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How We Went To London.

The Personal Experience of a Member of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent.

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With the history of her jubilee contingent all Canada is familiar. The glories of the spectacles, which its members beheld or in which they figured more or less prominently have been elaborated in glowing rhetoric. The incidents of the expedition have been narrated at length. The preliminary training and out-fitting at Quebec; the delightful voyage across; England with all its charms and stirring scenes of those all too short weeks; the magnificent pageants; the service at St. Paul's; the stupendous naval review at Portsmouth; the mighty military display at Aldershot; the last look at the receding shores; the return voyage and the final disembarkment all these have been described time without number with widely diverging degrees of skill and pictorial power in every periodical in the length and breadth of our fair dominion. But of those events as they appeared to the individuals who comprised that body; of the every day life and personal experiences of those who bore the burdens (grievous too they were) in the heat of the day lit by no sun or moon had been said. In the ensuing paragraphs as a member of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent I propose to make a cursory sketch, necessarily fragmentary, of those things which impressed themselves most strongly upon my mind. Not that they are intended to voice the general expression of the contingent; but merely to present the facts as they appeared to the individual and not the facts in relation to the whole unit of which he formed a component particle.

For months preceding we had heard of the proposed contingent and with what a yearning had we longed to be thought worthy to become one of its numbers, till like a thunder-clap came the notice from our respective captains to hold ourselves in momentary readiness, and to await further orders from head quarters. It seemed too glorious a prospect to be real; and we scarce dared breathe an intimation of our coming good fortune, lest that very breath should dispel the golden illusion. But the day eventually came when in company with our fellow representatives we boarded the train armed with a ticket which bore the unmistakable stamp of QUEBEC, and the realities of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent had begun. These realities I must confess began to bare something of their rosy tints. Our imagination had drawn for us only one aspect of the scene. We felt reproachful when we found that second class fare was considered good enough for the chosen representatives of Canada, and that the repose to be obtained, curled up in a car seat, was deemed sufficient refreshment for a soldier of the Queen. We were moved to indignation on the journey to Quebec, but in that city itself we were excited to a bitter wrath.

[In due time we arrived at our destination and treading the devious windings of its abominably narrow streets with the invaluable aid of profuse directions volubly given in French—bad French, everybody says, who doesn't understand it—we found our way to the Citadel. Passing the blue coated guardsmen at its entrance, we reported ourselves to innumerable officers, clerks and non commissioned officers, who didn't know who we were, where we were to go, or in fact didn't care a hang. So we left the "horse soldiers", who accompanied us, to work out their own salvation and went in search of a redecoat. Him at last we found and in a drenching rain (that is, what we took to be a drenching rain—I discovered afterward from a native of Quebec that it was merely a drizzle) he piloted us to a long, damp, dingy, tunnel, lighted by two windows at one end and a row of loop-holes at the other. Along the sides of this tunnel were rows of cots; in the centre stood a couple of tables, and above the cots ran a line of shelves heaped up with a quantity of clothing and accoutrements. In the room were fifteen or twenty men some seated on the folded cots scrubbing fiercely at bayonets and buttons, and others at the tables applying lavish coats of pipeclay to belts and straps which seemed capable of absorbing infinite quantities of the stuff

without showing any appreciable degree of whiteness. We attained a greater intimacy with the perverse ways of these same new belts shortly afterward. Our guide sang out to a swarthy individual who answered him in a gruff voice marked by a very peculiar accent. This person he introduced as our section commander and left us to his tender mercies. He was a sergeant from one of the military schools and in common with his three conferees (their being four sections to a company each under the direction of a N. C. O.) the exalted nature of his position had so puffed him up that this instrument of petty tyranny became odious to a degree to those over whom he was placed in charge.

The sergeant pointed us to the only remaining cots in the room and these we scanned for some time, sunk in profound cogitation. The lower extremity of the "cave" was flooded by a stream of water which trickled through a gap in the arch, thus keeping our bedding in a charming state of humidity. We examined the leak and felt our beds; visions of pneumonia and rheumatism floated upon our imaginations. We complained to our section commander, who made some reference to feather bed soldiers and spring mattresses. Then we accepted the inevitable and bestowed ourselves to the "stores" to get our equipment. Cold and damp as they were we developed a surprising affection for those beds and learnt to pronounce hearty execrations upon the head of the innocent trumpeter who found it within his painful duty to insert the mouth of his instrument inside our door and make the interior of the barrack room resound with the doleful notes of the reveille. These beds, however, had the property in common with all sleeping contrivances devised for the discomfort of soldiers of requiring much acquaintance with their devilish ways before we can sleep on them. The first night a novice lies on one of them (he never sleeps the first night) the invariably falls off. He may possibly fall off during several successive nights but by dint of assiduous application he at length acquires the habit of maintaining his equilibrium. Then he finds his clothes absolutely ungovernable. Engaging them however in desperate nightly struggles he is eventually able to assert his supremacy and the trumpeter alone disturbs his slumbers.

We were mostly N. C. O's. I think the infantry boasted proudly of a single private. We had a few Corporals but most of us bore golden chevrons, many wore the colors and one even held the rank of sergeant major. Yet we, who had been accustomed to receive the homage of our own companies, had to shoulder our rifles and do squad drill like raw recruits. It may have been necessary; but it did not cater to our pride to say the least. We were abundantly offered and every one of them seemed to have the burden of our training lying heavily upon his conscience. Up and down the "Hogs Back", as the Artillerymen called their parade ground at the Citadel, we were driven; back and forth over its rough, uneven surface with the scalding sun blistering our burning faces and our new "soldier boot" accomplishing the same results upon our feet; the section commanders yelling themselves hoarse; the sergeant major, who possessed a voice like the blast of a foghorn, howling till he placed his vascular system in jeopardy; the adjutant shouting personalities from across the parade, with a troop of subaltern officers bringing up the rear and sandwiching in disparaging remarks whenever they could make their trivialities heard. Our work at Quebec was undeniably very arduous and the execution of our instructors unnecessarily severe. There can be little doubt that if the Canadian contingent did not acquire that degree of excellence in drill to which it might have attained, the solution lies largely in the fact that some

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cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Bilioussness, etc. 35cts. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

of these instructors seemed to be possessed by the fixed idea that the sole end and object of its expedition was to give the British Army a series of lessons in skilled manoeuvres. But we survived the ordeal and the day of embarkation finally arrived. The entire populace seemed to have gathered on the wharves to wish us bon voyage. We sang "Auld Lang Syne" and other songs of a hypocritical nature; but I do not know that any of us were moved to a great depth of anguish when the lofty cliff which upholds the grim old Citadel swept out of sight behind the Isle D'Orleans.

The "Vancouver" on which we made the outward voyage, was crowded to her utmost capacity and the quarters available for accommodation were—well—they were cramped. To every eight men was allotted a sort of crate in which when one of its occupants desired to turn round the remainder had to get into bed. Each compartment contained four banks of bunks which were arranged for the express purpose of affording the utmost facilities for bumping ones head and developing a highly finished style of profanity. The floors being covered with a mixture of tobacco juice and saw dust, we were forced for the most part to dress in our beds. Impossible! Not a bit of it. It was simple enough after you had learned to perform your toilet upon one section of your anatomy at a time, with your back bent double, your legs twisted into semi-circles and your head screwed out on a horizontal plane at right angles to your body. Getting out of the "subtrata" of bunks likewise presented some delicate features which might not be anticipated. Of course there was always the alternative of rolling out but owing to the afore mentioned tobacco juice that method was fraught with some objectionable features; and consequently did not attain to any degree of popularity among us. As a preliminary proceeding it was of prime importance to discover whether the upper bunk was occupied. If so, you cautioned its owner against expectorating to leeward. Then projecting yourself over the edge, if anyone did not accelerate your progress at this juncture by stepping on your neck, a dexterous movement precipitated your feet upon the floor, whereupon you straightened up, bumped your head as a matter of course, knocked down a belt and bayonet on your toes, and you had disengaged yourself from the coils of your couch. The first part of the voyage was delightfully smooth; so still indeed that its deceptive calm encouraged many a reckless warrior to deliver himself of rash avowals regarding seasickness. During this lovely period we were frequently paraded for the amusement of the saloon passengers who doubtlessly enjoyed this somewhat unique spectacle. But at length there came a dismissal time when there were neither men to drill nor officers capable of utterance, other than the dolorous exclamation—"Steward!" The arch enemy of voyagers, insidiously, and in the dead of night, assailed the proud cortege and laid it low. Groans, pitiable indeed, wrung from indomitable spirits, clove the aromatic air and cries for mercy ascended on high from the bosom of the great deep. But after the prostration ensuing upon the first onslaught, the Canadians rallied with an astonishing vigor and utterly routed their miserable foe; so that with the first sight of old Ireland, were forgotten the memories of that desperate struggle.

With what intense interest did we watch the outlines of Erin's rugged shore taking definite form upon the misty horizon, with the hills of Donegal rearing up their verdant peaks from out the swelling billows. Pass Fry's Island and Loch Swilly we ploughed till bits of bunting fluttered at the peak and an answering signal at Malin Head told us that in the next jutting freeland should rear its ugly crags above the foam, Canada would know that the Vancouver had borne her contingent safely to the destination. Leaving the mouth of the Foyle, a silvery rift in the shadowy coast, we spurt past the Giant's causeway, visible only to our imagination, rounded an island and straight away for the Call of Min, the mouth of the Mersey and Liverpool, upon whose turning docks every variety of craft converged. Speedy packets scuttled across our bows; sailing vessels raeled and staggered in our wake and big liners looming up from the south poured forth twin columns of wreathing smoke. Piles of baggage were heaped

upon the decks, donkey engines roared, capstans creaked, cables rattled; such a din and uproar! Everybody running hither, thither, tripping over trunks, bumping into deck hands and falling down stairs, everybody in everybody else's way; every thing jammed into the topsy turvy coops; knocking down rifles, stepping into helmets, stumbling over kit-bags, boot blacking, brass polish and pandemonium!

But out of this chaos eventually came order; and, all arrayed in flaming scarlet with the most lustrous buttons, dazzling belts and glistening bayonets, the whitest helmets and the blackest boots that the militia department could supply and infinite furnishing could make resplendent, we stood rigidly at attention upon the upper deck ready for disembarkation. Here, after receiving some excellent, though superfluous advice from our section commanders regarding our deportment we were startled by a vision of an erratic little English officer, with a huge mustache and a very large eyeglass, who burst through the cabin door, saluted like a mechanical figure, rattled off a few words to the commandant, Colonel Avlmer and vanished. Whether it was due to the exertions of the automaton or not I cannot positively state, but very shortly after his disappearance we found ourselves told off to the various compartments of a train standing at the station platform of the landing stage. A few moments later and two swift engines had borne us away from Liverpool in its smoky pall and we emerged into the entrancing panorama of an English landscape. While we glided along, a tide of romance swept over our memories as its flood gates were opened by a rustic mill, now by a picturesque cottage, a dreamy river or the crumbling ruin of an ivy turreted stronghold.

The second installment of these interesting experiences will appear in the next issue of PROGRESS and will embrace the events of a sojourn in London and of the jubilee.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

NOT AFRAID OF MAN EATERS.

How Three Sandwich Islanders Disposed of a big shark.

"The Kanakas of Honolulu," says a naval officer in the New York Sun, "do not appear to be the least bit afraid of man-eaters, and they will occasionally tackle them single handed, with nothing but a long knife for a weapon. I was attached to a gunboat anchored in Honolulu harbour a couple of years ago. We were coaling ship preparatory to making a cruise of the islands. The big coal lighters, loading a hundred ton or so of coal, were loaded at the dock and then towed to the side of the ship. The coal was hoisted into the bunkers from the lighters by men forward. Well one of the lighters was overloaded at the dock, and when it was brought alongside the ship ready to be made fast, it began to settle, turned over and sank in twenty feet of crystal clear water, taking about 125 tons of lump steaming coal with it. Of course, the coal didn't belong to the ship until it was aboard of the ship, in accordance with the terms of the contract, and so the coal dealer had to stand the loss. He employed about twenty Kanaka men to dive for the coal and bring as many big lumps to the surface as they could get hold of. A lighter was anchored beside the ship to

receive the coal thus regained from the bottom. The Kanakas worked without any sort of diving apparatus, and they got eighty tons of the coal, too. Suspended from springs around their necks each had a long, sharp knife for sharks. They'd hang over the side of the lighter for a minute, give a couple of twists to their legs and after a minute or so they'd reappear at the surface of the water with a hunk of coal in their arms. Then they would heave the lump into the lighter and go down again.

A group of officers were standing at the gangway watching the men prepare to go to work one morning after the coal raising had been going on for a couple of days, when we noticed that there seemed to be a commotion among the Kanakas. They began to jabber excitedly in their queer, musical language and to feel of the sharpness of their knives hanging around their necks. Their eyes were keener than ours, and they had seen a man-eater asleep directly under the lighter. Three of the Kanakas, magnificent giant muscled men, the pick of the gang, took the strings from their knives, grasped the knives in their right hands, stepped over the side of the lighter, hung to the gunwale with their left hands for a second or two, and then, altogether, they gave that queer wriggle to their legs and disappeared. In about five seconds big bubbles began to come to the surface of the water, and about five seconds later the bubbles took on the hue of blood.

"That settles one Kanaka, if not the whole three of them," said one on the gangway. But the Kanakas in the lighter only smiled. The next thing we saw was a gigantic shark thrashing the water crazily on the port side of the lighter, and incarnadining the sea within a radius of fifty feet with its blood. Then the three Kanakas came up, all in a bunch, like a trio of jacks-in-the-box, with contented smiles on their bland faces. The shark thrashed around without any eyes for five minutes or so, and at the end of that time he was dead as a salted mackerel, the whole eighteen feet of him. The three Kanakas had tackled him altogether as he slept, had driven their knives into his vulnerable parts, and before the man-eater had a show to pull himself together he was as good as dead."

Electricity in America.

Japan's railway companies are to duplicate their lines early in 1898. In consequence, arrangements are about to be made by which great increases of rolling stock, locomotives and other material will be made every year to 1903. In the case of one company alone it is estimated that the duplication, with the extra rolling stock, etc., will cost \$15,000,000, and no less than 300 locomotives and 4000 passenger and freight cars will be required. Much of this material is to be purchased in the United States.—New York Tribune.

Electricity in America.

According to statistics the number of yearly telephonic conversations in the United States is 75,000,000; of telegraphic messages, 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent lights, 15,000,000. There are several hundred thousand electric motors and 1,000 electric railways. It is estimated that 2,500,000 persons in this country electricity contributes a means of livelihood.

"Ye see," said Aunt Dinah, when she was asked why she had not been present at meeting, "de fix ob de case am, honey, F was a-meanin' for to went; but de going was so awful bad dat I just couldn't come."

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.