

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1895.

TOO MANY DEADHEADS.

MISUSE OF TICKETS GIVEN TO HALIFAX RIFLEMEN.

Officers and Their Friends Said to Have Availed Themselves of Free Tickets For Junketings—Misconduct in One of the Small Companies Recently.

HALIFAX, August 15.—History of a certain kind is being made pretty fast in militia circles in Halifax. The indications are that some people who are prominent in the service already, will attain yet greater prominence, though not of the glorious kind. There are two reasons for thinking this, which PROGRESS has no hesitation in stating.

The first is the investigation which has been demanded regarding misconduct in Captain King's company of the 66th P. L. F. on Bedford range. It seems this company asked permission for the use of the Bedford range for twelve days that they might camp out. This request, of course, was refused, as it would shut out all other riflemen who might wish to use the targets.

The company was allowed to go upon the range, however, with curtailed privileges and have its camp. No investigation was needed so far, but the cause of trouble soon came. Captain King's is the small company of the 66th, which makes this all the more remarkable. Residents of the neighborhood complained of the noisy if not disorderly conduct of those militiamen.

The crisis came one night when the disorder was so great that the authorities of the company had to exert physical strength to secure peace. Weakness was confessed most lamentably at this juncture; after a couple of roisters were arrested by the company men on duty, they instead of retaining a charge of them, and maintaining discipline, took the peace troublers to Bedford, a mile and a-half away, and handed them over to the look-out party of the Liverpool regiment of regulars for safekeeping.

It is this action together with the reported misconduct, that the D. A. G. has been requested to investigate. He will find out how much misconduct there was, and why it was that Captain King's company so confessed its weakness and inability to maintain discipline that a couple of their prisoners had to be handed over to a guard from another regiment which should have had no jurisdiction whatever in the matter. The case was reported to the caretaker of the D. A. G.

This company is composed of lads, at least one-third of whom are below the standard of 18, and perhaps it is not strange that this calibre of men should act as they did, regarding the prisoners. The second reason for thinking that history will be made in militia circles in Halifax is, the use or misuse of free railway tickets on the Intercolonial railway from Halifax to Bedford. In this matter, too, the 66th has a prominent part to play.

This free ticket privilege to riflemen travelling from Halifax to Bedford, and thence to the rifle range has an interesting history. No other branch of the militia force in Canada enjoys a like privilege with the citizen soldiers of Halifax, and hence it should be very carefully guarded against abuse.

Before confederation, when the Nova Scotia railway was being built, an argument in favor of the new enterprise was that the volunteers would be carried to the range without cost. This free transportation was in vogue when the Intercolonial railway came into being, swallowing up the Nova Scotia road, and the privilege was continued, so that now for nearly thirty years the riflemen going from Halifax to Bedford for shooting have never been charged for transportation.

It may be said, "oh, the Intercolonial is a government road and it costs nothing to carry the soldiers anyhow." But it does cost. For every riflemen that travels from this city to the range and back, the militia department pays out 28 cents to the railway. It is believed the investigation into the abuse of that is charged in this matter will show that not far from 1,000 tickets have been paid for by the militia department every season, which were never used by riflemen at all, but were many of them, used by 66th officers and their friends who went to the Bedford range at all times and seasons, and for all purposes,—from the enjoyment of poker or wine parties down to the legitimate purpose of rifle practice.

For years the abuse of this ticket privilege has been known to exist, and from time to time the privilege has been cancelled, to be renewed on promise of better behaviour in the future. A couple of weeks ago, the department stopped the issue of free tickets. This action was taken on the report of conductors that men and women, colored and white, who had no more interest in rifle shooting than the man in the moon, presented these tickets on the railway. It was the conductors report that temporarily ended the free ticket business. The order came from Captain King's company were on the range and those soldiers felt keenly the fact that here-

after they would be compelled to pay as they daily travelled up and down between the city and the range. Subsequently the old privilege has been restored by Hon. A. R. Dickey, but the abuses will be looked into.

The ticket are given out by the D. A. G. Whenever a requisition is made for them by an officer commanding a company. There is no check upon their use—no way of knowing whether or not they are used as intended or given away or sold. The only guarantee the D. A. G. has is the honor of the officer who makes the requisition and the honesty of the riflemen into whose hands they pass. It is this looseness in the system that promise to make sensational trouble. The council of the provincial rifle association has frequently discovered the ticket question, feeling that the abuses existing imperilled the interests of the honest riflemen and the P. R. A. Requests emanating from this source have been made to the D. A. G. asking that a system of checking be established so that it can be known to whom all tickets are given and how they are used. It seems the D. A. G. considered that the officers' honor was a sufficient guarantee that all was right and neglected to take further precautions. Following on that inaction the P. R. A. threatens to refer the question to Ottawa with the demand for an investigation.

That the honor of the officers is not all that is necessary to guard against abuse of the ticket privilege may be taken as established from the fact that the department cancelled the arrangement, on the report of the railway officials, that every Tom, Dick and Harry had been found presenting the tickets on the railway. The tickets got into wrong hands in some way. How was it? A yet more interesting development is that which has been openly talked about in militia circles. It is that some of the officers of the 66th, who are notoriously indifferent to rifle shooting, if not hostile to it, who are constantly throwing cold water on the P. R. A., have made heavy demands on the D. A. G. for free tickets. It is alleged that convivial parties made up of those officers and their friends have frequently gone to Bedford on a good time bent, and that their transportation consisted of those free tickets, for every one of which the country paid 28 cents. This is the kind of thing that must be stopped, and that the P. R. A. officials are determined shall be stopped.

In line with this irregularity is the experience of last year's rifle team to Ottawa, members of the Rideau ranges are carried free over the I. C. R., and the number of free passes is strictly limited to riflemen who shoot at the Rideau range. Last year, by hocus pocus, the gallant colonel of the 66th, and three of his officers travelled to Ottawa on these free passes. The records of the meeting show that not a shot was fired by one of the quartette of officers. This matter, too, has been discussed by the P. R. A., and it is possible that they may add this to the list of investigations asked for, as they feel that this free transportation of the passes may prejudice the bona fide riflemen, who honestly accept passes for the purpose intended.

WATCH ADJUSTERS.
Men Who Study Timepieces as Physicians Study Their Old Patients.

Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster, in a great factory used to receive \$10,000 a year.

The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a \$10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is very different to adjusting and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable, the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes.

To the hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that help to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting.

No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his trade, and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.

His Greatest Difficulty.
"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the Arctic region?" asked the inquisitive man.
"Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

BOYS AND WOMEN AT SEA

INSTANCES WHERE THEY HAVE NAVIGATED VESSELS.

Strange and Thrilling Experiences of a Life on the Ocean Wave Where There Were no men to Navigate—Examples of Great Courage and Endurance.

Readers of Jules Verne will remember how the "Boy Captain" brought a ship across the Pacific all by himself. I do not know if nature copied Mr. Jules Verne in this particular, or if Mr. Jules Verne copied nature, but some years ago a young ordinary seaman did navigate a small brig or schooner into the Mauritius by his own efforts. The rest of the crew—officers and all—had succumbed one after another to fever, and in the end the boy had been left alone. He did not waste much time crying over the hard fate that had left him in this predicament, but set to work to save his life, if that should be possible. He succeeded by keeping very little sail on his ship and by taking very little sleep, in saving both the vessel and himself.

The youth of nineteen who, last year, found himself by the death of his superior officers from fever contracted at Batavia, in command of a four-masted bark, and contrived to bring her safely to Melbourne with a mutinous crew, performed a feat scarcely less remarkable and well deserved the substantial recognition his bravery obtained for him from both Lloyds and the owners of the vessel. The ship was the *Tralagar*. Capt. Edgar died at Batavia, and the chief officer took command. Three of the crew deserted. Next the second officer, who had joined the vessel at New York, trashed one of the crew and was compelled to lock himself in his cabin for safety till, fearful that the seamen would carry their threat into effect to "throw his carcass overboard to the sharks," he asked for and was reluctantly granted his discharge.

Soon after leaving Batavia one of the A. B.'s died. Capt. Roberts was the next victim. Mr. Samuel Norwood, now first officer designate, was compelled to lay up about the same time. He was almost prostrated by fever, and beyond making an occasional entry in the log book he was unable either to take his watch or to assist in directing the ship on her course. He also died six days later, and just before him went Joseph Fall, the ship's carpenter. Capt. Roberts then lost possession of his reason and succumbed shortly before midnight.

Thereupon a young man named Shotton an apprentice just out of his time, who had been acting as third mate, undertook to direct the ship. Hugh Kennedy, the sailmaker, was the only person besides Shotton who had the remotest idea of the duties of an officer or sufficient confidence to undertake the guidance of the bark while Mr. Shotton snatched a few hours' rest from his long and weary duties. One of the seamen was transferred to the poop deck merely for the purpose of taking watch occasionally. His knowledge of navigation was of the most rudimentary character, and the task of sailing the ship to Melbourne seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shotton never lost heart.

Fortunately the winds experienced were not of very considerable force. While there were no prospects of a hard blow, Mr. Shotton clapped on as much sail as he could induce his inert, somewhat refractory inclined crew to spread to the favoring breezes. In the Indian Ocean Daniel Sweeney, the cook, took sick and died. He was the sixth and last victim of the passage. Mr. Shotton then attempted to induce the crew to clean and overhaul the ship and get her in good condition by the time she reached her destination. All his efforts were of no avail. Beyond assisting to sail the ship they would not lend a hand to do more than was absolutely necessary to secure the safe passage of the vessel to port. A day or two after passing Cape Leewards—famous cape of storms—the *Tralagar* was overtaken by a gale, starting from the northwest and setting in the west.

There was only one way, in Mr. Shotton's opinion, to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Nearly all the hands were ordered on deck, sail was gradually shortened as the gale rose, and the ship scudded before the storm for several hours under the two lower topsails and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened the topsails and the main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes. As soon as the wind moderated and the sea fell, the ship stood in toward the Victorian coast, and eventually made the Heads, where the trouble of her young commander came to an end.

It is not often that a ship has been in charge of a woman. The wife of the Captain of the *Jefferson Borden* took her husband's watch occasionally when the vessel was short handed after the mutiny and murder of the officers. In 1869 the ship *Denmark* was brought into port by the Captain's wife, the Captain himself being laid up and incapable of doing anything

Midsummer Sale

IN OUR LADIES' ROOM.

RIBBED

CORSET COVERS,

Two Lots,

13c. (Two for a Quarter,) and 20c each.

Three Lots:

Ribbed Vests.

13c. (Two for a Quarter,) 20c. and 28c. each.

Cellular Vests,

SOMETHING NEW.

Very fine, gauzy Cotton, worn in cells. German manufacture.

All Sizes at 55c. each.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair.

All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at its price to clear, including qualities which have sold at and are good value at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c.

All sizes, 18 to 30 inches.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

except give advice. Another striking illustration of woman's capabilities in the seafaring line is afforded by the case of the bark *Rebecca Crowell*, which left New York for Buenos Ayres, but became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving. Several of the spars and sails were carried away, and the Captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths the rest of the voyage and rendered unfit to manage the vessel.

There was no other person on board who understood navigation except the Captain's wife, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to the point of destination. The second mate was a young man 20 years old, able to take the helm, but ignorant of the process of making observations.

The Captain's wife, therefore, assumed the command of the vessel, took observations, calculated the latitude and longitude regularly, maintained her place on the poop, and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, she conducted the vessel, with its valuable cargo, safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. In this actual impression of "the sweet little angel that sits aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack," the Captain of the *Rebecca Crowell* was indeed fortunate in his matrimonial venture.

This is one of the very strangest romances in all records of the sea. It may seem strange on the first blush that none of the sailors—not even the second mate—should have been capable of navigating the *Rebecca Crowell* while the Captain and mate were disabled from working, yet very few sailors know anything more than their own work. A terrible story of a crew left destitute or helpless by the loss of the officers was reported last year. The incident occurred on a Liverpool bark, the *Montgomery Castle*. She had left New York for Java with petroleum oil in cases. On Feb. 8 the wooden bark *Vega*, from Pensacola to Bruges with lumber, fell in with her about 300 miles west of the Azores. She was flying from her mizzen a gaff pair of trousers underneath the signal flag. As the vessel got nearer it was observed that she was also flying a blanket as a flag on the foremast. A blackboard was held up by two men on her poop, on which was written in white chalk: "We have lost our Captain, two mates and five sailors—no compass and no navigator."

The *Vega* launched a boat and the mate and two hands went to her. They found only eight men on board, most of whom were incapable of work through being injured. The story told was that the master, the first and second mates, the carpenter, and four seamen had been washed overboard and were drowned, and that one of the remaining crew had his leg broken, that several others were injured, that some of the sails and all of the boats were lost, that the compasses (except a small one which was out of order) were destroyed, that the cabins were full of water and the contents (including medicine chest, charts, and nautical instruments) were washed away or destroyed, that the pumps were out of order, that the vessel had nineteen inches of water in her, that there was no one on board to navigate the ship, that they were entirely ignorant of their position, that in consequence of their injuries the survivors of the crew could not trim the yards, and that at night they shut themselves up in the forecabin and left the ship to herself. The men were crying, panic-stricken, and thoroughly exhausted and worn out.

Charts, nautical instruments, a starboard light, and medicines were put on board the disabled bark, which had at this time from two to three feet of water over the cabin floor. This was accomplished not without difficulty, because there was a heavy gale blowing. The cabin was quite gutted, and the only place available for the mate to occupy was the carpenter's shop, which was also flooded with two feet of water. There he made a bed up on the carpenter's bench and took his meals in the galley. Having repaired the sails, &c., and attended to the wounds of the injured, the *Montgomery Castle* followed on after the *Vega*, the weather all the time being very bad and causing both vessels to roll heavily and ship large quantities of water.

During all this time the *Vega* kept as much as possible in sight of the *Montgomery Castle* and signalled to her the course and position every day at noon.

On February 20th both vessels came to anchor in Fayal roads. The *Vega*, it may be added, earned for her owners and crew the very nice sum of \$5,250 for salvage. Of this, \$2,250 went to the owners; the mate, who took charge of the *Montgomery Castle*, got \$1,000; the master who had

extra labor to perform, received \$1,000; the sailor (Nordling), who steered the *Montgomery Castle*, \$250, and \$750 was divided between the crew, the other seamen who went on the boat with the mate and Nordling having an extra share.

A few years ago the ship *Inian Chief* was wrecked on Long Sands. The following description of a night spent in the fore-top while the ship was aground comes from one of the seamen:

"After the destruction of the boats I took shelter in the forecabin. Just before 8 o'clock a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft and burst right into the forecabin. We all rushed out and began to unlash the rigging, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging."

"I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved, but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my short-going togs. That cutting, biting north-east wind penetrated to our very marrow, and by the time I got into the top my hands were so numb that I could not hold the rope. I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor, helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor, but, though we were half frozen, there was none of us so paralyzed but that we could fully realize the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Capt. Frazar, Mr. Lloyd, the mate, Mr. Frazar, the second mate, who was the Captain's brother, and a fine young fellow, whose name I do not remember—in all, seventeen in number—took to the mizzenmast, and we could see them lashing themselves to the rigging."

"When the moon shone out there was just light enough to show the three great masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate so that every minute I expected that it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were, as when it did so, that one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and the frail, shivering mast between me and eternity. How the hours passed I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. Somehow I seemed to care for was, if the end was to come that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed."

"I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the mainmast stay. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us I found it was the mate, Mr. Lloyd. 'What's the matter, sir?' I asked in a hoarse whisper. 'Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizenmast. Somehow I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe. I made room, and then we were a long while silent and motionless.'

"Presently it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. A minute or two afterward a gleam of moonlight shone out from beneath the clouds. The scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress I never can forget. It was a heartrending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that awful moment. You can imagine I was thankful when the lifeboat came and took us off—eleven men out of twenty-nine."—N. Y. Sun.

He Wrote Two Famous Songs.

The four great war songs on the Northern side were "John Brown's Body," "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Marching Through Georgia." The first of these was potent in the earlier years of the war. The fourth was ahead of anything else in popularity in the last month of the great struggle. During the middle period "Tramp, Tramp" and "Rally Round the Flag" held the highest place in the affections of the patriots. They are still known and loved and sung. Comparatively few of the present generation, however, were aware before this week that the stirring music of both these songs was written by the same man, Dr. George F. Root of Chicago, who died on Aug. 6, in Maine. This modest musician did more for the Union than a great many Brigadier-

Generals, and quite as much as some brigades.—New York Sun.

A Pointer for Tourists.

Summer visitors to Canada in search of renewed health and vigor, will find what they need in that great Canadian remedy, Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It is a powerful flesh and blood builder, and a nerve and brain invigorator. It restores perfect digestion, induces healthful slumber and renews both bodily and mental vigor. For dyspeptics, sufferers from nervous prostration or general debility, it is the sure medium of health and happiness. It is sold by all druggists and dealers, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B. and New York City. Price 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50.

New Railway Signal.

An automatic electric train signal has just been invented for the railway world by Father Devine, S. J., of St. Mary's college, Montreal, says the Star. Its object is to replace the useless bell-rd on moving trains not equipped with air signals.

The ingenuity of the invention lies chiefly in the wire combination. The reversed inventor has three wires extending through-out the entire train, connecting with bells, buttons and batteries, in cabs and engine cab. One of these wires act as a common return wire for two circuits acting in opposite directions. Between the cars insulated couplers are employed to connect the wires; and the combination is so cleverly thought out that no matter how often cars are turned end for end wires of corresponding names always meet.

This new signal rings an alarm bell automatically in both engine-cab and caboose, the moment a freight train breaks in two, thus signalling front and rear trainmen that it is time to apply the brakes.

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day," falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used. The washing's done and at evening the housewife is fresh, bright and light-hearted, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes so easily, so quickly, without rubbing and scrubbing.

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For every 12 wrappers sent to Leves Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

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