

RESCUED BY BRITISH TARS.

BRAVE WORK OF MEN OF THE
ENGLISH WAR SHIPS.

Lives Saved by Men of the Blake and Australia—Sons of St. George Honor the Brave Deed by the Presentation of Gold Medals.

(From the New York "Times.")

It was "Rescue Day" with the war fleet in the North River on the 30th ult. Twice between sunrise and sunset a number of human beings would have drowned but for timely assistance and each time British tars played the part of the rescuers, adding considerable to the laurels already won by the British fleet.

Shortly after noon a small rowboat containing James Brown and his twenty-year-old son of 419 West Forty-third street, another passenger, and two oarsmen, put out from the foot of West Ninety-fifth street for the British flagship "Blake."

Just as the little vessel was approaching the gangway of the warship it was caught broadside in a heavy swell from a passing excursion boat. Badly overloaded, the rowboat settled down in the swell, and in a few moments filled to the gunwales, leaving her passengers struggling in the water.

From the "Blake's" decks a big crowd of sightseers watched the accident, and cries of alarm went up. But no one stirred to rescue the imperilled people below, three of whom, Mr. Brown, his son and the passenger, were unable to swim.

They clung to the sinking boat, shouting for help, and as it disappeared under them they threw up their hands and for a moment disappeared under the waves before the eyes of the horror-stricken crowd. As they rose again to the surface they were greeted with encouraging cries, but everybody thought it was all up with them, for the boats that were hurrying toward them in all directions were still so far away that they could not possibly reach them in time. Just then there came a shout from the Blake's skid deck of:

"Hi! Hold on below there!"

There was the shadow of a human form plunging through the air, a splash, and then a bluejacket was seen, striking out for the spot where the boy was vainly striving to keep afloat. In a moment the sailor was beside the lad, and a ringing shout went up from the multitude above as he grabbed the boy about the waist.

Almost at the same instant two other tars were seen to leap from the deck. They made for and reached the other two drowning persons, who were just about sinking for the last time. The tide was running strong, and it was all the three sailor men could do to keep themselves afloat with their burdens.

But they were cheered on by encouraging shouts from the throng on the Blake's deck, from which came the advice to—

"Hold on: help's coming!"

"Hurrah for the Englishmen!"

"Bravo for the Jack Tars!"

"There goes a launch now; hurrah!"

But the launch was distanced by two tugs, the "Indian" and the "Goodwin," which were racing for the struggling sailors. The "Goodwin" got up first and threw a line to the sailor who was bearing up the boy. But the struggle against the tide had been a severe one, and as the bluejacket reached for the line, his hand fell short, and it looked as if both he and the boy would be carried down, when William O'Connor, a Battery boatman, who on the tug "Indian," made a spring from the deck of that vessel which landed him beside the sailor.

Steading himself in the water he gave a hand to the boy, and soon all three were pulled on board the "Goodwin," from whence they were transferred to the "Indian."

In the meantime the other four had also been pulled aboard the "Goodwin," and amid the cheers of the people on the "Blake" the three brave English sailors were put back on their vessel.

They went below to change their clothing as modestly as if nothing had happened worth mentioning. Their names were given by the officers as Robert Halfyard, Richard Hunt, and John Lloyd.

A few hours after this accident on the "Blake" the crew which mans the steam launch of the "Australia" distinguished itself by a plucky rescue. A boat with six persons making for the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the "Australia," was swamped by being washed up against a row of shad poles near the foot of Ninety-first street. The first that those in the "Australia" knew of the trouble was when the shouts of the drowning people were borne to them across the water.

"Help! help! for God's sake, help! we're drowning," came the cries.

The river was fairly alive with boats, but they all happened to be a considerable distance away from the place where the imperilled boat's crew could be seen. Some were holding to the slender shad poles, while the others still had a grip on the sinking boat.

The "Australia's" launch was just making fast to the vessel's gangway with a party of sightseers from the shore aboard, when the yells from the drowning people reached the ears of the helmsman.

Without looking around he called out to the passengers in his little craft to keep their seats and then he gave the tiller a twist, the little engine starting to rattle as if it was going to shake the launch to pieces, and the boat bolted for the scene. While the other craft that had started for the rescue were still putting forth their best exertions, the "Australia's" launch was in the very midst of the drowning men and women, and her crew were pulling the frightened people aboard.

Three of the passengers of the sunken rowboat were taken to the "Australia," where their clothing was dried, and the other three were taken ashore.

These two accidents served to illustrate the danger that menaced persons travelling in small boats about the war vessels. The waters about the men-of-war fairly swarmed with vessels of all descriptions.

Ferryboats, excursion steamers, tugboats, yachts, naphtha launches, steam launches, barges, yawls, ordinary rowboats, and extraordinary rowboats, circled about in endless procession, pressing closely on each other that it seems as if they must run each other down at every moment. And still the supply was inadequate.

On the warships, themselves, especially on the foreigners, the state of affairs was even worse, and if the officers and men had not been the most courteous people in the world, they must have become exasperated. The Britishers particularly were almost overwhelmed. The "Blake" was already crowded from stem to stern when, about 2.30 o'clock, a whole flotilla of tugs loaded to the top with men, women and children came alongside.

"We're the Sons of St. George," shouted some one on the leadening tug, and the officers of the "Blake," who had been advised of the coming visit of this celebrated English society, prepared to receive their callers.

The first man of the society to step aboard was Charles Henry Morton, the President of the Ivy Council. He was greeted at the head of the gangway by Commander Bailey, who extended the courtesies of the ship to the society. Mr. Mortonton replied with a short speech, in which he expressed, on behalf of his associates, the satisfaction the English-American citizens of New York felt in seeing their mother country so worthily represented in the Columbian naval display.

While their advance guard started on the inspection of the ship, the Sons of St. George kept pouring steadily over the side from a seemingly endless line of tugs, until the big war vessel was almost choked and no room was left except in the rigging. Then the order was given to close the gangway, at which a wail of expostulation rose up from the crowded tugs which were still lying alongside waiting to unship their patriotic English passengers.

"But we're Englishmen, don't you know, and it's an outrage if we can't come aboard one of the Queen's own ships," said one passenger in an outraged tone.

"Sorry sir; but them's orders, sir! The lady? Well sir, I'll try, sir," replied the man at the gangplank, in response to a demand that the indignant Englishman's companion be at least admitted. But even the "lady" could not be squeezed through, and the disgruntled British American gave up in disgust, and went over to the other side of the tug.

THEY ALL STOOD UP AND CHEERED.

New York, May 3.—A large party of officers from the English and American war ships lying in the harbor visited the Union Square theatre last night to witness the performance of Wilson Barrett in "Ben-Mi Chree." The English officers occupied the boxes on the left, which were draped with British flags which the boxes on the right, in which the Americans sat, were hung with the Stars and Stripes. The galleries, too, were decorated with national colors and the lobby was filled with flowers and potted plants.

The orchestra played a number of English and American national airs which were loudly applauded. When "God Save the Queen" was played every-

one in the audience rose, and at the close cheer after cheer was given in honor of the British visitors.

VICTORIOUS BRITISH TARS.

New York, May 6.—To-day was a great day for Great Britain. Her tars carried off the honors, winning two of the three international boat races on the Hudson, and coming in a good second in the other race, which was captured by the Russians. Picked crews from all the foreign men of war were out in cutters, whaleboats, galleys and dingies, and they made such a spectacle of races as has never been seen on the Hudson. Americans were barred from competing. The day was perfect. The starting point was off 132nd street, and the finish off 72nd street, between the lines of men-of-war. This gave the crews of the warships an opportunity to cheer their men as they rowed past, and made the decks of the vessels grand stands, from which the races were reviewed.

A PLEASANT AFFAIR ON H. M. S. BLAKE

New York, May 8.—There was enacted a scene on board H. M. S. Blake yesterday that made the hearts of men beat quicker and sent the blood tingling through the veins of three heroes and those who witnessed the fitting reward of bravery in gold bearing ineffaceable inscriptions. It is the fruit born of those deeds of heroism last Sunday, as told above, when three stalwart men jeopardized their lives to save unfortunates who thrown into the turbulent waters of the Hudson.

Three gold medals, bearing suitable inscriptions, were pinned on the breasts of these three heroes; Robert Halfyard and Henry Charles William Hunt of Her Majesty's steamer Blake, and Jas. O'Connor, a Battery boatman.

The presentation was made by the New York lodges of the Sons of St. George, whose members were visitors on the Admiral's flagship last Sunday, when these three heroes were brought to light. It was under the eyes of the Sons of St. George that the battle of life and death was fought, and they chose this method of showing their appreciation of the men's bravery.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Mr. F. P. De Labilliere, in his paper, read before the Royal Colonial Institute, and referred to in the ANGLO-SAXON of April 15th, 1893, says on page 27:

For none of our dominions, old or new, can independence of the Empire be desirable, or even safe, for many long years. It needs no prophetic vision, but only a reasonable estimate of the future growth and circumstances of nations, to enable us to affirm, that for Australia—and what follows may almost word for word be said of Canada and South Africa—it would be perilous to become independent before the year 2,000, but more probably long afterwards it would be unsafe or undesirable. Were Australia at present willing to enter into that position, which would close some of her brightest prospects, without opening any as good to her, she would stake what now seems her inevitable and most desirable destiny—she would risk the now apparent certainty of political unity, even within her own territories—she would tempt the intrusion of other nations, and might have rooted in her soil communities speaking alien languages. Her future might, easily and for ever, be changed; seeing that for years her condition will be sufficiently plastic to take shape from different moulds. For the sake of the individuality she now desires for herself, if for no other reasons, she will do well to secure, on a permanent basis, the organisation of her union with the Empire.

Young communities may, like young persons, pass through a period of existence, when they fancy that the most dignified, proud, and enviable position for them is to stand absolutely alone, and without paternal or fraternal help or support, to do everything for themselves. When, however, the years of hobbledehoyhood—which, happily, are few—are past, the advantages of association and partnership with those nearest of kin are fully appreciated. The good sense, high education, political and general, of the great majority of nativeborn Australians will, doubtless, restrain any minority from placing their country in any absurd or objectionable position—will prevent them from tolerating an undignified spread-eagleism and falling into provincial narrowness—and will clearly demonstrate to them, as to people in all parts of the Empire, that the dignity, development, security, and self-government of its greatest as well as of its least important dominions will be best sustained and safeguarded

by well-organised Imperial unity. Whether England, Canada, Australia, or South Africa shall be the greatest in the future, and to whatever height of national splendour it may rise, its position in the world will be grander, safer, more peaceful and dignified, as a member of the United Empire of Great Britain, than as the greatest fragment of that mighty Power if, unhappily, it were broken in pieces.

In his newly-made grave in that great national historic Abbey—which will continue the common property of our British race so long as they have the wisdom to maintain a United Empire—lies one of the greatest friends of our world-wide people, the late Poet Laureate, who though dead, yet speaks to us; and his words will ever touch the most practical, prosaic commonsense, as well as the highest poetic sentiment of every true son of the Empire when, calling

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole,

he thus appeals to them in lines which cannot be too often repeated:

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!"

And shall we not treasure and even reverently observe this, as if the last dying injunction from a friend?—

Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

Patriotism in London Schools.

A meeting of the London School Board was held on Tuesday. The School Management Committee, having considered the offer of the Earl of Meath to give £50 for Union Jacks to be hung on school-room walls, on condition that lectures of a national and patriotic character should be delivered to the children, and that those who distinguished themselves should be allowed to carry a flag round the room to the tune of "God Save the Queen," recommended that a motion for the provision of flags in all schools, as far as the subscriptions received would permit, should be adopted. An amendment was, however, moved by Mr. Stanley and agreed to, which thanked the Earl of Meath and another gentleman for promises of subscriptions, and accepted the offer of any flags they might present without conditions being attached, declaring also that the Board are anxious to develop in children feelings of patriotism, and were considering how far the study of history and of the records of deeds of heroism would help to form character and to strengthen the sense of civic duty.—London, England, Times.

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