

A Battle with Sharks.

When I was a boy of fifteen, my father, who was a government official, took me on a trip to Key West, and thence on the Florida Reef as far as Cape Florida.

Dick, the eldest son of the keeper, told me so much about the hunting and fishing to be had in the vicinity that I was most eager to go out with him for a day's sport.

So he promised to take me with him early the next morning to visit his turtle-net, which was stretched across a narrow channel leading up between two shoals to Biscayne Bay, about a mile from the lighthouse.

At the first dawn of day he routed me out, and after a hasty wash and a cup of hot coffee to keep off the malaria, we started, in the best of spirits.

'Don't go near the man-eaters' hole, and be sure to be back in time for breakfast.' The man-eaters' hole, as Dick explained to me, was a large, deep basin, not far from where the turtle-net was set, in which a number of big sharks were usually lurking.

It was considered dangerous to cross in their vicinity in a small boat, for they were likely to attack. Indeed, Dick and his father had several times been followed so closely by one or more of them that they had run their boat into shallow water to get rid of the annoyance.

The sharks would bite savagely at the oars, or anything that might be trailing overboard. Upon one occasion a large shark had almost capsize their boat by rising up under it and the creature was driven off only by repeated blows upon his back with the oars.

Out on the bay not a breath of air was stirring, but the water was alive with innumerable fishes of all kinds and sizes, that leaped flashing into the air, or darted to and fro in the clear depths below.

Over them hovered myriads of noisy, expectant gulls, graceful man-of-war hawks and ponceous-flapping pelicans. As these birds chose their victims, they plunged one by one with unerring aim, to emerge shortly from the water with a writhing, glittering fish in each beak.

At the boat landing we took a hurried glance into Dick's turtle-net, with its score or more of large green turtles, awaiting an opportunity for shipment to Key West, whence they could go by steamer to New York.

Then, launching Dick's small Whitehill boat, we jumped in and started off, each pulling a pair of short sculls. Across the main channel that leads by the cape into Biscayne Bay we rowed until our oars touched bottom on the shoal at the opposite side.

Then following round the edge of it, keeping in shallow water, we soon reached the vicinity of the turtle net. As we drew near to it, Dick exclaimed: 'What in the world is in that net? It must be an awfully big fish of some kind!'

Indeed, a large body was splashing and throwing the spray high in the air, while something that looked like a broad, flat blade of an oar was waving to and fro three or four feet above the surface.

We approached with caution, until Dick saw the thing clearly. Then he said excitedly, 'It's a big sawfish, all wound up in the air!'

Sure enough, a monster sawfish (Pristis pectinatus) had become entangled in the net, and in twisting and turning to free himself, had torn large holes by thrusting his saw and fins through it and wound it round his body in a large ball.

Dick saw the sawfish was at least fifteen or sixteen feet in length, and we could see that his body would measure fully four feet across the widest part. His saw, on each side of which large, strong teeth were set at short distances apart, extended about four feet forward of his head.

'If we don't kill him pretty soon,' said Dick, 'he'll tear the net all to pieces and ruin it. But we haven't a thing in the boat to kill him with.'

'Can't we pound him to death with the oars?' I inquired. 'No,' replied Dick. 'It is dangerous to go near him. He can strike a blow with his saw hard enough to smash through the boat anywhere; and besides, he might give us a slap with his tail. No, our best plan is to go back home and get our guns, and an axe to chop off his saw—you'll want his saw to carry home with you. We'll soon settle him.'

tangle him from the net, the whole length of which, about seventy five feet, was wound in an apparently inextricable snarl tightly round the body, with large rents in it through which his saw and fins protruded.

From the wound in his head the blood was flowing, streaking the water with red as it was carried up the channel by the current, which was setting directly toward the man-eaters' hole.

Seizing by the axe, I first cut off the saw close to the head and then laid it in the bottom of the boat. I then helped Dick to unwind the net by rolling the body over and over, and dipping the net over the head and fins where he had thrust them through it.

In this manner we had recovered about twenty feet of one end of the net, when I heard a sharp, cutting sound in the water and saw it came from the gulf top-sail like fin of a huge shark which was rapidly cleaving the surface close to us.

'A man-eater!' shouted Dick. 'We'll have to get away from here right (if he betore he attacks the sawfish. The small of the blood has brought him. Look, there's another one of the brutes!'

The sharks slowly circled about us, as if uncertain whether to attack the boat or the sawfish. 'Throw the net overboard and cast off the line. They are going to eat the sawfish and us, too, if we don't hurry.'

Dick was trembling all over, and seemingly unable to control his movements. Fortunately for both of us, I had not as yet realized the danger of our position, but remained perfectly cool and collected.

Hastily bundling the net over the side, I grabbed the axe and cut the line attaching the boat to the sawfish. At that instant one of the sharks made a rush, and cleaving the water like lightning, ran his nose up over the back of the sawfish and fastened his jaws into its sh.

Tugging at it with all his might, like a bug of bulldog, he tore a large piece out and gulped it down at one swallow. At this I experienced for the first time a realizing sense of the power and fierceness of the monsters. 'Get out your oars and help me pull up on the boat where they can't get at us!'

I shrieked to Dick. There now appeared to be five or six of the man-eaters round us, and they were gradually closing in on us, as if emboldened by numbers. Again there was a fierce rush at the sawfish; this time by two of the sharks, which fastened upon the carcass at the same instant and pulled in opposite directions.

We sat as if spellbound, witnessing the horrible struggle without making an effort to escape. Until suddenly there was a grating sound under the keel, and our boat was lifted bodily several inches out of the water. It Dick had not promptly fallen down in the bottom, we should in all probability have been capsize.

One of the sharks had darted under the boat from the opposite side to attack the sawfish and as he rose had struck the keel with his back. An oar which I had put over the side and was holding on to mechanically, was torn from my grasp and snapped in two by one of the monsters.

At this I became enraged and picking my gun fired the remaining charge of buck shot into the exposed back of the nearest shark. It was another most successful shot. The charge evidently penetrated to the backbone, as the shark instantly became paralyzed and began to sink, slowly turning over and exposing his white belly to view.

He was almost immediately attacked by his companions, and in a few moments the sharks, living and dead, and the sawfish, whole and what remained of it, were all mixed up together in a whirling tumultuous mass.

The water above them, as the horrible feast progressed, bubbled and boiled like a huge cauldron rocking our boat, and combining with the current to drive us farther away from our enemies. 'Now is our time, Dick!' I said, and we quietly took up an oar apiece and softly paddled up to where the water was only eight or ten inches deep. There we were safe from the attacks of the man-eaters.

The reaction now set in, and I broke down completely. Burying my face in my hands, for I could no longer look on the horrible scene, I begged Dick to pull back to the lighthouse I had somewhat recovered from my excitement and nervous exhaustion, and long before nightfall had completed arrangements with Dick to take a stroll up the beach in search of turtles' eggs.

Dick always insisted that my prompt action in throwing the net overboard and cutting the line made fast to the sawfish had saved our lives, and I became quite a hero with the keeper and his family in consequence. We afterward captured an immense man-eater, and I have his jaws and backbone, as well as the sawfish's snout, in my natural history collection at home.

Famous Guns. It is quite customary for English and Americans to give names to formidable cannon employed in their campaigns. The most celebrated gun used by the British in South African War was called "Joey Chamberlain," after the English colonial secretary, who is by the common understanding held chiefly accountable for the Boer War.

the armament of the French line-of-battle ship Hoche. It was captured by the British in 1798, and soon after was sold to the United States government.

The Americans placed it on the ship Geneva Armstrong, and after some minor adventures with barbarians it did good duty against its former captors. The British, by helping to run the blockade of New Orleans in 1814. Afterward the Armstrong was sunk by the British in the Harbor of Fayal, in the Azores. There Long Tom lay, dismantled, until a patriotic American procured permission to dig it up and carry it away, and it was brought to New York City in 1893.

Probably the most famous 'personified gun' of the Civil War of 1861-65 was the 'Swamp Angel,' which figured very largely in periodical literature and made a deep impression on the popular imagination. The Swamp Angel was an eight inch Parrott gun, which was mounted on a battery built on piles in a swamp in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and used in the reduction of that city.

The Swamp Angel sang its song a long time, and effected much destruction in Charleston. At last, however, the Angel committed suicide by bursting, on August 22, 1863. It was sent to an iron foundry at Trenton, New Jersey, as old iron, and was about to be melted up when a soldier recognized it, and directed local public attention to it. It was rescued from the foundry; a granite pedestal was provided for it by subscription, and it was set up at the junction of two streets in Trenton as a monument. There it remains.

YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith, of Hawkesbury, Who Suffered for Many Years from Kidney Trouble, From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont. Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he has suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically incapable of exertion.

He doctor a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial.

'It seemed,' said Mr. Smith to a reporter of the Post, 'that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pills long before there was undoubted relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years was gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing.'

'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nervous thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAKING WHISKEY IN PRISON.

Minister Sills That Will Turn Out a Pint of Liquor in a Day. Acting on the principle that no whiskey is bad whiskey, and refusing even to acknowledge that some whiskey is better than other whiskey, certain prisoners in the Tower have, according to the statement of a man just released, erected miniature distilleries and have made the obnoxious thus driving disease from the eyes of the jailers. This condition of affairs is denied by the officials of the Tower.

Matt Hardee, an 'old man of the mountains' with a penchant for violating the law in so far as it endeavors to restrict his making 'mountain dew,' is authority for the statement that tiny distilleries are in operation in the Tower.

Hardee was discharged from the Tower on Friday after having served 120 days for 'moonshining.' He lives near Dallas, in Walton county, and on Friday night on his way home told an interesting story to a reporter as to how it is possible to make liquor in the jail. Here is the story:

'Yes, Bud, we have 'em in full swing right in the jail. We can't do without our liquor, it makes no difference where we are. When I was sent up for the first time four years ago, I made whiskey in the jail, and when I came back some time ago I rigged me up a moonshine factory at once.

'I took two coffee pots for boilers and after trading and scheming with the other prisoners I managed to get a rubber tube to make a worm. Then I was fixed so far as the apparatus went, but the next thing

that bothered me was getting meal. You see we government prisoners are allowed many privileges that the others are not. We can stroll about the yard and into the jail office, the kitchen, and, in fact, anywhere else we want to, except into the street. It was a small matter to get meal from the cooks on the excuse that I wanted it to parch or had the heat and wanted it to rub on my back.

'After getting the meal it was a small matter to make the real thing. You see the plant is small, but we could turn out about a pint every day. There were other fellows who had stills also and after making an all night run, using common tin lamps to get up heat, we had a right good lot next morning. Then we would proceed to get drunk. I made enough money in jail to pay my fare home, just by selling my stuff to other prisoners.'

WHERE HE BEAT HER.

'Is your husband accustomed to brow-beating you?' the attorney asked of the applicant for divorce. 'No sir,' replied the latter. It is generally on the back of my head he beats me or boxes my ears.'

BORN.

- Milford, July 1, to the wife of H. Muddal, a son. Milton, July 5, to the wife of A. M. McNair, a son. Casard, July 1, to the wife of Frank Dickie, a son. Woodstocke, July 5, to the wife of J. P. Hull, a son. Moncton, July 9, to the wife of Dr. C. T. Purdy, a son. Milford, July 1, to the wife of Freeman Lyles, a son. Yarmouth, July 7, to the wife of Irvine A. Lovitt, a son. Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Stephen Coates, a daughter. St. Croix, June 30, to the wife of Fred Ross, a daughter. Barrington, July 3, to the wife of Henry A. Watson, a son. Falmouth, July 3, to the wife of Herbert McDonnell, a son. Newport Station, July 1 to the wife of Pe. cy Caldwell, a daughter. Ferwood, Truro, July 12, to the wife of Albert B. Black, a son. Cambridge, Mass., July 10, to the wife of Alfred B. Brown, a son. Cheverie, Hants, July 3, to the wife of Alfred A. Spence, a son. Fall River, Mass., June 20, to the wife of A. P. Rowley, a daughter. Woodstock, July 1, to the wife of Thos. L. McCarty, a daughter. Chipman's Corner, July 1, to the wife of Charles Fitch, a daughter. Sand Beach, Yarmouth, June 30, to the wife of G. W. Wynan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Canard, July 2, William Harvey to Hattie Early, Moncton, July 11, Edward Chandler to Julia H. Sayre. Roseland, June 28, by Rev. J. Colquhoun, J. Blair Kerr to Emily Swan. Hantsport, July 4, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Ernest Laird to Gerlie Myers. Birch Hill, by Rev. D. Campbell, George Maclean to Lottie Jenkins. Boston, July 4, by Rev. A. N. Crane, Charles H. Wain to Annie Crawford. Dartmouth, July 6, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Sinclair O'Brien to Addie Mosher. Southport, June 1, by Rev. T. Cumming, John W. Bell to Eugenia McIntosh. Wolfville, July 8, by Rev. E. M. Dill, Capt. Daniel Cochran to Annie Jenkins. Amherst, July 11, by Rev. Welcome Bates, Esos McCullough to Edith Boyce. Weston, June 27, by Rev. L. E. LePage, Frank Carpenter to Idelle Kidney. Allen, Mass., June 27, by Rev. J. Wagner, Selim G. Foster to Marie Crawford. Glace Bay, July 4, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Alex. MacMillan to Emma Hillier. Glasville, July 4, by Rev. J. K. Beattie, Beecher Good to Gertrude Gray. Yarmouth, July 4, by Rev. W. B. Hamilton, Annie B. Whalen to T. A. Maloney. Fredericton, July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Frederick Barker to Mary E. Smith. Malisid, June 27, by Rev. George Martell, Robert McKennie to Edith Simpson. Fowal, July 18, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Albert J. Wain to Gertrude Gray. Publico Head, July 5, by Rev. G. M. Williams, Lionel L. Hardy to Flora Hines. Denver, Col., June 2, by Rev. C. M. Coburn, Robert Pearson to Mary Alberta Brisco. Salt Springs, June 27, by Rev. T. Cumming, George McKennie to Elizabeth Murray. Hodgdon, Mass., July 3, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Arthur Betts to Mary E. Brown. Boston, June 26, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Duncan MacCalder to Jessie McLeod. Portland, Me., July 3, by Rev. J. K. Wilson, Archibald Warren to Minnie E. Bellack. Little Ridge, June 27, by Rev. W. Peacock, Franklin G. Dyer, to Margaret McKennie. Post Morien, July 5, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Donald Ferguson to Catherine McGregor. Prosser Brook, July 1, by Rev. L. N. Thorne, Warden E. Geldert to Rachel E. Garland. West Fort LaTour, July 7, by Rev. J. Phalen, Norman A. Madden to Lillie McGray. Webster, Mass., June 25, by Rev. T. T. Filmer, Harris H. Rogers to Jessie M. Hamilton. Hay River, C. B., June 28, by Rev. D. McDonald, Donald Nicholson to Isabella MacKinnon. Providence, R. I., June 27, by Rev. Thos. A. Fenlon, John W. MacDonald to Beatrice McDermott.

DEED.

- Amherst, July 3, James C. Smith, 52. Halifax, July 15, Parker Moland, 56. Digby, July 3, Boaz W. Wain, 56. Tignish, July 3, Clement Chaisson, 79. Wolfville, June 28, Susanna Palmer, 78. Montague, July 6, Donald Benton, 23. Tusket, July 3, Mr. William Brayne, 84. Rice Point, July 3, William Lowther, 78. Amherst Hill, July 1, Mrs. Amiraub, 26. Pechroke, June 28, Alfred Tomlinson, 56. Kings Co., July 10, Willard Demossion, 41. Charlottetown, July 9, W. W. Stumbles, 78. Cape Wolfe, June 28, Edward Lidstone, 61. Cape Traverse, June 1, Newton McIntar, 44. Charlottetown, July 1, Malcolm Darrach, 61. Oser Brook July 9, Mrs. John C. Tupper, 61. St. George, June 30, Miss Nellie Davidson, 69. Bridgport, C. B., July 9, Eunice Beachford, 79. Middle Coverdale, July 19, Alexander Smye, 79. Tatamagouche, July 1, Mrs. Robert Ferguson, 41.

- Mahon, C. B., July 4, Rachel, wife of Joseph Hunt, 66. Fort Bevis, C. B., Sarah, relict of Donald McLeod, 53. Rev. old's Croft, July 6, Mrs. Alexander Flemming, 40. West Bay, C. B., June, 30, Sophia Helena U quart, 11 yrs. T. u. o. July 10, Allie H., son of W. J. Roddick, 11 yrs. Darius's Lark, July 9, Joanna, wife of Jesse Chis-chill. Bear River, July 10, Charlotte L., widow of Thos. Ballow, 60. Wolfville, July 11, Maggie M., wife of Capt. Harry Donald Bell Miller, 6. Boston, July 4, Annie E., daughter of Capt. Edwin Sanders, 35. North River, July 8, Mary Ann, wife of John Charlton, 68. Englehart, C. B., July 8, Catherine, relict of Angus McLeod, 88. Gasperan, July 10, infant child of John and the late Adelaide Goldwell. Popolagan, June 20, Margaret, daughter of Daniel and Jane O'Donnell. Charlottetown, Mass., July 4, Janet Fraser, wife of William H. Shute, 36. Mount Stewart, June 5, Edith C., daughter of James M. Clark, 19. Northfield, June 4, Maud, eldest daughter of William Bell Miller, 6. St. John, July 4, Louisa S., widow of the late Thos. Wilder Daniel. Eastport, July 3, Hazel, infant child of John and Abbie Leland, 3 months. St. Stephen, June 28, Norman E., child of George and Flora Stuart, 4 months. Marshfield, June 8, Isabella Macbeth, relict of the late Donald Macdonald, 88. Charlottetown, July 7, Olive May, daughter of John and Lizzie Godkin, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Canadian Northwest.

From Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick.

Table with 2 columns: Trip/Station and Price. Includes Round trip Colonist class tickets, Winnipeg, Moncton, St. John, etc. Prices range from \$28.00 to \$40.00.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby 8.45 a. m. Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. arr. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sundays excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.25 a. m., arr. at Digby 12.25 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 1.15 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 8.50 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m. arr. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4.00 p. m. Unexcelled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Starooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a ticket from the steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Suburban for Hampton, Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax, Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, etc. Times range from 6.50 to 11.50.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sydney and Halifax, Suburban from Hampton, Express from Sussex, Express from Quebec and Montreal, etc. Times range from 6.00 to 11.50.

D. FOTTEGER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. S.