

A Whale's Appetite.

The appetite of a whale is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jellyfish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle along leisurely in order to take in jellyfish by the wagonload. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids, weighing often several tons. Like his brother, the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food. Otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty-foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires ten thousand million sardines to feed the one thousand billion bluefish on the American coast every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra—a strange creature that can be turned inside out without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.

Fine Fare.

Sch. Emma E. Witherell, Capt. William Wharton, which arrived from the Grand Bank Saturday, had one of the finest salt cod trips of the season, 290,000 pounds.

July 21"

SAW NO MACKEREL.

Vessels Scour Bay of Fundy and Maine Coast.

Telephone messages this noon from sch. Marguerite Haskins at Southeast Harbor and sch. Lewis H. Giles at Portland, state that they have scoured the Bay of Fundy and Maine coast and found no mackerel.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Mount Desert rock says he has seen nothing that looks like mackerel this year.

A special to the TIMES from Souris, P. E. I., says that sch. F. W. Homans, Capt. R. Jackman, was at Souris Friday, landing his nets and fitting to use his seines. He shipped four men, to complete his crew. Mackerel have struck the coast, here and are schooling some boats get 220 today. South side East point, herring and bait are very scarce now, but good show for fish.

The mackerel fare of sch. Dauntless sold to Wm. H. Jordan & Co. at \$17 per barrel.

FLYING FISHERMAN.

Portugal Is To Have One in Her Fleet.

Mould of Sch. Madonna Sent Across the Ocean.

Portugal is to have a flying fisherman among her fleet of antiquated Grand Bankers. A short time ago, Messrs. Tarr & James, the ship builders of Essex, were in communication with a concern there and in consequence sent them the moulds of the sch. Madonna of this port to build from. The vessel will be constructed in Portugal.

In answer to a letter from the same concern, Mr. Charles H. Andrews has sent over the spar plan of the same vessel.

Good Stock.

Sch. Nourmahal, Capt. Wauace Parsons, stocked \$3566.84 on her recent seining trip, the crew sharing \$90.04.

SKIPPERS GUESSING.

Hardly Know Where To Go for Mackerel.

SOME FEW FISH ON GEORGES.

Mackerel Schools Reported Recently Off Seal Island.

Where to go for mackerel is now puzzling the seining skippers. Bay of Fundy and the Maine coast has been raked as with a fine tooth comb and nothing seen. A few fish are reported on the southeast part of Georges but they are wild as hawks and driving to the eastward. Some fish are reported off Seacomet, but the skippers think they are "blinks." They hardly know which way to turn, and if a fleet of 12 or 15 vessels could be got together some would go to North Bay.

Sch. Richard Wainwright, Capt. Norman Ross, arrived from Georges this morning with 115 barrels of salt mackerel. Capt. Ross reports the fish very wild and hard to catch and going to the eastward 20 miles a day. They have gone so far that little can be done with them. But few vessels were there. Sch. Golden Hope took a 100 wash barrel school and sch. Rival had taken some fish. Schs. Kentucky, James S. Steele, Edith M. Prior and Braganza were there but had taken no fish.

Sch. Navahoe arrived this morning with her seine torn. Capt. Welch had a set at a good looking school of fish inside of Isles of Shoals last evening. The twine hung up, and a haul back with a 40 fathom tear was the result.

At present on Georges are about 27 sail of seiners.

Capt. Hiram Forbes of sch. William E. Morrissey reports seeing several good schools of mackerel recently from 10 to 15 miles west southwest of Seal Island, N. S.

Sch. Golden Hope, Capt. Douglass McLean, arrived from Georges this forenoon with a fare of 220 barrels, one of the best salt mackerel fares for some time. Most of the fare was taken on the southwest part of Georges. Capt. McLean reports the schools very wild and going to the eastward quite fast.

About 30 sail of the seining fleet were at Boothbay Harbor yesterday. They have seen but few fish and taken none. Sch. Natalie B. Nickerson took a four-barrel school on the Monhegan fall grounds Saturday.

Sch. Annie M. Parker was at Boston yesterday with 10 barrels of salt mackerel.

Sch. Victor was at Kittery yesterday.

Five hundred and eighty one barrels of salt mackerel from Canada and 513 barrels of Irish mackerel were received at Boston yesterday.

The spring catch of salt mackerel at the Magdalene Islands is estimated at 4000 barrels.

The fare of sch. Nettie Franklin sold to Fred Bradley at \$17.25 per barrel

The fare of steamer Alice M. Jacobs sold to John Pew & Son at \$17 per barrel.

Bank Cod Sales.

The fare of sch. Argo sold to Slade Gorton & Co., and that of sch. Shenandoah to Reed & Gamage, both at \$3.25 for large and \$2.62 1-2 for mediums.

Big Georges Trip.

Sch. Arthur D. Story, Capt. William Sloan, arrived from Georges this morning with the best Georges cod fare of the season, 50,000 pounds. Capt. Sloan is well known as one of the leaders of the Georges fleet.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

Newfoundland's Latest Industry Conducted on Modern Lines.

Cetaceans Killed with Bombs and Towed to Port.

Newfoundland is now the home of the most remarkable and profitable whale fishery in the world. The old style whale hunting is now most abandoned, and the fleets which hailed from Dundee, Scotland and New Bedford, were wiped from the ocean, except for mere remnants. The rudimentary methods employed in the past have proved altogether inadequate for the pursuit of the gigantic mammals, since excessive killing has depleted the herds, and newer processes have been demanded to keep up the supply of bone and blubber.

Whale hunting is now a science, and swift steamers, deadly projectiles and powerful explosives have been brought into requisition, and hile factories, with most modern machinery, are employed on the seaboard to absorb the blubber supplied by the hunters. Only six years ago was this modern whaling initiated into the world, and today is one of its most promising industries. The waters that wash the coast are now teeming with these fish—finbacks, humpbacks, sulphbacks and porpoises.

Specially constructed steamers are employed, equipped with every appliance that ingenuity can devise. These boats make about 12 knots an hour and are very weatherly. In the bow is mounted a small cannon which discharges an immense iron bar, more than six feet long, with great wings or flanges near the butt, which fly open like the arms of a semaphore, and when being fired are folded back so as to enter the gun. The projectile is tipped with a timed bomb, loaded with explosives, which explode upon contact with the bony substance inside the whale's body.

Over 600 whales were killed by three steamers in Newfoundland the past year, and it is expected that this number will be increased to 1000 during the present 12 months.

To the projectile is attached a strong, flexible iron rope, which flies out with such velocity that bucketfuls of water have to be poured over it to prevent it from catching fire. When the harpoon plunges into the whale's side the flanges on the bar are flung open by the impact so that the shaft cannot be withdrawn, while the exploding bomb generates great masses of gas which keeps the body afloat.

Only a few days ago a whaler was fast to a fish for 26 hours. It was a huge sulphback, nearly 90 feet long, and the harpoon penetrated near the tail, remote from the vitals. The whale wounded fish, maddened with pain and terror, "sounded" into the very depths of the ocean, taking out cable like a lightning streak, while two men cleared it and two others drenched it with water.

Returning to the surface the bellowing monster headed across Placentia bay at a 25-knot clip, threshing the waters into foam and towing the ship like a rowboat, although her engines were kept running full speed astern to tire him out. He reeled off 55 miles in this course, until shoals compelled him to take a different direction, and over this line he made 42 miles, when, approaching land once more, he executed a third tack and ran 13 miles along it, a total of 110 miles, occupying 26 hours, and accomplished with the ship's engines reversed to the full, and a man stationed by the line to chop it in two if any kink threatened to pull her under water.

When he was tired out the rope was hauled in and he was given his quietus with another shot, which speedily killed him, the games fish that has yet been known encountered in the progress of the industry.