THE GREY REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning.

—AT THE—

REVIEW OFFICE, GARAFRAXA ST., DURHAM.

TERMS; $1 per year, IN ADVANCE.

CHAS. RAMAGE Editor & Proprietor.

StandardBank of Canada

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THE TIGER OF THE OCEAN.

STRENGTH AND FEROCITY OF THE HAMMERHEAD SHARK.

His Power of Destruction Exhibited Best in Tropical Waters—One That Towed a Whale and Another That Handled a Bull—When He Turns on the Hunter—Trap in Which He Is Taken.

"Sailor though you may have been for a score of years and never given cause for a man to call you coward, there comes a time when you feel the creeps and your knees grow weak," said a man who was a whaler once. "That time is when you look over the rail of a ship rising and falling on a calm sea and find a big hammerhead shark looking up into your eyes. The white shark is voracious and merciless, but the tiger of the sea, as the hammerhead is called, is worse than that. He is the most repulsive looking fish that swims. He will take up the trail of a ship like a bloodhound, and his persistency is menacing and malignant. A white shark can be frightened or beaten off, even after seizing his prey, but the hammerhead shuts his jaws like a bulldog and will be cut to pieces before he will let go. A man in the water may dodge the rush of a white shark, but the tiger never misses his mark. He hasn't the speed of the other, but it is his slower gait which makes him more certain of his victim.

"While the hammerhead shark may be caught all along the Atlantic coast, his true cruising grounds are in the tropical seas. To get among the big ones you must voyage up the Bay of Bengal or coast along the great barrier reef of Australia. You will find the white shark there, too, but the two species never run in the same school. I do not know that they quarrel when they meet, but certain it is that

THEY AVOID EACH OTHER.

It is seldom that a big shark is caught in Northern waters, but in the tropical seas a twelve-footer, either white or hammerhead, is looked upon with contempt. One day, as the ship White Wings was becalmed about fifty miles off the coast of Madagascar, a hammerhead shark of such size appeared alongside that he was at first taken for a whale. He remained with us for over an hour, lying like a log on the water, and it was easy to get his dimensions, or at least his length. He was exactly thirty-three feet long and about the size of a flour-barrel. If a tow-line could have been made fast to that fish he had the horse-power to enable him to drag us along. While the white shark is swifter and more supple, the hammerhead has more of what might be called pounding power. As an illustration of what he can do out of the water, I will cite the case of an Australian coasting schooner called the Wanderer. I was in the whaling ship Paul Jones and we were anchored off one of the Kangaroo islands on the east coast, to wood and water. The Wanderer, which was northward bound, came to anchor quite near us to make good some damage received aloft in a squall. The water was alive with hungry hammerheads, and the captain of the coaster, put over a hook. A shark eighteen feet long soon took it and after half an hour's hard work was hauled over the rail. The fish seemed to be played out as they hauled him in, but no sooner did he feel the deck under him than he began business. The blows he struck with his tail could have been heard a mile away, and when he sprang into the air and fell back there was a crash which told of splintered planks. In ten minutes that fish almost made a wreck of the schooner. He smashed bulwarks, shivered planks, and broke stanchions as if they were sticks and chips, and harness-cask, water-butt, and the cook's gally went overboard as if sent by

A POWDER EXPLOSION.

The carpenter managed to sever the tail with a broadaxe at last, and no more shark hooks were dropped over the side. Had that shark been free in the hold of the schooner I believe he would have started a dozen butt-ends and sunk her at her anchor.

"In his native element a big shark has two sorts of power—the go-ahead and the reverse. Off the Java coast, on one of my whaling voyages, we killed a whale fixty-two feet long. In bulk he seemed to be an island, and his weight was tons added to tons. In a perfectly calm sea three boats made fast to tow the whale down to the ship. We had been straining our backs for five minutes and hadn't got the great bulk moving yet, when a hammerhead shark about twenty feet long dashed in and set his jaws into the body just forward of the tail. As he got a firm hold he began pulling back and shaking his head, as you have seen a dog pull at a root when digging. As the flesh would not tear away, that shark kept reversing his engines until he had turned the big body twice around in a circle, and added to the weight of the body was the drag of our three boats. To get rid of him we had to almost cut him into strips with our harpoons. As to the go-ahead powers of a shark, perhaps there has never been a test which gave his actual horse-power. At Sandalwood Island, off the coast of Java, the natives caught a big hammerhead who had pursued a bather too far and had been stranded. A rope was made fast behind his head and the free end fastened to a raft which they constructed out of driftwood. According to their statements the raft was about twenty feet square, and they piled at least a ton of stones on it. It was a bulky, unwieldly thing, and yet when they got shark and raft clear of the shore, the harnessed captive started off at steamboat speed and seemed to make little of the drag in his wake. He was passed by a catamaran, when fifteen miles at sea, and was still keeping up his stroke.

"I have known a white shark to follow the ship twenty-four hours, but never longer. By that time his hunger drives him to go cruising around after food. While the Paul Jones was working along the Java coast, a big hammerhead fell in with us, one day and stuck by us for eight days and a half without changing his position three feet. During that time we sailed 630 miles. None of us could figure out how the shark got anything to eat in all that time, and, as a matter of fact, I don't believe he got a morsel. The idea that a shark follows a ship for the food thrown overboard is a false one. I have seen the cook throw slops over when sharks were following or skulking under the counter and

THEY WOULD NOT MOVE.

A hammerhead estimated to be thirty feet long followed the English ship Red Lion 2,180 miles on a voyage to Australia. Food was thrown to him twenty different times, but he would not touch it. The white shark of the tropical seas displays more fierceness than those of the Atlantic, but he is a sheep compared to the hammerhead. In the year 1871 the brig Southern Cross, from Calcutta to London, was wrecked on Nelson Island, at the northern end of the Indian Ocean. She had three passengers and a crew of fourteen men. They put off from the wreck on a raft, but the wind blew them out to sea instead of upon the beach. The raft was surrounded by hammerhead sharks, and by sundown, when it was sighted, by a north-bound craft, only one of the seventeen castaways was left. The sharks could not upset the raft, but they leaped upon it sometimes two or three at once, and knocked the people overboard.

'In the year 1882, while we were landing some cattle from a coaster in Portland Bay, Australia, the sling broke and a large Devon bull fell into the water. This was about half a mile from the beach and in water fifteen feet deep. The bull started for shore, but a hammerhead shark seized him by the right hip almost at once. The shark was only about fourteen feet long, and the bull was strong enough to have pulled a tree up by the roots, and yet the shark began towing him out to sea. Boats were lowered and we went for the fish. We beat him with boat-hooks, stabbed him with knives and fired six bullets into him from a revolver, but he wouldn't let go. Then we fastened a towrope to the horns of the bull and towed him to the beach and the shark came with him and was killed with an axe on the sands. The flesh was not badly torn, but at the end of a couple of days the bull was dead.

"For a good many years the Zoological Gardens at Bombay were seeking for a specimen hammer-head. The price offered was liberal enough, and scores of them were caught with hooks, but none lived beyond a few hours. It was finally discovered that the laceration of the throat by the hook bled them to death. Then a native of one of the Caroline Islands put the officials up to a dodge, and a craft was fitted out and sent down the coast to Little George Island. When she had come to anchor in a little bay men were sent ashore to cut and bring off ten long slim poles. These were fastened loosely together after being spread four feet apart. This gave them a raft forty feet wide by fifteen feet long. Then ropes from ten to fifty feet long, about twenty lengths in all, were fastened to the raft and weighted just sufficiently to sink them below it. The centre rope had four feet of chain at its lower end, and to this chain was wired

A HUNK OF BEEF.

One morning they towed the light raft two miles off shore on a smooth sea and pulled away to watch proceedings. It was even chances that a white shark or ground shark or a small hammerhead might take the bait, but they had to risk that. Luck was with the hunters. They had been waiting and watching for two hours when there was a sudden commotion. A tiger twenty-three feet long had taken the bait. Down it went at a gulp and he started off. As soon as he felt the strain of the raft he began to fight. A white shark would have rushed this way and that and sought to tear out the hook. This fellow was not caught by a hook, but he would not throw out the bait. He sought to sever the chain, and when it defied him he rushed upward at the raft and rolled over and over as if turned with a crank. They had counted on his behaviour to capture him. In five minutes he was wound up in half a dozen of the trailing ropes and had the limber poles bent in all sorts of shapes, and they made fast and towed him off to the brig. No fish could have made a fiercer fight. It took four hours, hampered as he was, to get him into his tank, and his strength and fierceness were matters of amazement. The fish was landed at Bombay and transferred to a basin without injury, but he only lived three months. A second and a third were captured in the same manner, but both died after a brief captivity. In the same gardens was a white shark who had spent ten years in his tank and had grown fat and lazy.

"In Atlantic waters the man looking for sport may cast his shark hooks overboard without fear of disaster, no matter what sort of shark takes hold, but in the tropical seas there is no feeling of security. If a big hammerhead bolts the hook he will at first be thrown into a flutter and make a run for it. Five minutes later he will get his mad up and demand revenge. There are scores of recorded instances where he has made a rush and a leap and crushed or upset a small boat, and the tragedy at Batavia, happening only four years ago, was convincing proof that he is a dangerous foe. A boat with five men in it hooked a big hammerhead, and after running out 100 feet of line the fish turned and rushed. As he neared the boat he leaped clear of the water and landed among the men. In less than one minute he had beaten out the bottom planks of the boat with his tail, and of the four men who met death two, at least, had broken legs or arms before the shark rolled out of the wreck and went his way."

OUT OF HIS SIGHT.

Get out! commanded her father. Don't ever let me see you here again.

Very well, replied the confident young man. Your daughter can tell you the nights I am to call, and you can arrange to be out until I leave.

A RICH MAN'S SIMPLICITY.

Built a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Church and Smoked His Pipe in the Kitchen.

In England the people of the north are much more simple and democratic in their ways, as a rule, than those of the south, who are more affected by London manners. In his book "Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," Archdeacon Diggle gives an interesting picture of a north-country giver.

It chanced that soon after Bishop Fraser came into his diocese, he had to consecrate one of the finest churches in South Lancashire. It had been built on the benefaction of a manufacturer, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. When the bishop returned from the consecration he was lost in wonder at Lancashire ways; and he thus told his story to the archdeacon:

I got out at B. station and after a walk of twenty minutes came in sight of the church a mile away. It impressed me with its nobility. I was on my way to the house of Mr. W., the man who had built the church, and I expected to find a fine mansion.

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives?" I asked a pedestrian.

"Oh, aye," he answered, "in yon cottage against yon bank,"

Thinking there was some mistake, I went on, and presently overtook a girl in her Sunday attire. To make it plain whom I meant, I said to her:

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives—the gentleman who built this church?"

"That's his house," she said, pointing to the same cottage. "I'm going to the consecration."

Still I was sure there must be an error, but made my way to the door of the cottage. An old woman, simply dressed, answered my summons, I dared not ask if Mr. W. was in, and repeated my question:

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. is, who built this church?"

"Oh, you're the bishop, are you?" she said. "He's here—he's been expecting on you. You'll find him in the kitchen."

Ushered into the kitchen, I found an old and fine-looking man seated by the fire, smoking a long churchwarden pipe.

"So you've come, have you?" he said to me. "Nowt like bein' in good time. There'll be a snack o' something when you've done."

"You have done nobly by the district, Mr. W.," I said, grasping the old man by the hand. He returned my hearty squeeze, but seemed surprised.

"Naw, naw," he said. "I made the population here by my mills, so I mun do my duty by them."

It was all a very simple matter to this old manufacturer, who still smoked his pipe by his kitchen fire, and so it seemed to his people as well.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

The chief topic of conversation at Cettinje, Montenegro, is the extraordinary adventure which a woman from a village a few miles distant has just passed through, and which reads more like a page from a "penny dreadful" than a record of unvarnished fact.

The heroine of the story went to Cettinje recently for the purpose of selling in the public market a bull of which she was the owner. The transaction satisfactorily accomplished, she set off to return to her native village, when she was accosted by a man, who represented that he could show her a much nearer way home than she proposed to take.

Believing in his sincerity and honesty, she consented to be conducted by him, and they left the town.

The had gone but a short distance, when their road led them to the edge of a deep precipice, and here the man halted and, confronting his companion, demanded the money which she had received in payment for the bull. Seeing that she was in his power she handed over the money and the miscreant then ordered her to give up everything else of any value on her person.

The frightened woman complied, and begged to be allowed to continue her journey without further molestation, but disregarding her prayers the man produced a long knife, and pointing to the precipice, said, "Now you must take your departure from this world. If I allow you to live you will denounce me. If you don't jump over I must throw you over.

The woman begged and prayed to no purpose, and was about to give herself up for lost, when the man's attention was momentarily attracted by his turning to look at some object on the ground. Like a flash the woman seized her opportunity, and springing on her assailant, she threw him off his balance and launched him over the edge of the precipice into space

She then returned to Cettinje and told the whole story to the authorities, who sent some men to the scene of the adventure. At the foot of the precipice they found the mangled remains of the would-be-assassin and in his pocket the money of the brave woman.

The Prince of Montenegro is said to have been so pleased with the woman's courage that he granted her a small pension for life.

ANTI-EPIDEMIC CLUB.

A club is now being formed in Paris, the members of which swear never to shake hands with any one unless they are wearing gloves. Many members of the aristocracy have shown their willingness to support the organization, and a fine is to be imposed upon all members who are caught shaking hands without gloves. The formation of this curious club is undoubtedly the outcome of a recent discussion in a French medical journal. This paper endeavored to show that disease has occasionally been contracted by shaking hands without gloves.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Post masters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon he ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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The eyes of the world are literally fixed on South American Nervine. They are not viewing it as a nine-days' wonder, but critical and experienced men have been studying this medicine for years, with the one result—they have found that its claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gainsaid.

The great discoverer of this medicine was possessed of the knowledge that the seat of all disease is the nerve centres, situated at the base of the brain. In this belief he had the best scientists and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary layman recognised this principle long ago. Everyone knows that let disease or injury affect this part of the human system and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, which is the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first principle. The trouble with medical treatment usually, and with nearly all medicines, is that they aim simply to treat the organ that may be diseased. South American Nervine passes by the organs, and immediately applies its curative powers to the nerve centres, from which the organs of the body receive their supply of nerve fluid. The nerve centres healed, and of necessity the organ which has shown the outward evidence only of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony that they have been cured of these troubles, even when they have become so desperate as to baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians, because South American Nervine has gone to headquarters and cured there.

The eyes of the world have not been disappointed in the inquiry into the success of South American Nervine. People marvel, it is true, at its wonderful medical qualities, but they know beyond all question that it does everything that is claimed for it. It stands alone as the one great certain curing remedy of the nineteenth century. Why should anyone suffer distress and sickness while this remedy is practically at their hands?

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