

COMPLAIN OF AMMUNITION

System of Double Targets Also, Condemned—"Kickers" Annual Meeting

Less Fault-finding Than Usual at the Gathering of the D. R. A. Competitors.

OTTAWA, Aug. 30.—The annual meeting of competitors at the D. R. A. matches, popularly known as the "kickers" meeting, was held in the drill hall tonight, Lt. Col. Tilton, chairman of the executive committee, presiding and about fifty competitors being present. The meeting was hardly up to the traditions of the "kickers," for although attention was called to several things which it was thought could be improved, it was nothing like the old-time kicking which used to mark this meeting some years ago. Indeed, in one particular, the meeting was more of a "mutual admiration" meeting than a "kickers" assembly, for the speaker took pains to express the greatest satisfaction with the range, and about every other man called it an "ideal" range.

COLLEVER COOL TILTON. Col. Tilton, in opening the meeting, made playful allusion to the "kicking" propensities of some of the competitors, and forestalled criticism by frankly stating that there had been so much difficulty in getting the range ready that the executive had almost been compelled to postpone the meeting. There was, therefore, some little shyness, but he promised that the executive would use that several minor matters which were not quite what they were intended to be would be attended to before the next meeting.

Capt. Davidson, 8th Royal Rifles, presiding, expressed his delight with the new range, and was especially pleased at the absence of the old "brisky" winds, which were so troublesome at Rideau range. He was not pleased, however, with the new "double" target, which, he thought, caused a loss of time instead of a gain, and suggested the adoption of the Bisley target. He pitched into the ammunition in good style, and thoroughly condemned it as bad, using that a strong complaint be made to the militia department about it. He was also dissatisfied with the flags displayed on the butts, and thought that streamers should be used, as at Bisley.

Capt. Helmer had a complaint to make about the hotels, and thought that the secretary should attach a hotel directory to the prize list, giving rates charged. Capt. Dillon of Oshawa complained about the ammunition.

THE AMMUNITION. Col. Tilton, in replying, said that the Dominion Rifle Association had no control over the manufacture of the ammunition, and could not rectify its shortcomings beyond making a representation to the militia department on behalf of the riflemen of Canada. He was, however, a little disappointed to find that the executive would lose no time in bringing the matter to the attention of the department. With reference to the double target, he could only say that they were to be used, and that the competitors wanted them, they should have them next year. He also promised that the hotelmen would be seen, and an effort made to get a special rate for riflemen.

NOTHING GAINED. Major Mason, chairman of the match committee, had decided that he had seen enough to convince him that nothing was gained by the double target; unless time was gained, it was no use, and he had timed four of three, and found that only one second was gained through the double target, and that they were exceptions, and they were exceptionally quick marksmen. The others took 26, 27 and 28 minutes. In theory, the double target was all right, but in practice it needed four things: perfect marksmen, perfect range officers, perfect competitors and perfect register-keepers. He expressed great disappointment with the ammunition, and thought there was some defect in the system. As far as the range itself was concerned, he thought it was an ideal range in every respect.

GIVEN ANOTHER SHOT. Dr. Bertram spoke of the number of cartridges which had split, or been otherwise faulty, and thought that where there was any fault with the cartridge the marksmen should be allowed an extra shot.

DEFECTIVE CARTRIDGES. To the Editor of the Gazette: Sir—Defective cartridge cases are reported at the D. R. A. meet. That

is not remarkable, but a "practical machinist" professes to explain that it is all the fault of a very good rifle. Such an opinion reflects no very profound knowledge of the construction of the firearm nor of the cartridge case. It may interest some of the marksmen assembled at Rocklife to have a few facts on the subject.

As long ago as the seventies Russia ran up against this same trouble. They found a remedy and made a fuss about it. As they were not in the peace promotion business then, other people were allowed to find out for themselves—and forget.

The breaking of the cartridge case is due to the brittle condition of the brass, induced by a chemical change in the composition of re-filled cases. This is a very curious reaction, and was at one time blamed on electrical action in presence of moisture—being cause cases that had been wet were more brittle than others. If there is electric action it is only of secondary importance. The direct cause is the mercury from the fulminate in the primer. It forms a weak and brittle amalgam with copper and tin. After a shot the deposited mercury works into the brass of the spent cartridge. The increased facility of the process with moisture is possibly due to electric action, but more probably to a trace of nitric acid derived from the cordite fuming.

For this reason it is found impossible to reload the solid drawn brass cartridges with any degree of success at present, and the trouble accumulates unless we do as the Russians are said to have done—"gild" the inside of the case with an indifferent varnish. As aluminum is free from this defect, it may presently come to be an economic material for reloading cartridge cases, and also save weight. The present case is made to sell—not to re-load. C. J. STUART, Montreal, Aug. 30, 1898.

THOUGHTS ON CREATION.

This world's history of ages, A volume vast, whose rocky pages Record in hieroglyphicude, The peopling of nature's God, The foot-prints of that power sublime That shaped the bounds of time; Whose wisdom's words are writ, A structure reared from nothingness, An atom of that magic sphere, Whose central point is everywhere.

Volcanic blast, and earthquake shock, Earth's hidden treasures, and the deep, Depression here and there upheaval, Reveal remains of life primeval. A life diverse and multitudinous, From the varied microscopic swarm (That curious animalcule) down, Who makes the water-bugs at home, And gives his heirs the right or trust To colonize each point of dust; To the monster, so huge that his freedom of motion Is somewhat restrained by the bounds of the ocean.

From the giant oak that smiles at the shock Of the storm to the moose that feeds on the rock, This mighty page, the ocean's bed, Is but a stuporous eye, And mountains high that pierce the sky Are but antique archedoaps, And every shrub that covers the hill, And every bloom that buds the rill, And every footstep rests upon Some ancient mould or skeleton.

This finished earth, man's dwelling place, The homestead of his race, A banquet hall, a festive board, Where all the animated horde Of nature's words assembled are To dine upon provided fare, A garden planted by the Lord, Who bids the plowman sow the seed, Whose will compels the colors seven To paint the earth and tint the heaven.

Created last, vice-regal man, Placed on a point, a narrow span In mid-sternity, up cast, By the waves of an unbeginning past, Upon nature's guardianship, a creature Of his Creator, complex being, Graciously and daintily seen, Apartly present only here, The partly present everywhere, (That's mortal and divine, In him the heavens and earth combine, And seems from an unseen sphere, Sing intercourse with mortals here.)

Hold cheerfully, oh mother earth, Of man and his illustrious birth; Let the sylvan cords of the forest trees, Stretch to the touch of the passing breeze, And the rushing waters, wild and free, Respond to the valleys that echo with glee, And the sunbeams smile on the blooming And re-joice with the waves on the foaming strand, No dire need rise as shy bellows sweep, O'er the dead that lie in the vaulted deep, No need that the mountains should mourn in gloom, O'er the ancient dynasties they entomb, That the fertile plains should never be dry, For the myriads that "neath their verdure" lie, For these of necessity must appear, And pass, ere man can sojourn here.

ON THE WRONG SCENT. Indignant Wife—If you don't quit selling liquor to my husband, I shall prosecute you to the full extent of the law!

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

By the Women's Christian Temperance Union of St. John.

ROMAN CATHOLIC UTTERANCES. We do not believe that the church should leave the field entirely alone to the saloon-keeper to champion our laws. We believe that as long as the saloon-keepers, with brazen effrontery, to demolish our politics, that the church, with uprightiness, with a clear and serene countenance, should enter the political arena to purify it.—Rev. Father Cleary, Kenosha, Wis.

What is it that keeps the Irish people in these low social conditions? The saloon. Thither goes the money earned by the sweat of their brow. Thence the men, broken down in health and strength, the list of idlers and paupers. Our disgrace and our misfortune in America is the number of Irish saloon-keepers.—Bishop Ireland.

Don't sell liquor. I would rather see my young man become a tramp and beg for door to door than to sell liquor for a living. There is no manner or more contemptible way of getting a living than by selling rum.—Rev. Father R. J. Barry, Hyde Park, Mass.

One of the great blessings of no license is that it has crippled the power of the bold and brazen saloon-keepers to what is good.—Rev. Father Scully, Cambridge, Mass.

The saloon is the recruiting office of the devil, of blasphemy and of idolatry. It is the duty, therefore, of all who love God and the church to oppose the influence of the saloon.—Rev. Father C. J. Burns, Providence, R. I.

We know that Intemperance has wrought evil in the liberties of our country, and in the politics of our country. Oh, the meanness of our politics that will be led by the gross-selling element.—Rev. Father W. Elliott, C. S. P., New York.

We who labor so hard to rid our mother country of landlords and land-lordism, ought not to become slaves to the rum-deal and bow to the iniquity of intemperance.—Rev. Father T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.

Any American citizen who says it is impossible for us to put down those evils, to enforce the laws that are upon the statute books, and to have the liquor interest, I would say to him he ought to abdicate; we are able to do it.—Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

Vote prohibition.

HAVE YOU ANY BOYS?

From the Presbyterian Banner of December 30th, 1896, published in Pittsburg, Pa., we clip the following, given as the words of an officer of the Liquor League of Ohio at a meeting in which the interest of the saloon business were discussed: "It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others will die, and if there is no appetite created our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

"The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be made, therefore, that millions of work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create an appetite for beer, and a statement seems absolutely fendish; and yet, whether spoken or unspoken, the fact remains that the traffic exists only by recruits from among the boys. "Wanted, a hundred thousand boys, must be done before the end of the year. The business, that a few may grow rich and their children live in luxury while their patrons go down to the lowest depths of degradation and poverty."

Such a frank statement ought to be made to the fathers, and the proper steps to protect their children from a Moloch, beside whom the ancient misanthrope of Crete, who fed on young men and maidens from Athens, was a patron saint.

(The above editorial paragraph appeared in the Union Signal of January 28th, 1897. The incident therein related has been substantiated, and we desire to hold it before the public, and especially before the fathers, until they pass judgment upon the saloon business: Do you stand for your boys or for the saloon?)

AN AWFUL RECORD.

Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, late minister of Justice for Canada, stated that in his opinion an enormous proportion, probably three-fourths of the vice that prevails at the present day, of the crime with which we have to contend, is owing to the foul evil of "intemperance." Applying this statement to the convictions recorded by Canadian courts, averaging \$4,846 per day, we reach the saddening result that fully 25,000 of these convictions are the actual result of the liquor system.

These figures are startling enough in themselves, but they only give a faint idea of the terrible evil which they represent. Behind every single conviction named to take the proper and just course, in many cases a pile of rotting sorrow and suffering for others beside the offender. Far beyond all reach of imagination is the fearful extent of heart-break and home-wreck, and all the physical and mental woes, involved in the tragic history of so many wretched lives.

Surely the law of a Christian community should prohibit, not sanction, such a terrible evil.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

NEW YORK NOCTURNES.

New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems. By C. G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. Boston and New York.

Professor Roberts has attained a position which makes noteworthy anything from his pen. It is interesting to see how in this venture into a fresh field there is preserved the distinction and art and the sureness of touch which has characterized his previous work hitherto.

This little book exploits new ground. In it is epitomized what may be termed the potential poetry of a great city. Now, poets on this subject, as on more than one other, do not see eye to eye. And indeed, one can not easily fancy a muse habitating brick and cut stone, and having her gongs in railway trains and cable cars. But there is a charm in that environment—lovers of unadulterated nature to the contrary notwithstanding—and has been felt and interpreted by our poet. After all, it is in the city that our music most clearly the "still, sad music of humanity," so dear to the poet's heart. We have had the poetry of modern London; and, to carry the illustration further, Kipling has found in the steam engine and the ocean liner a poetry which—unsuspected enough—is nevertheless very real. To the ordinary observer the conditions of modern life appear essentially prosaic. Yet, as a matter of fact, the elements of good verse are abundant today, as markedly as ever they have been.

Which brings us to "New York Nocturnes." The name of the book explains its scope. The idea is original and finely wrought out. The truth of the point of view, as said above, is unsuspected by many, but its value and beauty are recognized soon enough when put forth in such pleasant guise. They are, perhaps, more apparent to the stranger and sojourner than to the permanent dweller, within the gates of New York. For example, here is a quotation from "Twilight on Sixth Avenue":

Over the tops of the houses Twilight and sunset meet, The green, diaphanous dusk Sinks to the lower street.

The narrowing lines of the houses Palely begin to gleam, And the hurrying crowds fade softly Like a mist in a dream.

Above the vanishing faces A Phlox again flashes, With a voice that shakes the shadows—Diminishes, and is gone.

And I walk with the journeying throng In the shadow of the street, As where a lonely ocean Washes a lonely wood.

The contrasted simile of the last stanza is very effective. Particularly beautiful is "The Ideal," which is by way of dedication:

To Her, when life was little worth, When hope, a thin red line, Almost forgot to flow—

Faint with the city's fume and steam I came at night to Her; Her cool white fingers on my face— How wonderful the dream!

More dear they were to favored lips Than lilies cooled in dew.

A breath from childhood's daisy-fields Came back to my eyes, Her white hands, her sunny smiles, Of city-wearied men.

To name the best of the Nocturnes were not easy. Perhaps it is "A Nocturne of Consolation," with its passion and purity and peace.

In the second division of the book are three poems which require particular notice. The first of these is a pastoral of delicate beauty, "The Solitary Woodsman." The other two are unlike anything their author has yet done. They are "Dream Fellows" and "Beyond the Tops of Time."

"Beyond the Tops of Time" is in many ways the most remarkable piece of work in the book. It possesses a strange power. The sort of power that stands forth in Browning's "Childe Rowland." Only the roughest outline can be given here. A watcher is set on a marvellous "beyond the tops of time." He sees below time the passing of created things and at the last a sea of faces that cry: "Give us the dream for which we died!" Yet none of the wonderful dreams that appear:

Oh! of sard and chrysopease Where choired Homans never cease: Valhalla of celestial traps, And lotus-pools of endless peace.

None of these can claim the longing multitudes. But the realization of all dreams is:

To the soul made wise All true, all beautiful, all bread, But the white peace that fills our eyes Out-does desire, out-reaches dream, For we are made to know the bliss Where always we behold God's face!

Extracts, however, can give no just idea of this fine poem. It is sure to live.

One is struck by the excellent technique of the poetry in this book. This is only attained by those who have gone absolutely faithful work in the past. Mention should be made, by the way, of the striking cover design.

Roberts' care in selection is such that only his best sees the light, and his best is very good indeed. "Be- lieve in Me," by A. B. DEMILLE, King's College, Windsor, N. S.

THE SEA GOLD FAKE.

Says the Eastport correspondent of the Bangor News: Alton Cushing of St. John, N. B., who recently had the contract from the Electric Light Co. to furnish the city with electricity, has just purchased an entire collection of logs and saved up lumber at this plant. Mr. Cushing told the News correspondent that there was about 200,000 feet of logs, and for which he received his money soon after.

MT. ALLISON ACADEMY & COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

The first term of the 56th year of this well-known Educational Institution will begin September 1st, 1898. Parents desiring to give their sons a good ENGLISH EDUCATION, or to prepare them for a BUSINESS LIFE or ARTICULATION into Colleges of ARTS, MEDICINE or DENTISTRY should avail themselves of this Home School for Boys. For Calendar apply to JAMES M. PALMER, M. A., Principal.

TO CHARLOTTETOWN.

Beaver Line Will Run a Cold Storage Service.

With a Regular Ocean Line Prince Edward Island Could Export Much Produce.

(Montreal Herald, Aug. 31.)

N. Rattenbury of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and agent for the Beaver Line at that place, was in the city today on important business. D. W. Campbell, the manager of the Beaver line, and Mr. Rattenbury have been making arrangements to have the Lake Winnipeg run to Charlottetown the rest of the season. At last session of the federal parliament \$5,000 was voted as a subsidy to any company which would run a vessel to Charlottetown and have cold storage compartments for the carrying of perishable goods. With his usual enterprise, Mr. Campbell has enquired into the amount of cargo offering, and this afternoon will likely see arrangements concluded by which the Lake Winnipeg will be fitted up with mechanical cold storage, and call at Charlottetown on her way to and from Montreal, thus gaining the subsidy. She will run three trips this season.

Mr. Rattenbury expressed himself as very much pleased with the arrangement. Prince Edward Island, he said, was the most fertile part of Canada and all sorts of farm produce could be had for export. Even now large quantities of butter, cheese, eggs, bacon and other goods were exported, but most of it had to be sent by Quebec, as the Halifax boats were not regular. Over a million bushels of cats had been exported last fall and this spring.

A regular service would develop the island economy, and a cold storage warehouse in Charlottetown, the only one in the maritime provinces. This, with a regular ocean service, would attract butter, etc., from around the gulf. One of the best equipped packing establishments in Canada was in Charlottetown, but the difficulty of shipping had been too great to develop it to any very great extent.

Another source of cargo would be from the pulp mills and lobster canning establishment along the coast.

There had been considerable talk of connecting the south-eastern part of the island with the Charlottetown district by a railway, but it would be necessary to bridge the Ellingboro River, which would be very expensive. On this account the scheme had been given up. If there was a regular service to Europe, Mr. Rattenbury thought that there would be no difficulty in having the railway built and the south-eastern part of the land developed. He understood that there was good grazing in the island and with a good outlet for stock, large quantities of cattle and sheep would soon be forthcoming.

The arrangements in regard to the Lake Winnipeg will likely be finished this afternoon and Mr. Rattenbury leaves for home this evening. The Beaver line and their manager, Mr. Campbell, are to be congratulated on the enterprise they have shown in this matter.

COLD STORAGE.

By Prof. James W. Robertson.

The purpose of agriculture is to produce food. The surplus foods, above what are consumed on the farms, form the basis of commerce in Canada. The carrying on of the commerce is the exchanging of something for something else. It has come to be mainly the exchanging of some product, or article, or service for money. In such transactions, from the production of a crop of wheat to the serving of bread on the table of the consumer, and from the care of a pasture field to the filling of the butter dish on the table, different interests are concerned. In considering how the original producer and the ultimate consumer can both obtain the largest measure of value and service, for their labor and what else they have to give in exchange, the interests of other laborers must be recognized.

Besides the producers—those who grow cereals, fruits and other things, those who make butter, fatten cattle and swine, keep poultry, etc., etc.—there are those who buy and collect those products. The interests of the buyers or collectors of farm products are not identical with those of the producers, but both can obtain large profits when all the commodities sold by the one and handled by the other are of excellent quality, and in the very best condition. When food products become spoiled to any extent the value is lessened, and consequently a loss falls on somebody.

The interests of the carriers or transportation companies are directly concerned in the quality, condition and value of the products to be handled.

The interests of the wholesale dealers, who are sometimes a separate class from those who buy and collect the products, and also sometimes a separate class from those who retail or sell the products in small quantities, are relatively large, and the business chances from them also are improved when products are of good quality with the least possible risk of deterioration while in their possession.

The interests of the retail merchants—the distributors—are most important in the development of agri-

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OVER HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

To the Editor of The Sun:

Sir—I ask for a little space to speak of a house we visited on Sunday last. Perhaps everyone does not know there is in South Musquash a house that was standing in 1777. This house was built by the celebrated Major Menzie. Today it is the property of the genial Mrs. Henderson, a direct descendant of this renowned major. When this residence was constructed, there were in St. John no more than three houses. The house, built of wood and stone, is picturesquely situated on a hill and has looking at it from the opposite side of the road, a fort-like appearance. The gardens are nicely well-tended and kept up much to the beauty of the scene. It is not, however, the exterior that would particularly impress the sight-seeker. Passing through the grand old halls he would be more impressed by the neatness and "self-content" that reign inside. The drawing room, with the exception of the workroom, is much like our modern ones, but somehow it looks prettier. We were particularly "taken" with the pretty fire places. They are made of fireproof china. In truth, every part of the house has some little interesting anecdote attached to it that Mr. Henderson—many thanks to him—kindly imparted. The fact that one hundred and twenty years ago the major saw fit to build his ceilings ten feet high, proves undoubtedly that he to him, at least, "coming events cast their shadows before." In the vestibule we were shown two chairs that have held the same position for more than ten decades. Mrs. Henderson is justly proud of her grand old home.

Thank you, Mr. Editor.

M. C. C.

"So your realistic drama has been taken off the road. Yes, it was so difficult to get real wheat flour to make the real bread with."

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