

St. John Man's Luck On the Cascapedia.

A Record Day's Salmon Angling on the Pools of E. W. Davis of New York--The Sportsman Tells the Story in a Way to Delight the Heart of Every Wielder of the Rod and Reel.

Leaving St. John at 6 p. m. on the Maritime express, I reached Metapedia at 2.20 a. m., and p.d. at the Ferguson hotel until morning, when I took the Gaspe flyer for Cascapedia--distance about 60 miles. On my arrival there I found my friend Gilker awaiting me, having been advised by mine host, E. W. Davis, of my coming. The horses were all hitched up and ready to start. A hearty hand-shake, and we were off for Red Camp. My first words to Gilker were: "Well, how is the fishing?" The reply was not encouraging: "The water is all right, but no fish."

However, we reached Red Camp, and received a cordial greeting from that genial sportsman, John G. Hecksher of New York.

"Well, Joe," he said, "I've been down fishing. Hamilton's Beach (a famous pool) and got two fish. I don't think there is a bright salmon in the river--and the water still falling."

This was not cheering news, but my men being all ready I got my rod together and went down to try the Judge's Pool, another famous one in ordinary seasons. Beginning at the head of the pool I made one drop, when a mighty swirl came, and one of my men cried, "I think that was a bright one."

ONLY A KELT.

After resting my five minutes, I again sent my fly over him. He came with a "rush," and I had him, when he immediately started across the river, my men claiming again that he was a bright one. After half an hour's good fight I brought him to gaff, when, much to my surprise and disappointment he proved to be a kelt. So, after taking the hook out carefully I returned him to his native element. Thus ended the first day. As it was nearly dark I returned to Red Camp, to find Mr. Hecksher awaiting dinner; and after substantial repast we betook our selves to the verandah for our after-dinner smoke, and to talk over the prospects of the morrow.

We were up early next morning and exchanged pools--results two kelt each for the day and the water still falling.

I may here mention that all those rivers shoot off at the mouth and require a heavy freshet that extends well out into the bay. Then the fish rising the fresh water, come into the rivers. Without it they will not enter, but linger outside, when the tide keeps the harvest.

"We were in luck," said Mr. Hecksher, "after day for a week. It was the old story in the same old way. Saturday came, and standing on the verandah we heard the cheery voices of our host and hostess, E. W. Davis and Mrs. Davis of New York.

"Hello, Robert! Hello, William! Any fish?"

"No fish, sir. Never was anything like it seen on this river."

"That's bad, but it all comes in the way of sport."

Hearty greetings were exchanged, and we proceeded to unpack rods and get them together for the next week's battle. On Monday morning we drew for pools. The Woodman Pool, which is one of the best on the river, is reserved for Mrs. Davis exclusively; but, noble sportsman that she is, she pooled it with her guests and took her chances. We drew, and the worst water fortunately came to me, for it proved to be the best, because after alternating pools the Woodman Pool fell to my lot on the next Monday. The first day of the week is considered the best fishing day of the week, as the nets are taken up from Saturday night until Monday morning, and the fish have a free run into the river.

GREAT DAY'S SPORT.

That Monday arrived in due time, and with it a rise of three inches of water. I was early afield, after a hearty breakfast, and strolling down to the beach met James Harrison, who, by the way, is one of the best salmon anglers in Canada.

"Time you were out, sir. River rose three inches. Saw a large fish jump. Get your rod and I will go out with you."

Not many minutes elapsed until we were on the pool.

"Let your kilt go, Ozy--don't get too near the ripple."

So, casting foot by foot, until I cast all the line I could, we made another drop. Harrison says: "This is the drop you are going to get him on."

"Casting until I had about 50 feet of line out, there came a tremendous swirl. I waited until I saw my leader start, then struck, and sent the hook home. When he felt it he ran up stream about 60 yards. Then a mighty leap--

"Jim! A 50-pounder!" I cried.

"Not far from it, sir; but we will weigh him after he is in the canoe. Handle him carefully--No. 6 is very small for a fish like that. It may tear out. Pull him down stream--easy! Here he comes. Look out! If he goes over the rapids don't stop but get him in the eddy."

And this I did. Three quarters of an hour I finally got him up where Ozy could gaff him, and a half dozen blows of the club ended the life of a beautiful female salmon weighing 45 pounds.

"Let us go and get another," said Harrison; and out we went on the pool. One drop, and another swirl. "I've got him, Jim! Up kiltlock, Ozy!"

Up stream he ran like a race horse, and then a mighty leap. I pulled him down stream, and into the eddy, and after a short and decisive struggle brought him to gaff--a beautiful 29 pounder. Then we returned to camp and weighed the two.

Going to mine host's room I found him a bit under the weather and still in bed.

"What luck, Joe?"

"Look out of the window on the scales--a 45 pounder."

"What a fish! Glad you had such luck. See any more?"

"Rose another--get him this evening."

About three in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Davis and I strolled down to the beach, and while sitting there smoking saw a salmon leap.

"The better get your rod and try him."

"Rather early, is it not?"

"Well," answered mine host, "you might get one." And in a short time we were on the pool, Mr. Davis going with me for luck. We anchored in the ripple, and cast until about 30 feet had been reached. A swirl--I had him--up stream he went, and leaped.

"Mr. Davis," I cried, "he is as large as the first one."

I pulled him down stream, Mr. Davis saying: "He is acting beautifully--you've got him all right." I kept on pulling him pretty hard, and at last got him started. After a short fight I brought him to gaff--a beauty of 42 pounds.

"That is great fishing," mine host exclaimed. "Let us go up and try the smooth water at the head of the pool."

We went up and fished. Two drops--a rise--I got him--and after a hard fight for half an hour brought him to gaff.

"Well," I said, "that is salmon fishing. One 45, one 42 and two 29 pounds."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "and you have broken the record in big fish for one day's fishing. It has never been done before. Larger fish have been taken in the same pool, myself killing two fish--one of 51 and one of 52 pounds--but at different times."

The next in order was the return, taking a photograph of the salmon and the fisherman, and then to the verandah to smoke and talk. Later we enjoyed dinner, and then to bed. A dream of mighty salmon for the morrow.

On the morrow we mourned the departure of Mr. Hecksher, who, after two weeks of pleasant comradeship was forced to leave without killing a fish, as many others had to do this year--Red Camp still leading.

ON THE CLUB POOLS.

The next day Mr. Davis went up to the club pools, and in a quiet little pool called the "Tin Pool" was rewarded with a 20-pounder.

The writer going down to Peter Cool's Pool, did not get a rise. Mrs. Davis on the Woodman Pool, was rewarded with a beautiful fish of 36 pounds.

The next day we accepted an invitation to fish the club waters, and in the afternoon started for a pole of four miles, fishing all the club waters on our way up the Slide, the Ledge, Jack the Sailor--De Winton's, Tin Pool--and not a rise. Then came Big Curley, a placid sheet of water nestled under the hill, with not a ripple marring its surface. It is the most difficult pool on the river to fish. We beached the canoes and waited patiently till the shadows of night were stealing over the smooth surface. Then Robert said: "It is time we were out, sir," and we pushed out and anchored, a long cast from where the fish lay. It would have been joy for any angler to have stood on that beach and watched Mr. Davis fishing that pool--as none other can do it. Foot by foot the line goes out, the fly lighting on the water like a snowflake, until the spot is reached. Then a swirl, risen short.

"Well, Joe," he says, at last, "the best I can do is a rise tonight."

So we turn the canoes toward Red Camp, and glide down with the spire of a race homeward until we hear the roar of Escumac Falls. We run the falls, in the dark, at a forty clip, but there is no danger. Those canoe men know their business, and cannot be beaten in the world at that or at salmon angling.

Next morning I went down river to Peter Cool's Pool, and hooked a salmon, taking him down stream, but the line came back with a broken hook. In the afternoon mine host and I were back on the club pools. In the Ledge Pool I hooked a salmon and brought him to gaff, and Robert remarked: "We'll show you a fish on Big Curley tonight."

We pulled slowly up, waited on the beach as before, and just as the sun went down Mr. Davis went fishing, till nearly dark, when lo! a rise.

"I've got him! Good night, Joe. He's going down the rapids."

And such a sight, I shall never forget it. The rapids were running twenty miles an hour, and those men were able to catch fish as fast as they were skill, poling and steering through those rapids after a wild fish. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

We followed them down, and on arrival found that Mr. Davis had brought to gaff a noble fish of 30 pounds.

"What do you think of that?"

"I will never forget it--though we've had many a run through those rapids."

And so ended the day. The next afternoon, up to the club pools and Big Curley again, fishing all the pools without success until we reached the last named. Mr. Davis began fishing at the usual time, quite dark, and soon I heard the reel playing the hymn that is heavenly music to all anglers--when Miss Salmon is the performer. After a well-fought battle in the dark a noble fish of 37 pounds was brought to gaff.

Then came the run home to Red

Camp, singing "In the Good Old Summer Time," and that was our last trip to the Club pools.

A RARE SPORTSMAN.

And now a word about Mr. Davis. In the morning he asks: "How about your fish? Let me see them. They won't do." And down comes the tin box in which are stored hundreds of dozens of flies of all sizes from a No. 8 to an 80 of the Standard size. He selects what you need for the day, and makes you feel that as often as you may have fished you don't half understand the game. Mr. Davis is very particular as to details in everything. If a hook has not the proper bend, he will bend it until right, and it proves a success every time.

Everything is done by Mrs. Davis and himself to make their guests comfortable and happy. When we were not fishing we had all kinds of games--golf, and very base ball, quoits, rifle shooting--everything to make us happy.

Mr. Davis is one of the most unselfish of sportsmen, and one of the best wing shots and salmon anglers--barring none that I have ever seen. He has written a book on Salmon Angling on the Grand Cascapedia, which is beautifully gotten up and full of practical information, founded on facts and practical experience--no fairy tales, but interesting from start to finish. It is beautifully illustrated, and the cuts of flies are so life-like that you would think you could pick them up from the printed page. I am proud to possess one of these books, and all to whom I have lent it join me in saying it is the best book on salmon angling they have ever read.

But I must say farewell to Red Camp, after five of the most pleasant weeks in my life. It was much to the loss of business; but I would advise all anglers, when business interferes with health, and a good salmon river--to give it up and take the river.

Packing my kit, I bade adieu to Red Camp and to my noble host and hostess, got into my canoe, and with a hearty farewell from ten good men and true I glided down the splendid Cascapedia, to which I also bade farewell. The return of another day's fishing. When all of us who are brother anglers are summoned across the great divide, may we find as good a river as the grand old Cascapedia.

J. D.

A Good Complexion

Rich Soft Skin

Bring Joy to Every Woman's Heart

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Your Appearance.

The true source of beauty is health so that the first signs of falling health everyone should take proper steps to regain and maintain health.

When beauty begins to fade you can be almost certain that some derangement of functional activity is secretly undermining strength and vigor. This must be stopped, and can be stopped by Ferrozene, which vivifies all bodily functions so quickly that an improvement in health and looks immediately follows.

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A rebuilding process is started by Ferrozene that results in a plump, well developed figure; the complexion becomes clear and rosy, pale hollow cheeks fill out and sunken eyes take on a new lustre and brightness.

No lady can afford to miss the benefit that invariably follows the use of this grand restorative. Ferrozene is a tonic, a re-builder and regulator of unequalled merit. To its enduring and lasting results thousands have testified. In a convincing letter from her home in Lansdowne, Mrs. F. G. Butler says:

"For years I had a sallow complexion. I did everything to improve it but didn't succeed till I used Ferrozene. It improved the condition of my blood and in a few weeks brought a rosy flush to my cheeks. I took one Ferrozene tablet at meals and gained strength and flesh. I can strongly recommend Ferrozene to every woman who wants clear healthy complexion. Ferrozene did wonders for me."

Ferrozene is the best, quickest and most permanent road to health. You should get it right away. But beware of a substitute and be sure you get Ferrozene when you get it. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. at all druggists or by mail from the Ferrozene Company, Kingston, Ont.

GREAT HORSE RACES

Phoebeon W. Will be Sent on Tuesday at Sussex To Beat Maritime Record.

With three good days meet at Sussex next week with 42 horses entered the season's racing will be about finished for 1904 as far as the provinces are concerned. Phoebeon W. the brown gelding with a mark of 2.084 and owned by W. J. Furber, of New Bedford, Mass., has made a great hit in the provinces this fall, capturing all the free for all events with apparent ease, and breaking all track records. Phoebeon W. will be given a chance to break the maritime record on the Sussex track next week, but although Sussex track is somewhat fast, the marks of 2.134 at Moncton, and 2.12 at Moncton, and 2.12 at Moncton, are still propositions to overcome.

The following are the entries for exhibition races.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Baxter: "They say your uncle has cut you out of his will."

Carver: "Yes, but it won't make any difference if I can only get him to keep on playing bridge with me a few weeks longer."

BEGIN THE DAY ARIGHT.

A good breakfast of "SWISS FOOD" is the open sesame to a successful day's work. Try it.

THE NEWS BUTCHER, a box of chewing-gum in my hand, stopped in front of a rural passenger.

"Chewing-gum, mister?" he said, sticking the box under his nose.

The passenger addressed looked at him solemnly a moment, stroked his beard, expostulated a long stream of amber on the floor and replied curtly:

"Now, terbaccer."

MUKDEN MOST SACRED TO MANCHURIAN MIND.

Ancient City Holds Bones of Manchu Ancesters and So is Holy.

ONCE A GREAT TRADE CENTRE

Had a Quarter Million Residents and Big Trade Balances But War Cast a Sad Blight.

Tokio, September 30.--The holy city of Mukden is to the Manchurians and Chinese what Lassa is to the Tibetans, Mecca to the Arabs, or Delhi to the Hindus. The city is sacred, and the power that dominates it is the paramount power of the country. The city is sacred because it contains the tombs of the ancestors of the present Imperial House of China. Among the Chinese and Koreans the most sacred objects on this earth are the graves of their ancestors, and their most cherished personal possessions are the memorial tablets on which are inscribed the names of those buried in these sepulchres.

If the Russians evacuate Mukden they, according to Chinese ideas, virtually give up all claim to their usurped domination of Manchuria, although to all appearances the only difference occupation of the town by the Japanese will make will be that the Japanese will picnic in the great park instead of the others. In this park, which is extremely beautiful, are situated the Tung-Ling, or eastern tombs, the burial places of the grandfathers and parents of the first Manchu ruler who sat on the great Dragon Throne of China.

The tombs consist of one large semi-circle of earth covered with lime and crowned by a single ancient tree--an artificial mound. Close by this hill are temples and an artificial barrier of earth, like a hemisphere of low hills, raised to the north of the sepulchres to prevent the malignant influences emanating from that quarter of the heavens disturbing the repose of the departed great ones.

It was the son of these great ones who, as the Manchu prince of Mukden, in 1640, carried fire and sword into China, and in a sanguinary battle overthrew the reigning Ming dynasty and placed himself upon the throne in Peking. During the Ming dynasty Mukden was a small, unimportant Chinese village until the founders of the rising Manchu family made it their headquarters. Their star rose so rapidly that they soon found themselves in the capital of China, and although they soon abandoned Mukden, it nevertheless steadily increased in size and population, the historical connection of the family being kept conspicuously in memory by the presence of the tombs.

The northern tombs are known as Payling. They are almost an exact copy of the eastern tombs, only that the neighborhood is more picturesque and that there is a spice of danger in visiting them, for a band of Hunhuses have their headquarters in an adjacent forest.

Mukden of the present day is an imposing looking city, and has a population of considerably more than a quarter of a million. The city itself is surrounded by a strong brick wall 60 feet high on concrete foundations. Outside this wall lie the suburbs which in turn are inclosed by a mud wall. There is still a third wall, for the ancient palace, standing in the center of the city to attest the former greatness of the Manchu, is also inclosed by a wall. The city wall has eight magnificent gateways, with huge bastions, surmounted by high watch towers and batteries; but a curious point about it is that there is no water gate or exit for water. For this omission the architect was severely punished but his wisdom was demonstrated in after years. The fact that the soil is so very porous that everything sinks into it, and apparently the drinking water of the numerous wells is not contaminated. When this became common knowledge a temple was erected to the architect so that his offended spirit might be propitiated.

The streets of Mukden are broad and straight, the curiously carved shops signs adding to their quaint appearance. Very often they are elaborately carved, and recite the history of the family of the trader. A very large trade is done in Mukden in hardware, furs and European textiles.

In the cruelty of their punishments the Chinese are past to beat, and torture is assumed various forms. A favorite method in the wilder parts is to bury the victim up to the neck in the ground, stamp the earth firmly about him, place a bowl of water immediately before his face, and then leave him to die of hunger or sunstroke or to be torn by insects that sting him to death.

A common sight outside any of the houses of a yamen, or magistrate's office, round his neck, and kneeling on chains. In this position they are left till they die or are strangled slowly.

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To relieve constipated headache just try Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Wonderfully prompt, and never cause griping pains. For headache and biliousness use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

THE NEWS BUTCHER, a box of chewing-gum in my hand, stopped in front of a rural passenger.

"Chewing-gum, mister?" he said, sticking the box under his nose.

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TENDER FOR BUILDING.

Separate Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Buildings, Mitchell," or "Tender for Buildings, Aulac," as the case may be, will be received up to and including

WEDNESDAY, the 12th Day of OCTOBER, 1904.

for the construction of a Brick and Stone Passenger Station at Pictou, N. S., and for the construction of a Brick and Stone Passenger Station at Antigonish, N. S.

Plans and specifications for the building at Pictou may be seen at the Station Master's office, Pictou, N. S. Plans and specifications for the building at Antigonish may be seen at the Station Master's office, Antigonish, N. S., and plans and specifications for both buildings may be seen at the Chief Engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., 27th September, 1904.

JUST RECEIVED

5 puns Nelson Bourbon Whisky, 7 years old.

10 quarter casks Hunt, Roope & Seage Co., Port Wine.

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On and after Sept. 28th the Steamer Beatrice E. Waring will leave May Queen's Wharf, Indiantown, on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a. m. for Chipman and intermediate landings, returning will leave Chipman at 6 a. m. on Mondays and Thursdays for St. John!

R. H. WESTON, Manager.
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ONE OF THE MAIL STEAMERS, "Victoria" or "Majestic," will leave St. John (North End) every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8.30 o'clock, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton for St. John every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8.30 o'clock, due at St. John at 3.30 p. m. Freight received daily to 6 p. m.

R. S. ORCHARD, Manager.
Phone 611A.

Belleisle Bay.

Steamer "Springfield" will leave St. John for head of Belleisle and intermediate points every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m. Returning leave Belleisle on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m.

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Saturday leaves Millidgeville at 6.45, and 9 a. m., and 3.30, 4.30, and 6 p. m.

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TENDER FOR BUILDINGS

Separate Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Buildings, Mitchell," or "Tender for Buildings, Aulac," as the case may be, will be received up to and including

MONDAY, the 10th Day of OCTOBER, 1904.

for the construction of a Station Building, Freight Shed and out buildings at Mitchell, P. Q., and for the construction of a Station Building and Freight Shed at Aulac, N. B.

Plans and specifications for the buildings at Mitchell may be seen at the Station Master's office at Mitchell, P. Q. Plans and specifications for the buildings at Aulac may be seen at the Station Master's office at Aulac, N. B., and plans and specifications for the buildings at both places may be seen at the office of the Engineer of Maintenance, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., 23rd September, 1904.

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