down the treacherous Turk.

A PRIEST PUT TO DEATH.

The Turks have over twelve thousand soldiers on the Lebanon. Military forces occupy the heights which dominate the sea. The security of the Maronite Patriarch, who is protected by an armed guard of honor, is threatened. Recently the Turks arrested Father Joseph Hayek, an aged Maronite priest, of Sin-el-Fil, near Beirut, and, trumping up charges against him, tried him by court martial. He refuted every charge, but he was, nevertheless, condemned to death. A scaffold was erected at Damas, and in presence of a great crowd he was led to it and ascended it, his hands, bound in chains. Then he received the order to cry "Vive le Sultan!" "Vive l'Empereur Guillaume!" "Vive l'Empereur Francois Joseph!" Instead he cried, "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Vive la Russie!" With the rope around his neck he was again ordered to cry "Success to the Sultan and the Emperors of Germany and Austria," but the response was the cry, "Vive la France!" repeated thrice in a resonant voice which was heard at a great distance. Death by hanging ensued immediately.

FRENCH SOLDIER PRIESTS.

A Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the Countess de Courson has published a little book, entitled *The Soldier Priests of France*, which throws into high relief the part which these ecclesiastics engaged in the French army have played since the beginning of the war. They number more than 20,000 in various degrees of priesthood, drawn from many different Orders: Carthusians, Jesuits, Dominicans, Salesians, Norbertines, and Benedictines. Men who hold high office in the Church are privates in the army, and their inferiors in the priesthood are often their superiors under military discipline.

The young men are serving in the first line, the older men are employed as stretcher bearers and hospital orderlies. The military chaplains are always men over 48 years of age, and their work is entirely ecclesiastical. The work of the priests among the sick, both on the field of battle and behind the line of fire, is of the finest order, and officers with a reputation for being decidedly anti-clerical have openly recognised its value. The writer quotes one instance where an anti-clerical general chose priests for difficult ambulance work on the grounds that they are always steady under fire, in-