

# HARD DRILL AT CAMP SUSSEX.

Col. White's Rigid Inspection.

Commanding Officer's Remarks on Nestness of Appearance Having a Good Effect—Barbers Doing a Rushing Business Cropping Whiskers and Hair.

Summer Camp, June 30.—There's a haleful suspicion here, that the commandant has entered into a secret combine with all barbers in the neighborhood. It is no exaggeration to say that the hairdressers, both regimental and civilian, have of late, been exceedingly busy, for since the order regarding short hair have been read, every man in the command has hastened to obey.

Some barbers made the shears only required a perfunctory trimming. Looks curly and straight have been sacrificed. Their heads do not appear to be the makers of military regulations.

Cropped scalps are alone tolerated. Last evening there sat in the camp mess hall a couple of seasons ago a small private, whose ringlets were luxuriant. The farewell appeared to occasion him some concern. The clipper was making fatal passage into the depths of the jungle. The victim chafed and yet was heroic. There was a particular curl that nodded over his brow, and seemed to be the best of his head. The barber, however, was about to do his duty, and destroy it, when the owner restrained his hand, and evidently in keen distress cried:

"Oh, you're not going to take that?—why won't you modify it?"

The barber was unable to hazard a guess and went remorselessly on. Wonder what mother will say. It's altogether too bad.

Strict Inspection.

Col. White made a strict inspection to-day and again impressed on all ranks the importance of presenting a neat and clean appearance. A soldier must be shaved—his hair must be short and his boots must be polished, also his buttons, badges and general accoutrements. His clothes must be well brushed, his helmet and belt properly adjusted. He must be careful to salute and understand how to make such salutation. Already it is noticeable that the troops have taken instructions to heart.

Musars Had Three Hours' Drill.

There was drill this morning—abundance of it. For about three hours the musars knew no rest. To the unfortunate individuals, unfamiliar with the stern regimen of the war game, the troops' tactics may appear somewhat confusing. They drilled through the buttresses and daisies, without so much as finishing. In separate squadrons, the troops would drill for some objective point, and wonder, as you watched, what the next movement would be. Early in the drill the four squadrons, strung out into a long snake line, would suddenly reverse and drill in the reverse. Then the word in ever widening gaps began to show through the dark compactness of the column as it reversed into separate squadrons, and the riders spurred off for the accomplishment of the next manoeuvre.

Infantry Drill.

Looking up toward the swelling slopes crowned with rows of white cones, the infantry were zealously acquiring all manner of deadly information. Good to look at these warrior youths from the country. They are learning to walk very straight, and are becoming scrupulous in the matter of saluting. They are browned and muscled, and can make a man of any rifle with the ease of campaigners.

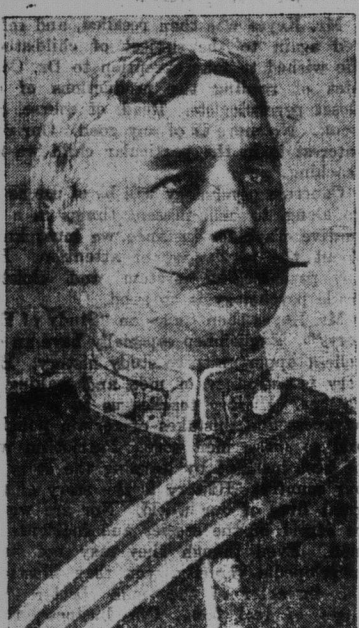
Watch the recruit as there strides across his path a commissariat officer. Until within a few paces of the poorly equipped man in important regiments, the frocked and sturdy young man in the red tunic and straw hat seems unconscious of the other's presence. But when about to pass, his eyes take on a far away look, his elbow sticks suddenly into space and the backs of his fingers smack against his forehead. The compliant person of rank, if he is carrying a cane, will usually lean the air with it by way of returning the courtesy. If he is without the cane (which is usually of bamboo) his salute is something similar to that given him, but not quite so studied or vigorous.

What is the salute for anyway? Is it the means employed to show proper respect for the officer—or by saluting, are you honouring the king's commission? An officer of a certain up-country regiment sat on his horse and viewed his command being drilled by an instructor from the Frederickston school, who, by the way, almost died for his country as a member of the first contingent. He drilled the companies in hammer and tongs fashion. They quailed before his blazing eye. They shrank from the thunder of his voice. Presently the allotted time for instruction came to a close, but before dismissal the officer on horseback gave an order. He called in words deliberate and tremulous:

"All non-commissioned officers will come to the front."

They came hurrying forward to learn that they had not heard the last of the instructor for that morning. He would have speech with them. They gathered around him, but where was the word sergeant of a few moments before? He had vanished with the drill and in his stead had come a person almost fatherly in his solicitude for his hearers' knowledge of military affairs. There was menace in the voice no longer. The eye was without its murderous light.

You see, drill for the moment was in.



LT. COL. H. H. McLean, Brigade Commander at Camp Sussex.

ished, and it was now in order to have just an informal little talk with the non-coms, that they might profit thereby.

Good Advice to Non-Coms.

"Help your officers and look after your men," was the burden of the remarks. (Good advice for non-coms, to follow, is it not?) "If you see a man trying to clean up in the wrong way, why show him how to do it right. Take an interest in your sections not only on drill but in barracks as well."

Only One Case of Illness.

Private Robeaud, of the 73rd, went into hospital this morning, suffering from lumbago. This solitary case of illness in a camp of 2,000 men, gives an accurate idea to the state of the men's general health.

Today lectures to the bearer corps were commenced by Major Briggs, principal medical officer.

The Rations.

The rations this year, while not notably superior to those given in previous years, are generally satisfactory. Coffee, bread and butter, and beans for breakfast; beef, potatoes, bread for dinner; and for supper bread and butter, tea and mussels. There is, of course, some variety to suit, and men with much can choose from a well stocked canteen.

There's music on the camp grounds. Scarce at any hour can you wander with in the lines and not hear the notes of a band, of which there are five.

This morning there was the music of rifle fire. Musketry, under Captain Anderson, began today, and where the targets are set up, between the field hospital and railway, there's the continuous splutter of the guns. The noise is somewhat annoying, but from a prescribed distance you may watch and comment. The grass between the targets and musketry has been mown, and there's nothing to prevent good practice.

Just now it appears as if a prone position is best when firing.

Along the front of the targets (plain black squares, with bull's-eyes), the stretch on the grass and over the leveled rows of rifle barrels there are, however, drills of smoke.

Drill More Arduous Next Week.

By next week the camp will enter more than ever into the spirit of actual campaigning. The engineers are straining at the leash, for they want to penetrate deep into the pathless wilds and there, among other things, construct barbed wire entanglements, a scheme of horrid malignity. Then next week the field day will also be held.

Concerning crops life generally there is now much more latitude allowed the militia than in previous years in the matter of dress. The straw hat, for example. Years ago the dress was such that men frequently were overcome by faintness while drilling. This was occasioned by heavy caps and tunics, hardly the best thing when the sun is that of midsummer and the locality Sussex.

From the camp commandant it is learned that Colonel Baker says the report in Wednesday's Telegraph to the effect that men of his regiment were drunk in Union station, St. John, is false.

Sussex, June 30.—(Special)—In tonight's divisional orders, leave of absence is granted to Capt. Nagle, Winlow, McNally and Hawthorne, and Lieuts. Ryder and Powell.

The brigade commander will make a report, as to the safety of the Snider rifle, this evening, but several of the events did not materialize. The entries included foot, sack and three-legged races, vault, pole and tug of war.

This afternoon Major Massie and board of officers arranged for a smoker to be held tomorrow evening. It is raining to-night.

New Schooners.

The new two masted schooner Virginia was launched last week from H. Ebbelken & Co.'s ship yard at Port Greville. She is a first-class, thoroughly built vessel of 99 tons register and will be employed by the firm in their own coasting and lumber business. The three masted schooner being built by W. C. Balcom at Hantsport, is getting along very well and will be launched this fall. She will be of about 400 tons. The two-masted schooner under construction by David North is rapidly nearing completion and will be launched the first of August. Mr. Miller is foreman, and John Henderson, of Canim, is doing the caulking. This vessel is said to be one of the strongest, if not the strongest, that has ever been built in that section. She is for the South American trade. There are about 35 men at work on both vessels.

# SEVEN HUNDRED GO DOWN TO DEATH IN THE OCEAN.

Emigrant Steamer Sinks and Nearly All on Board Are Lost.

WORST TRAGEDY OF ATLANTIC.

The Norge Struck Islet of Rockall, Backed Off and Sank—Fearful Struggle for Life in the Water—Men in Boat Use Oars to Drive Away Companions Who Sought Safety—But Twenty-seven Out of Ship's Company Saved.

London, July 3.—More than 700 Danish and Norwegian emigrants bound for New York are believed to have been drowned in the North Atlantic.

Out of nearly 800 souls on board the Danish steamer Norge, which left Copenhagen June 22, only twenty-seven are known to be alive and for the rest no hope is held out.

When last seen the Norge was sinking where she struck on the islet of Rockall, which is situated about 200 miles off the west coast of Scotland.

Early on the morning of June 29 the Norge, which was out of her course in heavy weather, ran into the Rockall reef, which, in the distance, looks like a ship under full sail. The Norge was quickly backed off but the heavy seas poured in through a rent in her bows and she quickly began to go down by the head. Eight boats were lowered and into them the women and children were hurriedly put. Six of these boats smashed against the side of the Norge and their hapless occupants were swallowed by the heavy seas.

Two boat loads got away safely from the side of the sinking ship and many of the emigrants who were left on board, seizing life belts, threw themselves into the sea and were drowned.

Captain Gundel, say the survivors, stood on the bridge of the doomed vessel until it could be seen no more.

The Norge foundered suddenly and some 600 terrified emigrants were thrown into the water or down with the sinking ship. Those who could swim tried to reach the boats but these were already too full and many of the drowning victims were lost.

Practically all of their occupants were passengers and were not used to handling such craft. The boat occupied by the survivors landed at Grimby as a lifeboat.

One account says that three boats were successfully launched, the other two holding about two each. The life boat made faster progress and fell in with the Salvia. What became of the other boats is not yet known.

The rescue of those on the lifeboat took place at 3 o'clock on the morning of June 29, the survivors being twenty men, one of them a seaman, six women and a girl.

Heroic Officer Gave Up Place and Died.

One of the survivors said that when he reached the deck the Norge was half submerged and was rapidly getting lower in the water. Half mad with fright, the survivors all struggled for places in the boats.

They fought their way to the big life boat and an officer drowned in the six women and the girl and then took charge and got in. The officer then took charge and got in.

Roble Unlucky.

Halifax, July 4.—Roble Unlucky, for years president of the Halifax Banking Company, merged recently into the Canadian Bank of Commerce, died this morning after a brief illness.

ST. JOHN GIRL PRAISED FOR HER BRAVERY.

Miss Melick "a Little Heroine" Says One—Prompt Action in Saving Babies' Lives in Burning Hospital.

The Telegraph here gives a picture of Miss Annie M. Melick of this city who distinguished herself at Waltham (Mass.)

Miss Melick's presence of mind undoubtedly prevented loss of life at the hospital. While at work about the hospital, she smelled smoke. Calling Miss Sheehan and Miss Lee, two nurses, they investigated and found that the partition between the kitchen and the laundry was blazing. Miss Melick rushed to the telephone and called the fire department, in the meantime ordering Miss Sheehan and Miss Lee to get the babies outside.

A second later she joined them, and soon had the little ones in a place of safety. When the fire department arrived Miss Melick and her assistants were fighting the flames with hand extinguishers, and had done such good work that the fire department was able to extinguish the blaze in a very few minutes.

"God bless you," sobbed one mother, who had a child in the hospital, when she met Miss Melick after the fire. "I don't know what I ever would do had my little one been lost."

"It was nothing," said Miss Melick, with a deep, busy blush. When we discovered the flames eating into the walls of the hospital we did what any other people in our position would have done. I don't see why people should make all this ado over one's doing her duty," she added, with a quizzical smile.

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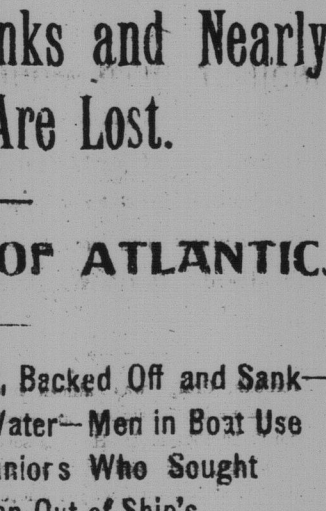
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Matron of the Waltham Baby Hospital, who, with her assistant, renovated help- less charges from burning building.

last week by bravely saving from death 30 babies in Waltham baby hospital, where Miss Melick is matron.



LORD AYLMER, Adjutant-General and Acting G.O.C. of Canadian Militia.

Lord Aylmer, the acting general officer commanding the Canadian militia, is in his 63rd year. He is a gentleman highly respected and of unimpaired health and energy. He bears an ancient and honorable name and was born at Melbourne (Que.), in 1842. Lord Aylmer was educated at the High School, Montreal, at St. Francis College, Richmond, and Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the army as ensign, in the 9th Royal Fusiliers, at Malta, in 1864, and served with the regiment in the Mediterranean, Canada and England. He went through the Boer war of 1899, and was at the skirmishes at St. Armand and Pigeon Hill. Lord Aylmer retired from the service in 1870, and was returned to his father's home. He was adjutant of the 64th regiment, commanded by his father, in the second Fenian raid. He was appointed district paymaster in 1871, brigadier major in 1874 and was transferred to London in 1881. In 1880 he was called to the headquarters as assistant adjutant general and in 1896 was elevated to the post of adjutant general. In 1897 he commanded the Canadian contingent at the Diamond Jubilee in London.

The Worst Tragedy of the Atlantic.

The news of the disaster, which it is feared, is the death record, is greater than any previous tragedy of the Atlantic, came with the arrival tonight of the Salvia at her home port, the quiet fishing town of Grimby.

The Salvia had been on a fortnight's cruise around the Hebrides. By a lucky chance she steamed farther west than is usual for Grimby trawlers, and fell in with the survivors of the Norge, who for twenty hours had been tossed about in a small boat on the rough waters of the North Atlantic. The survivors were taken aboard the Salvia and were landed at Grimby tonight.

The Norge, which had been in the Copenhagen-New York service of the Scandinavian American Line for a number of years, was an iron vessel of 3,316 tons gross and 2,121 tons net. Her principal dimensions were: Length, 340 feet, breadth, 40 feet, and depth 25 feet. She was built at Glasgow by A. Stephens & Sons in 1881, when she was christened Pieter De Conick. When she was purchased by the United R. S. Co. of Copenhagen, she was renamed the Norge. She was equipped with six water tight compartments.

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# BAD I.C.R. SMASHUP AT RIVER PHILIP.

Engine of Freight Train Jumps Track and Goes Over Bark.

Moncton, July 1 (Special) No. 24 freight, which left here this morning for Truro, was badly wrecked about a mile and a half west of River Philip, and traffic on that section of the road has been completely blocked since 2 o'clock.

The C. P. R. from Halifax had just passed that point, crossing the freight at Springfield, and all other express trains, including the Maritime express to and from Halifax, and No. 2 express from St. John have been blocked.

The wreck is one of the worst that has happened to a freight train for some time, but fortunately no one was injured.

The train was in charge of Conductor Martin Daley and Driver Warren Gross, of Moncton.

The accident occurred on a curve and is said to have been caused by the engine jumping the rails. The engine and ten cars went off and the roadbed was badly torn up for a mile 400 feet.

Some of the cars are reported to be broken up beyond repair and some 200 rails were badly twisted.

Wrecking crews were sent out from Moncton and Truro and the work of repairing the roadbed and clearing up the wreck has been going on steadily.

Up to the time of writing the road had not been cleared and the passengers and baggage on the Maritime express were being transferred.

Loss to rolling stock and freight will be considerable.

HEART-RENDING SCENES AT NORGE DISASTER.

(Continued from page 1.)

In the final crisis, those who were able to remember clearly what happened, say that the shrieks and sobs died away and

that the quiet was broken only by the curses of some men, whose fear found vent in blasphemy.

Jumped Into Sea Rather Than Go Down With Ship.

Suddenly one man threw himself overboard and another followed his example. Still another jumped into the water, and soon around the ship hundreds of people were struggling in the sea, having preferred death in the open than to being submerged with the ship. Others determined to stand by the ship, hoping against hope that she would remain afloat.

Three boats, it is known, successfully reached the sea. The passengers frantically pulled away from the doomed ship, passing by poor wretches who were still afloat, and who vainly begged to be taken on board, while from the ship came long, despairing cries. The women in the boat which reached Grimby hid their eyes, but the men who were sitting facing the Norge say they saw the cabin still on the bridge and the passengers on deck in attitudes of resignation.

While they looked the Norge plunged forward, her stern showing in turn fastened in the bow of the ship. The vicinity of the ship were drawn into it, around which they swirled, mistletoe in the maelstrom. But minutes elapsed from the time the ship struck until she sank. A fine Scotch mist which was falling at the time shut out the other survivors from the view of those who were brought to Grimby. The sea was so soon as their boat was clear of the scene of the wreck, devoted themselves to thoughts of their own safety. A pocket was tied to an oar, which was in turn fastened in the bow of the boat, and a sailor, a Dane, took charge of the boat.

Men and women were put to work keeping the boat afloat, as a hole had been stove in her bow when it was lowered from the ship. An examination of the water clock showed that it did not contain a drop of water. There were some biscuits, however, and these were eaten by the shipwrecked people during the twenty-four hours from the time the ship struck at 7 a. m. June 28, until they were picked up by the Grimby trawler Sylvia.

Hobart—"Dick hit Jack in the face, and Jack hit Dick under the jaw."

Bartley—"They exchanged blows, that is to say. A trading stamp was given on either side."

Positively Your Last Chance.

Another Extra \$5,000.00

\$25,500.00

BEFORE AUGUST 1, 1904.

MISSOURI TRUST COMPANY

Capital \$2,000,000

Assets \$1,000,000

Reserve \$1,000,000

Profit \$1,000,000

Dividend \$1,000,000

Interest \$1,000,000

Income \$1,000,000

Expenses \$1,000,000

Assets \$1,000,000

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