AT THE BISLEY MEETING

EMPIRE'S CRACK MARKSMEN FOREGATHER.

Where Two Thousand of the Best Shots Meet as Patriots, Not Pot-Hunters.

At no place in the world is a greater gathering of sharpshooters ever found than at Bisley, writes Frederic Walker in The London Mail.

On the pine-clad Surrey commons there are now assembled the picked marksmen of the empire.

The presence of the men from overseas represents a year's patient shooting, for numbers attending are limited and the competition for selection is keen.

This year the great brigade of sharpshooters is again comprehensive in its collectivism. The sharp drawl of the sons of the pine from Northwest Canada contrasts oddly with the soft tongue of the New Zealander; the rifleman from the Punjab rubs shoulders with the West Indian, while Uganda and the Cape jostle with Paris and Aberdeen.

In no assembly is the mixture of dialects so noticeable, for the harsh burr of the northern counties, the Gaelic tongue, and the purring of the Celt mingle with purest cockney and the strange "bat" from overseas.

A great working hive is Bisley. A thousand men are firing to-day, and two thousand to-morrow. They are the salt of the earth in shooting and between them exists a freemasonry of the gun-barrel, which has no counterpart.

SHARPSHOOTERS ALL.

Most of them could hit the heart at a thousand yards. Great, long rows of prone men lie stretched along the green butts, and the crack of cordite is unintermittent. They handle their rifles as a woman does her child. The rifle is the nursling of the shootist, which may bring him fame or obloquy—fill his purse or empty it.

Bang! Away goes a shot at 900 yards. The white target in the next parish seems in doubt, but finally it shivers and bobs from sight. When the marking dummy comes up it records what has happened—a bull's-eye, or perhaps a bad outer.

If the latter there is more nursing an alteration in elevation, an allowance for windage, and off goes another bullet, whistling its way, to end with a "piff" against the sandy bank of the butts.

"Bull's-eye, Col. Gibson." reads the register-keeper, and the colonel, having found his aim, proceeds to drill out the centre of the target piecemeal.

These are men Mr. Arnold-Foster means to have—men who can shoot an enemy in a landing-boat half a mile from the shore; and to this end he excuses from attending regimental camps every volunteer who will put in a week at the imperial wapenshaw on the gorseland between the Hog's Back and Chobham Ridges.

PATRIOTS, NOT POT-HUNTERS.

This is the final official act of recognition of the value of individual merit in shooting. Years ago a man who made a hobby of shooting was hubbed a pot-hunter. Then war knocked the bottom out of the fetish volley-firing and this was followed by Lord Roberts' eulogy of snap-shooting. Finally, Pall Mall unbent, and after 44 years of consideration placed the hall-mark of official approval on "the shooting volunteer."

But the work is not all on the range. In the statistical office is a small army of postoffice volunteers, sorters in the main, who tackle mountains of score tickets which are rained upon them by mounted orderlies galloping from the firing points. Fifteen hundred tickets for a single big competition take some sorting, and there are over fifty events every day; but, under the deft fingers of the postal volunteers, the pile sinks, the lowest prize-taker is known, and Mr. Caiger's official list is being telegraphed to every paper in Britain.

Nor does the work end with the arithmetic of shooting. A field force of regulars are employed man-handling the targets; and streets of non-commissioned officers to keep the scores at the firing points, sitting out all day until the sun tans their faces to copper-color, despite the giant umbrellas whose peaceful shade they enjoy.

THE RANGE OFFICER.

And there is the range officer duplicated at each group of targets. No pay is too much for the sweat of his daily agony. He answers as many questions as a porter at Waterloo, and is expected by each competitor to answer queries with the memory of a Datas, and to know the family history of every marksman surrendering a competition ticket to him.

Finally, there is Lieut.-Col. C. B. Crosse, who sits at the head of the whole mountain of decentralization; nothing puts him out; his brain is as cool as an icebox and under his hands the great meeting glides along like a well oiled machine to its appointed conclusion.

The council sits under the chairmanship of Lord Chelyesmore, and it comprises the greybeards of the shooting world. The Bisley Committee embraces such officers as Capt. John Barlow, who spends a small fortune every year on encouraging marksmanship; Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, a famous long-range shot; Lord Waldegrave, Mr. Henry Whitehead; Major W. Thorburn, equally renowned with the rifle, and the small arms expert, A. P. Humphry, whose opinion is always sought by the war office.

Between the officials and the marksmen is the colony of the old school, those pastmasters of the art of shooting, who come as spectators to watch the new generation perform.

At the peak of the camp stands a magazine charged with cartridges for the target campaign, and under the watchful eyes of Superintendent Isaacs' detachment of London constables. On the highest pinnacle about the pine and gorse stands the flag-staff with its masthead drum, which semaphores "Commence" and "Cease fire" to every part of the camp. When the drum is down no man may have a cartridge in his rifle, and the air is still. When it is up there is a flight of bullets constantly humming, and sufficient to stop any dervish rush. Tens of thousands of cartridges bury themselves in the high protecting banks every year until the original sand of the butts becomes a seam of lead.

At nightfall is the lead-picker's harvest. The gypsies stalk the pickets, and if successful they spend "a raking night" on the entrenchments. But they rarely elude the patrols as in the old days, and the business of lead recovery is no longer the profitable game which aforetime led the Romany to camp on the fringe of the commons.

JUSTIFIED IN WHAT HE SAYS

WHY J. J. PERKINS OWES HIS LIFE TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Doctor Had Given Him up and he Was Hopeless and Destitute Before the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy put Him on His Feet.

Tyndall, Man., Aug. 8.—(Special)—When a man has had Kidney Disease; when the doctor has given him up; when that man takes Dodd's Kidney Pills, begins at once to recover and is soon a well man, that man is surely in a position to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life.

That is the experience of Mr. J. J. Perkins of this place. Speaking of his case Mr. Perkins says :—

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys and at last became so bad that the doctor who was attending me gave me up and said I was incurable.

"I continued to grow worse. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute when to please a friend I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"The first box did me so much good I felt like a new man and after taking five boxes I was completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys, and cured kidneys cure Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease and all other diseases resulting from impure blood.

CLERGY OF ENGLAND.

The Poverty of Some of Them Is Appalling.

The appaling poverty of clergymen in poor parishes in England is one of the saddest phases of the religious life of to-day. This poverty is not the least of the causes which have led to the accusation of "paganism" being hurled against the country.

Mr. C. Guise Mitford, who, as secretary of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund, is in a position to speak with authority, was interviewed on the subject recently.

"As long," said he, "as the intellectual and social standard of the clergy is kept as low as it is, so long will the churches be empty.

"How can a clergyman who has not enough to eat, nor money to buy decent clothes and books of reference, be expected to do his parish work and preach good sermons, torn as he is with domestic worries?

"The artisan of to-day is a reader, a thinker, and a politician, and he will not attend the church of a clergyman who has lost prestige.

"One of the few remedies for this evil is the compulsory amalgamation of parishes where the clergy are anxious to work, but have no work to do.

"The poverty among the clergy is appalling. I know of one clergyman in the Norwich diocese, the poorest in England, whose living was worth under £40. He lived in a cottage in the middle of a potato field, and supplemented his income by selling old clothing which had been given him.

"He reached his bedroom, with his bed, washstand, and solitary chair, by a ladder. A varsity friend gave him a pair of curtains and these he used to patch up the chancel of his church.

"With Archdeacon Sinclair's remarks about 'Pagan Londoners' I disagree. The man who, after a strenuous week's work, seeks a Sunday in the country, is not a Pagan, and, as a matter of fact, the rows of cycles outside the churches in the country about London will prove that so-called week-enders attend cyclist services by the hundred."

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

SIGNIFICANCE OF PLAY.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all; the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says a celebrated doctor, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities, and are played into shape."

A teacher, questioning little boys about the graduation in the scale of intelligence, asked, "What comes next to man?" Whereupon a little fellow, who was evidently smarting under a sense of previous defeat, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting, "His flannel shirt, ma'am."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Usually when two women quarrel they are both in the wrong.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs.—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH.

Livery Stables, Quebec.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on, and eventually achieves success by close application."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Some men get under a cloud for the purpose of swiping the silver lining.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.

Delegates to the Medical Association at Vancouver can return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the "World's Fair" St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting.

Tickets on sale from August 15th to September 9th, good for return until October 23rd, with stopover privileges in each direction. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate from Toronto will be $70.25. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa.

By writing H. F. Carter, Traveling Passenger Agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 Janes Building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

Singleton—"From what I have seen of your wife, I am led to believe that she is somewhat of a temporiser." Wedderley—"You bet she is. I see her temper rise more frequently than I care to."

None Left To Bother You After Using Wilson's Fly Pads

Sold Everywhere. 10 cents

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand Blue Ribbon

TRADE MARK ISLAND CITY

USE— "ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR PAINTS

Will Dry in 8 Hours.

On Sale at all Hardware Dealers

P. D. DODS & CO., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

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Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

"Ah me!" exclaimed Harduppe. "It's very hard to be poor." "Nonsense!" replied Sinnick. "I find it the easiest thing in the world."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Said the aeronaut, in his balloan:
'I shall see all the stars very soon."
He was right, for he dropped,
And he saw when he stopped
Three millions of stars and a moon!

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—O

He (after marriage)—"I don't know why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father's." She—"Why, my dear, I am." He—"How do you make that out? When I come into the house I have to hunt around for my slippers and everything else I happen to want, but when I used to court you, and your father would come in from town, you would rush about gathering up his things, wheel his easy-chair up to the fire, warm his slippers, and get him both a head-rest and a foot-rest, so that all he had to do was to drop right down and be comfortable." She—"Oh, that was only so he'd go to sleep sooner."

Teacher—"Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct." Little Bessie—"Dick." Teacher—"Dick! What sort of a bird is that?" Little Bessie—"Our canary. The cat extincted him."

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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Moderate Rate Service.

Second cabin passengers berthed in best accommodation on the steamer at the low rate of $40 to Liverpool, or $42.50 to London. Third class to Liverpool, London, Glasgow or Queenstown $15.00.

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Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain either loose or in sheaves.

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CLEANING LADIES' . . . WALKING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

LUXURIOUS FAMILY.

In the house of Mrs. Boehm,, of Chicago, who had taught her seven children to simulate poverty and beg assiduously, were found a piano, pianola, rich rugs, a phonograph, and expensive furniture and draperies.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"Do you think he is really in love with you?" asked Maud. "I don't know," answered Mamie. "He says he is, but his letters don't sound a bit silly."

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

First Guest (at banquet)— "Is this a spring chicken?" Second Guest—"That's what the caterer calls it." First Guest (tasting it)—"Well, he's a prevaricaterer!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Cholly—"Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again." Algy—"I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband." Cholly—"Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncher-know."

Summer Whooping Cough

The children seem to catch whooping cough easily in the summer time when it is always so much harder to get rid of.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

will cure them quickly. There is no injurious drug in it and it is pleasant to take.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.