

## PLUCKY BLUEJACKETS.

A correspondent of the *London and China Telegraph*, writing from Tehang, states that the pluck of the local customs staff, the prompt action of the officers and men of the *Esk* gunboat, and the fortunate "shutting down of the darkness," combined, were the three things that prevented the riots at that place in December last being more disastrous than those of September, 1891. Lieutenant-Commander Ravenhill had to land with his bluejackets and marines and wade waist-deep through fifty yards of water on a sandbank, over which the gunboat's cutter could not pass. They managed to get ashore with their powder dry, and the search-light of the *Esk* assisted the landing party considerably in their climb up the steep river bank. The promptness of the officers and men has won for them the highest commendation and praise from the European community at Tehang, as but for their presence the affair would most certainly have been much more serious than it was.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

## SWORDFISH EXPLOITS.

The *Liverpool Mercury* gave a report from Captain Harwood, of the brigantine *Fortunate*, from Rio Grande, to the effect that the vessel, while at sea, was struck and shaken by a swordfish. After discharging the cargo at Liverpool the hull was examined and the sword of the fish found, broken off even with the outside planking. The fish had driven his sword completely through the four-inch planking, leaving eight inches of the blade projecting within the vessel. The swordfish is allied to the mackerel, which it resembles in form, and is a swift swimmer. The sword is a most formidable blade, consisting of a strong, straight bone, sharp and flat, projecting horizontally from the nose, of which it is a prolongation. The swordfish is found in considerable numbers off the island of Martha's Vineyard, coast of Massachusetts, at this season of the year. Its flesh is considered excellent food by many persons, and the annual catch is quite large. The ordinary length of the body of the fish at full growth is 14 feet, and its sword 6 feet, or 20 feet in all. Swordfish have been unusually plentiful off this coast this summer. The fishermen hunt them with harpoons, spearing them from the decks of small sail vessels. In July last the fishing smack *Mattie and Lena* arrived at Stonington, Conn., after a four days' trip about Block Island, with sixteen large swordfish, averaging 300 pounds each, and an exciting story of a struggle for life between Henry Cheesebro, one of the crew, and a wounded and maddened swordfish. Cheesebro had harpooned a big fish off Montauk Point, and, after waiting the usual length of time, got into a small boat to bring the apparently exhausted fish to the vessel. As soon as Cheesebro approached him and commenced hauling in the line the fish awoke from his torpor and started to battle for his life. He began operations by diving so as to spear Cheesebro's boat on coming to the surface. Missing his aim, the fish dived again for a second attack. It was now too late for Cheesebro to retreat, and defenceless, in the frail cedar yawl, he awaited the onslaught. He was kept in suspense but a moment. When the fish shot out of the water once more he drove his sword completely through the boat from side to side. The sword entered the boat about three feet from the bow, on the port side, and came out through the thin plank on the starboard side. Cheesebro had retreated to the stern of the boat in time to avoid the violence of the fierce fish, and thus escape injury. His plight was seen from the schooner, and the vessel headed for the scene of the conflict. By constant hailing, Cheesebro kept his frail and disabled craft afloat, until succour arrived. A blow on the head finally killed the fish, and Cheesebro's peril as a sword-fisherman was over for that time. The fish weighed 338 pounds.—*Scientific American*.

Naturalists assert that a healthy swallow will devour 6,000 flies every day.

## A SOCIETY'S NOBLE WORK.

HOW THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS  
SAVED A BROTHER.

The Startling Experience of Mr. Isaac Briggs of London—A Sufferer for Four Years—His Lodge Came to the Rescue After Doctors Had Failed—He is Again Able to be Out.

From the London Free Press.

The home of Mr. Isaac Briggs, at 501 Charlotte St., this city, is one of the most prettily situated and well kept of the many homes of the workingmen of London. The front is carefully boulevarded, and at the side and rear of the cottage home is a lattice work covered with vines, and there is also a garden. Within view are fields and woods, and in fact there was nothing needed upon the occasion of an autumn afternoon visit to make the lot of a sick man amid such surroundings as pleasant as possible.

And so it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Briggs was found in a cheerful mood. But a conversation with the gentleman revealed the fact that there were very good reasons why any man under the same circumstances, and enjoying the same bright hope, could not but allow his face to beam forth with what he felt. The story as told will be found most interesting, and that it is absolutely correct there are many of the friends of Mr. Briggs will testify, should such testimony be needed. Mr. Briggs has been an invalid for four years and has been unwell and under medical treatment for eight years. It was in 1885 that he first felt the twinges, the aches and the pains that foretold trouble. He secured medical attendance, and learned that his liver was out of order, his kidneys were bad and that he suffered from dyspepsia. However, he worked along for nearly four years, when the terrible malady affected his system in a way painful to relate. It came directly after an attack of "the grip." Mr. Briggs was yet in his "fifties," and to all appearances was a well preserved and strong man. But almost without warning the joints in every part of his body were as solid and immovable as though they had been padlocked, and the strong man became as helpless as a babe. Many doctors were consulted and they all promised relief, and occasionally a slight relief did come. But it was only temporary, and the unfortunate man, in consequence of these relapses, was gradually loosening his hold upon hope. The days were long and weary that he spent upon his bed, with the dismal prospect ahead of being held a close prisoner, to be released only by death.

The family, too, began to lose faith in medical skill. They had given a trial to some of the foremost practitioners of the city, but always with the same unhappy result. Patent medicines of various descriptions were likewise tried, but in vain. Then about Christmas tide came news that had almost been expected. Mr. Briggs had not long to live; the doctors said. Gradually he grew weaker until early in the spring so seriously ill did he appear to be that the end was daily looked for.

Court Forest City, A.O.F., of which Mr. Briggs is a member, proved just at this juncture to be a friend indeed. During all his illness the brethren had looked carefully after his wants and had been very attentive. And no one regretted more than they the unhappy prospect. One night the court was discussing the case

when it was suggested that Pink Pills should be tried. Stories had been told of what they had effected in other cases. Then why not in this? Finally the court agreed to present one dozen boxes of the pills to Mr. Briggs. The attending doctor told his patient that the pills were only good for cases of paralysis, but he consented to their being given a trial as a last hope. Accordingly Mr. Briggs began taking them. Very soon a change was noticed. He grew more cheerful and suffered much less. His whole system seemed to be awakened to new life, just as was the world outside, for it was the glad springtime of the year.

With renewed strength came renewed hope, and the invalid began to look upon Pink Pills as his deliverer. He used them faithfully, taking six a day. In a month he was able to leave his bed, and he did so with a thankful heart. Only those who have been forced to undergo long confinement between bed-clothes can realize the pleasure and joy there were in that first day spent in the neat little parlor, seated in a big arm chair beside the window where the sun sent in its warm, bright rays. Since then Mr. Briggs has been about daily. He uses crutches yet, but he grows stronger every day. Now he can use his hands, eating with a knife and fork, and the joints continue to grow looser and pliable, giving only a faint idea of the veritable knots into which those of the hands and feet were tied. There was a cessation of the pains, too, a most pleasing fact to the invalid—and the blood vessels that had become lost to view and dried up are now quite healthy looking.

Mr. Briggs has only used twenty boxes of the pills, at a cost of \$10. Certainly his bill for medical attendance shows a marked decrease.

Mr. E. W. Boyle, druggist, 652 Dundas street, who is also secretary of Court Forest City, was also interviewed with respect to the case, and his statements were all confirmatory of what Mr. Briggs had said. He said he had had a tremendous sale of the pills. No other similar medicine ever approached to the same demand.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the 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 of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.