

KIPLING'S FISH STORY.

Puzzled by it, an old Angler Asks the Writer for Further Details.

In this week's Forest and Stream A. N. Cheney, one of America's foremost authorities on game fish and fly fishing, takes a mild fling at the Rudyard Kipling. The accuracy of Mr Kipling's detail in describing subjects innumerable and of vastly differing fields has rarely been questioned, but in this instance the writer upon first glance at least, appears to be placed upon the horns of a dilemma. In his contribution to the Forest and Stream Mr. Cheney says:

'Last season while fishing for a salmon in the Restigouche, the conversation turned one evening to the Pacific salmon, and a gentleman present made the statement that he would wager \$10,000 that he could go to a Pacific coast stream and kill Pacific salmon in the same manner that he had that day killed Atlantic salmon with the fly in the Restigouche, and I thought when he made the statement that he could do exactly as he said. The wager was not for the purpose of making money, as he explained but he wished to be assured if he succeeded of sufficient return to pay the expenses of the trip, for he would go simply to decide the matter, for it was generally understood that Pacific salmon would take the fly. One of the first stories I ever heard in relation to Alaska after the purchase was made by this country was of the old Scotch Admiral who said: Let the Yankees have the blank country: the salmon will not rise to the flies.'

'From that time until this I have not heard of Pacific salmon being taken with the fly (except that possibly Admiral Beardslee did write me that he killed a fish or so when he was in Alaska with the Jamestown, but of this I am not sure now) although I know of a number of efforts in this direction—one by a well known Eastern salmon fisherman—until a few days ago some one left on my desk a copy of Kipling's 'American Notes,' and I opened the book to find that Kipling has been successful in killing Pacific salmon with the fly. Twice I read the chapter to make sure that my eyes had not deceived me, but he states clearly and positively that his salmon were killed on the fly.

'There is no mistaking that Kipling is a fisherman. The chapter to which I refer begins: 'I have lived! The American Continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields, and the best was neither dollars nor real estate.' The 'best that it yields' was a Chinook salmon, or several of them, and how the salmon were killed is told as perhaps only Kipling can tell it. First his companion 'California let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a riffle. I was getting my rod together when I heard the joyous shriek of the reel and the yells of California, and then three feet of living silver leaped into the air far across the water.'

There is no mistake about the fly in this case nor in the next. Kipling's own: I went into that ice-cold river and made my cast just above the weir. * * * The next cast—oh, the pride of it, the regal splendor of it! The thrill that ran down from fingertip to toe! Then the water boiled. He broke for the fly and got it. There remained enough sense in me to give him all he wanted when he jumped not once but twenty times, before the upstream flight that ran my line out to the last half dozen turns, and I saw the nickle reel-bar glitter under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line. I did not feel it till later, for my soul was out in the dancing weir, praying for him to turn ere he took my tackle away. And my prayer was heard. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip bone and the top joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, he turned and I accepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor from on high. There lie several sorts of successes in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope.'

'There is much more of this told in inimitable style before the salmon is finally landed by being thrown on the banks by the hands of the fisherman, for Kipling would not have the fish gaffed, but finally the fish is killed and Kipling sings praises to him: 'The beauty, the darling, the daisy my salmon Bahadur weighing twelve pound and I have been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank! He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw, and the hook had not wearied him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads greater than them all.'

'It is all well worth reading, and even re-reading; but a little further along there is a very suspicious admission for a man who has been killing salmon with a fly, and here it is: 'Then Portland took my rod and caught some 10 pounders, and my spoon was carried away by an unknown leviathan.'

'This may be a pirated edition of Kipling's book; the spoon may not be in an authorized edition, but in the volume before me the spoon is as much in evidence as the fly, except that the spoon is mentioned but once and the fly twice. Now, what I would really like to know is this: Were the salmon killed on a fly or on a spoon? If I can find out I will, in return for the information, give Mr. Kipling what I believe to be sound advice—to keep his hand off his line and not try to stopper it when his fish is running, if he wishes to contemplate his serene highness dead on the bank as a daisy and a darling.'

"THE SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE."

How a Simple Prayer Changed a Man's Whole Life.

An argument can be maintained only when opponents stand upon a common premise, from which they may proceed to a conclusion. This rule of logic coincides with the Pauline maxim, 'Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations,' or, as the margin reads, 'not to judge his doubtful thoughts.' An illustration of the benefit that may be conferred upon a "weak" brother by meeting him in the Pauline spirit is given in the Rev. Newman Hall's "Autobiography."

The English preacher delivered a lecture on temperance to young men in Doctor Cuyler's church at Brooklyn, New York. In order to make clear the insufficiency of high education alone to save from moral ruin, he related the following incident which we give mainly in his own words:

'A young man of intelligent face and gentlemanly manners, but very shabby in appearance, followed me after the sermon to the vestry of Surrey Chapel (London) in great distress. I asked him what had brought him into such a condition. He said:

'The drink! I can't keep from it. I've respectable relatives, but all they give me—cash, clothes, watch—all goes for drink. Tell me what to do!'

'I told him that for him total abstinence was essential, and that I was an abstainer in order to encourage such as he. I signed the pledge again for him him to follow, which he did. I then said:

'But we must pray for help.'

'He said he did not believe in God, yet he knew the Greek Testament and had "coached" men at Oxford for bishops' examinations! He only believed in the Spirit of the Universe.'

'I said I believed also, and so we could unite in prayer. We knelt down, and I prayed to the Great Spirit of the Universe to pardon him and help him to conquer his temptation. With tears he said, 'Oh, that my mother had seen this signature, to make her death more happy!'

'At the close of my lecture to the young men, a middle-aged gentleman, with an elegant young girl on his arm, came up to speak to me. 'You do not remember me? I'm that young man, and this is my daughter. I'm editor of one of the journals here, and a member of Episcopal church; and I wish you would call on my wife and see our happy home, made so by God's blessing on your counsel.'

'I called next day, and took tea with him and his wife and daughter. There was an unmistakable atmosphere of refinement and domestic happiness in the little circle, that pleased me greatly. Not long afterward I read of his funeral, attended by many literary and other friends, in token of the respect in which he was held.'

Dyspepsia's Clutch.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's most wonderful remedy for all disorders of the stomach. The digestive powers of pineapple can be tested by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beef and agitating at a temperature of 130° Fahrenheit, when the meat will be entirely digested. Pineapple Tablets relieve in one day. 35 cents.

Got Rid of the Dog.

Brown lived between Gray and Green. Gray had a barking dog that was the torment of Brown's life.

One day, in his desperation he told Gray that if he would get rid of the dog he would give him half a sovereign.

'All right,' said Gray, 'I'll do it.' Meeting Gray in town next afternoon, Brown asked:—

'Have you done what you agreed to do and got rid of that dog?'

'Yes,' said Gray, 'I've got rid of him.'

'Thank goodness! Now I shall sleep at night. By the way, what did you do with him?'

'I sold him to Green. He gave me ten shillings for him. Not so bad, was it, eh?'

MR. BROWN'S OPINION OF PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

IT RESTORED HIM TO NEW HEALTH WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAILED.

It is everywhere admitted that the people who testify to the health-giving and restoring virtues of Paine's Celery Compound are men and women who are respected and well known in the towns and cities where they reside.

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Mr. John H. Brown, Truro, N. S., writes as follows:

'I am truly thankful for the good results I have obtained from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. For a long time I have been a sufferer from general debility and indigestion and have made use of many medicines, but none have given me the grand results, as far as improved health is concerned, as has your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. It has done wonders for me, and though I am 65 years old I have been able to do light work for the past six months, and have not lost a day. I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration.'

Things Came the Hobo's Way.

'It was way back in the seventies,' said an old engineer. 'I was pulling 'the limited' east from Council Bluffs to Chicago over the Rock Island. The night was bitterly twenty cold. We had gone about miles out and had stopped at a night office for orders and had started up again, when the fireman reached over and said: 'There is a hobo on the pilot, saw him get on at the depot.' 'Sure?' I said. 'Go out on the running board and see if he's there yet.' The fireman did as he was ordered to do and returned with the information that the hobo was still there.

'Well,' said I, it's a bitter cold night, and if he can stand it out there I am willing he should ride with me.' And on we went to Chicago, with old 211 barking like sixty at the low joints ahead and forgetful of our 'head-end' ahead on the pilot.

'By and by, by the faint glimmer of the headlight, I thought I saw ahead what seemed to be a bunch of cattle on the track. As we approached it the bunch seemed to grow larger. It was now too late to do anything, so I just pulled her wide open and old 211 hit that bunch of cattle 'ka-bif.' To paraphrase the language of Tennyson, who glides into admiration over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, there was just simply cattle to the right of us, cattle to the left of us and cattle to the rear of us, but none any more in front of us. After it was over our thoughts reverted to the hobo on the pilot. 'Go out and see if he is still there,' I said.

'Well,' said an old brakeman, under whose feet the frosts of many winters had cracked as he wended his way in the dark over many a long train of box cars and who had been listening to the story. 'Well,' said he, 'was he killed?'

'No,' replied the engineer. 'There he sat, as large as any hobo could sit, on the pilot with an oyster can milking one of those durned cows.'

A cheerful view of life depends on knowing which end of telescope to look through on different occasions.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'I see you have a glass eye Pat.'

'Yes, yer 'anner; but it's a swindle, sir. I can't see nothing out of it.'

A certain newspaper has this in answer to a correspondent: 'We decline to acknowledge the receipt of your post-card.'

'Doesn't Isabel use a good deal of face powder?'

'Face-powder! She ought to belong to the Plasterer's Union.'

She: 'I thought you told me your salary was £5 a week?'

He: 'Oh, no; I said I earned £5, but I only got 30s.'

Papa (showing new desk): Those are called pigeon holes.'

Johnny (joyfully): 'And when are you going to get the pigeons?'

Jack: 'Why did you kiss Mamie so fervently? Are you engaged to her?'

Charlie: 'No but I was, and she consented to break off the engagement.'

'Every man has his vice,' said Tenspot to Tenderhook, who was fond of offering unsought counsel to his acquaintances.

'What is my vice, pray?' asked Tenderhook.

Dr Probe: 'Never fear, sir. Two years ago I was in your condition, but I recovered.'

Patient (eagerly): 'What doctor did you have?'

No Pay: 'I suffer from loss of memory, doctor. What do you think would improve it?'

Doctor (to whom he owes money): 'A county court summons.'

Misses [severely]: 'If this occurs again, Jane, I shall be compelled to get another servant.'

Jane: 'I wish you would, mum, there's quite enough work for two of us.'

Maud: 'Men are such stupid creatures. I know I should faint if I heard a man say something I'd never heard before.'

Her Bosom Friend: 'What a shock for you a proposal would be, wouldn't it, darling?'

'I married for money,' said the gloomy man.

'Wasn't there a woman attached to it?'

'Of course there was, with increased gloom; so much attached to it that she has never parted with a penny.'

Twist: 'Doctors naturally have a hard time of it.'

Twirl: 'What makes you think that?'

'Twist: 'Well, those patents that die aren't any too well pleased, as a rule, and those that recover and have to pay their bill are never pleased at all.'

Mrs. Gotrex: 'Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodby loves you for yourself alone?'

Mabel: 'Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.'

Uncle: 'Well, Tommy, my little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?'

Tommy: 'I'm going to grow a beard.'

Uncle: 'What for?'

Tommy: 'So's I won't have so much face to wash.'

Mother: 'Where are you off to, Hans?'

Hans: 'To school; teacher is going to show us the eclipse of the moon to-night.'

Mother: 'Here, you stay at home; if your teacher wants to show you anything he can do it during school hours.'

Mr. Spriggins: 'I fear you will make a mistake, Hettie, in engaging that girl. According to her own story, she has lived in no fewer than ten families in town within a year.'

Mr. Spriggins: 'That's just it. Think of the inside information she will be able to impart about those ten families.'

Mrs. Porcine: 'What a lovely rainbow that is!'

Mrs. Chipbeef: 'Do you think so?'

Mrs. Porcine: 'Why, don't you?'

Mrs. Chipbeef: 'Oh, I dare say it's all very well, but the colors are too loud for my taste.'

He: 'I am really surprised at Dr. White. After being our family doctor for years, and treating me for all sorts of things, and to think of all the money we've paid him, too!'

She: 'What has he done?'

He: 'He wouldn't pass me for the life insurance company!'

'Advice,' replied Tenspot, unhesitatingly. 'What time does the three-twenty train start?'

'demanded an excited female, waving her umbrella at bashful young clerk the other afternoon.

And the young man was so embarrassed that he blushed up to his eyes and meekly stammered, 'Three-twenty, ma'am.'

Her Ladyship: 'And why did you leave you last place, Mary?'

Mary: 'Please, m'am, because the master used to kiss me.'

Her Ladyship: 'And you didn't like that, I suppose?'

Mary: 'Well, m'am, I didn't mind, but the missus objected.'

Dawley (to the house agent): I thought you said there was a charming view from the front windows? Why, there are only houses to be seen.'

House Agent: 'So there is a charming view, sir. In the house opposite lives the most charming widow you ever clapped your eyes on, and she's always at the window.'

Clerk: 'If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the

day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family.'

Employer: 'Is that so, Penfold? What is it—boy or girl?'

Clerk: 'Well, sir, the fact is—er— (somewhat embarrassed)—it's two boys.'

Employer: 'Twins, eh? Young man, I'm afraid your putting on too many heirs.'

One hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: 'If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two-and-sixpence.'

The porter, not moving an inch, replied: 'Put it in my pocket, guv'nor.'

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors

Failed to Help, Cured at

Last by Doan's Kidney

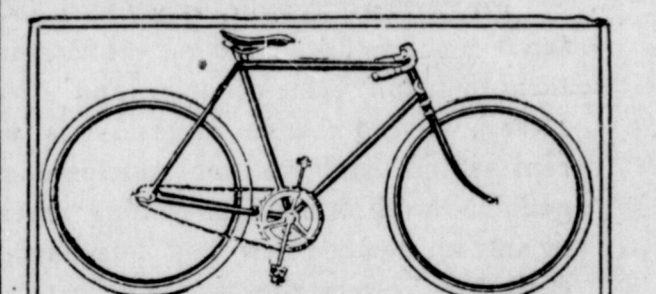
Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: 'For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent."

'I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial.'

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