

The Mad Marksman.

The modern Bisley, with its rows of canvas targets, has no fascination for me. I am an old volunteer, but the ping, ping of bullets and the marker's signals are but so many hideous nightmares now. Yet, I am not a nervous man; indeed, my profession has led me to face death in many shapes; but I never can, and never will, if I can help it, go within sight of a rifle range while firing is in progress. The reason I'll tell you.

Some sixteen years ago I was a private of three years' standing in the 2nd V. B. Blankshire regiment, a battalion that has, under the command of one of the finest officers in the volunteer service, won credit and renown both on parade and on the range. As to myself, I was a fair shot, I carried the marksman's badge on my sleeve and, besides the recruits' prize, several matches had fallen to my share. But compared with Corporal Fred Mayfield I was a blundering mule.

Fred was one of the finest fellows who ever held a rifle, and to say he was worshipped by officers and men alike, and still bore the glory and existed under the hero-worship without the least touch of pride, may give some idea of his true character.

As a shot he was the battalion marksman, and was known far and wide as the best shot in the Midland counties, and no matter what match he entered for he was bound to be very near the top.

At Wimpoleton the preceding year he had shot his way into the Queen's Hundred, and finished up, if I remember right, in the first twenty. But that was his first appearance at the big meeting, and he, and indeed all of us, had reasonable grounds for hoping that this year he would be still higher, even if he did not—and most of us had a sneaking fancy that he would—carry off the Queen's.

For three months before the big Wednesday and Saturday—practising at all distances, and on these occasions I was always his proud companion. We had been school fellows together, and had stuck to one another for many years with the warmest friendship. For Fred was the noblest and best hearted friend one can conceive; always ready to help a youngster—I was twelve months younger than he, but it seemed twelve years—he was so great in my estimation—and always laughing and joking.

But I had another reason for sticking to him so close, and I may as well tell it. Mary Mayfield, his nineteen-year-old sister, was the handsomest girl in Dumbleton, and I knew it, and so did several other fellows, notably young George Kempster, who was a lance-corporal in the same company.

George was the biggest fellow I ever knew; it was not so much his height as his massive frame and broad features that made him appear a veritable giant among us. I liked him, for he was quiet, and though he had the character of being surly I rather cultivated him on account of his skill with the rifle.

But to return to Mary. How shall I describe her, for you will not believe me? You will say all lovers rave like that, and land their ladies to the skies, and cover them with virtues that angels might be proud of. Well, she was an angel, and I'd like to meet the man who dare deny it. She was as good as she was handsome, and that is saying not a little.

It was on the Saturday before the Wimpoleton meeting that our company held a match, at which our selected marksmen were pitted against those of the neighboring county battalion. I was one of the number, and I remember with pride—for Mary was present—that after bringing up thirty-two from 200 yds., and twenty-nine from 500 yds., I finished up at 600 yds., with thirty, making my score ninety-one, a good performance in those days, and for the time I was a hero. George Kempster was down next, and I am ashamed to confess that it was not without a triumphant glance and a smile towards Mary that I saw him finish with twenty-five and a total of eighty-four.

It was a blazing hot day, and after George and another fellow had concluded at 600 we adjourned for refreshment, and no sooner had the red flag been hoisted in the mantlets, than the marker—it was a single target—ran out, and came across the meadow towards us holding his handkerchief to his face.

It appeared that a bullet had splashed, and a tiny speck of lead had entered his eye, and was causing him great pain. It was evident the poor fellow could do no more that day, and a cart coming along the road close by, he was sent away to the hospital. Then the question arose: 'Who shall mark?' Most of us thought we could do it, but, as the only non-com. who had concluded his shooting, Kempster was chosen, and whether it was to take care of him or help him dodge the splashes I don't know, but the captain asked me to accompany him.

I went, unwillingly, I must allow, for Mary was there; but it was much easier to leave her after she had congratulated me on my marksmanship, and had told me I ought to be proud to be selected for such onerous duty as marking.

George strode away to the butts in such a manner that often I had to break into a trot to keep pace with him. Not a word did he speak, and once when I asked him what caused his hurry he looked at me with such disdain, as I thought, that I subsided at once, and to tell the truth, felt rather ashamed. Arrived at the butts, however, I set to work washing the target.

It is necessary for me to explain the construction of these butts, and a very curious circumstance connected with them, the like of which I have never seen. The target itself a heavy iron plate, stood supported by stout girders some 6 ft. from the bank of earth in

the rear. In the middle of the plate—to be more precise, the 6 in. 'bull' itself—had been cut out from the remainder of the target, and when shooting was in progress was fitted in its place by a heavy bolt that dropped from above.

I never understand the reason for this curious contrivance, but I once heard our old sergeant-instructor explain that some years ago, when a prize shoot took place for live pigs and poultry, the unfortunate animals were placed in the aperture and were claimed by the marksman who killed them. It was a horrible custom, and I remember thinking that hot afternoon what bloodthirsty creatures our volunteer forerunners must have been.

I had made the plate look spick and span, and had gone behind in the shade to rest after my labors, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulders and another on my mouth, and before I could move I was thrown heavily to the ground. I tried to shout, but something was in my mouth, and as I recovered from the shock of the fall, I recognized the face of Kempster, though sadly changed, and hot and cruel.

He had a rope, and was binding my arms to my side, rolling me over and to and fro as though I were a dog. Then he ran to the mantlet, and I tried to rise; but my limbs seem numbed, and before I could scramble to my knees he was back and had struck me to the earth again. When next I looked up he was standing beside me, and I felt my limbs securely bound together. He was mumbling, and I listened.

'Miserable little cur!' he hissed. 'You thought you'd rob me of her, and win her for your own. I saw you smile and show your vulgar pride when I failed at 600 yds. I saw you make a sign with her and laugh together at my discomfiture. Miserable hound! Do you know, coward,' he whispered, leaning over me, 'I asked her last night to marry me and she refused? Perhaps you know why! Perhaps someone had poisoned her mind against me! Perhaps it was you! Yes, you sneak, villain, coward!'

As he said this his eyes seemed to start from his head, and every moment I expected the heavy stick he held in his hand to descend on my upturned face. In vain I attempted to make signs—to deny his assertions, and to calm his anger.

'Do you remember who shoots next?' he asked.

I did remember. It was Corporal Mayfield.

'I see you do,' he continued. 'It is Mayfield, and I see you thrill at the name because it is her name. Ha, ha; Fred will shoot well to-day, because there's a living bull, and as his bullet strikes the black the people will cheer, and his sister will smile!'

Heavens! What did he mean? Why did he unbolt the centre plate? And the people would cheer and she would smile?

I saw him remove the small black circle from its place, and fasten across the space a thick black cloth; then I was jerked to my feet, and my back pressed against the stiff iron plate, while the madman silently and swiftly bound me fast by neck and feet and body.

I tried again to shout as I realized my position, and then to dislodge the black cloth so that my scarlet tunic would reveal my plight; but I was wedged firmly, and my head was the only member that I could move. I thought of her, and tried to pray, while all the time the madman stood by and jeered. Suddenly, horror! the bugle sounded, and Kempster paled for an instant, then recovered.

'Remember!' he whispered, 'Mayfield is shooting. Seem queer that he should murder you, eh?' He laughed, and he was gone.

I saw the red flag wave and disappear, and then waited for the end. Oh, how long it seemed. Would that bullet never come? Did I hear it whistling through the air? No, it was only the wind in the trees. What was she thinking about? Did she dream of me at that moment? And Fred? I prayed to God to guide his aim.

Ping! and a distant report, and out from the mantlet came the black and white signal! Only a magpie! Surely Fred could not be shooting; he had never got so low as that for months. More waiting. Great heavens! it was terrible!

Ping! and out came the red. Nearer this time—an inner; but still not Fred's form. A low laugh came from the mantlet as the wretch divined my own thoughts. This time for certain.

A dull thud, and up flew the white signal! Bull's eye! What did it mean? Was I hit? There was a pain in my back, but it had been there for some time. Was I dying? The earth flew round and round me, and as I gasped for breath, a merciful Providence relieved my sufferings.

When I came to myself, a crowd of red-coated soldiers stood about me, and someone was bathing my brow. It was Fred. 'All right, old chap!' he whispered. I think I smiled, and as I turned my head I saw a body being carried away on a hurdle. What could be the meaning of it? Was I killed, and did I see my own funeral? And musing thus I relapsed into unconsciousness.

Now I was in a house, and someone with soft cool hands smoothed my forehead. It was Mary. Others were standing near—my mother, and Fred, and our sergeant. Then I was not dead.

'Buck up, old chap,' said Fred, smiling. 'Take my hand,' said another sweet voice as though to reassure me. And I took it.

When at last I heard the story from Fred's own lips, all the horrid details came back to my mind. I shuddered. It was Fred shooting; but how badly he shot

that day was remarked by everyone. He seemed nervous, and his rifle shook in his hands. His first and second shots were poor, but at his third some shadow appeared to cross his sight, and as he pulled the trigger his left hand dropped, and everyone saw the shot strike the bank in front.

To the consternation of the onlookers, a bull's eye was signalled, and the captain of the opposing team immediately challenged the shot. The bugle was sounded, but no answer was given, and no marker made his appearance. Then someone ran across the meadow to ascertain the cause, and there at the butts found two apparently dead men. One was dead—poisoned by his own hand; but the other, strapped and bound to the target, had only fainted, and help was soon at hand to coax him back to life.

And so George Kempster, hearing the dull thud, and concluding that his grim purpose was accomplished, had signalled a 'bull,' and immediately poisoned himself.

Poor Fred has never fired a rifle since.

God answered my prayer that day and did guide his aim, and there, he declares, his marksmanship shall rest.

That is why my wife and I are not going to Bisley this year.

No Licence For These.

Very few people know that, at nearly every popular watering-place in England, all the usual "nigger minstrels" and the like are licensed, a regular stand being assigned to each party, and, at some places, literally hundreds being refused any licence at all.

The writer the other day had a chat with the "Chief Beach Inspector" of a noted seaside place, an official who declares that quite one-half of his time is spent in adjusting the quarrels of the various performers who encroach on each other. As to the great numbers of applicants who are refused, he said—

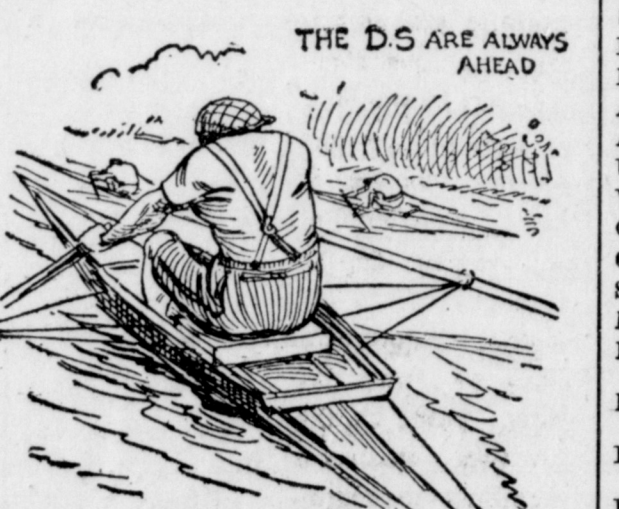
'I can show the photographs sent in one case where a real negro asked for a licence in order that he might put his head into a big cage and show how he could catch rats with his teeth alone; we are always having to refuse people who get spectators to stick needles into them; but one of the strangest customers was a German, who had a big catapult cannon to shoot him into the sea.'

'Last year we refused several glass-eaters and a negro who asked that paraffin might be poured over him and set alight. I could tell you of scores more such shows. We have to keep a close watch or the most outrageous displays would be given.'

Rare Steeple Climbing.

Vienna has been astonished lately by some daring steeple climbing. A steeple jock celebrated the beginning of the festivities for Emperor Francis Joseph's jubilee by climbing in the night to the top of one of the steeples of the Votive Church, 306 feet from the ground, by means of the lightning rods and architectural ornaments and hanging on it a yellow and black banner twenty feet long. He gave a minute description of the manner in which he accomplished his foolhardy feat to the newspapers. A few nights later some one else imitated him by climbing the steeple and stealing the flag.

A well on Sanibel Island, Florida, which had always been fresh water, changed to sulphur water a few weeks after a windmill had been erected over it to utilize the water for irrigation purposes.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Amherst, July 1, to the wife of E. Biden, a son.
Halifax, July 5, to the wife of Mr. S. J. Harivel, a son.
Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Frank Purchase, a son.
Grafton, Kings, July 4, to the wife of W. A. Palmer, a son.
Yarmouth, July 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Avarid H. Miller, a son.
Port Maitland, July 3, to the wife of Capt. P. E. Crosby, a son.
West Head, Cape Island, June 23, to the wife of Reuben Penney, a daughter.
Milton, Queens, July 1, to the wife of John S. Hughes, twins—boys.

MARRIED.

Crapaud P. E. I., Augustus Holland to Mrs. A. Page.
Yarmouth, by W. Parker, Isaac Huskins to Clara Fenton.
Mahone Bay, June 29, George Eisenhauer to Flora Knickie.
Arenville, 22, by Rev. P. Foster, George Wyman to Laura Hines.
Truro, July 6, by Rev. H. Adams, Jas. Murdoch to Amelia MacBain.
Halifax, July 6, by Rev. Geo. Lawson, Arthur Lewis to Mary Kinneer.
Amherst, July 4, by Rev. J. Batty, James Lawson to Ella Sanford.

Newport, July 1, by Rev. R. Strathie, D. R. Keddy to Mary Dunbar.
Caledonia, June 23, by Rev. T. Bowen, Gee. Banks to Fannie Harlow.
Amherst, June 26, by Rev. F. Harrison, Hiram Bowser to Ruth Cole.
Newport, July 7, by Rev. A. Daniel, Lorenzo Miller to Effie Clarke.
Liverpool, June 27, by Rev. H. Shaw, Clayton Col. lopy to Annie Sawlor.
Sherbrooke, June 8, by Rev. A. McDonald, John McLean to Ella Sinclair.
Brookfield, July 1, by Rev. T. Bowen, Crofton McLeod to Katie Aubrey.
Liverpool, July 6, by Rev. A. W. Harley, Harry Johnson to Bertha Cole.
Liverpool, July 4, by Rev. A. Braine, Calvin Harrington to Edna Godfrey.
Truro, July 1, by Rev. L. Baker, Walker Archibald to Jennie Parker.
Molega, July 6, by Rev. T. Bowen, Edward Barkhouse to Clara Aldred.
Tatamagouche, July 2, by Rev. T. Sedgwick, Mr. D. McKay to Bella McKay.
Boesfield, June 30, by Rev. A. Campbell, Duncan McDonald to Robina McKay.
Mahone Bay, June 30, by Rev. H. Crawford, Geo. Z. Zicker to Edith Crawford.
Lyndal, June 22, by Rev. R. Knight, Matthew Cunningham to Lottie Traton.
New Glasgow, July 3, by Rev. A. Rogers, John A. McDonald to Mary McDougall.
Halifax, June 29, by Rev. A. Chute, Frederick Fraser to Alice Richardson.
Lynn, Mass., June 23, by Rev. L. Palmer, Joshua Acker to Minnie Goodwin.
Shag Harbor, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Miller, C. A. Lohmes to Mabel Godwin.
Parrsboro, July 6, by Rev. Jas. Sharp, Clarence Langille to Mary Howard.
Mill Brook, June 29, by Rev. R. Cumming John McPherson to Mary Munro.
Shag Harbor, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Edward Hughes to Viola Larkin.
Molega, N. S., July 6, by Rev. T. A. Bowen, E. A. Barkhouse to Clara Aldred.
Sydney, June 30, by Rev. D. Drummond, Fraser McLeod to Annie Uquhart.
Markhamville, N. B., by Rev. A. Campbell, W. J. Hayward to A. B. Crawford.
Wawel, June 29, by Rev. W. Morgan, Daniel Thomas to Carrie Richardson.
Port Hood, C. B., June 22, by Rev. Mr. Bane, Rev. John Calder to Emma Smith.
Richmond, June 29, by Rev. A. Teed, Joseph Fiewelling to Mabel McIntyre.
Musquodoboit, June 22, by Rev. J. F. Polley, Louise Putman to Magale Grant.
Windsor, June 27, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, James H. Brown to Catherine Trenholm.
Boston, June 22, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Charles S. Widener to Hannah McAulley.
River Philip, June 29, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Harry Austin to Maggie McDonald.
Dorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. A. Gumbart, Fred Murtield to Bertha Floyd Moore.
Wentzels Lake, June 22, by Rev. L. McCreery, Nicholas Wentzel to Miss Rodenhiser.
Salem manse, River John, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, John Murray to Christina Sutherland.

DIED.

Halifax, July 8, Mary Watt.
Halifax, July 8, James Smyth.
Truro, July 8, Roderick Clarke, 7.
Truro, July 4, Mabel L. Casey, 35.
Taslet, June 30, Enos Gardner, 74.
Nappan, July 3, Olive McDonald.
Halifax, July 8, Charles Harris, 83.
Yarmouth, July 6, Susan Porter, 80.
Halifax, July 10, Wm. Delaney, 23.
St. John, July 9, William Seely, 84.
Halifax, July 9, Margaret Fader, 84.
Windsor, June 29, Lena McPhee, 15.
Millville, June 17, Thomas Ross, 73.
St. John, July 12, James McGuire, 77.
Upper Stewiacke, Abigail W. Cox, 69.
Moncton, July 7, Mr. G. A. Barker, 48.
Upper Stewiacke, Barrie Hamilton, 86.
Halifax, July 8, Edward J. Bennett, 67.
Halifax, July 10, John Hensworth, 60.
Florenceville, July 2, Sarah Curran, 76.
Liverpool, July 1, Francis L. Seldon, 66.
Paradise, July 3, Marjorie Daniels, 55.
Yarmouth, July 1, Margaret Hilton, 69.
Moncton, July 6, Margaret J. Hicks, 69.
Chebucto Road, July 2, Wm. Smith, 74.
South Boston, June 29, Ellen Mearen, 25.
Antigonish, July 26, Sarah McMillan, 14.
Elmfield, June 28, Duncan R. McKay, 83.
Campobello, June 26, Sarah J. Wilson, 70.
Kentville, June 30, Laleah Burpee Lovett.
Halifax River, July 5, Clara Fullerton, 32.
St. Stephen, June 27, Atchison Cleland, 72.
Halifax, July 10, Vinita May Sockome, 12.
Dartmouth, July 5, Maynard Cecil Robinson.
Aylesforth, July 2, Mrs. Joanna Rainforth, 70.
Amherst, July 4, infant son of Abner C. Smith.
Upper Stewiacke, June 26, William Dunlap, 75.
Villageville, June 21, Jessamine L. Nickerson.
Ogilvie Wharf, Kings, June 24, Wm. Ogilvie, 91.
Guysborough Co., June 4, Thomas Henderson, 62.
Sydney Mines, June 24, Roderick McKinnon, 79.
Brooklyn, Queens, July 1, Samuel D. Forbes, 38.
Barney's River, June 30, Mrs. Alex. Bannerman, 49.
Musquodoboit Harbor, June 17, John E. Williams, 24.
Indian Point Judique, June 18, Hugh McDonnell, 51.
Preston, July 1, Bertha, grandchild of Thos. Ross, 17.
Congregational Bank, Lunenburg, W. E. Jenkins, M. D., 37.
Cambridgeport, Mass., June 29, Mrs. G. W. McKinnon, 42.
Pleasant River, Queens, June 27, Mrs. Annie C. Brown, 47.
St. John, July 10, Beatrice, widow of the late Robert McJunkin, 19.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
3 CHEAP EXCURSIONS
TO THE
CANADIAN NORTH WEST.
Second class return tickets for sale from points on lines of C. P. R.; D. A. R.; and C. P. R. in New Brunswick on June 28th, July 13th, and 18th, only, good for return within two months at following low rates, viz: To Deloraine, Reston, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosejohn or Winnipegosis \$38.00; Regina, Moose Jaw, or Yorkton \$40.00; Prince Albert or Calgary \$35.00; Red Deer or Edmonton \$40.00; Extension of time can be arranged at destination, not to exceed two months, on payment of \$5.00 additional for each month or part thereof.
Further particulars of ticket Agents or on application to
Further particulars, Sleeping car accommodations reserved, etc., on application to
A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.



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In process of manufacture that is not only pre-eminently comfortable and durable but absolutely sanitary.

THE PATENT FELT MATTRESS
\$15.00 (FULL SIZE)

It contains no animal fibre, but is composed entirely of light and buoyant layers of specially prepared Cotton Felt, turned in fine satine ticking. Write to the undersigned for the names of the furniture dealers who handle it in your town.

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Samples at W. A. COOKSON, St. John.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

Fredericton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Stmr. Olivette will leave Indian town for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indiantown,

Monday at 5:30 a. m.
Tuesday at 5:30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.
Thursday at 5:30 p. m.
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton,

Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Leave St. John at 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 10:15 a. m.

Leave Digby at 1:45 p. m., arrive St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Leave, Halifax 6:30 a. m., arrive in Digby 12:28 p. m.
Leave Digby 12:40 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:10 p. m.
Leave, Halifax 8:45 a. m., arrive Digby 1:35 p. m.
Leave Digby 1:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:45 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arrive Digby 11:45 a. m.
Leave Digby 11:55 a. m., arrive Halifax 5:45 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth 8:35 a. m., arrive Digby 10:25 a. m.
Leave Digby 10:30 a. m., arrive Halifax 5:35 p. m.
Leave Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 8:30 a. m.
Leave Digby 8:30 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4:50 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B. express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:30 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.35
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Pictou, and Campbellton.....18.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.