

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

WHY A SHIP FOUNDERED.

THE MOST VITAL PART OF THE VESSEL WAS THE WEAKEST.

How a Marked Advancement Has Been Made in Naval Architecture Since the Wreck of the "London," When Two Hundred and Thirty-five Perished.

This is eminently the age of progress in all departments of mechanical science, but the most marked advancement during the last 30 years has been in naval architecture, from the wooden walls of old England to such marvellous structures as the Blake and other like productions. In the merchant marine the same march of improvement has kept pace, if it has not gone in advance; and a forcible illustration we have in the wonderful records of such ships as the Lucania and Compania in raising the speed to over fifty per cent., and of reducing the time across the Atlantic to about one-half. And it is not alone in speed wherein the world has benefited, but in safety as well, special care being devoted in guarding the most vital points of a ship, namely, the hatches.

About 30 years ago quite a rivalry existed between Clyde and Thames builders on the question of protecting hatches. The Clyde builders carried the openings to the upper deck as is now the custom on all passenger ships—while the Thames builders placed the hatches on the main deck in the waist of the ship between a flush poop and the fore-castle and with bulwarks on each side formed a receptacle for seas. Thus the most vital parts of the ship were the weakest—a clear illustration as to the effect of the later style was in the case of the London—a Thames built ship which foundered from mainly this cause—as will be seen by the following short account:

Over twenty-eight years ago (11th January 1866) the Steamship London foundered in the Bay of Biscay while on the voyage from England to Australia, and two hundred and thirty-five met a watery grave. Notwithstanding the lapse of time since then, the scene rises before me with distinct vividness. Of the gales proceeding the last and eventful night when the cry rang through the ship that all men were wanted on deck to assist in saving her from sinking—of having to leave a comfortable saloon and the door being shut suddenly behind me to prevent the water rushing in, of stepping out on the deck into darkness with the water swirling around and the wind whistling through the rigging, of the voices of sixty or eighty men headed by the captain trying to replace a large frame—the skylight covering of the engine room hatch recently washed off, and when about in position for a sea and a sudden lurch to sweep both it and men down again into the lee scuppers. And at every roll of the ship for the water to pour over the combings and down into the engine room; of hearing the engineer report the fires out; of the long dreary night at the pump, manned mostly by passengers in relays of six at a time; of having to grasp safety ropes when a sea would dash over the high weather bulwarks, or when the lee rail would bury down and scoop up the green sea that went tearing across the deck. Of the desolate appearance of the ship that the morning revealed—the still heavy sea, though not so furious as during the night; the life boats swept away, the topmasts gone, the rigging and sails in disorder, the wheel broken, the yards swinging to and fro and whilst still at the pumps of seeing a boat manned, lowered, capsized and disappear—and as the forenoon wore on watch our hopes lessening and the inevitable fate of our ship becoming more apparent, of wistfully scanning the horizon for a passing vessel; the sad and trying scenes tempered by the reflection of one's own thoughts, the paroxysms of fear so marked the night before having given place to calm resignation—the remarkable quietness of the people—a disposition not to converse—as if each engaged in their own thoughts—also to note the different ways others meet death. Some with their Bibles to select a quiet place and there commune alone, husband and wife consoling each other, families grouped together—some couple I know had six children—one little girl was placed in a high berth out of harm's way, was playing with her doll and would ask why papa and mamma were crying—of the Rev. Mr. Draper and Dr. Woolly administering spiritual consolation to many willing seekers, others dazed and bewildered, and some brooding cases of liquor. I heard the captain rebuke some firemen—saying "Don't do that men, don't die cowards"—of some of the foreign sailors when order and discipline had ceased, to go forward to the fore-castle, put on their best clothes, then lay down in the bunks to await the end—of a few who showed extreme fear—one young man, the assistant surgeon bareheaded pleading with the sailors to go in the boat with such terror depicted on his face that the remembrance of him was before me for months after, of my last visit to the chief

saloon, to find the water washing from side to side, floating luggage out of the state rooms; of conversing with a lady acquaintance, who like others was sitting on the tables out of reach of the water. Of saying to her that I shortly before had become impressed with an idea that I was going to be saved, but could not tell how, as at the time I was not aware of a boat being made ready and of her handing me her photograph to give to her sister in London. This impression may account for my coolness at the last and of having an assuring effect on the sailors who held possession of the boat—also of deciding to risk a visit to my stateroom for a coat—of meeting the captain between decks looking over into the engine room and seeing the darkened water washing about, tearing up iron gratings, etc., of the ominous looks of the captain at my enquiries—of hastening to the deck fully aware that the end was near, (it being then about midday). Of seeing a boat hanging in the davits with six or eight sailors keeping back the crowd. Of seeing a sailor in the stern whom I knew the only one on the ship—of his consent to take me and promised assistance when the boat was lowered, and then grasping the mizzen rigging to wait and intently keeping my eyes on their boat for twenty minutes or more and mindful of the terrible surroundings—of my fear that the ship would sink before the boat was lowered. She was settling by the stern and at each dip the water washed higher over the poop deck. Of seeing a mother and her two daughters lying drowned at my feet mostly by the blinding spray breaking over the weather quarter. Of making a jump into the boat the first time she rose on the sea after being lowered and the next moment to find the bow pressed off and us clear of the ship and eight or ten moments after and when about 800 yards off to see her disappear stern foremost—or rather to disappear when we were down in the trough of a sea—of the feeling of loneliness rather than of rejoicing, for it seemed as if we might be engulfed at any moment—and the crowded state of our boat—being 19 in her and her complement was 12—of the long anxious sleepless night with dangerous cross seas that the Bay of Biscay is noted for, requiring the most watchful care to avoid—and of one breaking over nearly filling the boat, and the cry from King the helmsman "Sit still all, and bail." Then about midnight of suddenly seeing a vessel's light rise out of the darkness and when abreast us for a loud shout to go up from our boat's party which was evidently heard, as we could see the vessel tacking about looking for us but we dare not deviate from our course soon again to be hidden from sight by a sudden squall—at the morning breaking with the same continued gale, the same dreary outlook, and the effects, of suffering from cold, hunger and thirst beginning to show itself in the irritability of the crew for a few hours after when a sail was sighted away off on our port quarter. A dispute arose about turning to run for this vessel, King decidedly objecting and giving for his reason that the boat would assuredly swamp—still the question waxed warm and strong, when a sailor who was standing supporting an oar on which was a skirt as a signal of distress sang out, with an oath, to King, "If you don't put her about I will put this oar through her bottom"—and of the thrill of terror it sent through me, for the desperate determination in the man's face convinced me that he meant it, and when just in the height of the excitement some one cried out "sail ahead" in a moment the scene changes and soon we are speeding along in perfect harmony, cheered by the prospect of an early rescue, of the joy and excitement as we neared the object of our hopes! First to be seen were the three slender tops of the masts, then the yards, then the hull, but the culminating joy was when we found that we were seen by those on board and they are easing off to intercept us. Still another disappointment—a heavy dark squall is bearing down upon us. We are shut out from view. It passes and the vessel is seen nearer. Soon we are alongside and find ourselves being hauled in over the rail onto the deck of a good substantial vessel—an Italian barque bound to England. Of the feeling of thankfulness to be once more in safety and of gratitude to our rescuers for their attention to our needs, but more particularly so when I again set foot on land four days after at Falmouth in Cornwall.

J. E. WILSON.

An Invention for Train Despatchers.

To prevent collision between railway trains, a clever Frenchman, Professor Pallet, has invented a machine by means of which every locomotive on the road regularly registers its position electrically on a scroll of paper at the central office. The scroll is kept slowly moving over a cylinder. Electric contacts are made between two points above and below it, which decompose some iodide of potassium in the paper and thus cause a blue stain. This happens every time an engine passes over certain levers arranged beside the track at intervals of a mile, more or less. By watching the scroll a train despatcher can see in an instant where every train is, and if any two of them approach too closely he can stop any engine at the next post telegraphically. An electric signal may be picked up by the locomotive with a "brush" on one of the wheels when it touches the registering fixture.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

THE DOG AS AN INDEX OF HIS MASTER'S CHARACTER.

Bill Sykes and His Dog—The Man Whose Dog Loves Him is Generally a Man You Can Trust—But the Man His Dog Hates, Look Out For Him!

The true character of the man who owns a dog is a very open book. One that he who runs may read, if he only knows how. The proprietor of the dog is probably quite unaware of the fact, which nevertheless remains, that there is no truer index to a man's inner being than the humble friend who trots after him on four honest legs.

Bill Sykes and his famous dog were striking illustrations of this truth and might almost be said to prove that a dog and his master may grow so much alike, that in time it will be difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Of course the case of Mr. Sykes and his too faithful canine friend was rather an extreme one, and not to be met with every day. I sincerely trust, at least in general society; but it seems to show that Dickens and the present writer thought alike on some subjects.

Just watch the man who is out for a walk with his dog, or rather watch the dog—and then judge of the truth of this theory!

If the dog trots proudly on in front, with head and tail held erect, casting a watchful eye backwards every few steps, to see that master is really there, with a curious eye of mingled proprietorship and protection; if he makes a dash back to his master every few steps, to lick his hand, or offer to carry his cane for him without displaying the slightest fear of that cane, or consciousness that it could possibly be used for anything but walking. If his whole individuality seems to say—"Hurrah! Master and I are out for a walk! Isn't it just prime to be a dog?"

If he licks his lips with subdued relish every time he passes a stray cat, or a lonely hen, and then rolls a loving and reassuring eye up to his master's face, and plainly says, "It's all right, master, I'd like to chase that cat, and relieve that hen of a few feathers, but you said not to, so that settles it." If he comes home from the long walk, very happy and very tired, walking close by his master's side, but not behind him, with a satisfied, not to say conceited, air of having taken excellent care of him and brought him home safely, and if he comes into the house with him, displaying the easy confidence of one whose position is assured, and who has no reason to fear a rebuff; and finally settles down before the fire as close to his master as he can possibly get, and then falls asleep with his head pillowed on that master's feet, and a long night of utter content. In short, if he obeys his best friend's lightest word and seems to anticipate even his wishes, with a solicitude taught, not by fear, but by love, why then you will be comparatively safe in putting your name on that man's paper for the half of your kingdom if he asks you to: but he won't, that kind of man never does. You may give him your most cherished daughter for his wife in the fullest confidence that, so far as he can make it so, her life will be a happy one. You can take him into a partnership in which you supply all the capital, and he has the entire management of the business and you can even make him the director of a bank with full control of its entire capital with the utmost impunity! Because the wind may beat upon that man, and the waters rage around him, and the storm nearly overwhelm him, but yet in the end, amidst the general upheaval of things, that man will stand fast. And somehow or other, I think he will make a fair showing, if I am any judge of human nature, when the time comes for every man to be judged according to his deeds.

But alas for the man who steps out from his own door, with a trembling, dejected specimen of the canine race at his heels! A specimen whose head and tail hang at half-mast, who seems wretchedly uncertain as to what may be in store for him ere he returns. Alas, for that man! And doubly alas for the dog! This man usually carries a thin, flexible cane, the mere sight of which is manifestly sufficient to send apprehensive tremors down the entire length of the dog's spinal column, which seem to culminate in his hapless tail, and deprive it of inclination to wag. An instinct of self-preservation prompts this victim of adverse circumstances to dash rapidly through the gate, which bitter experience has taught him his master will probably bang on his tail; and even this evidence of independence is promptly suppressed by the sharp command, "To heel!" which is instantly obeyed by the frightened creature who prudently chooses the side farthest from the cane, for which he entertains a respect which is the result of familiarity, and yet, strange to say, is very far removed from contempt.

I don't know whether many people have observed the peculiar sling trot invariably adopted by a dog in dejected spirits, but I know that I have, and it denotes uneasiness, and constraint, just as plainly as the human countenance can portray either of those emotions. He pounds along, lifting each foot slowly, and setting it down with a sort of spirited thump. Sometimes a cat appears in the middle distance, tipping daintily along the top of a fence, and for one instant the dog is galvanized into a flickering animation which dies out as quickly as it appeared, he paddles uninterestedly along, his whole mind is devoted to the task of avoiding any occasion of offence, and keeping out of trouble.

Manchester Robertson & Allison. St. John

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Once or twice he forgets himself for a moment and gets a pace or two in advance of his master, but a sharp blow from the cane recalls his wandering attention before there is much harm done, and he is once more a spiritless, and down trodden slave.

After a time that seems endless, at least the dog, the ill-assorted companions reach the turning point in their ramble, and begin to retrace their steps, and now is the moment, when the student of canine nature would be richly rewarded by a careful observation of the dog's manner. Little by little, his spirits seem to revive as he hears home, but he takes pains to conceal this circumstance, if possible, lest it should result in punishment. Very slowly, but very decidedly his head and tail are raised, and an incipient cheerfulness shows itself in the way he opens his mouth occasionally, and ventures to take the liberty of panting a little in subdued and apologetic jerks. He is beginning to feel solid ground beneath his feet, and to mix the metaphors slightly—he sees land at last. He starts nervously, and shuts his mouth with a snap every time his master swings his cane, but still, his troubles are so nearly at an end for this day at least, that he bears up bravely until the starting point is reached and he thankfully obeys the sharp command, "Go to the barn sir!" Briskly, and cheerfully does he canter backwards, and as he goes, there is not a hair on his body which does not seem instinct with relief, and the very recklessness with which he kicks up the gravel as he rushes seems to say—"Thank goodness, I am well out of that!"

Observe that dog's master well, my dear boys, and more especially my dear girls, as he strides into the house shutting the door hard after him. Don't take him for a model, boys, and don't marry him, girls, even if he should ask you; because he is a good man to avoid! He may be reasonably honorable, very likely he is, in a hard mercenary fashion which is more apt to show itself in a determination to exact the pound of flesh from others than in any conspicuous virtue of his own. He will pay what he owes to the last farthing, and insist on the tradesman taking off a liberal discount for cash. He will provide for his family and see that they are reasonably well cared for, but all the same he will make his wife tell him exactly what she wants to do with the half-dollar she asks him for before he gives it to her—which he will never do without her asking for it—and he will demand the exact price she paid for the last pair of stockings she bought, and precisely what is meant by "sundries" in the dress-maker's bill, how much the whalebone cost, and whether it really took two spoons of twist to make the button holes.

He will see that the children are not allowed butter on their bread, as a matter of principle, and because his father never allowed him to have it, and considered stewed apples or molasses healthier. He will portion out their food because—"children and dogs invariably overeat themselves if they are allowed as much as they want," he says, and when his daughters grow up, he will not allow them to curl their hair, or wear corsets; and he never permits them to have any evening dress, if they go to a party they must wear a high necked, and long sleeved gown, and come home before eleven o'clock. Does the picture seem overdrawn? It is taken from life, for I have known just such men; and it is in the light of my own experience that I say, once more, Watch the dog; and you will know the man, if you only pay sufficient attention to the subject.

GROFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A PRECEPTRESS' WARNING.

"Beware of the Girl Whose Mouth is Turned Down at the Corners!"

"Never under any circumstances marry a girl whose mouth turns down at the corners," was the advice given by the preceptress of a large school situated within a few miles of New York city to a Sun reporter.

"I have been closely associated with a large army of young men and women for a great many years," continued the speaker, "and I have frequently given this advice. Many young men, students at the institution with which I am connected, imagining that they are in love, come to me for advice. I invariably first counsel them as I have spoken.

"Why? Because a girl whose mouth turns down at the corners is invariably of a sour, morose disposition, with a very jealous make-up, and is certain to make the man she marries any amount of trouble through life. I have verified this assertion in a great many instances and I have yet to find one case in which it failed.

"A great many young lady students whose mouths have that unfortunate curl downward come for advice as to correcting the fault—I say fault, for I believe if any woman has a homely mouth it is her own fault—and I always tell them they must abandon all hope of effecting a cure by external means, such as pursuing their mouths upwards with their fingers, and look after the interior of their natures, examine and correct the dispositions which have caused nature to so mark and distinguish them that all men who know anything about character reading may at a glance know them for just what they are.

"The fault certainly can be corrected, and a young woman can change the shape of her mouth as certainly as she can the contour of her form, but of course it takes persistent and determined work to do it—an exercise of will power that of itself is a lasting benefit in forming a perfect and lovable character—but I know whereof I speak when I say it can be accomplished. "I have another theory, also, which I think you will find interesting," continued the speaker. "It is that children very often inherit the suppressed desires of their parents. An instance or two will best illustrate what I mean. I know intimately a minister, one of the old-fashioned orthodox kind who believe in following the strict letter of their creed more than relying on their own good sense of right and wrong. The man to whom I refer always had a burning desire to attend the theatre, but the discipline he so conscientiously followed would not allow him to do such a thing, and he suppressed and held in check the desire.

"Often when some great actor was announced or some standard play was holding the boards, he would say to me: 'Oh, how I would like to go with you to the theatre. To-night, but I do not feel that I dare.' "Now that man," continued the preceptress, "married and brought a family of children into the world, and every one of them was perfectly stage crazy. They would sooner go to the theatre than prayer meeting any night in the week, although they had been brought up to give the prayer meeting first choice. The desire which their father suppressed they inherited and did not control as he had done.

"This theory I could illustrate by a dozen examples, but it would be mere repetition. Suffice it to say that I have made a study of the matter for years and I have yet to find an instance, that I was able to trace that did not come as I have indicated. It is on this theory that I account for that time-honored saying that ministers' children are always the worst. In them crop out all the desires which, perhaps, their parents had, but which they suppressed, or at least hid from public view, so that the children should not always be blamed as much as they sometimes are.

"I will ease this matter up a little for some sensitive parent by acknowledging that cussedness in children does not always indicate that it came directly from the parents; they may have inherited it from some other ancestor, or it may have originated with them, but the chance are that parents are responsible for it, although it may appear to be directly contrary to their own nature."

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following inscription: "N. B.—When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads: "This is the bridge-path to Faversham; if you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

MOTHERS.

Physicians will tell you that more than one-half the troubles of children are caused by worms; The following are the symptoms:

The countenance pale; eyes dull and pupils dilated; picking of the nose; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slimy or turreted tongue; foul breath generally in the morning; appetite changeable; belly swollen and hard; a gnawing or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the navel; the bowels constipated or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood; stools slimy; urine turbid; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of teeth; starting up out of sleep; breathing occasionally difficult; generally with hicough; temper changeable, but generally irritable.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist

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Snider's ROOT BEER. Wholesome and strengthening, pure blood, free from boils or carbuncles. General good health—results from drinking Snider's Root Beer the year around.

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