

## WATCHMAKERS' OIL.

WHERE AND HOW THE DELICATE LUBRICATOR IS OBTAINED.

Men Take Their Lives in Their Hands to Obtain It—The Oil Comes from the Jaw of the Porpoise—Many Men Who Have Lost Arms, Hands and Fingers from Shark Bites.

"What do you suppose this oil I am using comes from?" asked the watchmaker. "This oil comes from the jaw of the porpoise they catch in the Bay of Fundy. I say they catch the porpoises, but that isn't exactly the fact, for they don't catch them any more than the hunter catches the deer he goes out to bag. They hunt the porpoises and shoot them, and immense fellows they are, sometimes weighing 350 pounds. Hunting porpoises in the Bay of Fundy I know from experience is a decidedly dangerous business, but a great many people get their living by it along the coast. The most expert porpoise hunters are the remnants of that ancient tribe of Indians the Passamaquoddyes. They usually camp on Indian Beach, bordering on the Bay of Fundy, and there is a good sprinkling of whites among them, too. I took a winter trip once along the coast, and at Indian Beach I soon noticed that there were a great many men, old and young, both among the Indians and the white men, who had but one arm or one arm and a half, while hands and parts of hands and fingers were missing on others. I finally asked a native what was the cause of the lack or loss of those missing members.

"Sharks?" was his grim reply. "By further questioning I learned that very frequently when a porpoise is shot on the hunting grounds off the coast its death struggles will not be over before the water all around the hunter's boat will bristle with the bayonet-like back fins of sharks that have suddenly come from the depths to

### GULP IN THE BLOOD

that flows copiously from the stricken porpoise. It is seldom that sharks will bite at the carcass of a porpoise, but they will follow it to the boat as the hunters pull it in, and if the latter are not wary will with one snap of their terrible jaws take off an arm at the elbow, or at least a hand.

"I was not anxious to see any one have an arm taken off, but I did want to see a porpoise killed, and watch the array of sharks that they said was almost invariably at the death. I hired a couple of big Indians to take me with them on a day's hunt. Sometimes these Indians will not go out for days, no matter how fine the weather is, but loaf and lay around like lazy pigs. But when they do make up their minds to go out there is no weather too rough to stop them. They launch their boats at all risks and make a start for the hunting grounds whether they ever reach them or not. It is by no means an unheard-of thing for a boat to start out in tempestuous weather, and for neither boat or hunters to be heard of again, unless by chance the waves wash them ashore. There is another peculiar custom these Indians have. Say a boat starts out at a certain time. Whether it is fair or stormy, the whole camp, men, women, and children, gather on the beach to see it off. After it is well out to sea the people return to their respective quarters. If, ten minutes later, another boat should be made ready to start, the whole settlement turns out in the same way to see that one off, and so on, no matter how many boats might be launched, one after another. But usually the day's hunt starts in a body early in the morning. Two men go in a boat, but as the boats are made large enough to fetch back two or three porpoises, weighing from 200 to 300 pounds, there is room enough for a third person, if he is anxious to take the risk and share the hardships.

"The morning I made the third occupant of the boat I speak of was sunny and calm; but it was March, and the Indians told me squarely that it

### HIGHT BLOW GREAT GUNS

before we could hope to get back. But I was resolved to go, and go I did. No one will ever know how I prayed a few hours later to be safe back on the beach.

"On the way out to the porpoise grounds the Indians told me that it took years to make an expert porpoise hunter out of a beginner, and that they put their boys to the task as soon as they were large enough and strong enough. Each Indian had a heavy gun, with a barrel at least a foot longer than an ordinary gun. The bore was smooth and very large. They put in charges of powder that it seemed to me were heavy enough to load a cannon, and rammed on top of them a handful of double B. shot!

"We went out two miles, and long before we got to the place we were headed for we could hear the porpoises blowing like steam whistles. On clear days the sound is easily heard on the beach. By and by I saw the big fish turning and tossing their huge bodies on the surface, and our boat pulled straight for the biggest of the school. He seemed to pay no attention to the boat, but one of the Indians assured me that he had his eye on us all the while. I was convinced of this when, as we got within four or five rods of the porpoise, he raised right up and turned, plain enough to take a header. The moment he did that I heard a report like a thunder clap close to my ear, and the very boat careened under it. One of the Indians had shot off his gun, and there lay the porpoise on the surface, which was already

### RED WITH HIS BLOOD.

The boat was quickly rowed up to the dead fish, for the big charge of shot had cut his throat, as I might say, from ear to ear. What I was most interested in now was to see the sharks appear, but none have in sight, much to my disappointment. One Indian grabbed the porpoise by the dorsal fin, and the other shoved one hand in the fish's blowholes in the head, and with a sudden movement slid the big carcass over the

gunwale of the boat and let it fall on the bottom. The Indians told me that this happened to be one of the times when the sharks, for some reason, did not appear.

"Next time better luck!" I said they. "All this time a stiff nor'easter was coming up, and by the time the hunters had picked out another porpoise and were stealing upon it the wind was a gale. The higher the waves rolled the more the porpoises seemed to enjoy themselves, and the gale didn't seem to worry the Indians a bit. A big porpoise raised on the crest of a wave a short distance away, and once more that tremendous report shook the boat. The wave brought the porpoise and a crimson tide almost against the boat, and here and there, all around it, long black blades darted to and fro above the surface. They didn't need to tell me what they were, for I knew. They were the back fins of sharks, a dozen at least of which were playing about in that porpoise's blood and drinking it. The Indians, apparently paying no more attention to the sharks than if they had been bits of floating wood, proceeded to land their prize. The one Indian had reached out for the dorsal fin, when I saw

### A FLASH IN THE WATER

on the other side. With a sharp cry the Indian jerked back his hand, and blood trickled from a gash on its back.

"Shark close!" he said, with no more sign of emotion than a wooden Indian, and he wiped the blood on his blouse. Waiting for a favorable roll of the waves, which were rolling alarmingly high now, the Indian unconcernedly reached for the fin again, got it, and the porpoise was raised in the boat and dropped on the first one.

"The excitement of all this, and especially the narrow escape of the Indian from losing his hand to the shark, had taken my attention from the weather, and when I came to myself I found that snow had been added to the gale. For two mortal hours we tossed and rolled. The snow was so thick that nothing could be seen a rod in any direction. The Indians were still unconcerned, but they would have been the same if they had known for a certainty that the next wave would swamp them. But the storm eased down at last, and some time in the afternoon we got back to the beach. I learned next day that two boats that went out with us had not got in, and they never did get in.

"The Indians take all this risk the year round to get the oil the porpoises yield, the average yield being three gallons of blubber oil to a porpoise, which they sell for 90 cents a gallon. It is tried out in the old-fashioned soap kettles on the beach. The jaw oil is obtained by hanging the jaw in the sun, the heat of which tries it out. A good rich jaw will yield half a pint of oil, but that half pint is worth more than a gallon of the blubber oil. It is the very best of oil for watches and delicate mechanism, as the merest mite of it will oil a watch for months, and it never corrodes."

### Baby's Elastic Vocabulary.

The proud mother had come to pay her first visit, accompanied by the infant heir and his nurse.

"I don't wish to appear in any way partial," said she, "but, really, for a child of 16 months, I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word that is said and joins in the conversation with a sagacity that almost alarms me at times. Speak to the lady, Algernon."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon. "Listen to that," cried the delighted mother. "He means, 'How do you do?' Isn't it wonderful? Now, Algernon, ask the lady to play for you. He adores the piano. Now, Algie, dear," (very coaxingly).

"Boo-boo," said Algernon. "He means 'music' by that. Isn't he too smart for anything? Now, love, tell the lady mamma's name."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"That's right," Boo-boo-Louise. "My name's Louise, you know. Bless his little darling heart. Isn't he a wonder?"

### No Room for Doubt.

"You aver," said the black-browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantrio, Mme. Squalkina? Prove it and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cuttawezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquet? No steam heat? And not a cent in the box office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."

### Not Insured.

Mrs. De Style—"Marie! Is the dog chained?"

Servant—"Yes'm."

"And the cat put out?"

"Yes'm."

"And the children tied to the bedpost in the nursery?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well. Then you may light the piano lamp."

### Love and Arithmetic.

Sweet Girl—"Papa says you are getting only \$500 a year."

Young Simpson—"That is true, but I am to have twice that next year."

Sweet Girl—"Let-me-see. That will be \$1,000, won't it? That isn't much, but the next year it will be \$2,000, and the next \$4,000, and the next \$8,000, and then \$16,000, and then \$32,000, and the next year \$64,000. Why, my love, we'll soon be rich."

### Don't Want Old Maids.

When an Armenian maiden attains her 17th year and is not engaged to be married she must undergo a strange punishment. She is forced to fast three days, then for twenty-four hours her food is salt fish and she is not permitted to quench her thirst.

In Siam, when a funeral is passing, the women take down their hair and unfasten their beads, and the men fumble around in their pockets for a little piece of metal to hold between their teeth.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His Philosophy as Disclosed in His Writings.

Build thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll.  
Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.  
Travellers change their guineas, not their characters.  
Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.  
With most men life is like backgammon—half skill and half luck.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

There are a great many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

Don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

The sea drowns out humanity and time. It has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity; and of that it sings its monotonous songs forever and ever.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is much in playing the hand on the strings to stop their vibration as in twanging them to bring out the music.

I look upon a library as a sort of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles.

What a comfort a dull but kindly man is, to be sure, at times! A groundglass shade over a gas-light does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift or lie at anchor.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life; brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

I have written many verses, but the best poems that I have produced are the trees that I have planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments, and gives them, as it were, in prose, translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language.

The trees may outlive the memory of more than one of those in whose honor they were planted. If it is something to make two blades of grass to grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of the planting of an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or of an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortalsities.

Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilling atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is, cherished and fostered in our own sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can hear the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is as pelting hailstorm, which spoils the growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

Be firm. One constant element in luck is genuine solid, old Teutonic pluck. See you tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crows loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back—  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;  
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;  
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

### Landed.

He (contritely)—"Are you angry?"  
She (firmly)—"Yes, I am."  
"Because I kissed you?"  
"Be-because you stopped." [No cards.]

## A WOMAN'S RESCUE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM PARIS STATION.

Suffered for Six Years from Nervous Headaches, Dizziness and General Debility—Physicians and Many Remedies Failed to Help Her—How Relief and Cure was at Last Found.

From the Paris (Ont.) Review.

So many remarkable stories are published of people who have been almost brought back to life, that the public might almost be excused if they were a trifle skeptical. So far, however, as those relating to cures brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are concerned there appears to be no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness. The cases reported are carefully investigated and vouched for by newspapers that would discredit themselves were they to distort facts that can be easily investigated by any of their readers. Besides, there are but few localities in the Dominion where this grand healer of the sick has not made itself felt, and the people having proof of its virtues near at home, are quite prepared to accept the statements made as to the results following the use of Pink Pills in other localities. The Review has heard of much good accomplished by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this locality, but has recently learned of a case at Paris Station which is of sufficient importance to give the full details for the benefit it may prove to others. The case alluded to is that of Mrs. E. H. Skinner, who is esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances. To a representative of the Review Mrs. Skinner said she had been for a long time a great sufferer. Her blood had become thin and watery, bringing about a weakness amounting almost to a collapse. There were numerous distressing symptoms, such as dizziness, severe headaches, palpitation of the heart, etc. "I have been ill," said Mrs. Skinner to the Review, "for about six years, and you can form an idea of what I suffered during that time. I had the advice and treatment of some excellent physicians but without any benefit. I may say that during the six years I was ill I was treated by four different doctors in Brantford and one in Paris, but they seemed not to be able to do anything for me. When the physicians failed I tried many different widely-advertised remedies, but with no better results. All this, you will readily understand, cost a great deal of money, and as I derived no benefit, it is not to be wondered that I was completely discouraged. I found myself continually growing weaker, and hardly able to go about, and had almost given up all hope of becoming better. And yet one never wholly despaired, for seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so strongly recommended in the press I determined to try them, and you can see by my condition to-day how much reason I have to be thankful that I did so. I had not been taking Pink Pills long when for the first time in six years, I found myself improving. Gradually the troubles that had made my life miserable disappeared, new blood appeared to be coursing through my veins, and I am again a healthy woman, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe I owe not only my recovery but my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mrs. Skinner said her husband was also much run down with hard work, but after using Pink Pills feels like a new man. The statements made by Mrs. Skinner prove the unequalled merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as there are thousands of women throughout the country similarly troubled, her story of renewed health will point to them the remedy which will prove equally efficacious in their cases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are also a specific in cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of la grippe, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

### Beef-Eating in Japan.

A Japanese writer says—"When I was a young boy, the custom of eating beef began to spread. As blood was regarded as unclean, and also as Japan had been a strong agricultural country, there was a deep-rooted disinclination to eat beef. In this, of course, one has also to recognize the influence of the vegetarian principle of Buddhism. But to anybody who had ever tasted beef, it was so delicious that he could hardly control his natural appetite by his religious scruple. My father was one of those who knew its taste, so now and then we used to treat ourselves to beef. But where did we eat it? We did not eat it inside of the house. We cooked it and ate it in the open air, and in cooking and in eating we did not use the ordinary utensils, but used the special ones kept for the purpose. Why all these things? Because beef was unclean, and we did not like to spread its uncleanness into our house, wherein the 'god-shelf' is kept, and into our ordinary utensils, which might be used in making offerings to the gods. The day when we ate beef my father did not offer lights to the gods nor say evening prayers to them, as he did usually, for he knew he was unclean and could not approach the gods."

### Who Was the Goose?

If, before beginning a sentence, people would stop to see just how they are coming out, they would often put what they have to say into different words.

A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally she came upon her in an unexpected place.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild goose chase all day long; but thank goodness, I've found you at last."

## THE FOOD OF GENIUS.

Things Said and Done All For Their Stomach's Sake.

Gray, the author of the Elegy, was fond of apples. He always kept them in his room, and the fact that they decayed and smelt badly seemed to be no objection.

Claude Lorraine was fond of walnuts, and would spend half a day cracking and eating them, laughing and joking with his friends as he picked the meat from the shells.

Auber's table was provided with every dainty that the Paris markets afforded. He was a great eater, but so thin that he once said, "All I eat seems to go to appetite."

Correggio was temperate and abstemious. A little fruit and a piece of black bread, such as was eaten by the working people, fully satisfied the demands of his appetite.

Horace, the Latin poet, is extravagant, in his praises of sow's udder baked in wine. He declares it to be an appropriate present for a lover to make to his mistress.

Heliothalus liked a ragout made of the tongues of various singing birds and ostriches' brains. It is believed he valued this dish principally from the fact that it was costly.

Veronese enjoyed any sort of sweetmeats, and candied preparation. His physician once told him he would ruin his stomach with such food, and he coolly rejoined, "Let the stomach go."

Hobbes was luxurious in his eating tastes. When told on one occasion that a philosopher should be abstemious, he said he was not philosopher enough to deny his stomach anything it wanted.

Cicero ate very little, and of the plainest food. He had a theory that any disease could be overcome by fasting, and often abstained from food for days at a time, drinking only water.

Handel was a monstrous eater, particularly of beefsteak pie. One of these pies weighed from 2 to 3 pounds, and the composer of the "Messiah," would often consume a whole pie at a sitting.

Caesar Borgia was very particular in his diet. He ate none but the choicest dainties and when among strangers always prepared his food with his own hands for fear of poison. He was an excellent cook.

Dr. Samuel Johnston was fond of game, especially when made into pie, and the nearer the game approached a condition of putridity the better he liked it. He was known to drink twenty cups of tea at a sitting.

Beethoven was very fond of a kind of meat pudding made in Vienna, closely approximating the modern wienersurst. With a plentiful supply of this, a hunk of pumpernickel and a glass of beer, he was perfectly content.

Byron was immoderately fond of ham and eggs, but could never partake of this dish without indigestion. Notwithstanding the consequences, he could not always prevail on himself to decline a dainty that he so greatly enjoyed.

Pope liked stewed lamphreya. Sometimes when visiting he would lie abed for two or three days at a time, unless he heard that there were to be lamphreya for dinner, when he would rise and make his appearance at the table.

Louis XVI. was never better pleased than when seated in front of a huge meat pie. Pork pie was his preference. When imprisoned in the temple, his bitterest complaints were with regard to food that was furnished him.

The Emperor Charles V. was a most abominable glutton, and was fond of anything he could chew and swallow. He finally died of a surfeit caused by overeating. It is believed by physicians that his appetite was morbid and diseased.

It is said that the Emperor William is a great admirer of what is called in Germany the "Reichster officer" style of curling the mustache, with points toward the corners of the eyes. Having been told that a Berlin hairdresser had a special treatment for this sort of adornment, he sent for him and ordered him to dress the imperial mustache daily in the desired style. The event is the talk of Berlin, and the artist, Haby, who gets 5 marks for each visit, is delighted with the effect of his treatment.

### A Necessary Delay.

St. Peter—A Toronto man, eh? I'll see about your case after I read a few minutes.

Applicant—Is it usual to keep people waiting while you read a few minutes?

St. Peter—Only in the case of Toronto men; I'm reading the minutes of the aldermanic investigation.

## Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's

Willie Tillbrook. Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

