

A HERO OF EIGHTEEN.

England's Famous Boy Captain Tells How He Saved a Ship.

The pages of the sea have given us no finer tale for many a day than that of the boy captain and the Clyde sailing ship *Trafalgar*. It is a story that might have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson or Clark Russell, or by both together.

It hardly need be said that the boy captain, as we have got to call him, is Mr. William Shotton, the son of a sailor, Capt. Stephen Shotton, and a member of a Sunderland family. Among the lanes of Gloucestershire, where Capt. Stephen Shotton now has his home, I had a chat with the boy captain one fine afternoon recently. He is a modest, charming lad of eighteen, as natural as a sailor should be, yet capable at a pinch. I should think of holding his place in the most difficult circumstances.

"Since I came back to the old country I have been having a holiday," he told me, "but I shall be off to sea again by and by." He might have added that he now carries his certificate as a junior officer, and the fates look as if they mean to make him a full-blown skipper before he gets a beard.

"You might tell me, so I may ask one or two questions on them, the main facts of your skipper'ship of the *Trafalgar*."

"Briefly they are these: We were sailing from Batavia for Melbourne in ballast. Capt. Edward died of Java fever while we were lying in Batavia. We left two men ill in hospital and two had deserted, so we sailed with a crew, all told, of twenty-three hands. Mr. Rob-



BOY CAPTAIN SHOTTEN.

erts, who had been first mate, was now in command; we had got a new first mate, Mr. Norwood; a seaman from the fore'sle had been made second mate, and I was ranked third mate."

"And so you put out on October 25 last, I think, for Melbourne?"

"Yes, taking the fever with us, I'm sorry to say. I had been ill of it myself, and suffered a two-hours' attack almost every day until we reached Melbourne. But I was spared, although while the attacks were on I really don't think I should have cared how it went with me. Well, first an able seaman died, then

Mr. Roberts and the carpenter, then Mr. Norwood and then the cook. A desolating business it was, and sadly demoralized the crew, especially as they were left with myself—an apprentice just out of his time, a boy—as the only one on board who could navigate."

"But didn't the prospect appear a tremendous-looking one to you?"

"Really, I can't say that I ever thought of that; perhaps because I had not time; perhaps because while Mr. Roberts and Mr. Norwood were lying ill I had already been navigating the ship. You see, the third mate, with whom I took watch and watch about from the time we lost the other officers, could not navigate; but, frankly, I hadn't any fear about being able to take the *Trafalgar* to Melbourne, and I told the men so. They wanted to make for the nearest port in Australia, but I set my face against that, because it would have involved great expense to the owners. Besides, as I argued with them, if I could navigate the ship to the nearest port in Australia, I could navigate her to Melbourne."

"I believe they didn't work with you just as heartily as they might have done."

"As I have said, the deaths on board and the position we were left in made the men see things very blackly. It was from that fact that any difficulties I had with them arose, not from a desire, I'm certain, to cause difficulties. Anybody who knows what sailors are will easily understand their fidgetiness and the troubles they make as a result of it. If I had been in the fore'sle and seen a lad taking the bearings day after day on the quarter deck, and had I known that he was the only frail guide on the trackless sea—why, I think I might myself have been a trifle uneasy. All the men could have done would have been to take a given direction—the direction of the Australian continent—and bear up for it. Either that or have trusted to being picked up by a passing ship. In the first case, they must run her aground on the first land they touched. It might have been a barren coast, hundreds of miles from civilization. Whatever happened to them, she must have been lost. As to being picked up by another ship—well, the comment on that is that we didn't see one on the whole voyage."

"Naturally, only those on board the *Trafalgar* could really recognize all that was meant in your skipper'ship?"

"We had a good bit of rough weather when we got into Australian latitudes; had sails blown away and so on; but got to Melbourne all right in time for Christmas—on December 17. Immediately they got foot on shore the men forgot all their troubles and couldn't say too kind things to me, as, indeed, it has been also with other people since. The whole affair was, no doubt, strange—and may never occur again—anyhow, in my experience. Perhaps it was not without its risks, but if I had set to doubting about the result we might not have got through as we did, you know."

—Lc a Letter.

LATEST IN BICYCLES.

THE RECENTLY INVENTED AND PERFECTLY UNIQUE BICYCLE CAB.

With a Steersman in Front and a Footman Working Pedals Behind It Can Take You Anywhere Noiselessly and Expeditionarily—A Great Aid to Lovers.

The bicycle is casting its delicate shadow over literature, art, the drama. It has affected science and religion and revolutionized social and industrial life.

Sardou is writing a play in which the Japanese are using bicycles, while the Chinese regard them with a superstitious dread. This is not the reason why the Japanese are wiping up the floor with the Chinese, but it is significant of the difference between the two peoples. The bicycle typifies the higher intelligence; it is the emblem of up-to-date civilization.

Walking along a lonely country road you need never be afraid of a man you meet on a bicycle. But look out for a dark, swarthy man who rides a horse, or a round-shouldered individual with furtive looks who may be, like yourself, a pedestrian.

The man who rides a bicycle will get there every time unless the pneumatic tire explodes. Ruffians and ignorami (new word) never ride bicycles.

The anti-bicycle fiend is one of the most dangerous cranks at large. He is standing in front of civilization waving his hat. The world, in its ponderous onward roll of progress, will not leave the track for this individual. Never try to stop a bicycle which you may see coming down a hill, but sit on the fence and watch it go by.

Hardly a day passes but somebody invents a new kind of bicycle. There are men who know more about bicycles than anything else in this world. Then there is the man who knows the history of the bicycle, and who can tell where and when every new kink and curve of the machine was invented. His whole life is wrapped up in the bicycle and all his thoughts revolve around the ball bearings.

Another queer product of this modern invention is the man who thinks bicycle, dreams bicycle, talks bicycle and who would like to be carried on a bicycle to his grave.

Poems have been written to the bicycle and men have made love on the bicycle and gone off on a bicycle tour for their wedding journey. But one of the disadvantages of this is that the girl is too far off.

Now along comes a man to remedy this defect. He has invented a bicycle cab. The driver in front works the pedals and steers, while a footman, mounted behind, assists the propulsion. This would delight the soul of John Jacob Astor, who in his book looks hopefully to the future when horses will be done away with and everything happens when you touch a button.

The bicycle cab is especially adapted to lovers, who hitherto have regarded the bicycle with disfavor, even for the loneliest roads. It is a sort of sedan chair big enough for two.

You may pull up a blind behind so that the footman may not gratify his curiosity, and there is no horse to kick in the dashboard at the most interesting point of the conversation, while your arms are not engaged in driving and are available for other purposes.

The bicycle cab will be valuable for in-

valids who go out to take the air. You can get more air on a bicycle in a given time than anything else.

By the way, one of the results of the bicycle cab will be that men will cease to ride "on" a bicycle. They will proceed to ride "in" a bicycle, just as naval etiquette requires the officers to say they were "in" a certain ship.

A man can hop into his bicycle cab and be tooled uptown from business. If the weather is cold he can put foot-warmers in, or he might even have a small stove.

Many sedate bankers of middle life would ride a bicycle, but think it undignified. The bicycle cab is just the thing for them, having all the advantages of the bicycle, but with no loss of dignity from



THE BICYCLE CAB.

knee-breeches and precipitate spills into the gutter. You can wear your silk hat in the bicycle cab, which will not even destroy the crease in your trousers.

Ladies can step into the bicycle cab and be taken to ball or theatre. It will be like a reversion to the time of Peppys, when the bucks and beaux of London were carried in their chairs to the gambling-houses and garden parties of the day.

While you may not be able to afford a private carriage, the bicycle cab is within the reach of all. You need only get a couple of men to do the leg work and there you are.

The British Empire.

The British Empire is a political creation unparalleled in the world's history, not only by its extent and population, in both which respects it is slightly surpassed by China, but because, with an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles and with 322,000,000 inhabitants, it is scattered over the whole globe. It embraces all zones from the icy wilderness of Hudson's Bay to the tropical jungles of India and the mahogany forests of Honduras; there is scarcely a product which a British province does not bring forth in excellent quality, and not less various are the degrees of civilization of its inhabitants from the Kafirs of the cape to the highly cultivated citizens of Toronto or Sydney. We find with Christians of all confessions 200,000,000 Hindoos, about 70,000,000 Mohammedans, and 8,000,000 Buddhists; and the Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects represented in the Empire, yet, notwithstanding such promiscuous elements, the Government, with rare exceptions, maintains order and no sign of dissolution is visible.—Forum.

Commercial Nomenclature.

The first value of a code of "commercial nomenclature" was issued from the bureau of American republics recently. Its 842 pages present more than 100,000 business terms, extending from A to machines inclusive, such as are apt to appear in commercial correspondence on the American continent, and neighboring islands, and the customs tariffs and regulations of American countries. The terms are given in three columns, showing the English, Spanish and Portuguese equivalents.

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SORE
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WOUNDS
SORES
Headache
AND
ALL
PAIN

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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THREE RUNNING SORES
PHYSICIANS FAILED
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A SCALY ERUPTION
UNENDURABLE ITCHING
Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B.B.B.

DEAR SIR—After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by a skilled physician but he failed to cure me. I tried three running sores on my neck which could not be healed until I tried B.B.B. which healed them completely, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole. As long as I live I shall speak of the virtues of B.B.B. and I feel grateful to Providence that such a medicine is provided for sufferers.

MRS. W. BENNETT,
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Ont.

GEO. TRIBE,
Stratfordville,
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PURIFIES THE BLOOD

Hobbs Manufacturing Company,
LONDON.

Glass Paper Weights,
Glass Signs for Advertising.
Mirrors and Store Fronts.

ASK FOR PRICES.

TO RUN OVERTIME!

It will be gratifying to the citizens and all concerned to know that on Monday the stone shop of the Bell Organ and Piano Company will commence to run overtime. This is necessary, because the sales in all departments recently have been in excess of the production. It is expected that the brick factory will also be running overtime shortly. Mr. W. J. Bell, the energetic business manager, is to be congratulated on this state of affairs and the manner in which he has pushed the business during the short time that he has been at the head of it. The cable receipts from London are the most satisfactory in two years, which is also very gratifying to the manager. It may also be stated that a large number of new men have been taken on, so that every department is filled.—(Extract from Guelph Mercury, Nov. 24.