

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

A CASE FOR THE S. P. C.

HOW THE SIXTY-THIRD RIDDLED A COW WITH BULLETS

At their Annual Target Practice—The End is Not Yet—Measures Taken to Ensure the Correctness of Scores Sent to Ottawa—The 66th Officers Still Blamed.

HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—On Thursday last the Sixty-third Battalion of Rifles with their drums and band to the number of two hundred and sixty left the Halifax depot and proceeded to Bedford rifle range for their annual target practices. The officers and men never looked finer. They were "gentlemen" as well as "soldiers," and in their manner and address from the colonel to the drummer boy showed that they had the honor of the old historic Halifax Volunteer Battalion to maintain, and that they intended to maintain it. At Bedford Station they fell in and, headed by their band, marched to the range. To make things doubly sure, and to see that no padding of the scores could take place, it was decided to place two officers in the butts. The two on whom this duty fell were Major Crane and Mr. Cogswell.

This unusual course of placing two officers in the butts, it is said, was pursued so that when the returns would be sent in, the regiment would be in position to prove that they were correct, it being the intention to ask for an investigation into the returns sent in by other regiments of the City Brigade, as it is said, as PROGRESS readers already know, that the returns of the shooting of the 66th P. L. F. were padded to such an extent last year as to place them in a higher position in the scale of general efficiency than they deserved, it being said that the returns sent in to the Department were very much higher than the returns published at the time by themselves in the newspapers. In addition to the two officers named there were in the butts 18 markers, one to each target.

Some time after the firing had commenced one of the markers called the attention of Major Crane to the fact that there was a cow in the rear of the butts which would likely get shot. The major cast his eagle eye along the rear of the targets, and like his great naval predecessor Nelson, replied, "I can't see it," and ordered the firing to proceed. The firing went on and so did the cow, which kept feeding on, regardless of the fact that two hundred and sixty rifles in the hands of skilled marksmen, were belching fire and smoke, and sending their death dealing bullets so near her. The cow had nearly run the gauntlet from one end of the range to the other before it was hit. When only two more targets were to be passed, a bullet struck her in the side, passed through her body and brought her to the ground.

Although it was known to the markers that she had been hit, yet the firing went on, shot after shot striking her and adding to her pain.

At one o'clock the bugle sounded for grub and the feast went on, while the poor cow was in the death agony. The bugle again sounded the "commence firing," and again 200 rifles were brought into play upon the poor wounded cow. How many bullets struck or entered her body is not yet known.

To the credit of the men of the regiment it must be said that many who fired that day did not know that many of their shots were being sent into the body of any living animal, but enough knew it to have done something in the matter. Colonel Eagan was in charge of the range, and it was reported to him. Major Crane was in charge of the markers, but no effort was made, either to have her removed out of the range of fire after she was wounded, or to put an end to her sufferings before they left the range.

The poor animal was allowed to lie in its agony where it fell, and did not die until the following day. The distance where it fell was some distance from water and its suffering must have been dreadful. Captain Corbin subsequently attempted to show that the owner of the cow knew that it was on the range, and knew that it had been shot, and was asked to go and take charge of it, and should have done so. That may be all correct, but it could not have been done whilst the firing was going on. And when it was seen that the owner did not take charge, a file of men should have been ordered to put it out of misery, or at least firing should not have been permitted to go on until it was removed out of the range of fire.

The end is not yet. The owner of the cow, Mr. Hutchins, says it was a valuable animal. He reported the matter to Colonel McDonald, who has charge of the range, but that officer informed him that he had nothing whatever to do with it; that the range on that day had been handed over to the 63rd Rifles and that the owner would have to lock to them and not to the provincial association. Mr. Hutchins has since taken legal advice and intends bringing an action for malicious injury.

An Apt Quotation.

A very "fresh" young man lately made the acquaintance of a young lady from Boston, to whom he proceeded to pour out a long story of some adventure in which he played the hero. His listener was much surprised. "Did you really do that?" she asked. "Yes, I did it," answered the proud young man, and he began forthwith

upon another long narrative, more startling even than the first. The Boston woman again expressed her polite surprise. "Yes," said the fellow, with an inflation of the chest; "that's what I did." A third story followed, with another "I did it," and then the Boston girl remarked: "Do you know, you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost?" "You mean the ghost in Shakespeare's play?" "Yes." "And why?" "Why, don't you remember that Macbeth said to him, 'Thou canst not say I did it?' The young man could not imagine why everybody laughed.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

How the Desire For and the Lack of Money Cause Trouble in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—It is money that has been said to be "the root of all evil." It is certainly the source of much trouble. The fact holds good here as elsewhere throughout the world. People will work pretty hard to get a dollar—if they can't get it easily. That is all right of course. Then there is the class of people who exert themselves exceedingly to keep the dollar when they have made it. A third description of man is he who cannot or will not pay the dollar that he owes. Then, besides the people who, naturally enough, like to get the dollar due them, there is the class who get it regardless of all consequences, who with more than the bitterness of a Shylock will have "the pound of flesh." These classes in addition to the kindly charitable people who are found here in large numbers, embrace nearly the whole community.

There is one peculiarity of the debt collecting class in Halifax which often comes out prominently, yet perhaps is just as noticeable elsewhere. It is the extreme measures that often are taken to secure the payment of comparatively small sums. A business man will capias a fellow without remorse, when it seems as if some milder method might answer the purpose equally well. Frequently it is not so much from a desire to get the money that a final resort is taken, as to punish alleged sharp practice or willful wrong-doing.

Within a few days the city clerk has issued three capias for not very large amounts. The first was the case of a young man who was taken out of his bed at the Albion hotel at midnight. The sum due was only \$4, the amount of a Spring Garden Road tailor's bill. The youth would not pay and he went to the police station, where he was lodged up for the night. With sunrise he determined that it was useless to fight the matter and so he paid the cash and went on his way—mourning.

A Gerrish street grocer was the next young man who waited for a capias before he would pay a little bill, but when the policeman with that document appeared, he paid up handsomely, though it was only \$7.50 with costs.

The other day the captain of a transatlantic steamer which sails from this port had a similar experience, with modification. The capias was for a millinery bill amounting to \$17.19. The captain claims he knew nothing of the account, and quite possibly he did not. That did not cause the lady creditor to relent, however, for just as the steamer was about to sail a policeman laid his strong hand on the captain's shoulder, while with the other he flouted before him the terrible document. The moral of this capias system seems to be that people should be careful not to get into debt; if they do they should pay up; and if they think of not paying, a better selection of "trades-people" should be made, if any measure of success is to be obtained.

There was one other small business transaction recently which came within an ace of a suit in the city civil court. It was between the Queen hotel lessee and a Hollis street bookseller. The amount at issue was only \$3.50, and it was a question of a counter account, the hotel people repudiating a certain claim by the bookseller. To save the expenses and annoyance of a suit the bookseller paid, though he talks now of bringing an action to recover his counter account. There is too much "fight" sometimes. Why can't people arrange these matters peaceably and save publicity?

It's the Same Old Classical Yarn.

Alertness of thought and the ability to adapt knowledge to any case which may arise stood an applicant for a lucrative position in good stead a short time ago, says a recent number of the New York Times. When the application was made, the applicant was told that the position had just been filled, and that the prospective employer was very sorry, but that there was really no more room. The applicant immediately turned to a water cooler, which was at hand, and filled the glass to overflowing. "Is there any more room in that glass?" he asked. "No, sir. Another drop would make it run over." He turned again to the cooler and put in just one drop and said, "There was room for one more." The employer saw the point and placed the man on the pay roll at once.

Neal Dow as a Fireman.

When Neal Dow was chief of the Portland volunteer fire department, says the Boston Globe, some of his men complained about the strictness of his discipline. One of them appealed to the mayor once, saying: "Mr. Dow is altogether too strict. At the fire the other night he ordered me to go between two buildings, and my walls were likely to fall at any moment. I wouldn't go." "And what did Mr. Dow do when you refused to obey?" asked the mayor. "He was fool enough to go himself."

THE AGONY UNABATED.

FRESHGEG STILL FURNISHES AN INTELLECTUAL BANQUET.

Garrifulous Gaelic—Puffball Stopped on—Eros! Better Than Mars—Some Expressions in the Original Article Which Require Explanation.

True to his promise Freshgegg alights, once more, at the threshold of PROGRESS, and tenders yet another commentary for the edification of its readers. Having promised to consider his several characters, seriatim, week by week, this time, he selects Puffball, the megatherium of the lot, for his subject. Hammish Muckletough Puffball, to give him his full name, is a scion of a Scotch family of L'Isle Royal. His father, though bearing a name of some renown, was, beyond the shadow of a remote possibility, but an humble member of the clan Puffball; methinks some honest, valiant, and unassuming kern of one of the Scotch battalions disbanded, in that country, after its reduction by the French. Our Puffball came to light and grew up, in, or near, the little village of Paddeck, in the afore mentioned country; and when arrived at man's estate, like Caesar, though loftily expressing a preference for first place in a small outlying hamlet, to second in the metropolis, he was satisfied to desert the more certain emoluments and honors of his native shire, for chances, which a subordinate position, in the big city of Spratborough, might offer.

Accordingly, he came; he saw; but though his success was partial, he failed to conquer. Whereupon his spirit waxed glum, and Envy took possession of his soul. Oh, Envy! how wicked are thy ways, in thy desire to depreciate excellence; surely the Theban Pindar was right, when he held thee, the meanest of transgressors! Compound of vanity, ill-nature and a groundless suspicion of every man, who owned a better set of cerebral convolutions than himself, he gave free license to his semi-barbarous nature; and soon succeeded in obliterating himself from the esteem of his contemporaries; for, in the furtherance of that cause, the success of which he desired so much, he plunged at the slightest provocation, into the columns of the daily press; and considering himself profoundly skilled in the analytical method of dismembering his brother scapels, he frequently—with the aid of a ready-letter-writer and a spelling-book—managed to squeeze out a pitiless mass of silly verbiage; misapplying with judicial impartiality, any high sounding word, that caught his fancy. Words flowed plentifully—from the spelling book was a large one—but ideas were scarce, consequently as a writer he was monotonous; though his extraordinary phraseology served to lighten the tedium of what would otherwise have been unreadable. When he arrived in Spratborough, he had assumed it definite in men of surgical capacity; and resolved he would occupy a prominent place amongst so much professional mediocrity. His talents were greatly misunderstood; for the wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles animal instinct. It is diffused in but a very narrow sphere; but, within that circle, it acts with vigor, uniformity and success—whence his consequence. But, though he may have passed among the vulgar as a great surgeon, it was the merest infantile folly, to imagine he could cloud the perceptions of his educated contemporaries. Again, partly from personal intimacies with a few hayseed parliamentarians, and relying on his local fame in his own home; he concluded he would dabble in politics; since they promised an additional means to advancement, and by his self-satisfied judgments on public affairs, and after a few almost successful intrigues, he shortly began to consider himself such a diplomatist as might put the crafty Metternich himself to the blush. He was, in fact, a shrewd philosopher indispensable to the legislature; who knew more at forty, than most other men do after a score of years in office. Having entered into a wire-pulling contest with Bellmouth, over the appointment of an inspector of wash-tubs, he met, in him, a foe worthy of his steel; damping his ardor just a little. But this is a side issue and not as yet decided; still, each concludes himself the mightiest with the government, and poses himself accordingly. Of this perhaps more anon.

To think himself indispensable to the government was a delightful fiction; for, despite his taste for the gray goose-quill and printers' ink, they could afford to rule without him, should they deem it necessary. The fact was, he had yet to learn the lesson of humility, that no man is ever indispensable, in any place, or at any time. The life of a medical man is often one of deep mortification, for the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. There are, in such a life things of far greater practical utility than industry and transcendent ability. No doubt Puffball, like ourselves, had seen men whose fortunes were promoted by the influence of fashion, thriving on the unmerited bounty of a numerous clientele, and knowing how

THE SHAPE

of a Garment is more to the wearer than the price, for what is more uncomfortable

Cloak, Dress or Gown.

It is the very PERFECT SHAPE AND CUT of our LADIES' ENGLISH FLANNELETTE NIGHTGOWNS which has caused them to be such a success.

THESE GARMENTS ARE MADE TO OUR SPECIAL ORDER AND ARE ONLY SHOWN BY US IN THIS PROVINCE. They are the result of years of experience in cutting Ladies' Garments and are full length and sizes. The material is washable English

SHAKER

flannelette of excellent qualities and designs in Fancy Stripes, Self White and Pink.

Three Sizes: SLENDER, WOMEN'S and OUT-SIZE WOMEN'S.

Prices: 95c, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.00 - \$2.50.

ALSO SHRUNK ENGLISH FLANNEL GOWNS,

At \$2.75, \$3.25 and \$3.75 in Pink, Cream and Natural.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

to estimate their capabilities, had perceived more worthy members earn with difficulty the scant reputation they had acquired. We can, therefore, feel a little commiseration for his foibles. But, when he would enact a reverential submission to his every dicta, and would awe to conviction by the weight of his coarse logic, 'tis no marvel, that we, who have listened to his turbid loquacity, should refuse to acknowledge that nature has endowed him with any great grace of tongue; or, that our greater professional age and riper experience should cause us to differ from him. Since it was his lot to grow up to manhood in a community offering little, if any, facilities for refinement, he could not be expected to possess, perhaps, the most delicate mind, or that fastidious reserve and the suppression of his own personality, qualities so essentially characteristic of a gentleman. However desirable individualism may be in a profession like medicine, it should be the individualism of science, not of self. Some of the most illustrious and prominent men of our order have had a like rustic origin; but they, somehow, managed to educate themselves up to the requirements of the station to which they had attained, and observed its obligations. They rounded off the inequalities of their upbringing, and by judicious attention to the niceties of social usage, smoothed the defects of their manners. We would commend the same to thee, sweet Puffball! You may think yourself lugubrious, and imagine from your dense costard flows the light which illumines the terrane of our daily existence; though, to give you your due, you do not seem to be afflicted with the dangerous mania of wilful untruthfulness.

Notwithstanding, you are always on the alert for title-tattle, which you afterwards retail with colorable variations; you appear to refrain from moulding tricksome tales for the public ear, like the vainglorious jactitations of the puny Littlequirt. Our observations, we admit, are a little forcible; yet, we trust your scholastic midwifery will not deliver us of meanings never intended. We would not have your weaknesses made the subject of mockery; nor ridicule you for so poor a reason as obtuseness, for that is reckoned a radical defeat and unavoidable. Nor would we have you yield a blind obedience to the existing code of ethics; but, you might try to palliate your strongly perverse antipathies and pragmatical propensities. Nor do we expect you to learn the fine art of nicely distinguishing, all at once; or, have you exchange the fierceness of rusticity for the insincerity of urban refinement. There is a fortuitous mean, uncomplicated by hypocrisy. We would commend to you more reserve and a less savage animosity, in your controversial jousts with others; but do not seek to incalculable such a mute reserve; as, for instance, distinguishes Dr. Microbius Deadeye, the premier editor of our feeble little journal; for he carries it to an extreme that amounts to shy awkwardness, and his brother, Let-me-think, to an elinguid imbecility. No, my friend! stock your conceit with better fancies, and read a little outside of your chiefest hobby; for, at present, your conversation bears the imprint of an restricted information. Lavish; we entreat you! a more close attention on thy vestiture and person, lest you acquire the title of Lotor, and merit the expulsive formerly cast on the ancient Ozolians! Pears' unscented is not expensive. Do these things to your best endeavor; and then when you affect to be moderate, you may not only be dull; and though destitute of those associations, which naturally appertain to gentility, but may find thee, in our future conferences, wise, courteous, scholar-like and understandingly versed in the necessities of a gentleman's life. Then it may become your encomist. Treat our observations with contempt; and ta deil haet, but we'll whang thee lustily; for we hae a stalk o' carl hemp in til us. To render our observations more intelligible to the mass of

our readers, be it known that there were some expressions in the original article, which required explanation; having gone wrong, on account of the compositors' inability to read our writing, 'Oistros,' as it should have appeared, means a gadfly; and "Judique on the floor" is a challenge to single combat, of never failing efficacy, in Puffball's native wilds. You should also take notice, that Puffball is but a muckle, blustering callan; and nae ferely, we wad gae ye trou he's glaikit. He read the original pasquinade with snug complacency, to the no small, amused amazement of his intimates. He considered it eulogistic of his graces; they supposed him afflicted with alexia. A most improbable supposition. It is more likely, we should say, being a Scot ourselves, that Puffball is no gleg at ta uptak; and, his failure to grasp the insinuating meaning to the unknown writer was due to the density of his Gaelic cranium; or, that his lethargic brain is somewhat tardy in responding to the eternal stimuli. Hech mon! It was not written for him to understand; yet, even we thought he had sufficient mental calibre to comprehend the the obliquity of our commendations, but, alas, it required a candid friend to vascilate its import; and, even then, for a time, his mind vacillated in dubiety. But, where at length, conviction thrust itself upon his unwilling understanding, his bucolic blood only bubbled a little quicker with transitory annoyance. Ye who smile! may expect, after this, to behold him transfigure in a tury, like Sir Philip Francis' Lion!

Which roared so loud and looked so wondrous green.

And to find him prowling round, with sleuth-hound diligence to mark his banter. But soft and fairly:—The passage by of a funeral has turned my thoughts to a more solemn strain, why trifle thus our lives away; when we sicken ordie what will all this avail us? My Puffball! though Freshgegg's pen is dipped in accidulated gall, it is tempered with the honey of fair intention: I would spare the goodly righteous. We but endeavor to reclaim thee to a more generous mode of life. We who have experienced a great proof of the vanity of human wishes would extend to you this trite consolation. The chagrin you now feel, will soon subside; for so the laws of a beneficent Nature ordain; and her physician, Time, will attend thee; but, you will not soon recover from your neo-baptism. The name Puffball must ever cling to thee with the pertinacity of a burr. Accept it, with the regards of the writer, who has been so lively at your expense. And now, my excellent friend, beware how you bring so heavy a charge against anyone as to rashly accuse him of authorship, and send no charters to imaginary foes. Recollect! Eros is better than Mars; and a self sustained generosity of disposition, better than a profligate envoy. FRESHGEG.

Trapped by a Photograph.

Here is a curious little story told by an English solicitor. He had among his clients a few years ago a notorious company promoter, whose financial affairs came to grief. One day, happening to pass by a stationer's shop his attention was attracted by a portrait of Mr. —, the well known barrister. Mr. — was attired in a wig and gown and in his hand he held a paper on which the solicitor's sharp eyes caught the name of his client. His curiosity aroused, he purchased the photograph and proceeded to decipher the words of Mr. —'s brief, speedily discovering that they indicated that a warrant was "out" for the arrest of his client. In a few hours the man of finance was out of England.

"Starboard" And "Larboard."

The words "starboard" and "larboard" as once used in the nautical vocabulary, are from the Italian words, questa borda, meaning "this side," and quella borda, "that side." Abbreviated, these two phrases appear as staborda and laborda, and by the corruption of languages were soon rendered as "starboard" and "larboard" by English sailors. Years ago, an order of the admiralty discontinued the use of "larboard" and substituted "port."

Full Instructions.

Book-Agent—"I'd like to show you this 'Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge.' It contains all the information a man needs in life." Business Man (wearily)—"I'll take it if it tells me how to get rid of you." Book Agent (enthusiastically)—"You'll take it then! It gives that information on the very first page; see: 'Every man, woman and child should buy this book.'"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of

Dawson's Chocolate Creams

I never subscribed or recommended any of the many worm remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis,

Dawson's Chocolate Creams Contain No Mercury.

I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no after medicine.

Dawson's Chocolate Creams.

are NEVER SOLD in the form of a Chocolate tablet or stick but in the form of a delicious CHOCOLATE CREAM.

25c. a Box of all Druggists, or from Wallace Dawson, Chemist, - Montreal.

PILGRIM PANTS.



Pilgrim Suits,

\$11, \$12, \$13.

We also make to order OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up. FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up.

CUTAWAY, D. & S. B. FROCK and PRINCE ALBERT, FULL DRESS SUIT.

Send for samples of what you need and self-measuring blanks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted everywhere. THE PILGRIM PANTS CO'Y, 29 Dock St., - St. John, N. B. or P. O. Box 250.

If You Need

a good Liniment

Buy Minard's

as it is the BEST.

If You Do Not Need

a Liniment at present

Buy Minard's

as you may want it in a hurry.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.