

FLOTSAM.

By OWEN HALL, in Lippincott's.

III.

LADY STEWART'S TRUST.

I KNEW Allan Ramsey for more than thirty years while he was in India, and I should hope I'm a better judge of what he was than a stuck-up old maid with two footmen and a pet poodle, like Miss Selby. When I knew him first he was a slim Scotch lad just joined, and I was the major's wife. The major took a fancy to the lad, and so did I; we became great friends. Then Ramsey saved my life in the Mutiny, and we became greater friends than ever. He got rapid promotion, as a good many did at that time, and not one of them earned it better than he. He was major at twenty-six, and went home invalided while we were quartered at Delhi. When he came out next year he brought his wife with him. She was a niece I believe, to this Miss Selby, out a very different person. Alice Ramsey was a sweet woman. She was very young when she came out, and was quite the beauty of the station all the time we were at Delhi. Poor thing! India is a bad place for wives. I thought it would have broken her heart when she had to part with her only child, a pretty, delicate girl. We were at Calcutta then, and she came down to send the child away. I shall never forget the silent agony of the poor young mother when she parted with that child.

I didn't see much of the Ramseys after that, as their regiment was always up country, and of course when he got a separate command there was no chance of our being thrown together, so it was quite a coincidence that I should have been asked to look after Ramsey's girl when she came out to see her mother. It was then that I made old Miss Selby's acquaintance, and I can't say I took to her at all. No doubt she was fond of Ramsey's girl; when I came to know the child myself I could easily see there was no particular merit in that. What set me rather against the foolish old creature was the way she had of evidently fancying that and her family were something in particular, and that her niece, Alice's mother, had somehow disgraced herself by her marriage. Well, well, poor old creature, she was greatly set up at having to part with the child, which I suppose was natural enough after ten years, and I dare say some allowance should be made for a person who has never known anything but what she could learn in an old place down in the midland counties, where nearly everybody she saw took off his hat when she spoke to him.

I brought Ramsey's child out to him, and a nicer child I never saw. How she ever contrived to grow up beside that old trump at Selby Hall without getting spoiled I don't know, but she was just as simple-hearted a girl as ever I saw in my life, without one bit of nonsense about her. A pretty girl, too. I confess I like pretty girls and handsome men a good deal better than plain ones. Of course I know all about "handsome is that handsome does," and all that kind of thing, which is very good for copy-book headings. Don't tell me. I'm an old woman now and can afford to say what all women think, and what I say is that I like handsome goods put up in pretty parcels. A good man is ever so much the better for being good looking, and a nice girl is ever so much nicer when she has a pretty face and a good figure. Alice Ramsey was a singularly pretty girl; her face was one of those that might turn out beautiful, or might just miss it as so many do; and, what was more, it was a very attractive face. I know I took to the child at once, and was able with a good conscience to say to Allan himself, when he met us at Calcutta, that it was a real pleasure to have had her company.

You know already that Ramsey's wife died up at Lucknow soon after. He told me himself in a few quiet lines that read like a broken heart, and I was thankful the poor fellow had his daughter with him, for I knew that even if she couldn't comfort him for his loss it would do him all the good in the world to have somebody to look after. Don't tell me about broken hearts. Nobody ever breaks his (or, for that matter, her) heart who has plenty to do and makes an effort to do it. Ramsey was to much of a man in any case to do anything so weak, but I haven't a doubt that child helped him over the first pinch.

It was about four months later, I think, that he brought her down to Calcutta to send her home. As things were just at that time, it was out of the question for a man of Ramsey's exper-

ience and reputation to be spared long enough to go with her himself, and besides, as he told me, Sandie Maitland had been telling him that he had kept her a little to long beside him for her health, and had advised him to send her home by a sailing vessel around the Cape to set her up again. Of course I knew Sandie Maitland well, for he had been surgeon of our old regiment for twenty years, and I knew he was pretty sure to be right; so I undertook to look out for some good ship and some nice passenger in whose care I could safely trust the child. Ramsey had grown fond of that girl,—almost absurdly fond,—and he was as fussy as a hen with one chicken about her.

He worried me with directions and cautions till I sent him off about his business. Just as if I didn't know better than any man what was proper and safe for a child like that! I like the idea,—at my time of life, too!

It was sometime before I could find exactly what I wanted, for times are greatly changed from those I used to know forty years ago, when everybody went around the Cape, and the sailing vessels were all one could desire. Nowadays the steamships have spoiled the Cape route, and the sailing-ships don't depend much on passengers, and don't get the same class, as a rule, when they get any. There were ships to be had, of course, but it wasn't easy to find any suitable person to trust with the girl. At last, however, I was lucky enough to hear of a good chance, Major Ransome of the Sikh horse had been invalided home, poor fellow, that he might die among his friends, I believe, and to please his wife the doctors said that a long sea voyage might cure him. Of course the poor creature—she was very young—grasped at the shadow of a hope, and they had taken passage by the Tanjore, a fine new clipper ship on the second voyage. The general had all inquiries made about her, and all were satisfactory. I went and saw her myself, and thought I should have preferred to go home in her to one of the P. & O. steamers with that terrible four days of the Red Sea. So it was settled that Alice Ramsey should go in the Tanjore under the care of Mrs. Ransome. We made every arrangement we could for the child, for the general had grown just as fond of her by that time as I was myself. She had been with us six weeks before we found a ship, and, in spite of her being so young, of course she had got to know a great many people. You can't shut a pretty girl up in a bandbox in a place like Calcutta, and Alice was an unusually pretty one, so it was no wonder we had a good many men as well as some ladies—Alice was one to have many lady friends—to see her off. I saw the last of her from the pilot vessel, and I was never more sorry to part with a girl in my life. The last glimpse I got of her she was standing on the steps to the poop-deck waving her handkerchief to the general and me, the wind blowing her curls round her face, and the sunlight shining through it like gold. I can fancy I see the child still.

I understand that Miss Selby says that I am in some way responsible for what happened afterwards. If Miss Selby were here I might express my opinion of that lady in terms that might possibly surprise her. As she is not, and as I am not at all likely to meet her, I have been careful to state exactly what I had to do with the matter. That foolish old person may now say exactly what she pleases.

(To be Continued.)

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SATISFACTION.

There is something almost phenomenal about an Englishman's solid self-satisfaction when he is alone with his pipe. Every nation has its own way of smoking. There is a hasty and vicious manner about the Frenchman's little cigarette of pungent black tobacco; the Italian dreams over his rat-tail cigar; the American either eats half of his Havana while he smokes the other, or else he takes a frivolous delight in smoking delicately and keeping the white ash whole to the end; the German surrounds himself with a cloud, and, god-like, meditates within it; there is a sacrificial air about the Asiatic's narghile as the thin spire rises steadily and spreads above his head; but the Englishman's short brier-root pipe has a powerful individuality of its own. Its simplicity is gothic, its stolidity is of the stone age, he smokes it in the face of the higher civilization and it is the badge of the conqueror. A man who asserts that he has a right to smoke a pipe anywhere practically asserts that he has a right to everything. And it will be admitted that Englishmen get a good deal.

PAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Historical Battles—Noteworthy Events in the Story of the Creation of the British Empire.

The Victory which Terminated with Historic Trafalgar.

Off Ferrol, 1805.

The strategy of Napoleon was to so dispatch his fleets to put Lord Nelson off the true design of his movements, but at sea our admiral was too alert to be caught by the French fleet. Napoleon formed the plan of sending his fleets, as each found an opportunity of escaping our blockade upon their ports, on a voyage across the Atlantic, with orders to concentrate at one of the West Indian Islands, and to do us, as we have said, all the mischief that was possible there. They were then to return rapidly towards the Channel, raise the blockade of such French ports as had any ships in them, and then appear off Boulogne, before our fleets could be brought back and collected; so as to give him command of the sea for even twenty-four hours, to enable his army to cross and land upon the coast of Kent.

Admiral Villeneuve, with the Toulon fleet, and Admiral Gravina, with the Spanish Cadiz fleet, succeeded in getting to sea in the spring of 1805, with 18 sail of the line, and crossed the Atlantic to Martinique. In eager chase, Nelson followed them with only 11 vessels; but Villeneuve succeeded in doubling on his pursuers, and hauled up for Europe, while his terrible adversary, misled by false intelligence, was seeking him near the mouths of the Orinoco.

Nelson, on learning that the French fleet had sailed towards Europe, though uncertain of its destination, hurried towards the Mediterranean, in the meanwhile dispatching some fast-sailing vessels to warn the Admiralty of the enemy's return. One of them, the Curieux, a brig, sighted the fleet of Villeneuve on the 16th of June, in a latitude which showed that they were steering for some point northward of the Mediterranean.

Hoisting out every inch of canvas, the captain of the Curieux bore on to Plymouth under a press of sail; but in the meanwhile Villeneuve and Gravina drew towards Cape Finisterre, their object being to liberate a squadron then blockaded in Ferrol and Corunna by our armament under Sir Robert Calder, Vice-Admiral of the White.

The blockading force off these ports was too small to contend singly against the combined fleets of Villeneuve and Gravina; and these, when augmented to 50 sail, were to enter the Channel in triumph, and by appearing there, give the final signal for the embarkation of the long-delayed invading "ARMY OF ENGLAND," whose tents whitened all the coast about Boulogne.

A succession of heavy north-eastern gales checked the progress of the French fleet about 180 miles from Finisterre; the delay thus caused was priceless to England. Before the wind veered round so as to enable him to renew his course towards Ferrol, the Curieux had dropped her anchor in Plymouth Sound; and the Admiralty caused a compact force to be formed by taking the blockading squadrons from Rochefort and Ferrol. Thus 15 sail of the line were collected, and sent under Admiral Calder to intercept and fight Villeneuve, who had 20 ships of the line, with a considerable body of troops on board, under Bonaparte's favourite aide-de-camp, Count Lauriston, a general of division.

Calder, whose flag was on board the Prince of Wales, 98 guns, had with him two frigates and two cutters.

He came in sight of the combined squadrons of France and Spain, consisting of 20 sail of the line; also three large vessels, armed en flûte, of about 50 guns each, five frigates and three brigs.

Notwithstanding the disparity of force, he immediately stood towards the enemy, and on closing with them, signalled to attack their centre. On reaching the rear, he tacked the squadron in succession, a manoeuvre which brought him close under their lee, so that when his leading ships reached their centre, the enemy was tacking in succession.

THE BATTLE COMMENCED.

This compelled him to make the same movement; and as the yard-heads swayed round, and the squadron stood off on the other tack, the battle began in all its fury, and lasted for four consecutive hours without a moment's intermission. The Hon. Capt. Gardner, in the Hero, 74, led the van in a masterly style.

Amid the gathering fog and smoke, the battle went on. The greatest number of killed were on board the Windsor Castle, 98, Captain Charles Boyle; this ship had also the greatest number wounded, while the Dragon and Warrior had not a man touched. Whatever wind there was the enemy had all the advantage of it.

Two Spanish ships of the line, the San Rafael, 84 guns, and the Firm, 74 having struck their colours, Sir Robert found it necessary to bring the squadron to, for the purpose of keeping and covering them; and the density of the mist rendering further fighting impossible, the cannonade ceased, and the enemy drew off.

The number killed and wounded in our fleet amounted to 210 of all ranks. The prizes arrived safely at Plymouth. The San Rafael had not a mast standing, and there were 300 killed and wounded on board.

On the 17th and 18th of the same month, a very warm action took place between our squadron watching Boulogne and a grand division of the invading French flotilla that had long been expected there from Ostend and Dunkirk. It consisted of 120 prams, brigs, and schuyts, supported by 80 more that came out of Boulogne. Our gun-brigs and bomb-cutters ran among them, and kept up an incessant fire for sixteen hours. The slaughter of the enemy was great, as the whole action was within pistol-shot, and the beach was blackened by the masses of troops. Our loss, occasioned by the batteries, was only 12 killed and 40 wounded.

Signals were prepared by Napoleon's orders along all the most lofty points of the coast, to warn him if the French fleet was visible on the western shores of France. But the ambitious man was never to see the horizon whitened with those sails which bore the destinies of the world, and not a ship of Villeneuve's doomed fleet was ever to enter a French harbour again, for the glorious day of Trafalgar was yet before them!

A REGULAR CRIPPLE.

THE STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER IN DUFFERIN COUNTY.

Suffered Terribly with Rheumatism, and Had to use Mechanical Appliances to Turn in Bed—Friends Thought he Could Not Recover.

From the Economist, Shelburne, Ont.

Almost everybody in the township of Melancthon, Dufferin Co., knows Mr. Wm. August, J. P., postmaster of Auguston, Mr. August, now in his 77th year, came to Canada from England forty years ago, and for thirty-eight years has been a resident of Melancthon. During some thirty years of that time he has been a postmaster, and for eleven or twelve years was a member of the township council, for some years holding the position of deputy reeve. He has also been a justice of the peace since the formation of the county. It will thus be seen that Mr. August stands high in the estimation of his neighbors.

In the winter of 1894-95 Mr. August was laid up with an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, being confined to the house and to his bed for about three months. To a reporter of the Economist, Mr. August said: "I was in fact a regular cripple. Suspended from the ceiling over my bed was a



rope which I would seize with my hands, and thus change my position in bed or rise to a sitting posture. I suffered as only those racked with rheumatic pains could suffer, and owing to my advanced age, my neighbors did not think it possible for me to recover. I had read much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to give them a trial. I commenced to take the pills about 1st Feb. 1895, taking at the outset one after each meal, and increasing to three at a time. Within a couple of weeks I could notice an improvement, and by the first of April I was able to be about as usual, free from the pains, and with but very little of the stiffness left. I continued the treatment for a short time longer

and found myself fully restored. It is now nearly a year since I discontinued taking the Pink Pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble in that time. I have no hesitation in saying that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such disease as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus Dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on the humors of the blood, such as scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box or six for \$2.50. See that company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you, and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can successfully do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

GENERAL NOTES.

The gold mining operations of British Columbia have yielded \$54,000,000 since 1858.

The loss of stock in New South Wales by the recent draught is estimated at 10,000,000 sheep, valued at \$1 each; 303,000 cattle valued at \$10 and 20,000 horses, valued at \$15, amounting in the aggregate to a total of \$11,330,000.

The New official map of the Dominion will show a marked change in the political division of the great northern territory. The new maps will show the whole of the far north subdivided into districts with the following names: Uugava, 358,000; square miles; Franklin, 300,000; Mackenzie, 58,000, and Yukon, 225,000.

The Dominion agriculture commissioner at Ottawa is repeatedly asked to recommend reliable parties as butter makers, and recently applications were received at his office from Regina and Saskatchewan from managers of creameries, asking for good men. Professor Robertson always keeps on hand a list of available men, and can fill applications of this kind almost on a moment's notice.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills remove all obstructions, purify the blood and give to the skin that beautiful clear and healthful look so greatly admired in a beautiful and healthy woman. At certain periods these pills are an indispensable companion. From one to four should be taken each day, until relief is obtained. A few doses occasionally will keep the system so healthy, and the blood so pure, that disease cannot enter the body. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all medicine dealers.

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