

MY FIRST SHIPWRECK.

Experience of an Old Steamship Commander.

By Capt. Chas. W. Kennedy.

On a bright August day in 1844 the schooner Margaret, William Thomas, master, laden with a cargo of merchandise from Holland, was proceeding slowly up the British Channel toward her home port, Bristol.

She was a small trading vessel, 120 tons register, carrying a crew of four men, with the captain mate, cook, carpenter, and two boys, one of whom was myself.

Six months before, I, a youngster of fifteen, had left my home at St. Helena and was now serving my first term of apprenticeship with Captain Thomas, to whom I had been bound for four years.

All that day the weather had been glorious. Toward sunset the clouds began to gather in heavy masses to the southeast, and a little later a heavy breeze sprang up from that direction. As darkness came on, the wind increased, blowing a strong gale, and it blew all night.

As morning dawned a dense fog settled down over the vessel and completely obscured everything. Soundings were taken but the captain seemed to get no knowledge of our whereabouts.

When daylight came the sea had changed color. This proved us in shallow water. The lead was hove. The soundings were only twelve fathoms.

"Wear ship!" shouted Captain Thomas in a thundering tone.

The vessel was then under such small sail that she had not way enough to stay her. As she answered her helm and paid off bringing the wind aft, high land was seen astern.

Suddenly the fog lifted. At the same instant the wind changed to the southwest, blowing harder. A cloud of canvas flew into the air. Looking up I saw it was the jib. The vessel lost what little headway she had and drifted heavily to leeward.

As the fog cleared toward the land we looked eagerly in that direction and to our dismay and horror we saw heavy breakers beating so close on us that there was no room in which wear the ship round.

The captain at once gave orders to clear away the anchors. The mate went forward with an axe and cut the lashings of the one on the port side. As soon as the cable had been cut the starboard anchor was cut adrift and thirty fathoms of cable run out.

The order was then given to "hoist on." As this was obeyed the port cable broke. The schooner immediately swung around bringing all her weight on the starboard cable. The latter, unable to withstand the strain, parted, and then we were left entirely to the mercy of wind and sea.

Nothing less than a miracle could save us. It was impossible to see whether we were driving onto a sandy beach or onto the rocks. The suspense was short. A tremendous sea came rolling towards us. Striking us with terrific force, it lifted us high on its crest and carried us forward toward the breakers and then drove us with a crash onto the sandy bottom, and at the same instant down came the foremast, taking with it the jibboom and bowsprit, and all disappeared together into the sea.

Wave after wave washed over us in quick succession. The mainmast was split, and the noise made by it as it was beaten about by the gale was deafening. All we could do was to hold on for dear life.

At last one sea heaved higher than all the others lifted the ship bodily and then dashed her down with a giant's strength onto the sand. The bottom was stove in and she began rapidly to fill with water.

The captain ordered our own life-boat lowered. Then turning to the crew he shouted, for the roaring of the wind was terrible, that he with four of the men would set out for shore and after landing himself he would send the boat back for the others. We had no other alternative: we were compelled to submit.

The captain, mate, and three of the men sprang over the side, took their places, and pushed off. As the little craft rose and fell in that frightful sea it seemed doubtful if they could reach the shore.

Dumb with terror I had watched the whole proceedings. I could only cling to the sail and by the sheer strength of my hands and arms save myself from being carried overboard, as sea after sea swept over us.

I strained my eyes now until it seemed as though they would burst, to follow the movement of that little boat on which our lives depended. She seemed a mere speck upon the waves. Suddenly she rose to a surprising height then disappeared altogether. The next moment I saw the men struggling in the water. The boat was broken into pieces, for the fragments were brought out to us.

Every one for himself was now the cry throughout the ship. How far from shore we were I could not tell. We had to take our chances. Although a good swimmer I knew that in such a tremendous sea I should be powerless. There was, however, but the one thing to do.

Raising my hands, before me and pressing them firmly together, I drew a long breath, then sprang from the schooner's rail down into the water beneath. When I rose to the surface I tried to swim. It was impossible as I had foreseen. I was like a child in the grasp of a monster. The waves tossed me up like a plaything and carried me on—I could not tell how or where.

Suddenly a great black object loomed up before me. It was part of the wreck. I tried to ward it off, but I might as well have tried to ward off the schooner itself for the sea lifted me up and dashed me onward and the great mass struck me a heavy blow over my eyes—a flash of lightning gleamed, then all was darkness and a blank.

How long after I could not tell, a strange sensation came creeping slowly over me.

A low murmur of voices reached my ear. I was bewildered and benumbed, but soon the truth began to dawn and I knew that wherever I might be I was not dead. Powerless to speak or move, I opened my eyes—which were large and dark—and fastened them upon the faces around me. With screams of fear all turned and ran, leaving me there alone.

Not in the least understanding the cause of their fright, I closed my eyes and endeavored to recall all that happened. Little by little each event came back to my mind up to the moment I was struck by the floating timber.

Again looking around I discovered that I

was lying on a bed of straw in a large barn. How I could have got there was yet a mystery. While attempting to understand how it came about, my ear caught the sound of a heavy footstep on the board floor. Raising my eyes, to my great delight I recognized the mate of the schooner.

"Well, Jack, yer ain' dead yet, are yer?" said he coming to my side and bending over. "We'd all gin yer up, and the people here tho't yer was a sperrit!" laughing to himself as he made this encouraging observation.

"Where am I?" I faintly inquired, and made an effort to rise, but could not. Every bone in my body ached and my limbs were so stiff and cold that as I sank back on the straw the tears welled up and overflowed.

"Cheer up, Jack, yer'll be all right in a day or two," said the mate as he again bent over me. He felt my limbs, and finding none of them broken, thought sincerely that a few days' rest would set me on my feet again.

I learned that we had been wrecked on the coast of Wales. None of the ship's company had been lost. Several were more or less bruised and lame, but no one was so badly injured as myself. Some of the people saw me as I was being washed ashore and had hauled me in. Supposing that I was dead—for I bore every appearance of death—they had carried me into the barn and left me while attending to others.

The schooner was rapidly breaking up. Her masts were gone, her bottom stove in, and the cargo was fast coming on shore. After giving me these details the mate left the barn to obtain assistance in removing me to a more comfortable place. In a short time he returned with three men. I was carefully lifted from the floor, placed upon a stretcher, and carried into the farmhouse.

As we were about to enter an old woman, her face glowing with kindness and sympathy, came to my side and said something to me in Welsh. I could not understand a word that issued from her lips, but there was no mistaking the expression of her eyes.

She guided the men into a warm, comfortable room, and I was lifted from the stretcher and placed on the bed. The pain was too great for my endurance and I fainted.

For several days no one supposed I would live. All that pity could do was done for me by these kind Welsh people. Day and night they watched by my bed, and though all communication was made by signs, I felt that I was in good hands. But at the end of two weeks I was able to report to Captain Thomas, who was staying a short distance away, and in a few days I was again on the sea feeling no bad result from my first shipwreck.

DOCTORS' STORIES.

Unpleasant Experiences in Medical Attendance.

"Doctors have some mighty queer experiences," said a prominent physician the other day while speaking of the odd character men in active business life occasionally meet. "I guess if I hadn't worked a pretty respectable game of 'bluff' a short time ago I would have been badly used up. I was sent for in a hurry to attend the care of a woman in a family which I had never heard of before. As a rule physicians will not take the risk in serious cases unless they know the persons or have some one identify them. I hesitated and recommended some one else whom I thought would respond, but the man—it was the husband of the sick woman—went away angry, and a short time afterward he sent for me and I finally decided to go and trust to everything being all right. When I reached the house the husband opened the door and greeted me pleasantly as I entered. Once I was inside, however, his manner changed, and locking the door he placed the key in his pocket and began to abuse me, finishing with a blood-curdling oath and a remark that he proposed to thrash me to within an inch of my life. He was a big, brawny fellow and I was scared, but placing my hand on my hip pocket in a suggestive way I commanded him to open the door. It was then his turn to become frightened, and he did as I ordered. Then I made him back through the door, down the stoop and into the street as far as the curb. Then I hastily sprang into the carriage and drove away. I guess I was more relieved than he, too."

Another physician who joined the group had a story to tell. He was called to attend a man whom he had often treated for epilepsy and a mild form of insanity, and on reaching the house was surprised to find his patient dancing about the room with an open razor in each hand and howling for some one to come and get slashed. No amount of coaxing was of any avail and the doctor went for a policeman. When the latter arrived he declined to enter the room, as he said that in order to disarm the man and protect himself he would probably have to injure him. The physician then decided to enter alone, and pushing the door open he walked in. The man inside was not half his size, yet he rushed at him with the wide open razors over his head and—the doctor felled him with a chair, the policeman and others jumped into the room, the patient was disarmed and put to bed and in forty-eight hours was apparently in good health. He afterward became so violent that he had to be taken to the asylum.

Canary Captured by a Spider.

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in and around Santa Ana, Cal., is astonishing. One of them had in captivity in a tree in that town not long ago a wild canary. The ends of the wings, tail and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely dragging up the bird by an ingenious pulley arrangement. The bird hung head downward and was so securely bound with little threads that if he could not struggle, and would have soon been a prey to its great ugly captor had not an onlooker rescued it.

Ages of British Statesmen.

Lord Palmerston died in harness, but he died on the eve of his eighty-second birthday. Chatham died at 70, Fox at 57, Pitt at 47, Cummings at 58, and when Sir Robert Peel met with his fatal accident he was 62. Earl Russell attained the good old age of 86, but did not hold office after he was 74. Lord Beaconsfield died at 77. Gladstone is 83.

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

Relief Comes When Hope Has Almost Fled.

An Ex-Councillor of Oso Township Tells of His Release From Suffering—His Neighbors Verify His Statements—A Marvellous Cure That is Now a Household Word.

The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoy for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favorite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said, "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago."

Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, said, "we are aware that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the Township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man, who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents, a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them; they are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Capt. John Mackay, one of the oldest residents of Hamilton is dead.

St. Catharines expects a boom in building and other trades when spring opens.

Mr. Robert Duncan, a well known Hamilton bookseller and stationer, is dead, aged 55.

Three car loads of turnips per week are shipped from Guelph to the United States.

Mr. John J. Macdonald, the well known contractor, died in Montreal the other morning.

Thomas Kenay, a convict from Guelph, walked in Kingston penitentiary by cutting his throat.

The Quebec Government bill to put an end to the system of pensioning public officers has passed its final reading.

Judge Loranger has quashed the injunction by which the mayor and aldermen of Montreal were prevented from taking their seats.

Mrs. Mary Boyer, aged 91, slipped on an icy walk in St. Catharines a few days ago and sustained injuries which caused death.

Ex-Mayor Clarke was recently presented with the chair in which for four years he sat as mayor of the city of Toronto.

Mr. Tarte, the member for L'Islet, took his seat in the Dominion House of Commons Tuesday.

At the close of the present session of the Quebec Legislature, Lieutenant Governor Chapleau and Madame Chapleau will leave Spencerwood for a tour through Europe, which will occupy several months.

The city of Montreal has at present two mayors. Mr. Desjardins has been sworn in to fill the office, but Mr. McShane denies that there is a vacancy.

Aspecial of the Canada Gazette just issued contains an order in Council abolishing the alleged discrimination in canal tolls against the United States.

Principal Dawson, of McGill University, is at present in St. Augustine, Fla., and news has been received that his health is improving.

W. G. Reid of Montreal, has been awarded the contract for the construction of an iron span bridge over Red river between Winnipeg and St. Boniface.

The Managing Board of the Montreal Protestant House of Industry has decided to establish a Home for Incurables on the Molson farm at Longue Pointe.

Live stock exporters in Montreal have received definite word from Washington that Canadian cattle will not be permitted to pass through the United States for export to Great Britain.

The thirty-second annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association will be held in the Educational Department buildings, Toronto, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 4, 5 and 6.

At the annual meeting of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, held in Montreal, it was decided not to pay a dividend at present but to commence to pay them next summer.

Mrs. H. T. Stevens, who is charged with manslaughter in having caused the death of her adopted daughter, Mabel, at Moncton, N. B., has been committed for trial. She will be released on three thousand dollars bail.

A Mrs. Pilkington, of London, England, has sent a letter to the Mayor claiming the right to collect ground rent for the whole City of Toronto, basing her claim on an alleged grant of the land on which the city is built by King George III. to her grandfather.

The auditors appointed by the County Council of Dufferin, Ont., to make an examination of the books of the late treasurer, Mr. A. T. Haun, who was found dead in a hotel at Buffalo recently, have reported that no errors were found.

In response to the representations of the Montreal Board of Trade the Provincial Treasurer of Quebec states that the Government can make no alteration in the new tax law until it is seen how it works, and reports are received which will show what changes may be necessary.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, it was resolved to ask for a Dominion Government grant of \$10,000, as it is intended to make the show of 1893 specially attractive, in the anticipation that many visitors to Chicago will also visit Toronto.

GREAT BRITAIN.

John F. McCarthy, M. P. for middle Tipperary, is dead.

The death is announced to-day of Mr. Louis John Jennings, Conservative member of the House of Commons for Stockport, England.

Dr. Kempster, a special health officer of the United States, who has been making a tour of inspection through Russia and Germany, told a newspaper representative in Berlin on Saturday that the present year will witness a fierce outbreak of cholera all over the Continent.

Mr. Gladstone is opposed to any measure restricting the immigration of destitute aliens. He argues that Great Britain exported more working people than it imported, and that any restriction would afford other nations an excuse to stop the entrance of British emigrants to their Dominion.

The Allan steamer Pomeranian, from Glasgow, January 27, via Moville, for New York, has returned to Greenock. While over eleven hundred miles westward she encountered a hurricane, and a mountainous wave swept her deck, fatally injuring the captain and carrying out to sea the first and second mates, two stewards, two quarter-masters, and five passengers.

A deputation of eighty representatives of Scotch public bodies waited upon the president of the British Board of Agriculture and urged a removal of the embargo on live Canadian cattle. The reply was that a decision would be given on the receipt of further advice as to the health of the Canadian herds and as to the intentions of the Dominion Government regarding the importation of cattle from the United States.

UNITED STATES.

The drain of gold from the United States for Europe is causing some agitation among the New York bankers.

The overdue steamer Tauric, from Liver-

pool, arrived in New York on Saturday evening. The delay was caused by heavy gales.

David Richardson, of Alton, Ill., has just died, making 30 persons who lost their lives in the terrible railway calamity at Wann, Ill., a short time ago.

George Silvey, assistant postmaster at Spokane, Wash., killed himself the other day by sending a bullet through his brain. He was short in his accounts \$7,100.

The will of the late James G. Blaine has been entered for probate. It was executed in Washington on January 7 last, and practically leaves everything to Mrs. Blaine.

By the fall of an immense block of stone in the marble quarry at West Rutland, Vt., on Saturday, seven men were instantly killed and several others seriously injured.

Bear will be sold in every building on the World's Fair grounds at Chicago, and it is expected 50,000 barrels, or \$50,000 worth, will be consumed. There will be 87 booths.

Cold and snows still continue in Montana, with the temperature ranging from zero to 20 degrees below. Reports from the cattle growing sections indicate that stock has suffered severely.

William Worrell, one of the oldest circus clowns in the world, and father of the famous Worrell sisters, is dying at Orange, N. J. He was born in England seventy years ago.

Kate Horlacker, a girl of sixteen, is in prison in Philadelphia charged with attempting to poison her uncle and his family that she might enjoy greater liberty and possess some money to which she was heirless.

The boiler-makers' strike in the Brooks locomotive works at Dunkirk, N. Y., has been declared off, and the strikers are applying for their old positions. As fast as places can be made for them they will be taken back.

A despatch from Minneapolis states that a flour trust has been formed, and that most of the spring wheat millers in Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and tributary points have joined the organization. A new list of prices is to be made after the next harvest.

The United States Government has notified Minister Stevens that his action in establishing a protectorate over Hawaii is approved. A special to the *Mail* says that it is no longer a matter of doubt that a treaty of annexation has been concluded between the United States and Hawaii.

The United States Secretary of State, complying with the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, has instructed United States consuls in Canada that cars entering the United States from Canada under the consular seal system must be sealed by the consuls themselves or by some official of the consulate, and not by unofficial persons.

GENERAL.

Twenty-two houses have been burned at Hastings, near Napier, New Zealand.

The coffee and cocoa crops in Ecuador have failed, and a famine is threatened.

There is great misery in Queensland, owing to the floods. The damage is estimated at \$15,000,000.

Bush fires are doing great damage in many parts of Victoria, Australia. Crops and homesteads have been destroyed.

The Anchor line steamship *Trinacria* was wrecked at the same spot on the Spanish coast where the British cruiser *Serpent* was lost, and only seven of those on board were rescued.

Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps were sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and Marius Fontaine, M. Cottu, and M. Eiffel to two years' each, for swindling and breach of trust in connection with the Panama frauds.

Recent reports from Honolulu say the natives favour the restitution of the Queen, and that among the foreign element a reaction has set in against annexation to the United States, the general feeling being in favour of a limited monarchy under an American protectorate.

Recreations of Great Men.

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the pontiff than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to amuse himself in his last days, in his house in Leicester Square with a little tame bird, which, like the favorite spider of the prisoner in the Bastille, often served to while away a lonely hour. But this proved a fleeting pleasure, for one summer morning, the window of the chamber being left open, the little favorite took flight, and was irretrievably lost, although its master wandered for hours in the square and neighborhood in the fruitless endeavor to regain it.



Mrs. Sutherland.

I had Coltre Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured."

MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headaches.