

The Daily Herald.

VOL. IX.

FREDERICTON N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1904

NO. 183

HOW HE WON THE KING'S PRIZE.

Private Perry of Vancouver, a Hero at Bisley.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE EXCITEMENT AT THE CLOSE.

What the Prince Said to Him.

The English mail with full descriptions of how the King's prize was won for Canada arrived today. The London Daily Post gives the best account. It is as follows:

Bisley Camp, Saturday, July 23. The Prince of Wales, president of the National Rifle Association in succession to the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princess, came to the camp this afternoon and saw the final shots fired for the King's prize. He also warmly grasped by the hand the winner of the gold medal—Private J. S. Perry, of the Canadian team. For the second time in the history of the association the chief prize goes to Canada, Private Hayhurst, a Dominion rifleman, having won it in 1895.

Shooting for the King's.

The volunteers who had shot their way into the charmed circle of "The Hundred" in the final stage of the King's prize, assembled to do battle for the gold medal half-an-hour after mid-day, and the shooting went on without interruption to the end, the usual luncheon interval being dispensed with. The weather was of the brilliant description with which the meeting has been favored throughout. The warmth of the sun's rays was softened by a steady gentle breeze which blew from the left rear of the firing point. A seven o'clock wind is what marksmen call it, the dial of an imaginary clock playing an important part alike in their descriptions of wind and the registry of their scores. The targets, too, were free from "mirage," the bullseye standing forth in bold relief.

These conditions were wholly favorable to high scoring, and at the three distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, the record of marksmanship was excellent. At 800 yards one competitor, Lieutenant Peddie, of the London Rifle Brigade, dropped one point only in a possible fifty. The Rev. J. C. Ferguson-Davie, the chaplain of the Punjab Light Horse, who won the silver medal, dropped nine points, but was still "equal first" at the close of the distance, the best aggregates to date being: Private J. Davies, 1st Welsh, and Rev. J. C. Ferguson-Davie, 233; Lieutenant Peddie, London, London Rifle Brigade, Major MacDonald, Queen's Edinburgh, and Private R. R. McGowan, 3rd Lanark, 232; Color-Sergeant Irvine, New Zealand, and Private A. Stewart, 1st Royal Highlanders, 230; W. G. Robertson, Queen's Edinburgh, and Private S. J. Perry, Canada, 229; Quartermaster Fraser, Banff Artillery, and Color-Sergeant Williams, 3rd Glamorgan, 228.

At the 900 yards range Sergeant Irvine only lost three points and got on level terms with the silver medalist, Davies losing nine and falling into sixth place. The seven leading men now were Color-Sergeant Irvine and the Rev. J. C. Ferguson-Davie, 277; Robertson and MacDonald, Queen's Edinburgh, 276; McGowan, 275, and Davies and Perry, 274.

The Finish.

While the last rounds were being fired at the final distance of 1,000 yards, the Prince of Wales, who was in general's uniform, walked from the Council Club Pavilion to the range, while the Princess drove in her carriage, the hood of which was raised, as a slight rain was falling. Fortunately the break in the weather was but momentary, and the Prince declined the offer of a waterproof coat. Accompanying his Royal Highness to the firing point were Earl Roberts, in field marshal's uniform, Major-General Lord Chelmsford, chairman of the council, Earl Waldegrave and Brigadier-General Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, ex-chairman. At the moment of his Royal Highness's arrival Private J. Pownall, of the 2nd King's Liverpool Regiment, had just completed the fine range to-

tal of forty-nine points and looked a likely winner.

For a few moments the Prince watched Irvine, the New Zealander, and saw him given a miss, which put him out of the hunt. It was probably a bad cartridge which brought about this accident and caused the bullet to drop short. The New Zealander had started with three bullseyes and was generally considered to have a good chance.

Where Perry Showed Up.

The actual winner was not long in disclosing himself. Perry, the Canadian, had never left the inner ring, and all his inners were quite close to the bullseye. With a range total of forty-seven his aggregate amounted to 321 points. Pownall had already finished two down, and none of the other competitors who were still firing could equal the Canadian's record, even if they made bullseyes every time with their remaining shots. Thus while the rifles were still busy the "bulls" were all in vain, for the coveted prize had been won.

Prince's Congratulations.

Immediately the fact became known beyond dispute that Perry had won Captain Simpson's staff officer, brought him forward and presented him to His Royal Highness, the president. "I congratulate you," said the Prince, warmly grasping the Canadian by the hand, "on having won the King's Prize with so fine a score. I am very pleased to have seen you and I am gratified that for the second time Canada has carried off the Gold Medal." His Royal Highness continued chatting for some time with the victor, asking him questions about his age, his occupation, his shooting record, and so forth, and then he added: "We are all very proud of the loyalty and devotion of the colonies to the Empire." Perry's comrades all this time were in a ferment of excitement. Every Canadian present felt the glow of a reflected glory. Perry alone seemed cool and collected, his youthful face illumined with a radiant smile. He is only twenty-five years old—looks a "beardless boy," in fact. He was born in Toronto, but is now a resident of Vancouver, in the Far Western territory of British Columbia. As one of his comrades aptly remarked: "If the prize had gone any further it would have tumbled into the Pacific." In Vancouver, where he is attached to the 6th Regiment of British Columbian Volunteers, Perry pursues the peaceful and practical avocation of a pattern-maker in a shoe factory. He was at Bisley in 1902, the present being his second appearance at the National Rifle Meeting. He proved his attachment to the Empire by being one of the earliest among the Canadians to volunteer for service in South Africa, and he took part in the furious fight at Paardeberg which ended in the surrender of Cronje and his army. Earl Roberts being apprised of this fact greeted Perry as a comrade, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said: "I shall never forget how nobly and gallantly the Canadians behaved at a critical moment at Paardeberg."

"The Conquering Hero."

Private Perry was hoisted into the chair of "the conquering hero" in which every Gold Medalist is placed, and enthusiastic Canadians deemed it an honor and a pleasure to be permitted to bear him on their sturdy shoulders. At the Princess of Wales' carriage they halted while her Royal Highness shook hands with the winner and smilingly remarked: "I offer you hearty congratulations." Then, with the improvised escort of a surging, cheering crowd, Perry was borne to the Canadian pavilion and various other camps, where his health was pledged. He is a teetotaler himself and drank it in a bumper of ginger beer. The Canadian commandant Col. Anderson, received many telegrams of congratulation on the success of his representative before the victory was many hours old. Among them was a message from Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and another from the Earl of Minto, the present Governor-General of Canada. The news, too, had been quickly flashed by cable to Perry's home in the Far West, for in an almost incredibly short space of time there came a message from Mayor Wiggins, of Vancouver, to say that the city was proud of its citizen. Perry's detailed shots in the third stage were:

800 yards.....5555354353—43
900 yards.....5455453534—45
1,000 yards.....5554545534—47

This represents at the three distances a total of 135 points in a possible of 150. So fine a score has never been made before in the last stage of the King's prize, and taking together the three stages into which the King's is divided Perry scores 321 in a possible of 355. In all he fired seventy-one rounds, with which he scored forty-three bullseyes,

twenty-three inners, four magpies and one outer. His aggregate under present conditions is a record, the nearest approach to it being 311, made by Lieut Davies, of the 3rd Glamorgan, last year's gold medalist.

Important Time in Every Girl's Life.

Is Between Fifteen and Eighteen Years of Age—How to Avoid the Dangers that Arise During this Period.

The mental activity of school life, coupled with the terrible strain that must come during these years, taxes the vitality of even the strongest. A girl at this age often does not understand the physical change she is undergoing. She will in all probability be nervous and puzzled. She should have the benefit of good motherly advice and a long treatment of Ferrozone, which will supply new energy to bear her safely past the critical event. Ferrozone is the best remedy to take in early womanhood, because it contains so much nerve and blood nourishment. It corrects all derangements, cures bearing down pains, nervousness, and prevents headaches. Ferrozone revitalizes young girls, gives them vim, buoyancy, strong nerves and healthy body. Every girl should use Ferrozone, and wise mothers will see that their daughters have the benefit of this health-giving tonic.

Mrs. W. E. Michel, of Richmond, writes: "I can strongly recommend Ferrozone as a good tonic for young ladies. My daughter has been taking Ferrozone for the past six months, and it has worked wonders for her. Before using Ferrozone she was anaemic and nervous and had no strength. But Ferrozone has built up her whole constitution and given her strength and vitality. Of all the tonics I ever used I don't think one of them compares with Ferrozone. It certainly brings health and strength to young girls quickly."

BURGLARS USE CHLOROFORM.

Daring Robbery of Jacob Hoffman's House, Near Beamsville, Ont.

Beamsville, Ont., Aug. 4.—A daring burglary, which included the chloroforming of the inmates of the house, occurred last night. The victim was Jacob Hoffman, whose home is about two miles south of Beamsville. Some time during the night burglars entered the house, making their way in by a window. Going straight to the room occupied by Mr. Hoffman, they chloroformed him, trying a handkerchief soaked with the anaesthetic over his face. While he was unconscious from the effects of the drug the intruders had everything their own way, and made a most complete job of the ransacking of the whole house. Until Mr. Hoffman recovered from the effects of the drug the robbery was not discovered.

When an examination of the place was made it was found that a lady's gold chain, \$25 in bills, four cans of fruit and a half dozen cigars which Mr. Hoffman's nephew had in the house, had been taken. The burglars in their hurry dropped one of the cigars outside.

Putting food into a diseased stomach is like putting money into a pocket with holes. The money is lost. All its value goes for nothing. When the stomach is diseased, with the allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the food which is put into it is largely lost. The nutriment is not extracted from it. The body is weak and the blood impoverished.

The pocket can be mended. The stomach can be cured. That sterling medicine for the stomach and blood, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acts with peculiar promptness and power on the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a positive cure for almost all disorders of these organs, and cures also such diseases of the heart, blood, liver, and other organs, as have their cause in a weak or diseased condition of the stomach.

SLIGHT SPRAINS GROW WORSE

Unless promptly treated. The great strength of Nerviline enables it to quickly cure all manner of sprains and strains. "I sprained my wrist," writes Leonard E. Milford of Rockland, "while working in the mill and had to lay off. I rubbed my wrist thoroughly with Nerviline twice a day and put on a bandage. The pain soon went away and frequent rubbing with Nerviline soon cured. Nerviline is undoubtedly an excellent liniment and the best pain reliever I ever used." Nerviline certainly is extra good. Price 25c.

When a cross-eyed girl tries to flirt, every man in the neighborhood begins to look nervous.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

PORT ARTHUR.

Its Fall Would Shake the Russian Government.

TIME FOR INTERVENTION.

More Conciliatory Attitude of Russian Officials.

The important effect which the fall of Port Arthur would have on popular feeling in Russia, and even on the attitude of the Russian government towards other nations, and a possible intervention to bring about peace, is discussed by Percival Gibson in the following special letter to The London Daily Mail:—

St. Petersburg, July 15.—For three days past the city has been writhing under the suspicion that Port Arthur has fallen. It appears not to be the case. What news there is furnishes deductions that point otherwise to the expert in rumors, but St. Petersburg takes all its rumors seriously and endures unheard-of throes upon each new whiff of unawaited disaster. The hints from the east that have taken the place of news since the beginning of the week have had more effect than all the casualty lists since the war began.

In general, the Russian views the war with a complacency that is half indifference and half ignorance. The authorities have not symbolized it for the interest of the masses, but to a very great extent Port Arthur, ringed about by the enemy and defended by brothers and cousins of the folk who read the newspapers, has assumed the importance of a symbol. It stands for Russia's supremacy in the east. "If this cup should break or fall, etc.," expresses the sentiment with which the masses regard it.

If Port Arthur Falls.

There is superstition in their view, but not superstition alone. Port Arthur is to Russia, so far as street patriotism and fireside statesmanship go, what Gibraltar is to Britain; and its fall would be much more than a dreadful calamity to Russian arms—it would dismay and abash the nation, carry it out of its bearings, and altogether alter the tone in which this uncomprehended and underestimated war is treated. For instance, if Port Arthur falls someone is going to be blamed, and the blame will not be conveyed by a courier in a sealed despatch and framed in cold official circumlocution. It will not be a man, nor a body of men, that will bear it, but a principle, and that the principle of autocracy; a system, and that the system that obtains in the government of Russia. Where great destinies are at stake something you may call Providence ordains that the judges of public men, the people in the mass, shall be clear-eyed, and if the inviolacy of Port Arthur is to prove a fraud deliberately imposed on the people, the adherents of tyranny will be called to answer for the deception, will be judged, and, in the end, as surely as the processes of nature, will be condemned. But, to take the things in their precise sense, that is not to say that the news of the storming of the city will set Russia in a blaze from end to end, that the people will promptly take fire and bring their discredited temples crashing about their ears.

The Germ of Liberalism.

There is too implicit a faith in the safety of the town for a vast and really comprehensive organization of reform to be received and popularized. It is that more than childlike faith that buttresses the autocracy, and by the same token, its removal will leave the system tottering. What the government has to fear is that the masses of the undecieved and disillusioned will have recourse to Liberalism, and so render a revolutionary programme on a large scale both possible and imminent. Liberalism in Russia has always been the solace of the discontented, perhaps not the less so because so far it has had nothing to offer but theories and occasional martyrdom. But with swollen ranks, officered by all the intellectual virility of the empire with money and with a grievance that can be told in three words, it will have greater things within reach—the ideal of democracy, for instance, and representative government, and many other distant thrilling things. It may not be at hand, all this. It

cannot, perhaps, happen tomorrow or next month; but the germ of it is there, ripening inevitably.

Looking to Germany.

The value of Port Arthur to the popular sentiment was well illustrated when the rumor of its capture had currency and momentary credit by the manner in which Russia promptly stretched her hands for help towards her western neighbors. A sphinx-like and ponderous isolation, an inert and somewhat stupid reserve, is the country's favorite and habitual pose. To need no help and have none ready is its ideal. But when it was whispered, first in the public offices, then in the churches, and then told aloud in the streets, that Port Arthur the impregnable had fallen, there was a flutter of thought towards Germany.

"Port Arthur has fallen!" repeated one man breathlessly. Then, after a pause—"Well, Witte is in Berlin."

That, I think, was the significant note. Russia is learning the lesson that it falls to countries to learn sooner or later, that the world, after all, belongs to mankind at large, and no country can continue the hermit system indefinitely. "Play or pay" has a wide application in politics, and had Russia played a little in the past, permitted a more intimate intercourse with other nations, there need have been no war to begin with, or she need not have stood alone as she does now if there had been.

Suppressed Hatred of Britain.

Moreover, I saw—or thought I saw—some time ago the elements of a growing Anglophobia in this city. The newspapers did not begin it, for the censor has his instructions from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs about this matter, though some taste of it certainly entered into their comments on current matters. But there was a tendency everywhere to speak ill of England, to recall hoary fables of the Boer war, even to hiss and hustle Britons who appeared alone in public. John Bull was howled at on the stage, cartooned and caricatured with a venom we know of old, when we see it in Berlin, for instance. There seemed to be no doubt of it at the time, but there is just as little doubt that it has ceased. When reverse followed reverse it diminished; with the tale—since demented—that Port Arthur was in the hands of the enemy it stopped abruptly. It was as though the people saw what the government tries to hide even from itself, that diplomatic intervention to secure peace is the best that Russia can hope for.

A Hepe for Intervention.

Indeed among the upper ranks of the bureaucracy, who have some share in the adjustment of diplomatic relations there is a perceptible movement to conciliate British opinion. It is not easy to quote instances of it, but it is very plain to the resident here, and particularly so to the humble correspondent, who is the conventional scapegoat of the nation he belongs to. There is a new cordiality and a new and delightful submissiveness in the big, haughty man behind the walnut wood desk. One is invited to see this and that for oneself, to aid one in concluding that after all it is a better and more comfortable thing to be a moujik than any other kind of peasant. "Russia is not as black as she is painted. Tell your readers so," is what they say in effect. A pleasant mannered officer put the thing to me in a nutshell quite recently.

"Russia cannot change," he said. "Our system is immemorial. But others can change us if our Ministers had courage to invite them. Now, with this war going all wrong, an invitation of some kind seems inevitable. The Japanese cannot march across Asia and take Moscow, and therefore they cannot beat us to a standstill, and it is clear we cannot beat them. So there will be a good deal of gratitude to spare for any power that will bring this war to an end—at almost any price. If they only knew that!" At present we are waiting for the London papers to find out what really did happen at Port Arthur. The General Staff doesn't know. They are busily asking all callers why Alexieff should write to them, of all the people in Russia. For Alexieff, he it whispered, is never mentioned here without an adjective.

CONSUMPTION IS SCOURGING CANADA

Year by year the white plague steadily gains headway, and why? Because careless people let their colds run into catarrh which in turn becomes consumption. Victims of catarrh needn't be discouraged, for fragrant, healing Catarrhzone permanently cures every type of catarrh. The soothing vapor of Catarrhzone immediately kills the germs that cause catarrh and prevents them from again entering your system. Relief will be quick, cure will be certain, absolute freedom from all trace of catarrh follows the use of Catarrhzone. It is a scientific remedy warranted to cure lung trouble, bronchitis and catarrh. Cure guaranteed with two month's treatment. Price \$1.00 sample size 25c.