

variation in the scenery. This is a flourishing post; an energetic trader is ready to supply requirements from pins and needles up to anchors, spars, and sailcloth. Higher up the fjord is a whale-fishing station, one of the three established on this coast. Stores of cod-fish and the usual shark oil refinery add to the prosperity of the place, and increase its odoriferousness. Far up, in the sheltered valleys at the fjord head, are some bosky dingles, and beyond, the Glámu Jökull.

Our next stay, at Önundarfjörth, brought us face to face with modern whale-fishing in full operation—a very different thing from the dangerous chase so long familiar in our story-books. That quest, the hunting of the *Balena mysticetus*, the 'right' whale, began in Biscayan waters, in the fifteenth century, but was gradually monopolised by Dutch adventurers, before who



PACK ICE OFF THE NORTH COAST OF ICELAND.

the prey retreated till Spitzbergen's lonely shores became alive with boats and men. During the Napoleonic wars the trade passed into British hands. Step by step the whales retreated, or were exterminated, until the Greenland coast became the rendezvous, and Baffin's Bay the hunting ground. Now even this is failing, the noble animals which yet remain have sought a refuge behind the barriers of pack and iceberg, and in the autumn of 1892, the last of the Dundee whalers returned from her summer chase 'clean'—not a single capture to report. These failures have led to an expedition into Antarctic waters, the result of which will decide the course of future voyages. Meanwhile the attention of the northern fishermen had been directed to other whales of the 'Finner' type. These were neglected by the ordinary ship, not only because they gave less oil and a somewhat poorer quality of whalebone, but because their greater strength and agility