

## How British Tars Met Death Were Cool As If On Parade

THE DETAILED STORY OF THE SINKING OF THE VICTORIA BY THE CAMPERDOWN IN NAVAL MANEUVERS IN 1893—ABSOLUTELY NO PANIC—THE SECRET OF THE GREATNESS OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

In Sir William Laird Clowes' "History," details are given of one of the most terrible of British naval accidents, the ramming of the Victoria by the Camperdown fifteen years ago. The account includes the record of Staff-Commander Smith, who, until the very end, was by the side of his chief, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, when he went down with the Victoria on June 22, 1893.

"As the two ships (Victoria and Camperdown) neared one another, the port engine of the Victoria was reversed, and, when about ten points round, both engines were put 'full speed astern,' these directions being given by the commander-in-chief. The two ships rapidly neared one another, and the Victoria, being turned in a smaller circle than the Camperdown, was slightly in advance of the latter, so that the stem of the Camperdown struck the Victoria on the starboard bow, about ten feet abaft the anchors, at about 3:34 p.m.—the angle between the lines of keel of the two ships being about six points, or 45 degrees."

"When the collision appeared to be inevitable, the order was given to close water-tight doors; and, as the two ships struck, the order was given—'Out collision-mat.'"

"The Camperdown backed astern, and exertions were made to get the collision-mat over the hole, but the ship settled so quickly by the head that this could not be done. In the meantime (the captain having left the top of the chart-house by order of the commander-in-chief to see about the water-tight doors), it was thought that the ship, being struck so far forward, would keep afloat for a considerable time; and being then in deep water (70 to 80 fathoms), it was considered desirable to steer for shallow water—the nearest part of the reef-fathom line bearing about south, distant four and a half miles. The ship's head was turned in that direction by going astern with the port engine and aboard with the starboard, so as to clear the Nile, the helm being still hard a-starboard. As soon as the ship's head was pointed clear of the Nile, both engines were put ahead, and the revolution telegraph put to 38 revolutions, or seven knots."

**LAST WORDS.**

It was impossible to get the collision-mat over the hole, and Sir George Tryon was forced to convert himself with having all the apertures in the low-lying forward deck closed. The men worked at this until the water reaching to their waists, they had to be called in. Meanwhile, the bows of the Victoria continued to sink while she took a list to starboard. "At this time (immediately after the engines had been put ahead)," the narrative continues, "the commander-in-chief remarked to the staff-commander, 'I think she is going.' The latter replied, 'Yes, sir, I think so.' The commander-in-chief then ordered the signal to be made, 'Send boats,' and turning round to give these orders to the signalmen who were on the fore-bridge about the funnels, he saw one of the midshipmen standing near the standard compass, and said to him: 'Don't stop there, youngster; go to a boat.' These were probably his last words, for a few moments after this the ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard, and then turned over almost instantaneously. The staff-commander went down with his chief, but he was subsequently saved. His watch was found to have stopped at 3:44:30, so that in all probability only ten minutes elapsed between the collision and the total disappearance of the Victoria. During this time, Captain Bourne, in his evidence at the court-martial in connection with the loss of the Victoria, said:

**THE SPIRIT OF THE MEN.**

Such are the details of this great calamity—details that vary in the cases of the Royal George, the Birkenhead, and of so many other vessels of the royal navy which have been lost in peace. But there is something that never varies, something that links the Royal George to the Tiger, and that is the spirit of the men. Captain Bourne, in his evidence at the court-martial in connection with the loss of the Victoria, said:

"There was absolutely no panic, no shouting, no rushing aimlessly about. The officers went quietly to their stations, and everything was prepared, and the men were all in their positions for hoisting our boats or performing any duty that may have been ordered."

The men on the forecastle worked with a will until the water was up to their waists, and it was only when they were ordered aft that they left their work to fall in on the upper deck. . . . In the case of the men working below I was a witness to their coolness. When the order was passed there was no haste or hurry to desert the flat. I can further testify to the men below in the engine-room. In the starboard one, all were there, the artificer and the stokers. I am sure that those in the port engine-room and the boiler-rooms were equally true to themselves. . . . In all the details of this terrible accident one spot especially stands out, and that is the heroic conduct of those who, to the end, remained below, stolidly, yet boldly, at their place of duty. All honor to them especially. The men with the steady upper deck also showed the same spirit. . . . When the men were turned about to face the ship's side, it must have passed through the minds of many that to look out for one's self would be the best thing to do. . . . This order to turn about was given apparently about a minute before the end; and I can hear of not one single instance of any man rushing to the side. . . . Not one was found who had not that control over himself which characterizes true discipline and order. It has been shown in evidence that no one jumped from the ship until just as she gave the lurch which ended in her capsizing."

And in that supreme moment the Victoria's lamented chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Sheppard Oakley Morris, exclaimed, as he stood with the ship's company, "Steady, men!" Words are idle on comment on conduct like this—conduct inspired by no excitement of battle, no stimulus of emulation, no secret whisper of reward. Words are idle in comment on conduct like this—the tradition of the royal navy, the imperishable secret of the English people.

## Beau Brummel's Life and Death

THE ARROGANCE OF THE GREAT DANDY—HIS PITIABLE CONDITION TOWARD THE END OF HIS LIFE—MENTAL DECAY SET IN.

A Frenchman on Anglo-Saxon foibles is almost always amusing, and in "Beau Brummel and His Times" M. Roger Boutet de Monvel on that eighteenth century fable of ours, Beau Brummel, is certainly no exception. In "Beau Brummel and His Times," however, this French biographer shows the seriousness, the intense concentration of George Brummel's role. His was the very genius of self-assertion. "The man," writes Mary Craven in her introduction of this volume, "who could, unrebuked, order a duchess to walk backwards out of a room because her back offended his eye was an artist in insolence, and it is surprising that nobody present had the courage to give Brummel the thrashing he richly deserved; this one anecdote alone serves to illustrate the completeness of his social dominion."

**HIS FATHER.**

He was indeed an artist in insolence, and was a match for the famous Lady Hester Stanhope herself. Once he was leaning on the door of that lady's carriage when a very famous colonel passed by. "Who ever heard of his father?" murmured Beau Brummel. "And by the way," replied Lady Hester, "who ever heard of yours?" This retort might have gone round the clubs and produced an unpleasant effect. "The sublime dandy," therefore, delivered this short argument: "Ah, of my father, and who would have ever heard of me if I had been anything but what I am? But you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that imperceptibly states duchesses out of countenance and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I know better, but what does that signify?"

**BRUMMEL AS A SOLDIER.**

The Prince of Wales had promised young Brummel a commission in the 10th Hussars, and in 1794 he entered that regiment. He did not take the service too seriously: "A coronet at sixteen and captain at eighteen years of age, his military duties troubled him little. He was rarely at his post, and when he felt a whim to appear upon parade he came when he pleased, ignored any orders that were given, and dismissed his men in the midst of a maneuver." Brummel seldom took the trouble even to veil his insolence with his wit. A bore once bothered him at the most momentous period of his toilet—the tying of his cravat—about the Scottish lakes. Which did he prefer? "There was no answer, but the bore persisted. 'Brummel, then turned to his servant with a look of martyrdom, and at length deigned to speak. 'Robinson, 'sir?' 'Which lake do I prefer?' 'Widmermere, sir.' 'And by the way,' repeated Brummel, 'Widmermere,' and he turned disdainfully to the intruder, 'Widmermere, will that do for you?' Here is an other choice flower from this hotbed of arrogance, the heart of Beau Brummel."

"Brummel, where were you yesterday evening?" asked a friend. "We did not see you." "The fact is," replied the dandy, "that I was dining with a certain F—. Apparently he wished me to take some notice of him, hence the invitation. As he wanted to have something for his money, he begged me to choose the other guests myself. I therefore sent a word to Milford, Pierpoint, Alvanley, and some others. The dinner seemed likely to be most excellent and agreeable, but you can imagine my surprise when you hear what I have to tell you. Would you believe it, my dear fellow, the said F— had the impertinence to sit down at table and dine with us!"

When things were beginning to go against him this arrogance increased. If that were possible, a rich young man had the deplorable taste to remind him of a little debt of a thousand guineas. "Your money?" he replied, without moving a muscle. "I thought I had repaid it." "When?" "Do you ask when? Why, the day before yesterday, when I was on the balcony at White's, and saw you passing in the street, and said, 'Good day, Jimmy; how are you?'"

**IN EXILE.**

Even in exile at Calais Brummel's spirit remained unbroken. "One day Lord Westmoreland was passing through the town, and sent a message that he would be happy to see him at dinner, and that the dinner would be at three o'clock. The dandy replied that he was not accustomed to feed at that hour, and declined the invitation. Not long afterwards Calais was in a state of commotion, for no less a person than the King of Eng-

land, George IV., was passing through. "The crowd increased as the procession approached, hats were off, cheers rose in the air, and the King bowed to right and left. Suddenly his expression changed, his eye was fixed, and he was distinctly heard to murmur, 'Good God! George Brummel!' Two steps from the carriage, hat in hand and motionless, stood the former favorite. Time passed, and things became desperate for Beau Brummel. "My old friend," he wrote to Lord Alvanley, "King Allen has given me something to clothe my unhappy body, which is at this moment as naked as a new-born babe. Think, Alvanley, of the dandy that I used to be! That appeal came from Caen, at which town the Beau commenced in grand style as Consul of His Britannic Majesty."

**THE TAILOR'S PITY.**

Towards the end his condition was pitiable. "A little tailor of Caen attempted to alleviate his misfortunes, and, inspired by profound compassion, offered to mend his rags for nothing. 'I was ashamed,' he used to say, 'to see so celebrated and distinguished a man, who had made himself a name in history, reduced to a pitiable condition, and, though I was not rich enough to clothe him, I often asked him to send me his clothes, and undertook to mend them for nothing.' Upon these occasions Brummel stayed in bed, as he had no strength to do clothes to wear." Mental decay had long set in, and he died peacefully on March 30, 1840.—T. P. S. Weekly.

**GLADSTONE AND HIS GREAT RIVAL**

HE AND DISRAELI THE GREAT FIGURES IN BRITISH POLITICS FOR MANY YEARS.

In the "Political History of England," by Sidney Low and L. C. Sayers, appears the following vivid portraits of Gladstone and Disraeli:

For the next 22 years the interest of English politics centers round the striking and dramatically contrasted figures of Gladstone and Disraeli. The disappearance of elder statesmen had cleared the field for these two champions, both of whom, though still in the full rigor of their mature powers, had behind them long careers of remarkable service. Both were great parliamentarians, both were great party leaders in a sense in which the term could hardly have been applied to any of their predecessors since the days of Pitt and Fox; and it was a strange result of circumstances and accident that each, in some respects, seemed better fitted to take command of the opposition. Disraeli's sympathy was with the masses, his understanding of the inner meaning of the democratic movement and the new forces of society might have qualified him for the leadership of a progressive party. Gladstone, with his ecclesiastical and foreign temper, his reverence for the formalism of the past, never quite shook off his earlier Conservatism. With much opportunism and much of merely personal ambition, both responded to a genuine and deep-seated desire to be heard for expression. Disraeli brought back to English politics the spirit of the masses, while Gladstone vindicated the claims of righteousness. In each the predominant feeling led to errors. Disraeli, sometimes he was justly charged with tactlessness and theatricality; Gladstone's fine-drawn morality often degenerated into unctuousness. Two different aspects of national development appealed to them with varying force: Gladstone, the political legislator of Peel, was at his best with some complicated problem of legislation or finance; his rival, who looked back to Chatham and Bolingbroke, was intent on maintaining the unique position of England among the nations. The Liberals under Gladstone became more closely identified with economic reforms which tended towards the abolition of privilege and political inequality; the Conservatives, taught by Disraeli, found their main interest in the foreign policy and the growth of the imperialistic idea. With all his acuteness Disraeli sometimes misunderstood the British people, and Gladstone occasionally forgot the British Empire. Both men were the objects of enthusiastic devotion and unmeasured detestation, and during their own lifetime it seemed impossible to estimate them quite fairly. Both, at any rate, were men of the highest intellectual power, who must have become conspicuous on any stage. Gladstone, if he had not turned to politics, might have been a great churchman or a great lawyer. Disraeli, as it was, only missed a place among the masters of imaginative and satirical literature.

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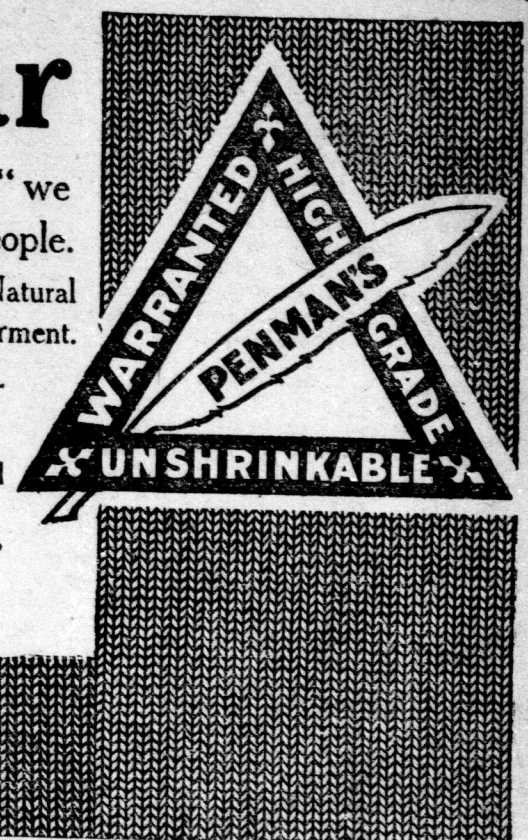
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## THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES II

THE MERRY MONARCH CLOSED HIS FRIVOLOUS LIFE IN A DIGNIFIED WAY.

The Duke of York was almost continually on his knees beside him, covering his hands with kisses and passionate tears. Charles frequently spoke to him, especially about two in the morning, when he thanked him for having been the best of brothers and friends, and begged him to forgive the risks of fortune he had been made to run on Charles's account. All his illegitimate children who were at hand were brought to him to take a farewell of, and he blessed them one by one, pulling them down to him on the bed. Ken brought up the little Duke of Richmond for his blessing, which Burnett thought a shocking act in a bishop. He recommended all his children to the Duke of York, assuring him that he willingly left him all that he had, and hoped for his sake that he would show kindness to the poor children when their father was gone, and he also asked him to be kind to the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and especially to the latter, whom, according to Burnett, he declared he had always loved, and loved now to the last. He begged James to make some effort "that poor Nelly might not starve." As Charles Fox rightly says, this dying care of the women he had sustained in luxury was much to his honor.

Barillon says that Charles twice recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth to James's care, and that though he specially mentioned all his children's names, he made one exception, and that was the Duke of Monmouth, of whom he never spoke, either for good or ill.

When he had finished blessing the wondering children, Ken asked him, as the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to give all his subjects about him his blessing also, since they represented the whole body of his people. The room was then very full, and all in it fell on their knees. With difficulty he raised himself in his bed, and with deep solemnity blessed them all. "This was so like a great prince and good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising as it was extraordinary moving, and caused general lamentation throughout, and no one heard of it without being affected."

with it, being new and great." Chesterfield says that before Charles gave his blessing he asked his subjects' pardon for anything that he had neglected or done contrary to good government. Charles' fortitude and resignation were undimmed by the agonies of that long night. The Duchess of York says it was impossible for anyone to have faced death with greater composure. At six in the morning he asked the time, and when they told him he said, "Open the curtains, that I may once more see the day." His complete self-mastery is testified by the fact that he reminded his watchers that an eight-day clock in the room must be "wound up that morning, or the works will be disarranged." He was now suffering frightfully, and the pain in his right side was so intense that the doctors bled him which afforded him some slight temporary relief. At half-past eight he could only speak with extreme difficulty, yet as long as speech lasted he was heard pronouncing the name of God, and begging forgiveness for his ill-spent life. Even when utterance failed, he tried to lift his weak hands, as if in prayer. "He disposed himself to die with the piety and unconcernedness of a Christian, and the resolution becoming a king." At ten o'clock his torture ended in unconsciousness, and between eleven and twelve on Friday, February 6, 1685, Charles Stuart ceased to breathe. This end came without effort or convulsion, in perfect peace. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and what was called the thirty-sixth of his reign, though he can only be called a sovereign de facto from his restoration. Those about him were extraordinarily affected and impressed by his death.

**LEFT-HANDED CHILDREN.**

Recently Dr. Gould, an oculist in Philadelphia, has shown that one is right-handed, because his right eye is the better eye, and that the child, therefore, uses the right hand by preference because he sees it better and can guide its movements. If by chance he is born with a superior left eye, then just as naturally he uses the left hand. By the use of the left hand the brain center on the other side, which guides its movements, becomes better developed than that governing the right hand; and any attempt on the part of parents or teachers to force the dominion of the right hand will only produce confusion in the brain—a confusion which will never be wholly overcome. Instead of being skillful and easy with the left hand, the child will be awkward with both—

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