

FASTEST BOAT AFLOAT.

TWENTY-NINE AND A QUARTER KNOTS MADE BY THE DARING.

Description of the Marvel of Marine Architecture Just Added to the English Navy—Her Mission is to Destroy Torpedo Boats, and Apparently She Will Have No Trouble in Doing It—Fast Efforts in This Direction.

That the limit of speed at which a small craft can be driven through the water has not yet been reached is shown in the recent performance of the Thornycroft torpedo gunboat Daring. That vessel has set the pace at 29½ knots, and marine engineers are now confident that even this clipping gait will be excelled by some later vessel of the Daring's type.

The record just established by this marine Nancy Hanks is unapproached by anything that is now afloat. It was reached by steps progressively diminishing. The Havock, which was among the first vessels of this class, was expected to distinguish herself in the way of speed, and she did. She came panting back from a race over the measured course, and bearing with her what was then the record, 26 knots per hour.

The Havock's triumph was shortlived. Before her builders, the Messrs. Yarrow, had time to forget the congratulations they had received, the Ferret, built by the Messrs. Laird, came along and

ECLIPSED THE HAVOCK'S SPEED.

A short time afterward the Hornet, a sister vessel to the Havock, carried the Yarrow flag to the fore again, with the record of 28 knots an hour. The Hornet sported her blue ribbon until the Daring rushed over the course at the rate of 29½ knots per hour, when she had to surrender her hard-earned distinction of being the fastest craft of her kind.

In the official report of the Daring's matchless performance it is stated that the vessel was blowing off steam at different periods of the run. This would suggest that her water-tube boilers, in generating steam faster than the engines could use it, have a reserve of power that her builders may yet find a way of applying. Steam to a vessel that is racing for a record is the most valuable thing on board, and none of it would have been allowed to escape could it have been used in propelling the vessel.

The Daring is the first vessel of a class of five torpedo boat destroyers which are being constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., for the British Government. When completed the quintet will form part of the new "destroyer flotilla" which is the latest departure in the Admiralty naval policy. The mission of these vessels is to overtake an enemy's torpedo boats and

DESTROY THEM BY SHELL FIRE

delivered from a battery of rapid-fire guns. They are also equipped for delivering a fatal blow to larger antagonists. The eighteen-inch Whitehead torpedoes, which can be launched from the bow, have a speed of over 30 knots per hour, and a range of 700 yards. No vessel ever constructed could withstand the explosion of such a mass against her hull, and it is a safe proposition to make to say that a ship which is hit by such a projectile is a ship destroyed.

But the main purpose for which the Daring and other vessels of her class were constructed is to chase and destroy the torpedo boats of an enemy. The torpedo boat itself is, from the very nature of its calling, a speedy craft, and of course for a vessel which is designed to destroy them a higher speed than they can show is essential.

Besides this absolutely necessary characteristic, there were other features which the builders had to consider. The vessel was required to be as small as possible, so as to escape, in a certain measure, the danger of being struck by the missiles of a hostile man-of-war. At the same time it was pointed out that a torpedo vessel should be sufficiently large to cruise at sea, and to carry a battery large enough to penetrate the hulls of her smaller foes.

It is therefore seen that the torpedo-boat destroyer is

A VESSEL OF COMPROMISES.

Take away the limit of size, and marine engineers would find a way of putting sufficient power in the hull to drive the craft through the water at a greater rate than has already been attained. Dispense with the extreme lightness of draught, considered essential from the fact that torpedo boats can flee into shoal waters, and the problem of high speed becomes simpler still.

In the Daring the Messrs. Thornycroft pride themselves in having produced a vessel that meets all requirements. She has high speed, her size is none too great, and the battery which she will be able to mount can throw a concentrated hail of missiles at a range beyond that of any of her smaller foes.

The vessel measures 185 feet in length has a beam of 19 feet, and a draught of 7 feet. The engines are of a novel type which the firm has recently patented. In constructing them the object sought for was to so arrange the position of cranks and cylinders as to reduce the unbalanced forces to a minimum. This has been successfully achieved. The boilers are three in number, and are of the improved Thornycroft water-tube type. They are capable of generating steam from cold water within fifteen minutes.

The torpedo destroyer must not be confounded with the torpedo boat. The two are distinct types. The chief distinction is that the former can cruise and the latter cannot. The torpedo boat is the acknowledged superior of the torpedo destroyer in every other respect. The British Admiralty intends to add these vessels in large numbers to the navy list. Lord Brassey is of the opinion that

TWO TO EACH BATTLESHIP

and twenty-five for coast defense would not be too many.

The same authority credits the Germans with making the first attempt to construct torpedo-boat destroyers. They began in 1870, he says, with the Zieten, which was built in England. Italy followed with the Pietro Micca, Sweden with the Ron, and Austria with the Zara. All were failures

so far as speed was concerned. In 1882 Germany launched the Blitz, which, with a tonnage of 1,380, attained a speed of 16 knots per hour. The Griet, which came next, had a speed of 23 knots. Then France entered the lists with the Condor, which was launched in 1885. With a tonnage of 1,240, that vessel attained a speed of 17.3 knots.

England, conservative, as of old, was the last to adopt the type. Her navy officers finally saw the value of the craft, and the vessels of the Scout class were authorized. These vessels were overweighted with armament, rolled heavily in a seaway, and did not have the manoeuvring qualities desired.

France again took the lead in 1896, and, in the Bombe class, designed vessels of a more suitable type. The Leviers, subsequently constructed, were an advance on anything that had been built, and the Cassini class, which followed, eclipsed their predecessors.

Following the lead of France, all the maritime nations of Europe commenced to build torpedo-boat destroyers. England began the construction of the Sharpshooter class, but the type was not wholly satisfactory. Italy frittered away considerable time and spent a deal of money to discover that vessels of her Tripoli type were too light in construction to be of much use, and then larger and stronger vessels were ordered.

GENERAL WOLFE'S ADDRESS.

Issued on His Arrival in the St. Lawrence, 1759.

The following is a copy of the address issued by General Wolfe on his arrival in the River St. Lawrence, 1759.

"The King, fully exasperated against France, has set on foot a considerable armament by land and sea, to bring down the haughtiness of that crown. His aim is to destroy the most considerable settlements of the French in North America; it is not against the industrious peasants, their wives and children, nor against the ministers of religion that he designs to make war. He laments the misfortunes to which this quarrel exposes them, and promises them his protection, offers to maintain them in their possessions, and permits them to follow the worship of their religion, provided they do not take any part in the difference between the two crowns, directly or indirectly. The Canadians cannot be ignorant of their situation. The English are masters of the river, and blocking up the passage to all succours from Europe. They have besides a powerful army on the continent under the command of General Amherst. The resolution the Canadians ought to take is by no means doubtful; the utmost exertion of their valor will be entirely useless and will only serve to deprive them of the advantages that they might enjoy by their neutrality. The cruelties of the French against the subjects of Great Britain in America would excite the most severe reprisals; but Englishmen are too generous to follow barbarous examples. They offer to the Canadians the sweets of peace, amidst the horrors of war. It is left to them to determine their fate by their conduct. If their presumption, and a wrong-placed, as well as fruitless courage, should make them take the most dangerous part; they only will be blamed, when they shall groan under the weight of that misery to which they expose themselves.

"General Wolfe flatters himself that the whole world will do him justice, if the inhabitants of Canada force him, by their refusal, to have recourse to violent methods. He concludes, in laying before them the strength and power of England, which generously stretches out her hand to them; a hand ready to assist them on all occasions, and even at a time when France, by its weakness, is incapable of assisting them, and abandons them in the most critical moment."

GENERAL WOLFE'S COMMISSION.

James Wolfe, Gent., second lieutenant in Col. Edw Wolfe's Marines—Nov. 3, 1741.

Ensign—12 Foot, Duroures, March 27, 1742.

Lieutenant—12 Foot, Duroures, July 14, 1743.

Captain—4 Foot, Barrell's, June 23, 1744.

Major—33 Foot, Johnson's, Feb. 5, 1746.

Major—20 Foot, Lord George Sackville, Lord Bury, Jan. 5, 1748-9.

Lieutenant-Colonel—20 Foot, Lord Bury, Honoywood, Kingsley, March 20, 1749-50.

Colonel Brevet—Oct. 21, 1757.

Brigadier-General in America—Jan. 23, 1758.

Colonel—67 Foot, April 21, 1758.

Major-General—1759.

Killed at Quebec, Sept 13, 1759, after a glorious victory.

Born Jan. 11, 1726, at Westerham, Kent, England, son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe. "The Conqueror of Canada" in defiance of numberless unforeseen difficulties from the nature of the situation, from the superiority of numbers, the strength of the place and his bad state of health."

A Powerful Dredge.

One of the most powerful dredgers in the world has lately been constructed in Scotland. Formerly, when it was useful to make a channel through rock, it was customary to shatter the obstacle by blast ing and then dredge out the broken material, but recent dredges are sufficiently powerful to cut the way through rock without the necessity of preliminary blasting. The new dredger in question has been constructed to meet the requirements of a new and important channel at Bermuda, and is of special workmanship. It is also described as being the largest in the world, having a displacement of 2,200 tons, and is built entirely of steel; its length is 208 feet, beam 40 feet, and its depth 17 feet 3 inches, dimensions which enable it to go anywhere and face any weather. The dredging gear, ladder, and bucket chain weigh about 100 tons, and are represented as the strongest in the world; the gear has such an excess of strength, indeed, as to enable it to pull up the engine if any insuperable impediment is met with in working, and disaster will thus be avoided. The bucket ladder is fitted with ten powerful buffer springs, to cushion any shocks that may be experienced when the dredger is working in a sea swell. The vessel will dredge to a depth of 45 feet below water level.

STARVATION AND DEATH.

Labrador Indians in Terrible Distress Owing to Scarcity of Game.

Awful tales of suffering and distress, of starvation and death, amongst the remnant of the Indian tribes of Labrador have been received by a letter from a Quebec trader, who has sailed down the coast of the gulf of St. Lawrence to Mingan, on the Labrador coast, one of the headquarters of the Indian hunters when they leave the woods to dispose of the result of their winter's hunt and to obtain supplies for another season. Early last month when the Quebec trader despatched the letter from Mingan there had just returned to that place seven families of Montagnais, or mountaineers, who left a year ago for the northern shores of Hudson bay, the country of the interesting but rapidly dwindling Waskonapi tribe. This remnant of a former mighty race of hunters appears to be rapidly sharing the fate of the Nascapes, who hunt in the vicinity of Ungava bay, of whom the Canadian exploring party, led by Mr. A. P. Low, reported last winter that over 200 of them had

PERISHED FROM HUNGER

during the season of 1892-3, owing to the failure of the chase and of their ordinary source of food supply. The returning Montagnais report that during this very last winter so many entire families of the Waskonapi died in the woods from starvation that their tribe has now almost become extinct. This awful calamity is principally due to the almost entire failure of the caribou of the northern plains, which is the chief food of these Indians in winter.

Other causes are militating against the continued existence of the other Canadian Indians that hunt the interior of the great Labrador peninsula. The letter already quoted from reports terrible destitution amongst the Montagnais, whose summer headquarters are at Mingan. There are some 60 families, all told, in this section of the tribe, but their number is rapidly decreasing. Where the winter's hunt of a family was formerly often worth \$1,000, game and fur-bearing animals have recently diminished so much in consequence of forest fires and other causes, that they seldom now have \$500 worth to bring out of the woods. Up to the present time the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, with whom these Indians traded, always advanced them whatever supplies they required for taking with them into the woods and were unable to pay for. But this season many of them are unable to pay the debts which they incurred with the agent at Mingan last summer. And the company has also notified them that they will have in future to look elsewhere for their supplies since they will make them no more advances.

MANY FAMILIES ARE IN DESPERATION

and know not what to do, and it is probable that the Government will have to come to their assistance. Otherwise the Indians must return to the woods on the approach of winter with no other prospect than starvation and death. The new policy of the Hudson Bay Company toward the Indians, whom it has always endeavored to hold in a state of tutelage, has perhaps been inspired by the discovery that the hunters have, of late, dared to sell some of their skins and make purchases of merchandise from travelling traders upon the coast. Unless, therefore, either Government or other charitable aid be speedily and successfully invoked in favor of these poor people, there will speedily disappear the last survivors of the races that were the original owners of this northern country and the first proprietors of furs that now grace the world's greatest and fairest ones

GOLD FIND NEAR SUDBURY.

It Promises to Become One of the Greatest Gold Mines in the World.

In the spring of 1892 an Indian hunter offered, for a bag of flour, to show a poor Frenchman, who was employed in opening up another claim on the northeast side of Lake Wahnapitae, a rich gold mine. The bargain was made, and sure enough, within a short distance of where they were working, and right beside an old portage trail that had been travelled over by scores of prospectors and others, there it was, on the side of a rising hill. The Frenchman had no money to do anything with the property and he was obliged to give a quarter interest in it to another party to have the claim surveyed out and secured from the Government. Then he did a little preliminary work on it, which showed that the lode was unusually rich in gold. Last spring he sold his remaining three-quarters interest in the property for \$10,000 cash, and now feels rich, "beyond the dreams of avarice." Lately the purchasers have done some more work on it, and with the most astonishing results. The Sudbury journal, in its latest issue, says of this property:—"The whole vein, from the top to the bottom of the hill, is literally yellow with gold, and even the quartz in which no gold can be seen with the naked eye assays up to \$100 to the ton. The gold is disseminated throughout the vein from wall to wall. It is undoubtedly the finest surface show of gold that has ever been discovered on the American continent east of the Rocky mountains, and promises to become one of the greatest gold mines in the world."

A Good Reason for It.

"I just detest that Mr. Bloomfield," said Miss Bellevue to her particular friend. "Why?" "I overheard Mr. Hiland telling him I was to be married soon, and what do you suppose the wretch replied?" "I suppose he said he envied the bridegroom-elect." "Indeed, he didn't say anything of the kind." "What did he say?" "He said, 'Who is the victim?'"

ROMANCE OF THE YUKON.

A Toronto Man Finds Heir to \$25,000—While Roughing It.

The steamer "Topeka," which arrived from Alaska on Wednesday, brought down the story of a strange romance of the Yukon, says the Vancouver World. Thomas Brown, more familiarly known as Shoemaker Brown, is one of the many fortune hunters who went into the wilds of Alaska some years ago in search of the precious gold. He drifted about the many mining hamlets along the Yukon, and finally got into Forty-mile. He had many times told his companions that he had Cherokee blood in his veins, and they always attribute his quickness to resent an affront or use his gun, as due to his Indian mixture. According to the Alaskan News which publishes the romance, William Ogilvie, in charge of the Canadian boundary survey, now under headway, first met Shoemaker Brown on the Yukon river in 1888, little knowing at that time he would become an important factor in sending him back to his home and a joyful family. Mr. Ogilvie camped near Brown's solitary hut for several weeks, and each time they met Brown would enquire cautiously about Canadian affairs. Mr. Ogilvie noticed Brown's preoccupied behavior, and so invited him to come to his camp and spend an evening. Upon Brown finding that his companion had lately been to Toronto, he became less reserved, and seemed debating with himself about making a confession. Prior to that Ogilvie had asked him if it was true that he was part Cherokee Indian, as the fairness of his complexion would warrant such a relationship. But Brown said it was true, and that he had been born on the Cherokee strip, his father being a white man, and his mother a squaw. Finally one evening Brown came to Ogilvie's tent, and said he wanted to have a talk with him alone. Brown slyly stated that he had purposely

LIED ABOUT HIS ORIGIN

for reasons of his own. He was born in Ireland, and his father was living in Toronto, when he left home 18 years ago. He requested Mr. Ogilvie to call upon his father at 8284 Sally street, and tell him where he was. All that time he had not sent a letter or heard a word from home. Ogilvie assented to his request, and the following winter found himself in Toronto. He hunted for Thomas Brown, his friend's father, far and near, for the shoe store on Sally street, but he could find no evidences of the place. There was no Sally street, and the alley of that name had numbers only to 18. He finally gave up the search. One day he was talking with the proprietor of a jewellery store, when an old man walked in and greeted them. He was one of the earliest pioneers of Toronto, and was so introduced to Ogilvie. Thinking he might get some information from the pioneer, he made known his search for the store at 8284 Sally street. The old man replied that the store was at the old location, but Sally street had been changed to Chestnut, in compliance with the wishes of the wealthy residents. Sure enough Mr. Ogilvie found the shoe store at 8284 Chestnut street, with the signboard on the door bearing "Thomas Brown." He walked in a sunny-haired girl of 14 summers stood behind the counter. He could see the striking resemblance she bore to Shoemaker Brown. He inquired about her folks. He finally asked if she knew that Thomas Brown, who had left so many years ago was alive. The girl became all raptures. "Are you Uncle Thomas?" she exclaimed, rushing forward to meet Ogilvie. But when told he was not, but only brought word of him, she still persisted in calling him uncle. "Come, let us go to mamma," she insisted, as he was led away. He sat down in the parlor while the girl ran back to the kitchen and told her mother that

UNCLE THOMAS HAD COME BACK.

The married sister of the lost one rushed in, pale faced, but quickly saw that he was not her brother. Explanations followed. He learned that Brown had left home 18 years ago, and had never been heard from since. It was the constant wish of the aged father to see the boy before dying. Brown had left home because his young wife would make visits to her parents in Michigan, and would compel him to go after her. She also had difficulty with her husband's relatives over trival matters. The abandoned wife had been supported by the old man, and the two children had been given a good schooling. The father and sister made Ogilvie promise to send a letter to the lost Brown, praying him to return home, as there was \$25,000 still intact, his portion of the estate. Ogilvie sent the letter in '90 in care of one McQuestin, to forward it to Brown. It reached McQuestin in '91, but Brown had left the Yukon river for Juneau. The letter followed him out, and in 1892, J. T. Field, the postmaster, handed the letter to him. Brown read it with tears dropping from his eyes, and looking over to Field stated that he was going home to Toronto, as the folks had sent for him. Mr. Ogilvie never learned whether he returned home in time to comfort the declining years of his aged father, who mourned him for dead these many years. The news brought by Ogilvie was not divulged to the wife, as they thought best to relieve her of the long waiting of doubt and despair, before they could hope to reach him and have him home again. In the hearts of that family William Ogilvie ever lingers with heartfelt gratitude.

Benjamin H. Wells, a resident of West Lubeck, Me., in eating oranges several weeks ago, got one of the seeds lodged in his throat, and was unable to remove it. Lately his throat began to swell. He obtained medical advice, and was informed that the seed had sprouted, and must be removed at once. The other day he went to Boston for a surgical operation for its removal, but the report was that Mr. Wells can get no relief, as the seed, instead of being lodged in the throat, is in the lungs and cannot be reached.

A GLASGOW MIRACLE.

A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired Of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Farding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and, to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. "Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, 'Oh, mother, I canna rise to-day,' and before she had got out of the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, 'The poor lassie is very far through.' We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, 'Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all.' One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, 'In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Well, before the first box was empty there was a marked improvement. She persevered and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person on the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs: I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Miss Wood the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her home. "The change," said Miss Wood in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hand."

A Great War Might Occur.

Everyone has been expecting a big war any and every year since France and Germany last engaged. All the great nations have steadily increased their armament since then. But the wise ones have said that the war would be in Europe. Things now look as if it would be in Asia. England and Russia stand to be dragged into the China-Japan struggle. England would have to side with China, Russia with Japan, and once they were in what could stop Germany assisting England if France chose to go to the rescue of Russia? That is why the diplomats of Europe are so intensely interested in the war of two Tartar nations in Asia.

Study in Psychology.

Mrs. Bloom—"Did you ever notice how hard it is to keep from laughing on solemn occasions?"

Bachelor Bounce—"Once."

"I thought likely. Nearly everyone has such experiences. Tell me about yours."

"It was the day I was told that the baby next door was dead."

Ask Their Wives.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As home his footsteps he has turned:
"Clean forgot that I'll be derved."

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cancer. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but my remedies did him no good. I began giving him



Clifford Blackman.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABRAHAM F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.