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CATALOGUE FOR SPRING SEASON, 1902, FORWARDED UPON APPLICATION

STOCK ALWAYS WELL ASSORTED

The Great Wholesale Dry Goods House of Canada

ON BOARD A WHALER

(By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.)

John Sinclair knew that he had a sister, and the name of Alice had been familiar to him from early childhood. The picture hanging on the wall, in large drawing-room of the house his family occupied in his sea-girt home, had been to his childish fancy the portrait of his two sisters, Alice and Conventine, the latter of whom had ceased to live before he had begun. In reality it was only an ideal representation of two orphan girls yet it left a lasting impression on his memory. Nothing had been heard from Alice for a long time; in fact she had written only once since her father's death. Where was she? On the day when his father had closed his eyes in his last slumber, she was at a boarding school in Brooklyn. Our civil war broke out and Alice disappeared. As years passed, John found himself frequently musing over his lost sister whom he had never seen. In his dreams he often thought he had found her at last, but his return to consciousness was always a sad disappointment for his heart.

The island on which John dwelt was one of those numerous rocks of the Iribbean sea where nature in its desolate solitude seemed to take delight in spreading her charms. A range of mountains, covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation, formed the backbone of the island. On a plateau at its foot a few scattered houses bore the name of town and along the base of the hill on which it rested, a long line of immaculate sand received the embrace of the gentle waves that playfully succeeded one another, vanishing into thin foam. Sometimes, however, the placid waters of the harbor were lashed into fury and the some was one of indescribable grandeur. It was on an occasion like this, that John, whose romantic soul never found greater pleasure than in the howling of the storm, stood leaning against a wall above the cliff. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as it was dashed over the wild bosom of the deep, upon wave after wave and the white crests made the ocean glitter. The harbor generally deserted, looked now like that of commercial seaport, for a number of square-rigged vessels rocked at anchor. Here the American whalers made their winter quarters and a number of them had run into port a few days previously. Suddenly the eyes of John became riveted, as a proud bark with sails reefed, bending under the force of the gale, rounded a point. He knew the vessel, for there was a bright smile

upon his countenance, as he exclaimed: Captain Fisher! John knew the good old captain who for years had been a familiar visitor of the island. The boy waited until the bark came up to anchorage, down went the jib, and the rattling of the chain, as the anchor dropped into the water, announced that another voyage was over. He now turned to go to his home, from which he had stolen away without his mother's knowledge. As he can along he met a party of sailors and for a moment he stopped to gaze at them, for he always found a charm in the society of the rough but good-natured men whose life was that of the ocean wave, a life of daring and adventure. One of them, a young man of twenty, whispering something to his companion, walked up to him and putting him on the shoulder, said: "Hello, my lad, does your mother know you're out?"

"No, sir, she don't," replied the boy. The sailor laughed. "Would you like to go to sea?" he inquired. "I would," was the answer. "Would she let you go?" "I don't think she would." "Say, chappie," the other went on, "have you ever been aboard a ship?" "O yes, many a time!" "A whaler?" "No, not a whaler."

"Well, wouldn't you like to see a whaler?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, come along with us, we are going aboard now." "I wish I could," replied John, "but my mother wouldn't like it." "O, you needn't tell her. We'll pull you ashore again in half an hour." The temptation was strong and though John was not habitually disobedient and for all the world he would not have grieved his mother, yet the pleasure so long coveted and so unexpectedly offered had too strong an attraction to be resisted, and John allowed the sailor to take him by the arm and to place him in the middle of the group. Chatting and laughing they descended to the leach, and when they had reached the long boat John thought that he had never been in more pleasant company. His companion seizing him in his arms placed him inside the boat, the sailors pressing against it with all their might shoved it off, jumping in at the same time. A sailor took his stand at one end and with a long oar that served as a rudder, the others seized their oars, a few vigorous pulls were given and the white boat dashed over the waves, which washed over her bow as though irritated at the intrusion. John gazed at the black hull of the bark as it grew larger in proportion to the diminution of distance between it and the boat. In less than twenty minutes

they were alongside, pitching and tossing violently. The young sailor at whose invitation John had consented to go aboard the vessel helped him to climb the ladder and it was with a feeling of intense pleasure that the boy stepped onto the deck of the big vessel. Sailors were running to and fro in the greatest excitement, while a man at the stern bellowed out his orders in a stentorian voice. "Come with me, lad," said the sailor, "I am going to introduce you to the captain."

Taking John by the hand, he walked with him aft and ascended to the top of the house where the captain stood. "Captain," he said, touching his hat, "here's a boy that wants to ship."

John looked surprised, but took it as a joke. "All right," replied the captain, "show him the ship." While his companion led him away, the boy, turning his head and raising his eyes aloft, noticed that the Stars and Stripes were floating from the gaff. "To-night," the other replied. John was delighted with all that he beheld, and having gone over the deck of the house where the captain stood, "Captain," he said, touching his hat, "here's a boy that wants to ship."

"Fare you well, good-bye, we're bound for Bedford town." John cast himself upon his knees in an agony of despair and cried: "O God, forgive me my disobedience, spare me, bring me back to my mother. O Holy Virgin, help me!" Again he arose, tried to open the door, but his efforts were in vain.

He called aloud, but his voice was drowned by the singing of the sailors, the rattling of the anchor chains and the noise on deck. The ship was moving, he could feel it. There could be no longer a doubt, John knew that he was leaving home. Either they had forgotten him or there was foul play. The truth is, the poor boy had been kidnapped.

When finally the door was opened, it was not the sailor, but the captain himself who entered. "Well, my boy," he asked, "what are you doing here?"

"I was brought here, sir." "Brought here, by whom? Don't you know that these are my private apartments?" "I beg your pardon, sir. The sailor who brought me on board, promised to take me ashore, sir; let me go, it will kill my poor mother if I don't return."

"Did you want to ship?" "No, sir, I did not." "But Bob Hardy said so." "But I thought he was joking, sir." "Joking! Thunder! Nobody jokes aboard this ship. It can't be helped, sonny; you're aboard now and you've got to sail along, so make yourself scarce. Run on deck, and you'll find some one to take you in tow. Put about now and send."

Poor Johnnie, with tears streaming down his cheeks, made the best of his way to the deck. As his head arose above the companion way, his eyes fell upon the line of foam the ship was leaving astern. It pointed to the hills of his native island, which was fast receding. His poor little heart was bursting, but alas! to whom must it turn for sympathy? At the same moment he heard a rough voice and, turning, beheld a still rougher figure. The man cried to him: "Say, monkey, what are you blubbering about? Run forward to the fore-castle and wait for me." John hesitated. "Do you hear me, you blasted land-lubber?" bellowed the other. Fortunately a sailor, with a knidler face came up at the moment, and, taking Johnnie by the arm, led him forward. The man was a Portuguese.

The first night at sea was one that John Sinclair never forgot. They had given him a berth in the fore-castle, and in that narrow bed he tossed with every motion of the ship, never closing an eye and thinking only of home and his mother. Fortunately he was spared the additional horrors of seasickness. Over his sufferings I shall draw a veil. Suffice it to say that he had to perform the duties of cabin boy and that on the part of the men he found little sympathy. If he except the Portuguese. Weeks passed, weeks on the broad ocean, weeks of torture for Johnnie. He hoped that the vessel would put into some port, but he was

doomed to disappointment, for the captain kept cruising about for whales. One of these monsters was sighted, but it had completely disappeared by the time the boats were manned. It was a Sunday afternoon. Not a breath stirred the atmosphere, and the sails hung lifelessly from the masts. Johnnie was gazing over the wide expanse of waters, when his eye caught sight of smoke above the horizon. At the same time he heard the watch call out: "Steamer, two points off the port bow!"

A ripple of excitement passed over the crew, which as quickly subsided and the men again settled down to their pipes and yams. Little time elapsed, and beneath the curling smoke appeared the dark hull of a vessel. She was evidently coming toward them. The captain's eyes her with his glasses and beckoned to the first mate to come to him on the deck. A whispered consultation ensued the attention of the men was attracted and a number went over to the port side to gaze at the stranger.

"I'll bet my life," said a grizzled old tar to his shipmate, "that it's she. I've seen her before this. I know the d-d rebel." The excitement grew more intense, as the mate was seen to run aft with a flag. In the twinkling of an eye it was made fast, one or two vigorous pulls, and the red flag of Britain floated to the breeze. "You can't put her off with them tricks," grumbled the old sailor. Meanwhile the steamer was fast bearing down upon them, nor was there the slightest chance of escape, for a dead calm lay over the waters. Neater and nearer she came, so near that the dreaded flag of the Confederate States could easily be distinguished. The captain paced the deck impatiently, looking aloft, then at the approaching steamer and stamped with his foot in angry despair. "Say, Mr. Johnson," he cried, "old man Lemmes has got us this time!" "I guess so," replied Johnson, looking at the steamer with one eye and squirting a stream of tobacco juice over the bulwarks. About the same time she bore to about a quarter of a mile off. The whaler was unable to move and had only to await the arrival of the boat sent out by the Confederate ship. A few pulls brought the latter within speaking distance. The officer in command, standing up at the stern, and putting his hand to his mouth, cried out: "What's your name?" "Jennie of Glasgow," was the reply. The officer sat down without a word and as the men dipped their oars with the long man o' war strokes, into the untroubled waters, he headed directly for the stern of the whaler and while the boat darted

around he read: "Flying fish, New Bedford." The officer smiled and, with another stroke of his tiller, brought his boat parallel with the bark. "In the bow," he cried and a sailor jumped up with a boat hook in his hand.

"Up oars," and with one accord the oars arose straight up. Another moment and the man o' war's boat was tied to the whaler. The officer having ascended to the deck, formally took possession of the prize in the name of the Confederate States of America. Resistance was useless, and within an hour, the crew of the Flying fish had been transferred to safe quarters on board the Alabama, a prize crew having been detailed to the whaler.

The youth of Johnnie soon attracted the attention of an officer of the Confederate cruiser and his story finally came to the ears of Captain Lemmes who at once took the boy under his protection. The fortune of the captain and the crew of the Flying fish does not concern us and we bid them adieu. After a few days, the Alabama found itself off the coast of the Carolinas where it sighted the United States steamer Iroquois just in time to get out of its way. Within a short time the Confederate cruiser had entered the peaceful waters of the Bermudas.

Little Johnnie had fallen sick of a violent fever and an inhabitant of one of the islands, having learned his history, offered to take him in charge and, after his recovery, return him to his home by the first opportunity. For weeks his life was despaired of, and he lay in an unconscious condition. Finally his reason returned. The morning sun was streaming through the half opened window of his room and the air was embalmed with the mingled perfumes of oleanders, jessamines and roses. As our little boy opened his eyes, they fell upon the face of a beautiful lady, who sat beside his bed, watching him with the greatest interest. Mrs. Huntley, the wife of the gentleman in whose home he had now returned from the portals of the grave, had nursed him as though she were his mother. The lady, though a wife, had still the face of a girl. She was barely twenty. A smile lit up her features when the doctor announced that Johnnie was out of danger. Days passed, his strength returned and he found himself able to converse with his nurse. She sat again beside his bed one morning, as he slept in her hand she held an open locket within which her eyes rested upon the portrait of a girl. When her youthful protegee awoke, she said to him:

"My boy, what is your name?" "Johnnie Sinclair," he feebly replied. "Johnnie, I found this locket

around your neck, whose picture it is?" "My sister's," he answered. "Have you ever seen your sister?" "No, ma'am."

"Johnnie, I know this portrait; I sent it to father before his death; I had engraved upon it a S. S. the initials of my name. Johnnie, do you know me?"

The boy's eyes opened widely; for a moment he seemed dumfounded; but at another instant he had cast his arms around the lady's neck, and he cried: "My sister, my long lost sister!"—The Monthly Visitor.

THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

Many People Still Inquiring about Joseph Brown's Case

Dodd's Kidney Pills are Anterior Medicine. Many Other Urinary Diseases Brought to Light.

Oshawa, Feb. 24—(Special.)—On effect of the publication far and wide through the press of the miraculous cure of a case of Paralysis here in Oshawa has been to bring to the surface a great many similarly wonderful and well authenticated cures by the same remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Brown, whose case has caused all the sensation, is a modest unassuming mechanic employed in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works. Since the publication of the facts of his case and the cure he has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry from all over the country, and to each of these he answers simply: "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after all the doctors and hospital specialists had given me up. I couldn't walk and had to be fed like a baby for four months, but the pills soon cured me up and I have been all right ever since." He has also been in receipt of not a few letters from others who too have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a life-saving remedy when all else had failed.