

OCEAN CABLE CAUGHT WHALE.

FISH STORY SENT FROM CHILE TO THE AQUARIUM.

Cable Wouldn't Work—Repair Ship Sent Out Fishing—Dragged to Surface Whale With Three Turns of Cable Around Its Body and One in its Mouth.

In November last an officer of the General and South American Telegraph Company called on the director of the New York Aquarium with a letter from the electrical engineer of the company, who desired to know to what depth a whale could descend and whether an air breathing mammal could stand a water pressure of nearly half a ton to the square inch.

These inquiries were prompted by an interruption of the submarine cable between Iquique and Valparaiso, Chile, which occurred on Aug. 14 last and which was caused by a large whale that was afterwards drawn to the surface by the repair steamer Faraday from a depth of 400 fathoms.

An article in the New York Zoological Society's Bulletin for April, an aquarium number, from which the above facts are taken, continues:

The cable in which the whale was entangled weighed in air, while wet, 1,715 pounds, and was buoyed, and was being strained of 6,000 tons. The weight in salt water was 1,005 tons per nautical mile.

If the whale came to the surface to blow, he must have held two or three miles of cable in suspension. This, however, is unlikely, since it had four turns of the cable around its body, one being in its mouth.

When the trouble with the cable was discovered tests from Valparaiso and Iquique placed the break about thirteen miles from the latter place. On Aug. 16 the Faraday left Iquique for the position of the break and began grappling in 342 fathoms, with 600 fathoms of rope out.

The cable was hove up, cut and tested to Iquique. The end was buoyed, and the ship, grappling further out, picked up the cable, which came in badly twisted and with increasing strain.

A large whale was brought to the surface completely entangled in the cable. The stretch being unobtainable the cable was cut close to the whale and the vessel moved to windward.

Tests were made and Valparaiso spoken. The ship made four soundings in the vicinity which showed a depth of 415 fathoms, 2,490 feet nearly half a mile. It is extremely doubtful whether an air breathing animal can go as deep as 400 fathoms, and as that depth is much below the limit of pelagic life, on which most whales feed, it is not likely that the whale would penetrate such a depth.

Total darkness moreover, prevails in depths of 400 fathoms.

According to the records of whaler men whales have been known to stay under water more than an hour and after being harpooned to have carried out a mile of line before resurfacing at the surface, although this does not necessarily mean that the line was carried down vertically.

The Valparaiso-Iquique cable was laid on Jan. 27, 1906. At first sight it seems unlikely that the whale entangled in this cable could have remained eight months without complete disintegration or being gradually consumed by small forms of life on the bottom.

The deep sea, however, is intensely cold, the temperature being close to the freezing point of fresh water and the carcass, unless actively attacked by bottom life, might be expected to last longer than in the warmer surface waters.

Since, from what we know of air breathing animals, it is unlikely that the whale would descend 400 fathoms of its own accord, and as a deep sea cable is not laid very slack, it is doubtful that the whale could have fouled it at the bottom.

The logical conclusion is that it became entangled during the laying of the cable, eight months before, when there was a considerable length of it in suspension. The twisted condition of the stiff and heavy cable about the animal shows that the energy expended in the vain effort to free itself must have been enormous.

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ELITE DRESSMAKING SCHOOL Miss Valens, Instructor P. O. BOX 91 DUNDAS, ONT.

SAILORS LAUGH AT SUPERSTITION.

Many of the Romances of the Sea Have Vanished. Sailors are no longer superstitious. At any rate, it is difficult to find one who has any regard for the old sea lore about which a thousand and one fascinating stories have been told. Whether the modern steamship has made sailors feel a little less fearful and more independent of the forces of nature, says a writer in T. B. I am scarcely prepared to say; but an old sea captain at Kothicribbe actually laughed when I asked him if he was afraid of carrying a cat on board or sneezing on the left side of the ship.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Duchess and Priscilla Fine Hosiery For Ladies Rock Rib and Hercules School Hose Strong as Gilethead Limit of Strength Princess Egyptian Lace For Children's Fine Dress Little Darling and Little Pet For Infants Lamb's Wool and Silk Ties All Wool Fine Hosiery Manufactured for the Wholesale Trade by the CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

shook with laughter as he pictured the spectacle of men holding a sneeze and running from one side of the vessel to the other, so that they should not arouse the elements and bring on bad weather—"I don't believe," he said, "one sailor in a hundred ever heard of the superstition."

"What about Mother Carey's chickens?" Very nice birds. Harbingers of bad weather, you say. Landmen say we think so, but we don't. If they were so we should always be fearful of bad weather; for petrels are to be seen every day when on a long voyage. We like to see them about the ship when no other life is visible."

Other sad disillusion awaited the T. B. man when he picked up a copy of the Nautical Magazine, in which a writer, talking of lost sea romances, says that "crossing the line" is remembered only on passenger ships, where its observance is expected; while whistling for a wind is gone, for the simple reason that few ships want any wind now-days, and a whistle won't mend a propeller shaft.

At one time when England was master and mistress of the seas too, no Dutchman dared to help himself out of a mess but he had the English and Yankees had "had their whack." Now it is first come first served, and the Englishman is lucky if he is there at all.

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Write us for full information about crops, climate and special railroad rates, etc. Local representative wanted in each county.

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Useful Hints.

Be careful at each ironing to fold the table linens in a new way if possible, as it wears first at the folds. A good plan is to purchase an extra half yard of tablecloth and after a time cut off the extra length. This brings the creases in a new place.

If your wax has given out and the starch sticks to the irons, try kerosene. Put a little of the oil on a cloth and rub the hot iron over it a few times. This will keep the starch from sticking, and removes any dirt that may have collected on the bottom or side of the irons, which often soils the clothes. As so little oil is used, there is no danger.

In my grandmother's pocket," she remarked, as she pushed her handkerchief up her sleeve, "there reposed a pair of scissors in a leather sheath, a case of sticking plaster, a copy of 'Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs,' two handkerchiefs and a silver smelling bottle. I have not so much as a place to put a note. Why should this grievance be inflicted upon us? Why should the possession of a sane and reasonable pocket be the sign manual of a dowdy, and its absence an evidence of smartness?"

For a piazza plant that needs no care beyond a liberal supply of water, the old-fashioned Wandering Jew or joint plant cannot be excelled. Fill a cheese box with rich earth, plant little cuttings of the plant and in a short time you will be rewarded by a great mass of thrifty green foliage.

Holds Himself in Check. (She watching clergyman on the golf links) "There's one thing I admire about Rev. Mr. Holdforth. He always says what he means. He—oh, no, he doesn't. When he misses the ball he generally just grins his teeth."

The flowers that adorn hats may be artificial, but the money it takes to buy them isn't.

SAVE YOUR HORSE

BOG SPAVIN CURB BONE SPAVIN RINGBONE LAMENESS SWELLINGS SOFT BUNCHES

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

No matter what you have tried—no matter how many veterinaries have failed—get KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, use it as directed and it will give perfect results. NOTED DANCE DES BOIS, P. O. Sept. 20 '06. "I am treating two horses—one with Spavin—the other with Poll Evil. I am using Kendall's Spavin Cure and must say I find my horses much improved. I have used many remedies but find Kendall's The King of All." GEO. BRODREUR. At a bottle—\$3 for \$5. Our "Treatise On The Horse" will give you many a hint as to how to keep horses free from blemishes and lameness. Write for free copy. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A.

CANADIANS IN PUNJAB.

Many Well-Known Missionaries Reside in Troubled Province.

The Canadian missionaries who are in the threatened Punjab district of India are: Rev. and Mrs. R. H. A. Haslam, residing in Kangra, Punjab; Mrs. Haslam is a daughter of Mr. N. W. Noyes, K. C., Principal of the Law School. Mr. J. N. Farquhar, a Toronto man, is stationed at Okcutia, India.

At Namsuch there is Miss F. E. Clearhue and Rev. D. F. Smith, B. A. At Indore—Rev. R. A. King, B. A., B. D., Rev. W. A. Wilson, M. A. (formerly of Hamilton, Ont.), Miss Jessie White, Miss Harriet Thompson, and Miss Jessie Duncan.

At Mhow—Rev. J. R. Harcourt, B. A., Rev. J. T. Taylor, B. A., Rev. D. G. Cook, B. A., Miss M. S. Herdman, Miss Mary E. Leach and Miss Jessie Wair.

At Neemuch—Rev. A. P. Ledingham, M. A., Miss Chone Oliver, M. D., Miss Margaret McKellar, M. D., C. M., Miss Catharine Campbell, and Mrs. Menzies.

At Rutlam—Rev. J. F. Campbell, D. D., and Rev. J. Anderson, B. A., M. D. At Ujjain—Mr. Alexander Nugent, B. A., M. D., C. M., Miss M. Jamieson, Mr. J. M. Waters, M. D., C. M., Miss Jessie Grier, Miss Bella Goodfellow, and Rev. W. G. Russell, B. A.

At Indore—Miss Marion Oliver, M. D., C. M. At Dhar—Rev. F. H. Russell, B. A., Rev. D. J. Davidson, B. A., Miss Margaret O'Hara, M. D., C. M., and Miss Eliza McMeister, M. D.

At Amichur—Rev. J. Buchanan, B. A., M. D., Rev. J. S. McKay, B. A., and Rev. K. G. McKay, B. S. A.

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COINS AND FACES ON THEM.

Features of Rulers Abroad, in the States the Emblem of Liberty.

Coins of most of the nations bear upon them the faces of their rulers. In the United States each coin has an emblem of Liberty.

The first coins struck after the formation of the federal union bore the face of George Washington. General Washington disapproved of the custom, and it was dropped. It has never been revived.

Portraits of prominent Americans appear upon postage stamps, internal revenue stamps and paper money, but never on coins. And it has been the custom to use no portraits of living men even on the currency and the stamps.

In England as soon as King Edward succeeded Queen Victoria the Queen's face gave way to that of Edward on all the coins and stamps in the British empire. The accession of a new ruler in most monarchies means an instant change in the designs of the coins.

But there is an exception to the rule of no portraits on American coins. The emblem of liberty on the 1-cent coin is the goddess in an American Indian head-dress, but the fact shows no characteristic of the North American aborigine.

It is the face of a little girl, Sarah Longacre Keen, upon whose head was placed the feathered ornament of a Sioux Indian. Her father was an engraver, and he placed his daughter's head on the coin.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend. (T. Watson.) Most gracious Lord, to Thee All praise ascribed shall be In earth and heaven's choir. With joy we own Thy sway, And praise Thy Name aloud. For this event so sacred day Which Thou has given.

When we from scenes of care Unto Thy house repair Thy word we heed Sweet is the Holy Psalm. And sweet the healing balm, While we in Thy draw near.

To palace and to tent The smile of glad content The next day brings. It moves the heart's desire; It fans devotion's fire, While from Thy holy spire Glad music rings.

In hope its morning breaks, Because the Rest Day makes The home complete. In glad households find The rest that is designed To be a heart and mind Exultantly sweet.

This day, O Lord, appear Thine aged ones to cheer: Their fears remove. May Thy rich rock not feel Thy power to help and heal; To all mankind reveal Thy boundless love. Kerdy, Oct. 1907.

Valid Plea. Judge—Prisoner, have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced? Prisoner—I beg the court to consider the youth of my attorney.

ITCH. Manse, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by druggists.

Dramatic Criticism in Kansas. "East Lynne" was in Oakley Monday night. It is our opinion that "East Lynne" is too far west. It ought to be in Arkansas. The Arkiecks of the poor, deluded Isabel worked on a fellow's nerves like the scream of a Lincoln branch engine on a foggy day. Isabel's grief was so loud and labored and boisterous that the author of the book doubtless turned over in his grave and his shadow muttered something about there being no use to write a good book, as somebody who thinks he can act will come along and spoil it. The moral tone of the play was backed up nicely, too, by a bunch of cigarette smoking employees who insisted on being conspicuous all during the show.—Oakley Graphic.

The Usual "Furnished" Cottage. (Town and Country.) Nodd—I've just rented a cottage at the seashore and I must send my furniture down. Todd—Why, didn't you rent one furnished? Nodd—I did, but that doesn't make any difference.

Saves Time

Celluloid Starch needs no cooking—just cold water and it's ready. 'Twon't stick, yet gives a better gloss, with less iron-rusting, than any starch you know. Its price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week. 25c

Celluloid Starch

The Little Voyager.

Oh, the ways are many to Drower Land, Some one, I know, would try them all. 'Tis he, to-night, for a big balloon, Big and round like a silver ball. Do through the dark it swings along, Blown by the night wind's rustling song.

slowly it sways and swings this way, Pointing at last, just overhead, When down drops a glimmering rope of light, An anchor it sets to a tiny bed; And climbing the ladder of silver beams, Some one embarks for the land of dreams.

All through the night, in the ebbling thing, Silent they fleet through the cool, sweet dark, Roads they dip in the foamy clouds, Where the summer lightnings gint and spark. And east and west, o'er the wind-swept sky, The twinkling, golden bubbles fly.

Do you ask me how some one comes home again? When deep in the west dips the silver sphere? Oh, never a thought do I give to that, Perhaps the sun is the charioteer. Flown each morning a golden head, —Pauline Frances Camp in New England Magazine for March.

The New Sport of Camera-Hunting. After we had rambled about in the gull colony of the swamp as far as we cared to explore, without ever reaching the end of it, we set to work in earnest. My friend began by photographing nests with eggs, or with small young, for a few of them had begun to hatch. Conditions being so good, I set to work with my camera, and I set the focal plane shutter at one sixteenth of a second and took some general views showing the rooftops and the clouds of birds. One direction was as good as another, as long as it was not toward the sun.

Then came snapshots at groups at fairly close range, and at single birds with the 122-inch single lens of the 11-inch doublet, which would give the bird large on the plate. If anyone imagines these performances to be easy I should like to have him watch the bewildering maze of bird images that are darting across the ground-glass, and see when he would decide to snap. They are in all positions and distances, in focus and out of it. A good combination occurs for the very fraction of a second; to hesitate is to be lost to this opportunity. The irresolute one will stand there for no one knows how long, following and focusing, till fingers are blistered and neck almost broken without taking a single picture. Or, if he carelessly snaps away at random he probably will get fourth-

It was amusing to watch my companion planted out in the reeds, his head under the focus-cloth, or adjusting the instrument, and the swarm darting about him like angry bees. If they had had stings he surely would not have escaped alive.—From "Photographing Prairie Pigeons" by Herbert K. Job in The Outing Magazine for April.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians. Long Hours on the Farm. Boys leave the farm because they don't enjoy fourteen or fifteen hours of bitter hard work every day; they don't like to get up before daylight in the morning and toil like steam engines until after dark in the evening. The best way to encourage the farmer boys is to treat them as though they were human beings; let them have their sleep in the mornings; call ten hours a day's work; let them have their evenings for themselves, without a thousand heart-breaking chores of embitter their souls and make them old before their time.—Athens, Kan., Champion.

Penalty for Trainwrecking. (Hartford, Conn. Times.) In infernal malice some few crimes known to man surpass the offence of train-wrecking. The rascal who plots to wreck a train, whether his purpose is revenge or robbery, is an enemy of society. From his dastardly performance every body recoils with a shudder. The train-wrecker gambles with human life, and has no hesitations about instituting a slaughter of the innocents. He makes property, travel, human life unsafe. The penalty for train-wrecking should be precisely the same as the punishment for premeditated murder.

Up to the Sartorial Limit. "Gee, but Jones is a swell!" "Well dressed, is he?" "Well dressed! Say, he dresses almost as well as a villain in melodrama."—Cleveland Leader.

Hobbs—Jones evidently believes in Slobb's—Yes; he even stretches the making a thing go as far as possible.

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ISSUE NO. 22, 1907.

Men Need Mirrors, Too.

Before any employer acting on first impulse follows Uncle Sam's example and orders all mirrors removed from his offices he should think the matter over from more than one point of view. It is true that if there are no mirrors no girls can stand before them to get their hair on at just the right angle and coax into its allotted position a straying wave of hair. But one girl can consult another girl and to a certain extent take the other girl's word for it that she is trim and tidy and this resource would lead to a conference taking place between women employees as often as the conditions required that would rob their employer of more time than he would lose if each girl consulted the mirror for correction. Besides, would any employer for whom women would labor at typewriters and desks want to see girls about him with hair as it should not be and shirt waists awry? And what would the employer himself do when he wanted to pull his four-in-hand into place without a mirror?—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclaire, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his limbs being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work. SAUVAGEUR DUVALL, Elgin Road, L'Islet, Co., Que.

The New Sport of Camera-Hunting. After we had rambled about in the gull colony of the swamp as far as we cared to explore, without ever reaching the end of it, we set to work in earnest. My friend began by photographing nests with eggs, or with small young, for a few of them had begun to hatch. Conditions being so good, I set to work with my camera, and I set the focal plane shutter at one sixteenth of a second and took some general views showing the rooftops and the clouds of birds. One direction was as good as another, as long as it was not toward the sun.

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T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N