his examination when the crowsnest at the foremast ale on the starboard bow! ort bow!" as they case may man takes his station the little craft. To get es considerable skill on the ng the vessel, for the whale d at too much commotion, n the propellor causes as it ind be the cause of a long then, the whaler is manking distance. It is largely work to get this distance ht moment, for the whale y move in a straight line time between blowing perinty is about the only ex-

oard the whalers. dy, the moment when the he ocean mammal is archalong, the gun is fired, and wrought from the best of led against the quarry. As on its way, the "foregoer" ow directly beneath the This is the rope fastened harpoon. It is made of ssian hemp, is light, very able to stand an enormous

ip is good, rarely is there e starts wildly as the iron Never has it felt anything thing; for it is not of its be combatted and perhaps ne-sided battle, the result t it, however, the whale a terrific struggle. With the irons of the harpoon securely, it often takes ish. An illustration of the the wonderful vitality of m one of the whaling capk, an eighty-foot sulphur d his vessel busy for fully it tried every possible way cable, as even a trout will fishing-line. It would ould come to the surface, ength into the air. Tired started to swim away with rate of six miles an hour, oing half-speed astern, the through the water for a

ual battle has ceased, the longside; and if there are an air-pipe is inserted blubber and the body inarked with a flag and cast is picked up and towed ere it is hauled out on to ork of cutting up is comgreat sharp knives swarm Some of them work on b on top. From head to slit into five-foot widths. sections of fat a hook is hook is attached to a wire rinch. The cable tightens, crackling sound the great n from the body. This is The strips are then cut up ocks and sent in carriers to Some of these pieces, by that part of the whaling he close of the day's work, n may be observed making

g a piece of blubber. To the most palatable of all the chief product of the en yielding as much as twenty-two dollars a baroil alone is worth nineteen dollars. Besides the oil. from three hundred to

nds of whalebone in the ale. This is worth anyborhood of four hundred the whale meat, of which tons, the whaling people a ton. This meat is salted a ready market in Japan, on being particularly fond try the tails are also sold, about fifty dollars per ton. four tons of guano, made the stomach and all refuse h brings about forty dolrge bones also make a which does not, however,

e as that obtained for the

kind, the bowhead is said able, for bone and oil to y thousand dollars have single specimen. Second s the right whale, valued thousand dollars in bone perm whale comes third. , which seems to be fully of the animal, as many as e oil have been secured. were the principal ones romantic years of the e somewhat scarce today; pliances, the commoner sulphur bottom, finback become of great commer-Jancouver Island stations e principally taken, where many as nine have been day.—F. M. Kelly, in Pa-

THE CONTAGION OF A BAD EXAMPLE

ROFESSOR A. W. FLUX, of Mc-Gill University, recently wrote the' Montreal Witness as follows: There are some things which we in Canada do better than our

friends in the United States. Among them is the business of banking and the provision of a sound and elastic currency. Yet the budget speech, delivered on Tuesday last, showed how our sounder standards had been influenced by the practices induced there, in part, by an inferior system.

In times of financial trouble the banks of

the city of New York, and some outside that city, have developed the habit of looking to the secretary of the treasury for aid. Having learned that they may rely on securing that aid, by the application of judicious pressure, they have, if we may judge by the result, abandoned the attempt to make proper provision for the evil days ahead, and content themselves with providing for ordinary times only. The more the secretary of the treasury helps them, the more confidently they depend on the repetition of that help. It would appear that the spectacle afforded by a system thus dependent—in the day of trouble—on a kind of Providence, has inspired our finance minister, or those to whose persistent pressure he has yielded, with the idea of imitating the worst results of a bad system, quite ignoring the differences which the contrasted systems of Canada and the United States present, differences which should have served as an adequate safegaurd to us.

In the United States the secretary of the treasury has taken upon himself to reconstruct the law, and to accept as collateral against deposits made in the national banks United States bonds or otherwise, when the law (since altered, indeed, to suit the practice thus estab-lished) read "United States bonds and otherwise." Here was a fine example to follow.

security against Dominion notes and savings thus lent, the outstanding Dominion notes in-bank deposits there shall be held "Canadian se-curities guaranteed by the government of the held against them decreased by \$4,931,915. curities guaranteed by the government of the United Kingdom." Mr. Helding has considered himself justified for over three months in regarding them as adequately observed by the holding of "other securities guaranteed by the Bank of Montreal." That the discovery of the new interpretation might be made more difficult to those not admitted to the secret, he delayed the issue of the Dominion note account for Nov. 30 from the normal date, Dec. 14, till people were well occupied with Christmas merrymaking on Dec. 28, the date when, for the first time, the Canada Gazette supplied the formation in question.

Mr. Cortelyou and his predecessors, in virtue of the much abused treasury system of the United States, have usually been in possession of sufficient cash to make its deposit a matter of importance to the banks which receive it on the occasions of emergency which have re-curred with such distressing frequency in recent years. These deposits of the spare funds of the treasury are thus a valuable aid to tiding over a difficult position, and it is possible that to some citizens of the United States this method of overcoming the strain seems the one and only natural method. Let us hope that these ideas will not find a permanent lodgment in Canada. Unless by reference to the influence exerted by the practices of our neighbors, it is hard to explain the persistence with which by his own account, our finance minister pressed some of the banks to permit him toend them some cash, though, to provide it, he had to make inroads on trust funds. Even Mr. Cortelyon has not gone so far as to lend the banks any part of the gold held against gold certificates, or of the hundred and fifty million dollars held to secure redemption of the greenbacks. It is true that Mr. Fielding stated that he had lent to the banks in the form of Dominion notes. But, between Oct. 31 and Our laws require that, for certain parts of the the end of the year, while five millions were

This certainly offers a pointed suggestion that a good deal of the deposit made with banks was made in gold. But the banks held, on Dec. 31, \$677,057 less in specie than on Oct. 31, while they held, of Dominion notes, \$1,832,598 more. The banks were supplied with funds in order that they might lend them, but there were fewer Dominion notes in circulation outside the banks at the end of the year than before the supposed creation of five millions of extra notes. Was there more gold in circulation among the people, or had Mr. Fielding's complacency merely facilitated the exportation of gold at a time when it was supposed that leading banks were devoting considerable

trouble to importing it?

But, bad as is the example set by the leaders of public opinion in treating the laws as having no special sanctity when they become inconvenient, and dangerous as is the precedent set for the future, the matter of immediate importance is the intended amendment of the issuing powers of our banks. It is called an "emergency issue," and here again we see how strong is the influence of our neighbors' example. They have a currency system which is almost as inelastic as it could be made, and their conception of an emergency currency, which has been very much discussed of late years, is a conception designed to introduce, at the critical period of the year, an element of elasticity into a system which conspicuously lacks that characteristic. The favorite scheme is to copy the German method, and tax issues of this special character, so as to discourage their use except in emergencies. But, in taking example by the German system, they are proposing to imitate a system which, apart from the provision of the possibility of a taxed emergency issue, is even more rigid, less elastic, than their own. What is the application of the conception of an emergency issue to a system

whose most conspicuous characteristic is its millions of this was rendered necessary by the elasticity? It might almost be said that the conditions set up, or proposed to be set up elsewhere, and operating, or to operate, only at times of stress, are (apart from the tax on the issue) in existence all the time in the Canadian system. And how ill the notion fits into our system may be seen when we consider that Mr. Fielding proposes to confine the use of the emergency provision to the last quarter of the calendar year. One might venture to say that it would be considerably more difficult to in-duce the use of the extended privilege of issue outside these months than it was to persuade the banks to accept the aid proffered by the finance minister last November. The extent to which the present powers of note issue remain must bear eloquent witness to the ab-sence of need of further powers except in Oc-tober, November and December, and to the meaninglessness of any formal restriction of special additional privileges to those months.

But is it reasonable to extend the powers of issue of our banks beyond their present limits? Some banks find it possible to keep in circulation a larger part of their legal issue than do others. The extended privilege proposed would favor these, and there is no evidence that the country would be served by such a principle of selection, among banks, of those to whom gain should be assigned. Leading bankers have expressed the view that it is desirable that, if extended privileges of circula-tion be needed, they should be acquired by the present legal method of providing corresponding additions to capital. Banking on inadequate capital is a danger to the community, and while it cannot be said generally that our chartered banks are sinners in this respect, additions to capital should accompany the expansion of obligations to the public. Last year the average outstanding circulation of our banks was nearly seventy-six millions of dollars. The total cash held averaged about seventy millions, and if we assume that twenty ready inordinately long.

need for readiness to give cash for notes presented for redemption, an ample allowance will probably be thus made. This leaves fiftysix millions of profit-making circulation on the average. The rate at which profit may be reckoned on funds loaned is certainly in excess of two and a half per cent. in Canada, that is, the interest charged is by that much in excess of the current cost of premises, salaries, etc., used in conducting the business. On this basis a profit of \$1,400,000 would be shown on note circulation by the banks as a whole last year, say one and a half per cent. of addition to the dividend. This estimate errs little, if at all, on the side of exaggeration of the profit. In view, then, of the profitableness of the note-issuing privilege, is it not reasonable to maintain at least the existing guarantee for the soundness of our system? May we not ask the banks to provide additional capital if they feel the need f greater powers of note issue in the autumn? Should some of the new capital lie idle for the rest of the year, the banks would still find the privilege of lending their promises to pay a profitable one, taken in its entirety. The exercise of that privilege is of great advantage to the community, it cannot be denied. But that is a very inadequate reason for making it an unnecessarily profitable privilege to those who

It is to be feared that the docile majority behind Mr. Fielding will be quite willing to pass his promised emergency currency bill if he commends it to them. But it may be hoped that, from the ranks of the bankers themselves, and from other groups of the more reflecting part of the public, the pressure may become strong enough to induce the finance minister to abandon his announced purpose.

There are other points in connection with the recent proceeding of forcing public deposits on the banks which might properly be made the subject of comment, but this letter is al-

My Hold-Up Man

HE story which I am about to relate is more than "founded on fact," as many novellsts in commending their works to the people are in the habit of saying. Most of the details will be recalled by the San Franciscans who were alive in the year when the story opens, and who knew the estimable family whom I shall introduce to the Colonist readers under the initial letter "B." In all its details of broken hearts ruined hopes and blasted career, the tale is one of the most sorrowful that it has fallen to my lot to write during my long residence on the Coast. There are other instances of total depravity and good-fornothingness that might be told, for every family has its skeleton in a closet. Some of the "skeletons" being too large for ordinary closets, often take possession of the whole house and appear in hideous form at every family gathering.

About the month of August, 1857, there came into my office at San Francisco, an elderly lady, who led by the hand a pretty boy of some twelve years. The lady explained that she was a Mrs. "B," and the boy, who was her youngest son, was named Maurice. He was desirous of learning the printing business. She was a French Canadian by birth, from Montreal. she said, and a widow. A recent bank fallure had stripped the family of nearly all their means and her children (there were several) who had been dependent on her income, must now become bread-earners. Maurice, who was just from school, was intelligent, good and industrious and anxious to learn the trade of a printer.

industrious and anxious to learn the trade of a prin-

I looked at the little fellow. He was one of the most beautiful children I had ever seen. He had glossy black hair, and his coal-black eyes were fringed by long lashes. His features were regular and the skin was so clear that you could trace the blue yelns of the temple. His manner was shy and gentle, more like that of a young girl than a boy, and as his mother impressibly recounted his good qualities in broken English, he clung closely to her side and gazed fondly into her face.

I told the lady that I feared the boy was too young

gazed fondly into her face.

I told the lady that I feared the boy was too young to resist the influences of the older boys in the office, who were not nice in their language and associations, etc. But she said that she would bring his luncheon every day and sit with him and talk to him during the noon hour. In the evening, she would meet him at the door and walk home with him, so his morals would be closely guarded.

at the door and walk home with him, so his morals would be closely guarded.

After a short discussion I consented to receive the lad and on the following Monday little Maurice B. was installed as the office boy: I found him industrious and prompt, respectful and obedient, and I began to think that in the new boy I had secured an

began to think that in the new boy I had secured an office treasure.

Every day, precisely at twelve, the lady appeared at the office with a basket of goodles. I placed a small table at her disposal, and she spread a napkin and she and her precious boy ate their luncheon and appeared to enjoy each other's company. When she went away she always kissed Maurice and in the evening she met him at the door and conducted him home. I never saw a mother and son more devoted to each other. The arrangement continued for some weeks and until I decided to come to British Columbia. Having disposed of my interest, I went to the office to say good-bye to my late associates. Maurice warmly grasped my hand and as I handed him a little book as a gift his eyes filled with tears. I promised to write him from the mines, a promise I regret I did not keep. For awhile the little fellow and his estimable mother were often in my mind; but as the inonths and years slipped by I forgot that such persons as Mrs. B. and her son ever existed. Once in a while a vision of the boy's lovely face would sweep across my mind. It stayed but a moment and then laded away into the realm of shadows. Finally, in the rush and bustle and career of an active life, I forgot them altogether and they came no more to my memory.

Late one night, more than thirty years after I had left Sair Francisco and its Joys and sorrows behind, I sat in my office in this city. The compositors were at work in another part of the building. The hour was late and my assistants had gone home, leaving me to finish up for the night. The day had been a wearying one. Some very important news had come over the wires and was being put in type, and I awaited a proof. I turned the gas jet down and sat near the grate fire. Presently I dozed and finally fell fast asleep. How long I slept, I cannot say—perhaps not more than ten minutes. Then I awoke with a start and with a sensation that I was no longer alone. I felt, rather than knew, that some one was in the moon with me—that he had entered while I slept. I turned quickly and in the dim light saw a figure standing three or four feet distant. I turned up the jet and saw a short, sinewy looking man, very gray, very grimy and very shabbliy dressed. His face wore

replied in a deep, raucous voice with a slight French accent.

"What do you want?"

"I want money, I am poor, starving, without a place to lay my head. Give me enough to buy food, and get back to God's country and Fli go out."

"Why do you not apply to the authorities?".

"The authorities! Oh! no," he exclaimed with a bitter laugh that sounded like the howl of a timber wolf or a mad dog. "I know better. I want you to help me."

"I don't know you and I have too many needy friends without helping an entire stranger, I said.

"But I am not a stranger—to you."

"I have never seen you before."

"Oh! but you have. There was a time when you knew me well, and called me friend."

I dove into the cells of my brain and searched them in vain for a clue that would enable me to recognize this villainous-looking object who stood by me with evil intentions stamped on his face and shining from his baleful eyes.

"I can't remember you." I said at test.

"I can't remember you," I said at last.
"I'll refresh your memory," and the man grinned

again.

"While I'm doing that I'll sit down," and he laid his hat and stick on the floor beside him.

"Do you know," he remarked, by way of a prelude, "I might have brained you while you slept, and got off with your watch and money. If you had been any one else, I'd a done it too, by God I would, and no one would have been the wiser. You were kind to me one else. I'd a done it too, by God I would, and no one would have been the wiser. You were kind to me once—and to my mother years ago—I guess its nearly thirty-five years—and I have never forgotten you. Don't you remember me now?"

I shook my head. No, I had never seen him be-re and wished him well out of the room. fore and wished him well out of the room.

"Have I changed so that even you cannot pick me out?" he asked in his horrid rasping volce. "I knew you the moment I saw you asleep in your chair. Damme, how you tempted me to throttle you," and he worked his dirty fingers convulsively.

"Come, come," I said, "You must go out."

"Yes," he continued without paying attention to what I said. "You haven't changed much. But I—I—have changed so that my own mother, were she alive, would not know me—"

"Come," I exclaimed nervously, tell me who you are or leave the room. I have no time to waste on

are or leave the room. I have no time to waste on you; besides I don't like your looks or your ways."

The ruffian picked up his hat and stick from the floor and then said,

"Do you remember Maurice B?"
"Indeed I do," I said, "What has become of that lovely lad? Can you tell me?"

"He's here before you," the man replied, "here in this room, looking at you, talking to you, begging you for the money that he might have stolen from you by mashing your head a few minutes ago." "Wha-at," I exclaimed "you are surely not Maurice B, my boy friend. It cannot be?"

"It not only can be, but it is," the man said—"I am Maurice B. I've had hard luck, and I'm broke. I saw your name in your paper today and I said to myself, here's the man who called himself my friend and promised to write to me and never did. He'll help me. I stole into your room after all the rest were gone to ask for help. You were asleep and I resisted a great temptation to murder you. I am hungry, ragged, desperate and I'm hunted. If I cannot borrow ten dollars I'll commit another crime," and he raised his stick threateningly, and licked his dry lips with his tongue as he gazed at me.

"Why don't you appeal to your relatives?" I asked

"Why don't you appeal to your relatives?" I asked.
"My relatives," he replied with bitterness.
"They have disowned me—cast me off years ago. I don't mind telling you," he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I have passed years and years in prisons. After you went away I discarded my mother's advice, and took up with bad boys. Before I was seventeen I was sent to a reformatory. Just think of sending a boy to a nursery of crime to be reformed. When I went in I was a novice in crime, but when I came out I was a graduate, without "honors" of course. I was soon in the hands of the police again, and was sent to state prison. While I was in jail my mother filed. They said her heart was

broken because I went bad. My only sister died next and of all our family there are only me and one brother left. What have I got to live for, anyhow. Who would speak to me in the streets or give me employment if he knew what I am?"

"How did you get out of gao!" I ventured.

"A year ago I escaped," he said. "I was fired upon by the guard and the shot grazed my head. (He parted his gray locks and showed a scar where a balt had plowed its way through the scalp), but I got away. I have traveled up and down the Coast and have not been caught. I have worked at sawmills on the Sound and have spent the money that I carned in drink and cards, which have been my bane. The other day af Port Gamble, a atranger eyed me long and searchingly. I feared that he recognized me, so I got on a steamer that was leaving for Victoria, without drawing my pay, and here I am—broke, discouraged and desperate. I want money, I tell you, I must have money and, by God, I'll get it somewhere or somehow, if I hang for it," and he struck the floor a violent blow with his stick.

"How much do you want?" I asked.

"Ten dollars will see me clear of this d—d place and I'll never come back to it."

"Here it is," I said.

"Here it is," I said.

"He clutched the meney engerly, bit the coin to test its genuineness and put it in his pocket. He then placed his hat on his head and looked at me steadily. Our eyes met and somehow of another I fancied I detected shining through the 'windows of his soul,' a trace of the expression that I saw in them when we parfed many years before at San Francisco.

As he reached the door the man turned and looked at me for a moment, He seemed half-inclined to return and "massh my head," but he contented himself with saying:

"Let me give you a psece of advice. Never go to sleep again without looked."

turn and "mash my head," but he contented himself with saying:

"Let me give you a piece of advice." Never go to sleep again without locking your office door. It's dangerous and tempting. Good night and good bye."

"Good night—Maurice," I returned with an effort. Then I heard the sound of his footsteps on the stair, and which they died away I knew that he had passed out into the night to face the world once more, I locked the door and never saw him again.

There is a story told of a noted artist who began his career by painting the portrait of a beautiful child which he labeled "Innocence," and who spent many years in endeavoring to find a subject for a companion picture which he intended to call "Vice." He visited many countries, ransacking haunts of vice and prisons for a suitable subject, without success. At last he went to Hong Kong, and there in a cell he discovered a hideous, degraded, filthy specimen of humanity, who resembled more a wild beast than a man. He selected this wretch as the subject, for which he had sought so long, and the two pictures were hung in his studio side by side. Afterward he learned that the innocent child and the sin-enwrapped man were one and the same!

Do not the pictures I have drawn of Maurice B. as

Do not the pictures I have drawn of Maurice B. as a child and again as a man, remind the reader of the painter's quest?

A few years later I read in a California paper that a U. S. Army paymaster, accompanied by an orderly, had left the town of Yreka with a large sum of money for the payment of the troops—at one of the outlying posts. At a lonely spot in the road the paymaster and his orderly were shot from ambush, and the cantinas that held the money were cut from the mule's back by a lone highwayman who wore a mask and who darted into the forest with the booty. The news was taken to Yreka and in the evening a villainous-looking man entered the hotel and sought accommodation. As it happened neither of the victims, although desperately wounded, died, and the dress and figure of the stranger answering the description of the highwayman, he was taken into custody. The cantinas were found secreted in the bush with the contents intact. The highwayman was recognized as Maurice B. The papers, with a brutal frankness, gave his name and his family connections, told about his conviction for several crimes and mentioned the fact that he was one of the most dangerous criminals that California had produced. He was convicted—sentenced to a federal prison for life, and if he has not died meanwhile, he is there still. A few years later I read in a California paper that

The London newspapers used to make a distinction between a simple notice of a death, for which they charged five shillings, and a brief colituary, for which they demanded seven and sixpence. One day Dr. Thomas Hume called at the office of a morning journal and silently placed upon the counter the announcement of the death of a friend, together with five shillings. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it to one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six!" "I have frequently," answered Hume "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings." "Simple!" repeated the clerk without looking up, "there's an added line, universally beloved and deeply regretted, isn't there? Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing in his most solemn tone. "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be out to."

Driving the Whale

sheer from the water's edge on either side of a narrow sound; rifts in the rock where fleecy tutts of cloud, impresoned in the gaps drifted over green patines of cultivation and primitive tuti-roofed houses—it was the strangest land I had yet seen, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. The echoes of our steam whistle had scarcely died away before we were surrounded by boats—boats that seemed to come out of some old Norse tapestry, high at stem and stern built with a graceful curve that gladdened the eye of a discriminating seaman. And the oarsmen were in keeping with their craft—blue eyed, tawny bearded, shaggy headed, wearing Trojan shaped caps that at a distance looked like Viking helmets, dark knee breeches, and hide shoes moulded to the shape of the foot.

A few minutes later I stood for the first time on Farcese soil, but this is a meaningless phrase in this case. To be accurate, I jumped ashore on a slippery layer of cold refuse and clambered over the omnipresent rocks, which cropped out even in the narrow passages between the houses, and explained why man himself is almost the only beast of burden in these rugged islands. A couple of mongrels ran out to growl at the stranger. Otherwise, my presence in the settlement called for no more than a friendly "Good-day" from men with loads of peat on their backs, or a shy salutation from women spreading split cod to dry in the sun; on the turf roots cocks and hens were busily salutation from women spreading split cod to dry in the sun; on the turf roofs cocks and hens were busily searching for earwigs, and round the stone foundations rate gambolled in utter unconcern of human proximity. On a moorland spur above the settlement I paused to look down on this picture of tranquility, when suddenly a loud shout rang out echoed by a dozen voices, and I saw the figures of men and women scurrying pell mell to the boats. I reached the waterside breathless. 'What is it?' I cried, and an exultant chorus answered me: 'Grindabud!'

waterside breathless. 'What is it?' I cried, and an exultant chorus answered me: 'Grindabudi'

I understood; a shoal of 'grind' (i. e., caaing whales) had been sighted, and every able-bodied man and half-grown lad was eager to join in the 'drive'—the great national sport of the Faroes. With the free-masonry of the sea I was accepted as volunteer, and took my place in the eight-oared boat without more ado. Time was of paramount importance, and in addition to our 'lookout' in the bows we carried two brawny fellows, besides our oarsmen, so that each couple might be relieved in turn. Passing out of the sound through high gates of rock, we met the first shock of the Atlantic swell, which still spoke of yesterday's gale, and on we tolled, threading our way among islands which seemed to be all black basalt rising steep and jagged like the top of some half-submerged mountain. When muscular exertion did not demand all our attention my companions talked volubly of whale driving past and present, of the growing scarcity of shoals, of the huge slaughters of bygone years. But when at length we sighted a long line of boats stealing stealthily along a leeward coast, the silence of tense excitement fell upon us all, and as we, too, joined the ranks of the whale drivers there was a splash and a glimpse of an undulating black back, which told us that the shoal was between us and the shore. And now the leader of the 'drive' whose boat flew the Danish flag, in token of his temporary authority, issued orders for a series of strategic movements, each of which was carried out with due regard to the sudden halts and rushes of the whales. Indeed, no admiral manoeuvring his fleet in action could have shown greater skill nor have called forth more intelligent obedience, with the result that within a few minutes the boats had formed a V. inclosing the unsuspecting animals on three sides.

Sufting our speed to the pace of the shoal, we carefully guided it past narrow stratts leading to the

closing the unsuspecting animals on three sides.

Suiting our speed to the pace of the shoal, we carefully guided it past narrow straits leading to the open sea. for, once out in the Atlantic, the best of flotillas would have had to abandon the chase. The most dangerous kyles, however, were yet to be passed and, to our dismay, the whales began to take alarm; after an unusual amount of splashing and jumping they stopped in the midst of a frantic rush forward so abruptly that the nearest pursuers almost collided with the hindmost animals. There was a moment's confusion; then the beasts wheeled and headed straight for the gaps between the boats. At lightning speed we closed up, and discharged a volley of stones into the struggling shoal just in time to turn it. For my part, I do not doubt that a few stragglers broke through the cordon unperceived, but my Faroese friends scouted the idea.

The tide was low when we dashed into the nar-

The tide was low when we dashed into the narrow, sandy creek in the wake of the terrific whales. There our tactics changed. We spread out in one compact line from shore to shore, and at the word of command, amid earsplitting yells, the first spear was thrown and the massacre began. A shower of spears whizzed through the air, boats crashed into each other, the whales flopped about helplessly in the shallows, and cannoned against their fellows until one actually heard the grating of their rough skins.

A quivering spear, a crimson track, marked the course of each poor, wounded beast, and the boats darted and twisted like live things in their endeavors to get alongside some monster, when an iron gaff was thrust into its side and the head almost severed from the body. The more panic-stricken the victims became the more they tried to leap out of the water, though those furthest from the shore could easily have evaded their pursuers by diving and passing under them; but afterward I was told that, however hard pressed they have never been known to escape by, diving, which tempts one to conclude that their chief enemy is some deep sea creature from whose presence they are accustomed to fly to the surface. Some of the less-severely wounded beasts managed to force their way beyond the line of boats, but their daring secured them no pity; they were ruthlessly run down and attacked, this time with harpoons.

To the Farcemen this was no more than stocking the winter larder; to me, who have no taste for whale meat, it was a scene of cruel butchery that outwelghed the excitement of the drive, and I was glad when the last whale had lashed out its life in the crimson shallows and the men began wiping their bloodstained knives to count the victims of the chase.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vermont, is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

"Do you always learn all the hard lessons the teacher gives you?" asked Uncle Mark.
"Oh, yes," replied Tommie, "but I find they're awful easy to forget."

"It's dreadful mean," said Mollie. "They have an elevator in this hotel to take you up to bed when you don't want to go; but they haven't anything to take you up the mountains that tire you out to climb."

"Papa," asked Brownie, who has a way of putting questions that are hard to answer, "is goose feathers softer than straw?" "Oh, my, yes! A feather bed is much better than a straw one." said papa.
"Then why ain't gooseberries better than straw-berries?" asked Brownie.

Lord Dunmore's only fauit was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted on correctness in eating, in dress, in everything. At a dinner in Beacon street he told a story about an incorrect self-made man. This man was dressing one evening to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over.

"But, George," she said reproachfully, "aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?"

"No. What's the use?" George growled. "My napkin would hide 'em any way."

They certainly were rather a hopeless lot of recruits, and their stupidity as they bungled through their drill roused the ire of the captain in charge. For the hundredth time they turned to the left when the order had been right, and ran about like lost sheep at the order "Form fours." That was the last

straw.
"You knock-kneed, flat-footed idjots!" he yelled.
"You're not worthy of being drilled by a captain.
What you need is a rhinoceros to teach you."
Then, sheathing his sword in a passion, he turned "Now, lieutenant," he roared, "you take charge of

The navy department decided recently that officers receiving unexpected orders to foreign duty should be allowed to draw two months' advance pay. Officers are required to defray traveling expenses out of their own funds, and upon reporting at the new station they are reimbursed from the United States treasury, after the usual delay. Often it proved extremely embarrassing to hab to meet the expenses of a long journey, and for this reason the recent order was issued. Some years ago a notably impecunious officer on duty in New York received orders to proceed to Sitka to join one of the ships of the Bering Sea patrol squadron. The officer, who had no ready money and could not persuade any of his friends to make a loan, wrote a long letter to the Secretary of the Navy, asking to be relieved of his orders or to be furnished with money to defray his traveling expenses. The Secretary saw in the letter an attempt to get out of unpleasant duty, and a peremptory telegram ordered the officer to proceed at once. He obeyed first telegraphing as follows: "Have proceeded in obedience to orders on foot. Next-address Harrisburg." He was not surprised upon his arrival in Harrisburg to find a telegram authorizing him to draw travel money in advance.