



ROYAL "FISHING"

Modern Whaling and Bear-Hunting. By W. G. Burn Murdoch. London: Seeley Service, and Co. 21s. net.

In the days of our youth we used to read, in the fascinating pages of R. M. Ballantyne, of the exploits of Greenland whalers; how in small boats they issued forth from their ship, harpooned by hand the deep sleep Right whale—a soft and easily killed beast—and then, as the line ran out, poured water on the gunwale to prevent the water from catching fire. After sounding a deep or two the whale yielded up its life to the state of lances, and the floating carcass—a Right whale considerably flatter when dead—was towed to the ship, where its mouth "bone" was cut out and the oil extracted from its blubber. The profits of this fishing were very large, so large that presently the Greenland whale was hunted almost off the seas. It became so scarce and so shy that there was no further profit to be gained from its pursuit. Much the same Neneus overtook the fishers of the sperm whale or cachalot—a warm water beast. Their industry was ruined by too great a success, and whalers were compelled to look about for more difficult quarries and for more scientific methods of whale-killing.

It happened that in Northern, and far Southern seas there existed another type of whale, a terrific fishing animal called a Finner from the fin which it bore on its back. No harpooner of the old school operating from boats ever attacked a Finner twice. Once was enough for the hardest whale fishermen, for the Finner will take harpoons, lines, and boats to the bottom with him in a few seconds, and give to heedless attackers the fright of their lives. In the *Crusoe of the "Cachalot"* the late Mr. Bullen gives in the words of a colored harpooner the professional explanation of the long immunity of the Finner:—

"Sonny, ef you wuz to go and stick iron into dat ar fish, yew'd fink de hole bottom fell out kerpblub. Wen I wuz young I foolish, a finback ranged longside me one day off de Seychelles. I just gone missa sparn whale and I wuz kinder mad—mussa ha bin. Wall, I let him hab it blam between the ribs. If lib ten tousand year, ain't twine ter fertit dat ar want's no time ter spyt, tell yer. . . . Wuz poof! de line all gone, dar to glory; I neber see it go. Ef it hab ketch anywher, nobody ever see us too."

The problem of the fearsome Finner was tackled in the modern spirit. There were countless numbers of him, and though he is less valuable than the Greenland Right whale or the cachalot, yet much money can be extracted from his big carcass. His mouth yields but a small quantity of "bone," yet his real bones and flesh can be ground into whale-guano, an excellent fertilizer. His blubber produces many tons of whale oil, of which the price even before the war was high. To the Norwegians belongs the credit of defeating the Finner, and his capture and exploitation are still mainly a Norse industry. He is fished for in the deeps from steam or motor whalers, and he is cut up as a rule at shore or floating stations. Companies exploit his utilities, and very little of him is lost.

A book lies before us which the royal sport yielded by hunting the Finner is described in the closest detail. The author is Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch, an artist and whaler turned whaler, and a very good whaler too. The book is *Modern Whaling and Bear-Hunting*, and we heartily commend it to the reader. In 1892 Mr. Burn Murdoch took part in a whaling expedition to the Weddell Sea in Antarctica. He went as an artist, but became so attracted by the fascinations of whale-fishing that he formed a small company, fitted out a motor-driven whaler in Norway—the "St. Ebb"—and, accompanied by a Norse crew, ranged over Northern and Southern seas in pursuit of the dangerous but highly profitable Finner. This book tells us how he fared. The "St. Ebb" was one hundred and ten feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and equipped sixty-nine tons. She was equipped with sails and a 200 h.p. Diesel engine driven by heavy oil. On the sheer bows was set a cannon weighing a couple of tons, out of whose mouth were spat harpoons of one and a half hundred-weight each. These special Finner-killing harpoons were the invention of Captain Svend Foy. At the point of them was an explosive shell set with a time-fuse, and to them were attached some three hundred and sixty fathoms of five-and-a-half-inch hawser. The harpoon was the hook with which this royal fishing was conducted, the hawser was the line, the "reef" was a sixty-horse-power steam winch with hard wood brakes, and the vessel herself was the rod. With this powerful gear the Finner was "played." Imagine, if you can, the harpoon shot into the body of a seventy-ton whale, the hawser snaking out through the bits at the fish, moving with the speed of an express train, tore at the brakes of the winch, and the whaler with screw reversed going at eight knots astern! The whaling vessel must be small and light of the hawser will pull it when the line has run "out" and the Finner trails away with the vessel towing

at his tail. She must run the risk of being stove in helplessly if the huge sea-mammal takes it into his big blunt head to ram her. Modern whale-fishing would seem, from Mr. Burn Murdoch's description, to hold all mortal thrills. There is the cautious approach, for whales are shy from much hunting, the crash of the bow gun at the moment of critical opportunity, the crowded seconds after the Finner has been hooked, and then the vast excitement of playing him up to the moment when he blows up blood and dies. Then work, heavy work, begins, for the Finner whale—unlike the Greenland variety—sinks when dead. The big body is held up until a hawser can be cast round the tail and the flukes hauled up against the vessel's quarter. Then air is pumped into the carcass through a hollow lance to increase its buoyancy. If a shore station be available, the price is towed in to be cut up and turned into money; if there be no shore station, then the crew remove the wholebone and blubber at sea and save all that they can:—

"Whaling is like salmon fishing," writes Mr. Burn Murdoch, "but the waiting part is on an enormous scale, bigger in proportion than even the game or the tackle, however large that is. I am waiting for fishing for nine months for your first fish. That was my first whaling. Henriksen [his Norse expert, a delightful figure of a man] in Japanese seas on his first whaling command was, I think, a year before he caught a whale. Then he had a lot of shots in succession and missed every time, till he discovered that the powder was at fault, and then he killed about ninety in three months."

There are big risks in modern whaling. It is no light matter to stand at the extreme bows of a small pitching whaler with nothing to hold on to but the pistol grip of the gun. One needs perfect sea-legs, so perfect that the balance is unconscious. Then accidents happen:—

"Captain Torp, a fine man and a good gunner, fired at a whale and the harpoon ricocheted, and three hundred and eighty grammes driving one and a half hundredweight harpoon buried the fish in the cable, and the instant came back and wound around him and broke him unexpectably from head to foot. Yet he lived two days and fourteen ounces of chloroform had little effect."

Mr. Burn Murdoch's descriptions are always effective, because of their simplicity and sincerity. His English is sometimes shaky, but never fails to grasp his meaning, or to see what he has seen with his salt-rimmed eyes. What could be more vivid than this brief account:—

"I do not know how to describe the rush of a huge whale or that fractional pause of uncertainty after the boom and snook and flame and the whirl of great rope. It is best stopping almost solemn. You watch the seething black boil where the whale has gone down with small flicks of scarlet in it, and the great cable flings down into the depths, and the gun wads smoking on the water. Then, off goes the cable to the right or left! Sixty or seventy miles an hour, cutting the course into foam, and we swing into the water of the whale. Before going fairly in tow on this occasion an unusual thing happened. The whale's huge head, immediately after it sounded, suddenly shot up twenty yards in front of our bows, twenty feet in the air, and went as quickly down. We were glad it had not touched us, or we would have had quick work to get into our boat and our little steamer would have made a deep-sea sounder."

It is good that, though the war has delayed the production of this book, it has not been kept from us. There could be no greater refreshment to the war-weary mind than its perusal. One is carried far away from warring human beings into the big sea solitudes, and rejoices with the author when he brings his great "fish" to creel and laments with him when the harpoon misses or the cable parts and he is robbed of his long-sought catch. It is a book to be seized—by fair means or foul—and to be absorbed.—*The Spectator.*

OLD KING COAL

He may be a jolly, warm-hearted soul, but he has his fit of being very severe with his subjects. The dusty old monarch is reigning with a tight hand and closed fist this winter. He is not the genial generous giver of heat and power in abundance and to spare. His palace is in the mines of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the Central States. His servants, with their petty squabbles, do not move him out as fast as his subjects would like to see him come. And when he is out the railroads find him so big they can hardly move him around. The people up in the northwestern states said King Coal was going to Canada too much, so Uncle Sam persuaded him to make Minnesota a visit and cheer up the people there. This was done as requested, but tied up so many boats in the Lakes that Uncle Sam decided the king had better look out a bit more after Canadians, so now we shall have enough of his mineral majesty to keep thing going this winter. Fining the price of coal will not bring any more from the mine. Perhaps a pinch will wake us up. Old King Coal is a good friend to us all. Let us not waste his bounty any longer.—*Puff and Paper Magazine.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

December 22.—United States took possession of Louisiana, acquired by purchase from France, 1802; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, American writer, born, 1823; Lord Alverstone, English jurist, born, 1842; Mary Ann Evans ("George Eliot"), the English novelist, died, 1880; Captain Dreyfus, of the French army, convicted 1894; Dwight L. Moody, American evangelist, died, 1890.

December 23.—Michael Drayton, English poet, died, 1631; Sir Richard Arkwright, English inventor of the spinning frame, born, 1732; Sir Martin Archer Shee, English portrait painter, born, 1770; Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet, born, 1805; Mol-davia and Wallachia united to form Kingdom of Rumania, 1861; W. H. Channing, American Unitarian, died, 1884; Accession of King Albert of Belgium, 1909.

December 24.—Galba, Roman Emperor, born, 3 B. C.; King John of England, born, 1166; Vasco de Gama, Portuguese navigator, died, 1524; George Crabbe, English poet, born, 1754; Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, married Elizabeth Patterson, of Maryland, 1803; Kit Carson, American scout and pioneer, born, 1809; Matthew Arnold, English poet and essayist, born, 1822; Earl Morley, O. M., English statesman and author, born, 1838; James Smith, joint author of *Rejected Addresses*, died, 1839; Hugh Miller, Scottish geologist, died, 1866; William M. Thackeray, English novelist, died, 1863; John Hopkins, founder of University at Baltimore, died, 1873; Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, born, 1879.

December 25.—Christmas Day. Samuel de Champlain, French explorer in Canada, died, 1635; Sir Isaac Newton, English scientist, born, 1642; William Collins, English poet, born, 1720; Richard Porson, English Greek scholar, born, 1759; Bagdad taken by the Turks, 1853; Mont-Cenis tunnel completed, 1870.

December 26.—St. Stephen. Thomas Gray, English poet, born, 1716; Count von Moltke, Prussian military leader, born, 1800; Dion Boucicault, Irish dramatist and author, born, 1822; Stephen Girard, American philanthropist, died, 1831; Admiral George Dwyer, American sea commander, born, 1837; Belgian independence acknowledged by the Great Powers, 1830.

December 27.—St. John, Apostle, and Evangelist. Pierre de Senneval, French poet, died, 1685; Captain John Davis, English navigator, killed, 1685; John Willoughby, English demagogue, died, 1797; Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, former Premier of Canada, born, 1823; Charles Lamb, English essayist, died, 1834; Late Duke of Norfolk born, 1847.

December 28.—Sunaranta. Bag. John Logan, Scottish poet, died, 1788; Thomas Henderson, Scottish astronomer, born, 1798; Alexander Keith Johnston, Scottish geographer, born, 1804; Lord Burnham, English journalist, born, 1833; Woodrow Wilson, President of United States, born, 1856; Lord Macaulay, English historian, died, 1859; Duke of Portland born, 1857; Dr. Sun Yat-sen elected President of the Chinese Republic 1911.

"Every man should have the right to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Some men ain't satisfied with the pursuit of happiness," declared Uncle Pennywise. "Huh?" "They want it bringin'."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Colonel—"Well, what do you want?" Hobo—"Colonel, believe me, I am no ordinary begger. I was at the front." Colonel—"You were?" Hobo—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make 'em bear, so I came round to the back."—*Puck.*

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd December, 1917 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week, on the St. George Rural Route No. 1, from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of St. George and Coback and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector, ST. JOHN, N. B., November 13th, 1917.

For 15 days in the month of January I was suffering with pain of rheumatism in the foot. I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing did me any good. One person told me about MINARD'S LINIMENT; as soon as I tried it the Saturday night, the next morning I was feeling very good. I tell you this remedy is very good; I could give you a good certificate any time that you would like to have one. If any time I come to hear about any person sick of rheumatism, I could tell them about this remedy.

Yours truly, ERNEST LEVEILLE, 215 Rue Ontario East, Montreal, Feb. 14, 1908.

The one Typewriter that has received World-Wide approval—Remington. A. Milne Fraser, Halifax, N. S.

PROBATE COURT COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE To the next of kin and creditors of Zachariah Dakin, late of the Parish of Grand Manan, in the County of Charlotte, intestate, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Kennedy's Hotel, St. Andrews, N. B., will be closed until on or about June 1st, 1918. All persons having any claims against A. Kennedy & Son in connection with their general hotel business or otherwise, are requested to submit the same without delay to W. F. Kennedy for settlement; and all persons indebted to the said concern are requested to make payment to W. F. Kennedy within thirty days from this date.

St. Andrews, N. B., November 10th, 1917. F. H. GRIMMER, Solicitor.

WEIR Staff for Sale—All kinds of Weir Staff can be supplied on order. Apply to OSCAR WILKINS, Canterbury Station, N. B. 21-6wp.

FOR Sale.—One dark red Horse, weight about 1300 pounds, young and sound. For further particulars apply to WILSON GALLEY, Wilson's Beach, Campobello. 21-4t.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m.

The Tide Tables given above are for the Port of St. Andrews. For the following places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case:

Table with columns: Place, H. W., L. W., Grand Harbor, Seal Cove, Fish Head, Welspool Camp, Eastport, Me., L'Evang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

Thos. R. Wren, Collector D. C. Rollins, Prev. Officer D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 1

SHIPPING NEWS

The publication of the usual shipping news in this column is suspended for the time being, in patriotic compliance with the request issued to all papers by the Admiralty.

For Sale ENGINEER'S TRANSIT THEODOLITE

New, Latest Pattern, with Zeiss Telescope and Trough Compass. Made by E. R. Watts & Son London, England

BEACON PRESS COMPANY ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

The Winter Term of the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

CLASSES WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY JANUARY 2

TRAVEL

Fall and Winter Time Table of the Grand Manan S. S. Company Grand Manan Route Season 1917-18

After October 1st, 1917, and until further notice, a steamer of this line will run as follows: Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campobello and Wilson's Beach.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

Until further notice the S. S. "Comoros" will run as follows: Leave Saint John, N. B., Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Company, Ltd., on Saturday, 7.30 a.m., daylight time, for St. Andrews, N. B., calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or Lettice, Deer Island, Red Store or St. George.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (7.30 p.m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (Friday 12.00 p.m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a.m., 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a.m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p.m., Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during office hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Tax" stamp.

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