

The World's Greatest Shooting Ranges

THE FIRING LINE AT BISLEY—A HUNDRED TARGETS IN A ROW ON ONE RANGE—A COSMOPOLITAN COLLECTION OF RIFLEMEN AND WEAPONS—AMUSING INCIDENTS AMONG THE MARKSMEN—SWAPPING CARTRIDGES.

[Special Correspondence of the New York Post.]

The National Rifle Association of Great Britain and Ireland held its first meeting at Wimbledon in 1860, and for 29 years the best shots of the United Kingdom met there for the annual shooting. It became an incident in the social life of London; garden parties, teas and concerts lent it additional interest, and a fortnight of continued gaiety. With the upbuilding of Wimbledon residents began to complain that they found bullets in their gardens and that often they whistled overhead to such an extent life and limb were in frequent jeopardy. It was then the association moved to Bisley, the site of the camp at which the British forces were marshalled for the Crimean war, and left Wimbledon to become famous as the centre in England of the less dangerous game of tennis.

Bisley is now known as the greatest shooting grounds in the world, and has become a national university of marksmen. Nowhere can be found the myriads of targets, the variety of the number of the ranges. The encampment covers miles of territory, and when the season is in full away shelters over 3,500 riflemen. It has never been a social centre as in the old days at Wimbledon, but it has become of unquestionable value to the British Government in developing the highest grade of marksmanship. Lying between the famous Hogsback Hills and the Chobham Range it is swept by high and gusty winds, which make the long-distance shooting difficult, somewhat a question of luck, but afford ample opportunity to judge the velocity of the wind and its frequent changes. In flagging, a most important requirement for figuring the strength of the wind, very light, short flags are in use, which, as high-wind indicators, are practically valueless. The flags are fastened to high poles, along the range, at intervals of about 50 yards, and it is by the action of these flags the velocity of the wind is determined. On all the ranges in the United States, a long, heavy streamer is in use, which is raised by a powerful motor to straighten, while at Bisley any wind above 20 miles an hour cannot be registered, owing to the lightness of the flags, which straighten in a breeze of moderate velocity.

THE RANGES.

There are three great ranges—Stickleton, Centenary and Silver—besides innumerable smaller ones, with various classes of targets representing individuals and sections of men. In some cases, guns and horses appear automatically in the zone of fire, and after exposure of a given number of seconds' duration, vanish once more into space. Perhaps the most interesting of these special targets is the running deer. This consists of a life-size figure of a deer, which suddenly appears from behind an embankment, and runs along on a track for a few yards, and as suddenly disappears. The vulnerable spots are marked upon it, and the hitting of one of these spots constitutes a bullseye.

The Centenary, so named because it has a hundred targets in a row, with ranges running from two hundred up to eight hundred yards, is the largest. These targets consist of a regulation size figure of a deer, with a background of white, and bullseyes of varying size according to the distance to be shot. The bullseye for the 800 to 1,000 yard range is 36 inches in diameter, and that of the 200 yards only six inches. Stickleton has 100 targets, with ranges from 200 up to 1,300 yards, with a great variety of positions from which to shoot. Siberia has an equal number, but is so nicknamed for its wide expanse of heather and scrubby vegetation, and its general isolation from the rest of the camp. When all the ranges are in use over a thousand marksmen are required, necessitating recruits from the famous barracks of Aldershot, which are a short distance from Bisley.

The phrase "Bisley targets and scoring" is well known among shooting circles throughout the world, but this year it has been brought into especial prominence, owing to the fact that the marksmen assembled, representing all the important nations, in connection with the fourth Olympic games. Competitive marksmanship has been common in Europe, but never before has there been such a gathering of sharpshooters from all sections of the globe. This has been due in a large measure to the difference in methods of conducting matches in England and the continental countries. But this difficulty was done away with at Bisley by using only immovable bullseye targets in the international team matches at distances of 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, each country using its service rifle and ammunition.

WONDERFUL RIFLES.

The continental marksmen have invariably made use of the most beautiful and delicate weapons the gunsmith's art could produce, and the highest forms of ammunition their laboratories could manufacture. Some of the guns they brought with them for special target shooting were marvels of beauty and skilled workmanship. The Schuetzen rifles were particularly elaborate, made for "off-hand" shoulder, or any other form of shooting, to which they were fitted with plates, palm rests, scroll guards, and various other additions designed to be helpful.

This is entirely opposed to the views of the National Rifle Associations of America and Great Britain, who have always favored what is known as "service conditions," and encouraged the use of military arms. Europeans have mainly confined their shooting to one distance, 300 metres, restricting all their study and research to the perfecting of appliances suitable to this range only. And so when they were called upon to shoot the entire gamut of standardized distances, they were outclassed by the British, Canadian, and United States teams, who were well accustomed to these distances.

When the American rifle team came

out for their first practice, their short-barreled Springfield was rather scorned by their foreign comrades, who, with the exception of the English, still cling to the old-fashioned long barrel. But it was not a great while before the Americans opened the eyes of these doubting by their fine shooting. Then many began to try the rifle, examine the mechanism, and learn all the details. The Hungarians particularly were interested, and overlooked no detail. Thick with the obliging American team were willing to explain. The early criticism of the Springfield was called to the attention of Gen. James A. DRAIN, captain of the United States rifle team, who said:

"It is no use carrying any dead weight upon a rifle, and I am convinced that the short rifle is the one for use in armies. The use of this arm creates a special interest of its own, and we look at the results with the competition and the opinions upon it with great interest. Each rifle brought was issued by the Government from the factory at Springfield, and the aperture (peep) sight is used, this being the service sight, and which very much simplifies aiming and insures more accuracy."

"This was the first time we have used the Springfield in competition, and is not the arm which the team won the Palma trophy in Canada last year. It is a short rifle, with a 2,600-foot muzzle velocity, and weighs only eight and one-half pounds. It is very neat looking and easily handled. The same rifle was issued to the National Guards in 1895."

The rules of the team competition required that the service rifle should have a four-pound pull trigger. The Springfield has only a three-pound pull, so that all the rifles had to be altered to comply with this requirement. This was somewhat of a disadvantage to the men, but they had nearly a fortnight in which to become accustomed to the change, it made little difference in the actual competition.

SIDE BY SIDE.

One could not but notice the contrast between the Anglo-Saxons and the Continentals, lying side by side, shooting in the same rivalry. The former were far more alert and looked physically fit, while the latter were generally small of stature, and some even looked weak and sickly. Americans attracted much attention for the manner in which they handled their rifles. Their ease and thorough familiarity showed they understood the machine they held in their hands. The tightness of their grip and the steadiness of their arm were looked upon as a mark of skill, and their trim khaki suits and wide-brimmed hats, they made an appearance of which the United States could well be proud.

The principal team match was the "international," which lasted two days. In this the teams—six on each side—fired fifteen rounds per man (with two sighting shots) at 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The rifles used were the national military rifle of each country, without being either telescopic or magnifying. The team shoot, next in order of importance, was at a range of 300 metres, also an affair of six on a side. Each competitor fired 120 shots (40 standard, 40 kneeling, 40 lying prone) with the proviso that each series of shots must be completed without interruption. In this contest any rifle could be used, being the special event at which the Continental countries were at their best.

There was no more remarkable feature in this contest than the multiplicity of rifles and attached appliances as aids to marksmanship. Continentals take shooting more as a pastime and not as a means to a practical end, as do the Americans and English. They used cushions, kneeling, padded elbows and shoulders, and various other contrivances to add to their ease and comfort when firing. Some of them were so padded they looked more like football players than marksmen. The excellent showing of the United States pistol and revolver team was not unexpected, and was due in a large part to the co-operation of Walter Winans, the finest pistol and sporting rifle shot in the world.

VARIETY OF NATIONS.

With few exceptions, all the nations who count in the world's affairs, sent teams or individuals, and never before has such an international camp been pitched. Mussulmans and South Sea Islanders, bringing with them a breath of the Pacific, united on the ranges with the hardy marksmen of the Arctic zone. In camp there were Jats, Punjabs, Pathans, and West Indians side by side with Swedes and Norwegians. Contrasts existed everywhere. The French and Germans rubbed elbows with the Sikh and Russian, while Americans and Greeks drew water from the same well. The flags of all the countries flew from the headquarters of the National Rifle Association. These were the international symbols of a peaceful contest, in which nations shot shoulder to shoulder in friendly rivalry. Upon each pole was placed a list of the marksmen representing that country, British and at hand was a forest of tents and huts, in which the men slept.

The keenness of the rivalry was a noticeable feature. No country came to make as good a showing as possible, but all fought to prevent the British and Americans from retaining their proud title in marksmanship. Passing between the rows of tents, you could see a Dutchman handling his Mauser, a Hungarian oiling a Mannlicher, a Frenchman with a Lee-Enfield, an Englishman with a Winchester, a Swede cleaning his Winchester, or an American with his Springfield,

all discussing, in their own tongues, bullet-eyes, innards, magazine, eights, and fast-tail winds, or various other topics of interest to the marksmen. Often you could see a Greek struggling to explain the mechanism of his rifle to a Swede, or an American and German discussing an attempt to understand each other, while a Russian, wishing Esperanto was a reality, listened in vain.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

On the roll-call of the American team were Gen. James A. DRAIN, Capt. Frank E. Evans, retired, Major W. E. Martin, New Jersey; Major C. H. Winder, Ohio; Capt. Greene, United States Marine Corps; Capt. K. K. V. Casey, Delaware; Capt. J. E. Benedict, Ohio; Lieut. Simon, Ohio; Sergeant W. P. Leuninger, New York; Sergeant Jeffers, Massachusetts; Private T. L. Eastman, and J. W. Heslian, of Delaware. The six men who shot in the international team match were Winder, Martin, Casey, Benedict, Leuninger and Eastman. Some of the other men entered the running deer, and 300-metre events as individuals, but using their service rifles they were not on an equal footing with the other competitors. The most special sporting rifles with telescopic sights. From the first it was evident the team competition lay between England, Canada, and the United States, as the long ranges were new to the other competitors. The Americans were anxious to avenge the defeat it suffered at the hands of the Americans in Canada for the Palma Trophy last year, and took great care to pick for their team the very best marksmen in the United Kingdom. The shooting started even until the 9 a.m. and lasted even until the long English twilight had faded.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

There were many amusing incidents along the firing line, consisting of linguistic difficulties between the competitors, marksmen and registered keepers. A representative of the Greek team, dissatisfied with the record of his shot, began expostulating with the British Tommy, keeping the score for her team. The shooting was in the most volatile modern Greek, not an easy language, while Tommy listened patiently understanding not a word. When the Greek, feeling he had made his point clear, Tommy calmly smiled, and nodded.

"Yes, sir, of course, sir. I'll tell the range officer when he comes along. That's all right, shoot away, sir."

Mounted Nurses on the Battlefield

THE IDEA INTRODUCED IN ENGLAND—THE NURSE BRIGADE UNDER TRAINING—CAPTAIN BAKER'S UNIQUE CORPS.

"The nurse brigade!" "Hurrah for the troops and their gay parade. But three cheers and a 'tigs' for the nurse brigade."

Have you a good imagination? If you have, put it to use, and conjure up before you a scene of battle. Imagine a battlefield filled with smoke and roundings with those horrid sounds—the cries of the wounded, the screams of pain-maddened horses, the sobbing of those bending over dying comrades who have fought and fallen for the cause they thought was right. Picture desolation on every side. No ear could hear, no eye to see; no hand to be held out in help. Do you hear those cries:

"O, for the touch of a woman's hand."

"O, for the sound of a woman's voice."

Do you hear? Listen! From in the distance comes the sound of galloping horses. Nearer and nearer they come. They are not galloping as if maddened or untrained. No, they are evidently being hurried, and they are in hand. They come nearer and nearer. They are a quick dismounting of girlish forms and someone whispers:

CARRY CHEER TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

Over the field then the riders scatter with their satchels of bandages, their antiseptic washes, and their wealth of loving cheer.

While the idea of a troop of nurses is original with England, it is possible that it will be taken up in the United States says the Chicago Tribune. In fact, it is said that there is considerable talk of starting a training school for nurses, where, however, it is as important a study as medicine. If this comes to be the case, the dangers of battle will be greatly lightened, as it is a well-known fact that many die on the field, not from the wounds, but from the lack of immediate attention, which should be given the wounds.

Often a soldier is compelled to go days before he receives medical care. His wounds are rudely tied up, with forced to lie in a rude ambulance, sometimes days before he reaches a hospital, where he may receive the attention which he should have had in the first place. Poisoning sets in. In many cases, and while the wounded man may not die, the chances are that he loses an arm or a leg, and is compelled to go through the rest of his life halt and maimed.

UNITED STATES OFFICIALS LIKE THE IDEA.

The nurse brigade would do away with much of this. Could a troop of nurses be constantly on the field during battle, wounds could be attended to at once. This, then, has been the English idea, and a good one it is.

Recently a United States colonel said in speaking of this new departure:

"It seems to me one of the greatest ideas that has ever been conceived. While it is not approved of the strenuous life for women, nevertheless, in my view, it is in favor of woman being all that

Many of the shooters took an abnormally long time to aim, acting as though the destiny of an empire depended upon that one shot. That is, at least, what it looks like to the uninitiated, but marksmen know how difficult it is, once one feels nervous that he has "got off the bulls-eye," to attempt to understand each other, while a Russian, wishing Esperanto was a reality, listened in vain.

One marksman took four hours and thirty minutes to fire forty times, while other waiting contestants expressed themselves vigorously in their own tongue. The Dunes have a custom of laying the shooting medals they win upon the stocks of their rifles, and from the looks of their stocks they have records of no mean calibre. "Swapping" cartridges was started by the Hungarians, who, as a sign of good fellowship, had procured a "man from Cook's" as an interpreter, went from team to team and explained what they wanted. The idea rapidly spread and in a short time cartridges were changing hands at all the ranges.

Gen. DRAIN was the life of the encampment, and was much sought after by all the marksmen of the English-speaking nations. The evenings were spent in visiting from camp to camp, and the best of good fellowship existed. The Hungarians gave a moving-picture entertainment in a large tent for the benefit of the whole encampment. Here again was an opportunity to contest the chosen representatives of the continental countries with the Anglo-Americans. The American team were the recipients of much hospitality from the National Rifle Association, who gave them every opportunity to see the ranges, and put their headquarters at their disposal.

Throughout the entire contest the most possible weather prevailed. A driving Scotch mist soaked the men to the skin, and a high wind added to the discomfort, but as one of the American team expressed it: "We were not out for a picnic party, and we were all in the same boat." That was the spirit that pervaded all the competitors, who, however the weather, was extraordinary, and again the English-speakers showed their superiority by capturing the three first places—Schuyler M. Meyer.

she can that is helpful to mankind. Nursing seems to me to be eminently in woman's sphere, and I can think of no place where good nurses are more needed than on the field during the battle.

There now is in existence in "Merrie England" a company of young women who has been trained by a veteran officer, and will soon be ready for the test of service. If the test proves satisfactory, they will be sent to the battlefield may be the feature of the next war in which Britain engages.

The idea of a nurse brigade occurred first seven years ago to Capt. George Baker. He had been sitting on his front porch, and was looking at the subject of battles, lingering on the sadness which attends every war because of the deaths which occur. Capt. Baker's companion remarked:

"Many deaths occur from lack of attention at once. If the wounds were given and attention vouchsafed immediately, I am sure that mortality would be greatly reduced."

"Yes," said Capt. Baker, "but how?" "How?" he set to work thinking, and the result that he started the Islington drill brigade, his first object being to give girls a sound physical and disciplinary training. This movement met with the most phenomenal success, and then a school of nursing was instituted in connection, two local doctors and several trained nurses volunteered their services.

Seven months ago Capt. Baker announced that his "mounted section"—in other words, the Islington Drill Brigade Girls' Yeomanry—was properly in trim. Said Capt. Baker:

"I have now strong and efficient riders—girls who are women, and brave women, and are women actuated by all a woman's natural sympathy to acts of bravery and self-sacrifice, of which only a woman is capable. They are women who are sweet and level-headed. They are women whom I would be proud to have compared with any women in the world."

While there are only 25 mounted nurses, Capt. Baker's corps, including the boys who form the band, is six or seven hundred strong. He is now looking for a woman to captain the mounted section, which is at present commanded by himself and a girl sergeant-major.

JAUNTY UNIFORM OF THE MOUNTED NURSES.

The uniforms worn by the mounted nurses consist of red tunic blouses, with blue skirts, with white braiding round the bottom, white gaiters, black leggings, and yellow washes. They wear the ordinary military rank badges, surmounted by spurs and crossed whips. One badge has the crossed flags of a signaller.

Recently Col. Ricardo, C. O. V., inspected the troop. He put them through a rigid drill. Later, in talking about it, he said:

"I did not realize that there was anything like it in the world. Those girls are magnificent—magnificent! I always have had the highest regard for womanhood. Since I have seen the mounted nurses and watched them at their drill I have realized what perfect womanhood really is. The girls are in perfect condition physically. One glance at their happy, rosy faces, and one look into their clear, steady eyes proves that morally they are no more lacking than they are physically."

In his burst of enthusiasm Col. Ricardo invited the girls to witness the

military tournament. When a soldier like the colonel takes the trouble to inspect 25 girls and then asks them to come to the royal military tournament to see the exhibition with a view to their giving a display next year at the great annual show of the navy and army, there must be a great deal to these "mounted nurses" from a great many points of view.

Someone else, in speaking of the nurses, said:

"Go and see these girls. Go and let them tie up your bandages and hold you on to your horses and ride away with you. Go and see the discipline, the self-reliance, the splendid physical strength and health that are given to them. See them walk and talk and command and obey."

All of the girls wear a red and blue field service cap with a chin strap. They carry riding whips. To see them sitting their horses like old cavaliers is splendid. When they walk they walk with a free and easy gait that is a delight to all observers. They are entirely free of any taint of self-consciousness or superciliousness. They are as straightforward as they can be, as free as the air all their movements and actuated by a resolve for perfection.

A suffragette recently talking to one of the girls asked:

"Do you enjoy this kind of work? Is it not a masculine job? Don't you look on it more as a game than anything else?"

LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE

A PATHETIC FIGURE AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.—THE TRAGEDY OF HER LIFE.

The life of Louise de la Valliere was a tragedy, but in a sense it was a tragedy redeemed. This is very clearly presented in M. Jules Laire's "Louise de la Valliere and the Early Life of Louis XIV.," an admirable translation of which, by Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, has just been issued by Messrs. Hutchinson (16s. net). Louise de la Valliere was much more than a king's mistress; she had constancy, fortitude, sweetness; though she breathed the air of the court, she was always an indefinable something above the court. She was not out for a picnic party, and we were all in the same boat. That was the spirit that pervaded all the competitors, who, however the weather, was extraordinary, and again the English-speakers showed their superiority by capturing the three first places—Schuyler M. Meyer.

MAID-OF-HONOR.

I must pass over the earlier years of "little" La Valliere, and come to the period when she was appointed a maid-of-honor. She began her services at the Tuilleries in the midst of the marriage festivities of Louis and Marie. She was just been issued by Messrs. Hutchinson (16s. net). Louise de la Valliere was much more than a king's mistress; she had constancy, fortitude, sweetness; though she breathed the air of the court, she was always an indefinable something above the court. She was not out for a picnic party, and we were all in the same boat. That was the spirit that pervaded all the competitors, who, however the weather, was extraordinary, and again the English-speakers showed their superiority by capturing the three first places—Schuyler M. Meyer.

THE FLIGHT.

Intrigue upon intrigue followed. The king had taken the bait so readily, he was really in love. Then the pitiless plotters endeavored to undo their work, but without success. Still, there came a rupture between Louise and the king. She refused to betray an enemy and rival; he flew into a rage and left her. She was in despair; the king did not return. M. Laire writes: "At the night came, and the night passed; never a word. Louise thought all was over, and lost her head; she left the Tuilleries with the dawn. She went along the banks of the Seine walking straight on in her anguish, until she came to the little village of Chailly. She went on up the hill, the quarry-seamed hill, and finally knocked at the door of an obscure convent where dwelt some poor nuns, quite recently established, scarcely, indeed, that question could be put to Mr. Birrell at the close of his speech.

IRISH PAYING FOR LAND

MR. BIRRELL ON THE SUCCESS OF THE IRISH LAND LEGISLATION—PEASANTS MEETING THEIR OBLIGATIONS.

Mr. A. Birrell, M. P., chief secretary for Ireland, spoke on Saturday, July 25, at a great demonstration of the Wirral division Liberals in the auditorium at Port Sunlight. Mr. Henry R. Gladstone, the president of the Wirral Liberal Association, was in the chair, and there were also on the platform Mr. W. H. Lever, M. P., and Mr. Alfred Mond, M. P.

During Mr. Birrell's speech the meeting was twice disturbed by women suffragists, but the interrupters were ejected by the stewards, and the comfort of the audience was not interfered with seriously. Mr. Birrell opened his speech by referring to his transfer from the board of education to Ireland. Nobody can say of me, he said, that my paths have been placed in the direction of either peace or quietness. I had a troublesome time from the beginning, and if a great many people are to be believed, I have a troublesome time now. I do wish that justice should always be done to Ireland, and I am here to maintain that at this moment in many quarters and in many newspapers justice is not being done to Ireland.

The speaker was here interrupted by a woman who shouted, "And not being done to women either." The meeting was immediately plunged into confusion. Peace was restored by the election of the woman. The chairman appealed for order, and said

it seems to me that if the time really comes for battle the people will decide that the field is no place for you."

YOUNG WOMEN PROUD OF THEIR WORK.

To which one of the nurses replied, flushing:

"Do we enjoy this work? Yes—a thousand times, yes. Does not any woman love the thought that she is being of service, no matter in how humble a way? Do we think it masculine? Yes. And we glory in the knowledge that we are capable of a masculinity as this calls for. It is beautiful to know that we can be two things—women to love, men to act. You say, is it not a game? No. Even if it did prove to be a game, what a helpful one it would have been. How strong we are—how well—how perfectly fitted for whatever duty may come our way. And then—"

"When the time really comes for battle they will not forget us. We are working with a purpose in view, and when the time comes for us to fulfill that purpose we will do so. No, the life we are leading means all that it seems to mean—and more."

Again to quote Col. Ricardo:

"If the territorial army is to be any good we must have the spirit of the whole nation in it, and the spirit of the girls is what is sorely needed among the men."

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as yet legally recognized. They refused to receive her inside the grating—she had to stay in the outside parlour. There she sank down, worn out with fatigue, cold, and utter misery."

Louis discovered where she had gone, galloped off "his face hidden in a grey cloak," and found her still in the parlour, weeping wildly. She told him what she had concealed, and returned to the Tuilleries. Better if that parted forever in that convent parlour. I will not enter into the history of the Black Mass, employed by Mme. de Montespan to undermine Louise's influence with the king. There remained yet for La Valliere some years of misery and sorrow. She was made a duchess, the mother of two legitimated royal children. "Disillusion upon disillusion still awaited her ere she could perceive the truth. She set her heart upon gaining by her own merit some of those worldly successes and distinctions, that homage which was to vanish with the sovereign's favor. And to this end she grasped at all her ducal privileges, she spent carelessly all the money which Colbert—assuredly not carelessly—supplied for her frequent demands." Once more, urged by neglect and disgrace, she fled the court.

THE CONVENT AT LAST.

At last she determined to join the sisterhood of the Carmelite Nuns. Mme. Scarron assumed La Valliere that there were "risks in a sudden change from the luxury of court life to the austere life of the cloister. Would it not be wiser to make a trial trip, to enter the convent only as a benefactress, until the Duchess saw whether she could observe the rules or not? She could serve God in that way—as a secular nun, so to speak. But Louise's notion of serving God was very different; as for luxury, had she not for a long time been sleeping on the bare floor, wearing the hair-shirt, and enduring all the austerities of the Carmelites? When at last she was admitted to the order as a vast order, she packed the Church of the Carmelites, where she stood in all humility to renounce the world and receive the garments of perpetual penitence. "To deaden her remembrance, she wore out her body, fasted on bread and water," wore a hair-shirt and iron belts, while iron bracelets replaced gold rings and jewelled ornaments."

"MEN ARE LIKE THAT."

She died in complete content after thirty-six years of the religious life. "When they told the king of Louise de la Valliere's death," wrote M. Laire, "he did not seem touched. He had lost even that faculty of weeping which had formerly given him an appeal of sensibility. To account for his indifference, he thought it necessary to say that 'the king had given himself to God, and was dead to him. Men are like that.' He was pleased to forget the eight years of desertion, humiliation and disgust inflicted on the unhappy woman before he permitted her to retire to a convent."

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purchase it on these fair terms they should become the owners of the land. That was the bargain struck, and so far as it has been carried out it is the bargain that the Irish people have kept. All these poor peasants who have become the owners of their holdings on the terms of paying a purchase annuity extending over 63 years have, with hardly a single exception, honestly and scrupulously kept their word. Mr. Gladstone used to say that in his judgment the Irish were the best rent-payers in the world. All I can say is that they are still in the payment of their annuities marvelous in their regularity. No anxiety need be felt by anybody in this country that he will ever be called upon to make good his part of the contract. They will keep their word and do what they say they would—(A voice, "You don't keep your word about the vote," and another woman put out.)

But they find in large parts of the west their hopes unrealized. Hundreds of acres are given over to cattle and prevented from becoming holdings. They have insisted for many years past that this land must necessarily be brought within the purview of the contract and handed over to the peasants if there was to be peace and quiet. For some time that has been a matter of controversy. The Tories maintained it was not necessary that this land should be handed over. THE PEOPLE AND THE LAND.

When we came into office we appointed a commission to inquire into that question amongst others. The late Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was appointed chairman of the commission, and used to be a Conservative Irish landlord and people of all sorts and kinds. Now they have issued their report, and what do they say? They side with the people. They say the whole of this land ought to be broken up and handed over to the tenants. All the disturbances in Ireland during the last two years associated with what is called cattle-driving—a thing of which I greatly disapprove, and which I deeply regret, because it has thrown great difficulties in my path—all this disturbance is attributable to that one cause, the withholding of vast areas of land from the operation of land purchase. Now we get this great body of impartial persons, who have been in the land Conservancy, and which is a man who knows and has served Ireland well—coming to the conclusion that, after all, these poor people were right and the Government wrong. I quite agree that there is no justification for the demand which these people have made, and entitles us and the Government of which I am a member to go forward in that direction and to introduce legislation at once, which it is possible to carry out, and no radical or predatory schemes, but the recommendations of a commission presided over by the late Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. (Cheers.)

There has been the curse of our dealings with Ireland, and we postpone reforms until the very last moment, instead of taking them boldly in hand and leading the way in the path of amelioration. But I believe we shall do that, and when once we have cured this evil, which is a source of dispute and trouble, Ireland will then indeed be a peaceful country, though bent, it may be, upon home rule. Well, I, at all events, bear it quite grudge in the matter. The sooner they get it, in my judgment, the better it will be not only for them but for us. (Cheers.)

MOTOR SLEIGHS.

A meeting of Arctic explorers was held recently in France to experiment with different types of motor sleighs to determine if such machines would be practical for polar expeditions. Dr. Charnot, who is now fitting out for a two-year expedition to the South Pole, will take with him three motor sleighs of his own invention. The Charnot machine consists of a Norwegian sleigh with the power machinery placed in the rear, the motor driving a couple of spiked wheels mounted on a single axle. The transmission of power from motor to driving wheel is by means of a single chain. Sliding gear transmission gives two speeds forward. On the high gear the sleigh mounted the grades of a hill can be made to travel at a speed of eight miles an hour, the low gear surface was far from even. A special feature of the machine is the pivoting of the driving wheel, which makes it possible for it to accommodate itself to irregularities of surface.

ASTHMA

Mrs. Farndel, of Clementsport, N. S. Suffered All Her Life From Asthma, But Was Permanently Cured By Catarrhzone After All Other Remedies Failed.

Mrs. Farndel gives the following statement of her case for the benefit of others who are suffering from asthma, and hopes that many will follow her example and use Catarrhzone.

"I am now in my eightieth year, and cannot recall the time when I was free from the asthma. I had always a choking cough, feverishness, spasms, difficulty in breathing, headache and nausea. My druggist advised Catarrhzone one day, and I bought a large outfit. It gave relief in five minutes, and helped me very much in one day."

"I inhaled Catarrhzone ten minutes every hour, and by the time two bottles had been used I was completely cured. I am as free now from asthma as if I never had it. My perfect recovery is due entirely to Catarrhzone. I prize my Catarrhzone Inhaler next to life itself."

Catarrhzone

Relieves at Once—Prevents and Cures Quickly.

For the nose, throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, Catarrhzone is unrivaled.