

A LIVELY WALRUS HUNT.

THE HUGE CREATURES ARE NOT KILLED WITHOUT DANGER.

The Utmost Caution and Quiet are Necessary—They Must be Struck Near the Head—The Strange Association Between the Walrus and Polar Bear.

"On the same day that we killed two polar bears on St. Matthew's Island, in Behring Sea, we bagged a walrus," said Capt. C. A. Abbey of the revenue marine. "The Corwin lay at anchor above Cape Upright. The two big bear carcasses had been hoisted on board and officers and crew were examining their points and comparing their size when several walrus were seen hauled up on the rocks a mile or two away, and it was determined to try for some ivory."

A surfboat was despatched toward the walrus in charge of Pilot Douglass, with Surgeon Bratton, Chief Engineer Kelley, and six men, armed with Remington rifles of heavy calibre. Upon nearing them it was found that there were seven in the group, averaging probably 2,000 pounds in weight. They were basking or resting upon a large flat ledge, round which the sea surged and boiled, making landing dangerous.

"The walrus being very shy is apt at the slightest alarm to flip and roll his huge and unwieldy bulk overboard, when he disappears for a long time. The utmost caution and quiet are necessary, therefore, in approaching him. Accurate judgment and rapidity in firing are required to secure a shot that shall strike the creature near the head. The enormously thick hide and heavy blubber of the walrus are almost impenetrable to an ordinary rifle ball, and unless struck in a very vulnerable part. Nothing short of a cannon shot is sufficient to kill one of these enormous pigs of the sea."

"While still a considerable distance away the oars were taken in and the noiseless paddles substituted. The riflemen lay in the bow as the boat was carefully steered toward walrus. The surf of the ocean washed nearly up to the huge beasts and tossed the boat in dangerous proximity to the rocks. Quick work was necessary in every respect, and the situation was full of danger. The only line of escape for the walrus was toward and almost upon the boat. One blow of the flipper or stroke of the tusk would crush the frail craft and drown the crew. Even the swash of the waves when the big animals should flounder heavily into the sea would nearly swamp the boats. Orders and information were given in whispers and signs as the boat stole cautiously on, winding in and out among the rocks and breakers as close as it was safe to go. Pilot Douglass, an old and experienced Arctic hunter, gave the orders:

"Now, keep as still as you can. The minute they see us they'll rush down the rocks for the water, and your only chance of getting one is in firing as soon as they come in sight. Aim to hit them in the back of the neck. If one is wounded and stops on the rocks, try to spring on shore and finish him, but mind you keep out of range of his tusks and tail. He won't fight, but he'll be likely to blunder on top of you or flounder over you, and if he does there'll be nothing left where you stood but a hole in the ground."

"Slowly the bow of the boat came round the last intervening rock close upon the walrus. The rifles were instantly raised, as good aim taken as possible, and a volley poured in at such heads as were visible."

"Great Scott! What a rumpus!" cried Kelley, as the huge masses thus sharply awakened, heaving, flopping, and grunting in their fright, rolled, slid, and tumbled overboard, nearly swamping the boat as they plunged into the water. One huge beast fell between the rocks and the boat, causing such a lurch as nearly to pitch the crew into the sea. Another came up just outside the cutter with the apparent intention of trying his enormous tusks upon it. Quick as thought Bratton put a ball into him, when he sank and was seen no more."

"Six escaped, but one was left on the rocks. He was hard hit, and had floundered into a cleft, or he, too, would have got away. Leaping upon the rocks, the hunters gave him two or three more shots, and he soon lay dead before them. He was so large that six of the boat's crew stood at one time upon his body. His tusks were thirty inches long and 3 inches in diameter. With an axe the head was severed from the body, after which, there being no hope of the reappearance of the other walrus, the boat returned to the ship."

Old voyagers in Behring Sea tell of a strange association between the walrus and the polar bear. The walrus furnishes the principal food of this great carnivore, which is his deadliest foe in fact, yet to see them together as they frequently are encountered, one might think they were boon companions. Lying upon the field ice will often be seen 'patches' of walrus containing from thirty to fifty, and with each of these groups will be found the polar bear. They all are apparently resting together in the happiest sort of unity. Occasionally a walrus flops into the water and sinks leisurely into the depths, while others will be seen emerging therefrom and clinging upon the ice."

"The bear becomes hungry and decides he will dine with the walrus that day." He rises to his haunches and sways himself heavily upon all fours. After a yawn and a stretch he saunters to the nearest walrus and swings his powerful paw in a crushing blow upon his head, instantly killing the animal. He then proceeds leisurely to make a comfortable dinner off the unfortunate of his selection. This performance, apparently, does not startle the others. They continue to bask undisturbed, seemingly indifferent to the fate of their comrade and awaiting their turn like stoics. The female walrus with young, however, does not tolerate the presence of the bear. She regards him with merited suspicion and promptly takes to the water with her offspring on her appearance."

A Boston "Sherlock Holmes."

When Dr. Conan Doyle was in Boston, he was rather surprised to find himself recognized by a cabman who was quite certain he had never set eyes on before. The man explained the apparent mystery in this way: "I knew you as a member of

the Cabman's Literary Guild, to which your itinerary has been telegraphed in advance, and I recognized you as the man because your coat lapels had evidently been grasped by New York reporters, your hair manifestly cut by a Philadelphia barber, your hat seemingly saved with difficulty from the pirates by whom you were surrounded at luncheon in Chicago, while your over shoes bear traces of Buffalo mud."

AN EXPERT ON CREDIT.

He Makes \$20,000 a Year by Giving Advice to Four Big Wholesale Firms.

A well-dressed, sharp-eyed man entered the office of one of the biggest jobbing houses in New York the other day and said to the head of the firm, a man worth many millions:

"Mr. Jones, I want to get a report on the credit of John Jones of Waukegan."

The merchant touched a button which summoned the chief bookkeeper.

"I want you," he said, "to allow Mr. Jones to examine our account with John Jones of Waukegan since he began trading here."

The visitor went out with the bookkeeper and for an hour thereafter was looking over the books. He made a written statement from them, showing when and under what conditions John Jones had opened his account, the number of times he had purchased goods, the dates of shipping and payment, and such other details as would appear in the accounts of a merchant house. Then he went back to the office of the head of the firm and asked some further questions about Mr. Jones, which the merchant, although very busy, promptly answered.

Finally, he saw the salesman who had waited on Jones and had a confidential talk with him, so that when he left the store he knew all that this great firm could tell about Jones and his financial standing. Information of this sort is most difficult to obtain from any merchant, and the books of this particular firm are especially hard to get at. In fact, with the exception of this one man, no one except members of the firm and the bookkeeper ever has access to them, not even the heads of departments. The explanation of this one outsider's privilege lies in the character of his business. He is engaged in protecting four of the leading jobbing firms of the United States, of which that referred to is one, from bad debts. He does this by examining their books. Each of these firms has about the same class of customers, although their business is not identical. He has a contract with each which allows him to examine its books at any time. Such examinations he always makes in person. When it is understood that there is hardly a merchant of any standing throughout the country who does not purchase from one of these four firms, it will be seen that such a privilege enables the person who uses it intelligently to get a pretty thorough knowledge of the financial standing and responsibility of nearly everybody who comes to this market to buy goods.

This man devotes himself entirely to the work that he has undertaken for these four firms, and receives from them a commission for every examination he makes. He receives no other pay. He is never applied to by any of the firms until after the regular commercial agencies have made their reports and the standing of the buyer still remains in doubt. While the rate he charges for examining an account is very small, his income is said to average \$20,000 a year. The firms who employ him consider that what they pay him is more than justified. A member of one of these firms said the other day that he had saved an average of \$3,800 a month for the last year through the information obtained from this examiner. That is, he would have sold goods worth that amount to men who subsequently failed without paying anything to their creditors, had he not been warned by the examiner's reports. In all these cases, too, the regular commercial agencies had reported favorably upon the persons who had applied for credit.

WOES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

Heat, Insects, Snakes and Rats go to Make Life Miserable.

"You may have any kind of weather in India that you choose to seek," said the returned East Indian, "because all the coast cities occupied by Europeans are within easy reach of high mountains, where the season varies from that of an English spring to one of perpetual snow. From Simla, the summer capital, you can see the snow on the tops of the mountains, and Bombay is only a few hours from the region of mild summer weather."

"There are but three comparatively cool months on the coast; part of November, all of December and January, and part of February. During that time you have the summer weather of the temperate zone, with relief from the high humidity of the East Indian summer. After the 1st of February the heat begins to increase and it is soon intense, for the monsoon breaks at Bombay about the middle of May. Then comes six weeks of continuous rain, followed by intense heat and moisture lasting well into October. It is still hot until the month of November. The only relief is the sea breeze after sunset, when there is a considerable fall in the temperature. I could not undertake to give readings of the thermometer, but I should say at a venture that by eight o'clock in the morning during the hot season the temperature must reach 90° in the shade and it must be pretty well above 100° between eleven and four. The nights are beset with the danger of the almost poisonous land breeze, and to guard against it one's landward jealousies must be closed when one goes to bed. The man who neglects this may wake to find the land breeze blowing over him and his face curiously contorted as the result of it."

"One sleeps in silk pajamas upon a skeleton bed and a thin, hard mattress, more like a heavy quilt than anything else. On many nights the silk pajamas, always worn by Europeans, become saturated with perspiration, and a draught of air may suddenly

cool the body, as one sleeps without bed coverings, unless it is a single light sheet. "Many persons preach flannel for East Indian wear, but I found the prickly heat that it induced intolerable. Everybody, however, ought to wear the flannel cholera belt, which American naval officers usually bring home from the tropics."

"Along with the intense heat there grow many varieties of noxious insects. The mosquitoes swarm the year round. Every bed is covered with a tent of mosquito netting, and it is the business of your boy, after having made the bed in the morning, to scare out all lingering mosquitoes and then draw the gauze curtains close and tuck them under the mattress. On going to bed you make a little hole in the tent, get in quickly and draw it tight again. House flies are a constant nuisance, and there are great flying cockroaches, two inches long, which sometimes bite, and at certain seasons leave their great wings lying about the house. They eat one's patent leather shoes. Flying ants, great black creatures, come in swarms and also leave their wings over everything. The centipede, an inch and a half long, and more venomous than that of this country, gets in the house and often crawls upon the sleeper. So long as one keeps still there is no danger; but the creature, if one moves, is likely to dig its claws into the flesh and make unpleasant sores. Scorpions abound. They come out of old woodwork and you find them in books that have long lain unused. Their bite is poisonous and sometimes fatal."

EASTERN GIRLS IN THE WEST.

Lots of Eligible Ranchmen Eagerly Waiting a Chance to get Married.

The following is from a letter written by a Colorado woman to a friend in the East:

"I feel myself to be a sort of a link between the East and the great West. It has been my fate to live in the one a while, then in the other, so that one-half of my experience may be said to be Eastern and one-half Western. Having been recently in the East, I know both city and countryside to be fairly overflowing with single women; being now in the West, I find it overflowing with bachelors of all ages. Every once in a while one of these Eastern spinsters takes her dear, highly cultivated self off among the heathen—chiefly, often, to get rid of herself. Would it not be better for such women to go somewhere nearer home, where they would be more likely to be appreciated? I can't but illustrate my meaning by telling of the good that has already been done by the Eastern girl in cases that have come under my own personal notice. In one case there was a bachelor ranchman who could scarcely read, having been brought up clear away from all advantages. A girl came West for her health. He saw her, and laid siege to her heart with even more ardor than he would put forth in the pursuit of the unruly cattle on the range. She saw the diamond shining through the rough exterior and said yes. She went to work polishing him up and spending his money to civilize and beautify their surroundings. He now holds office, and is much admired, at least by himself, for since he conquered the Eastern girl his conceit is boundless."

"Then another girl decided she had poor health and must come West if she would recover. She happened to have a relative in one of the beautiful mountain parks of Colorado, and thither she came. No doubt she had poor health when she came; any one is liable to who is married to a literary club instead of to some good man. After the girl struck the West she forgot all about having poor health. They all do, for the air is so pure, the scenery so beautiful, and the ranchmen so gallant, that the poor health vanishes in the thin air. In her Eastern town it was a rare occasion when one girl might have a beau all to herself; out here she had her choice of dozens. After a time it so happened, as one bachelor expressed it, she took the right one and the right one took her. He says it always happens that way, unless you get in too big a hurry. This girl's catch was born of good stock, but he, too, had lived wholly in the West since early childhood, which means that he did not know much about books and music and all those fine things that Eastern girls get in their clubs. Now, given such a fellow as this, manly by birth used only to the undeveloped things of the West, and let an Eastern girl, with her pretty attainments and, to him, bewitching gowns, appear on the scene, while his heart may have been tossed about by the raging broncho, it is nothing to the whirling up and off times disintegration that seizes on him when he beholds the Eastern girl in all her radiance."

I will tell some of the things this Eastern girl has done: She brought all her pretty things from the East, and her husband had to build a house for them, which, of course, became a bower of beauty. Then she brought her music and taught him to sing and play, until now it is a question if he does not understand music better than she. And this brave woman, who gave up her Eastern luxuries to share the life of a brave man on a lonely mountain ranch, dozens of miles from civilization, what did she do? Why, she learned to raise chickens, make butter, interest herself in her husband's business, ride and drive horses, and be useful and happy."

An Eastern girl in the far West is fairly idolized. My bachelor friend says: "I have never known one of the right sort to be here a year before she was taken into captivity to share some lonely ranchman's heart."

By the way, this bachelor may be taken as a sample. He has a good ranch, lots of stock, is intelligent, kind and nice-looking, only waiting "He came and talked to me twelve hours at a stretch, and said he never had so good a time in his life, and I an old married woman."

My advice to Eastern girls with no prospect of marriage before them is: Get poor health and come West. Take yourselves away from those few old bachelors you have spoiled and come West, where your attainments will be appreciated and will be of service in helping to make a great country. Don't wait for the West to come to you; you have to go to it. Come out and take your choice. Of course, there are scrubs, and my bachelor friend says: "A girl had better drown herself in the deep sea than marry some of them." But these are exceptions.

Not long ago I went to a ball in the mountains, and the men that had wives

were the wallflowers, and sat around minding the babies so that the bachelors could have their wives for partners in the dance. Weren't they generous? And the bachelors all said: "How long, O Lord, how long must these things endure?"

STAGNATED ENERGIES.

"I have lived long enough," says an eminent clergyman, "to learn that the secret of happiness is never to allow one's energies to stagnate."

It's easy talking, Doctor, but we have to allow some things to happen whether we will or not. When a man hasn't a morsel to eat, and can't get food anywhere, he is obliged to "allow" himself to go hungry. And "energies" come from something—are dependent on something. When that something fails then the energies stagnate, in spite of all the doctors in the world— theological or medical. You can't stir up your energies as you stir milk-and-water—with a stick.

Hear a little testimony on the point: A lady residing at Manchester—who, for private reasons, does not wish her name published—writes as follows. We ought to mention, however, that Mr. Thomas Evans, Chemist, 24, Manchester Road, Burnley, who sends us the particulars, will vouch for the accuracy of the statement and respond to any inquiries.

Speaking of a personal experience dating back to October, 1887, the lady says, "I had not the least energy; everything being a trouble to me."

In other words, her energy stagnated—a state of things which the clergyman thinks one ought not to allow to happen. Perhaps when we read her explanation we may conclude the clergyman doesn't know as much about how the body and mind are fastened together as he fancies he does.

"At that time," continues the lady, "my nervous system had been subjected to a great strain. I became languid and weary; I was always tired. I had no relish for food of any kind, and what little I ate disagreed with me, and giving me pain and distress at the chest and sides. No matter how much I dictated myself the pain did not abate. There was also an empty, gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach which nothing seemed able to relieve. I was also troubled with pain and palpitation of the heart, and lost much sleep at night in consequence."

"Later on I became very excitable and sensitive to outward influences. The least noise unnerved me. As time went on I grew weaker, and could barely walk about. The doctor's treatment failed to relieve me, and I became very anxious and discouraged. In November, 1888, a friend of mine living at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, told me of the benefit he had derived from a medicine popularly advertised as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and advised me to try it. I did so and after having taken three bottles of this preparation, all the pain left me and I was completely cured. Since that time (now nearly three years ago) I have been strong and in the best of health. Had I known of, and used, this medicine at the outset, I should have been saved two years of suffering. (Dated) Urmoston, near Manchester, October 10th, 1892."

If our clerical friend (above alluded to) please, we would remark that energy is compounded of physical and mental health—or rather, is an outgrowth of it. When one is radically ill he is incapable of any continued effort; and any effort at all is made against Nature's protest and at heavy expense to the man who makes it. There is nothing under the sun so good for the energies and to prevent, or cure, indigestion and dyspepsia as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Keep up the fire and the kettle will boil. Fruit grows on trees, not on the tip of a conjurer's wand. Nature has but one way of doing things. It is good to be ambitious and pushing, but the stomach commonly decides what amount of success will come of it. If this "D. D." please (again) the secret of happiness lies in a perfect digestion.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, Limited," with a capital stock amounting to one million of dollars, having power to be preferred and the remainder common stock, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. The objects of the Company are to acquire coal, mineral and other lands in any of the Counties of this Province or elsewhere; work mines and deal in minerals; build and operate coke and smelting works of all kinds; manufacture and deal in all the by-products of coal; sell and supply gas produced therefrom for heating power and lighting purposes; laying down pipes and mains wherever necessary therefor and generally to carry on the trades of mine and coal owners, chemical and gas manufacturers, iron-masters, foundries and smelters of metal and ore and metal dealers, and in connection with their business to lay down and operate railways and establish lines of steamers, barges and vessels of all kinds for the transport of freight and passengers; and for the purposes aforesaid to acquire compulsory powers and incorporate the provisions of the New Brunswick Railway Act, the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Act; to acquire patent rights and the good will of any existing business carried on for any of the above named purposes, and also the shares, stock and bonds, of any company; to construct and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and carry on the business of telegraph and telephone Company on their line of works and railways.

Dated at St. John the fifth day of January, A. D. 1895. R. G. LECKIE.

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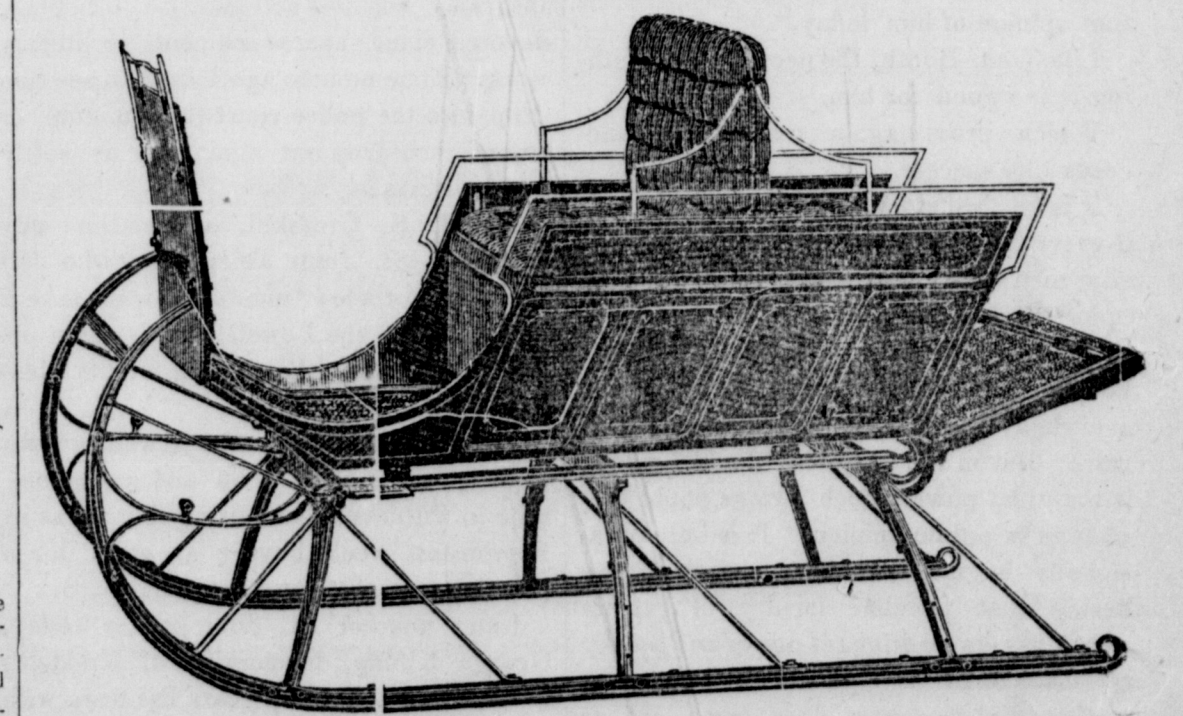
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