

QUEST OF THE OPAH.

Fish Like a Rich Brocade of Silver and Lilac Caught Once in Eight Years.

'Ever hear of the astromer who spent years trying to observe a total eclipse of the sun?' asked the companion of the fisherman. 'No? Well, it was something like this. I believe the place to which the unfortunate man went was the Isle of France. He had made the most careful preparation and was bound up in his work. Finally the hour came. The day was perfectly clear and all was in readiness for the eclipse; but just as the moment of totality was approaching a cloud appeared and concealed the sun. The astronomer was in despair. He knew he could not afford to repeat the visit if he returned home, so he decided to remain on the spot for eight years or until a total eclipse occurred again. I say eight with reservation; I am not an astronomer, and it may have been eighteen years. Well, again the eventful hour finally approached. Not a cloud was in the sky and all nature seemed smiling; but just as the great act was about to occur a sudden equal came up and the heavens were clouded. The man who had waited eight years gathered up his instruments and returned to his home to find that the Government for some reason had seized what little property he had left.

'That is a pathetic tale,' said the fisherman, making a long cast with a shining anchovy, 'but it is nothing to my efforts to take an opah. An opah, you must know, is one of the most beautiful of all fishes, a rare and radiant creature; hence its Greek name, lampros. I first saw it in England, and I spent several weeks trying to take one along the Falmouth coast, but never even heard of an opah, and the fishermen told me that one was taken only about once in eight years. Mark the resemblance to the pitiful tale of the astronomer! And, lifting his rod, the fisherman hooked a channel bass. The gamy fish made a rush straight away, heading for Lisbon as nearly as could be judged, then, stopped by the leather brake, it came in like a fox doubling on its own scent, stopped and, plunging down took the fisherman unawares and broke the line.

'I next heard of the opah in Italy,' continued the angler, as he ganged on a fresh hook, 'and here I am told that one was caught about once in ten years, yet I went fishing in every boat I could find. I was travelling round the world, and one day when I strolled into the fish market in San Francisco, will you believe me there swinging by its tail, ablaze with color, was a gigantic opah, the fish of my dreams, nearly four feet long and almost as high. It was a sunburst, a rainbow, and the fish dealer said that it was the first one that had been taken in eight years—not the period. Some one has described the fish as a rich brocade of silver and lilac, rosy on the belly; everywhere with silvery spots; head and back with ultramarine tints; jaws and fins vermilion.' The fish was caught in Monterey Bay, and as I was more determined than ever to take an opah. I went to Monterey a few days later. Here I fished in small boats, trolled in the picturesque lagoon rigged crafts of the Italians—indeed in the very boat that had caught this lampros of the Greeks, but I never saw even the scarlet fin of the opah.

'Finally, one day in Chinatown, in San Francisco, I saw a lantern almost identical with the opah, and as it hung over a fish stall I asked the Chinaman if he had heard of the fish. As I described it his face lighted up and he informed me that his brother 'heap catch 'em' at a little fishing village not far away. Well, the next day I discovered the village and the brother, who said he 'catchee heap big fish, allee samee lojah leight years ago; catchee bout evly leight years' I had struck it,' continued the angler, casting far into the ripple of the St. Johns; 'they had caught an opah eight years ago, consequently one was due. So I made a contract to go fishing with them.

'I caught all the fishes of the sea from rock bass to octopus, though the latter is not strictly a fish; but there was no lack of excitement when a spiderlike creature with legs or arms twelve feet across came writhing up and attempted to embrace you with a tentacle. I was beginning to be discouraged when good fortune came. We had gone to the usual grounds and after fishing some time an Italian lateen rigged boat came alongside, and knowing the Captain, I joined him to change the luck, the boat anchoring a cable's length from the junk. I was pulling at my pipe, listening to the men, when my line was jerked from my hands and, catching in a turn about my leg, I was almost pulled overboard.

'You have never hooked a whale? Of course not. Then you know nothing about it, but for a moment I thought I had. There was no holding it. It simply tore his line through my fingers. I had plenty of line—a stout one. Up came the fish again, curling around the boat with a swish and a hissing of the line, and out of the water, like a knife of vermilion, shot a

fin—the fin I had seen on the opah. Apparently the fish caught sight of the boat, as it sounded again, making the heavy lateen quiver as I tried to hold it; then it came up again, towing the boat around, and as Jose cast off the anchor rushed away with us.

'I will not bore you with details; it is enough to say that half a mile below I brought my fish alongside, having worn it out, though exhausted myself. Jose gaffed it, and by the aid of ropes it was lifted aboard—a magnificent creature, a living rainbow, a more brilliant in tint and color than those I have seen, well repaying me for my long quest. It there is another fish in the sea of its size that can make a better fight I should like to see it; yet I suspect that my opah, the king of the herrings, is nothing more than a giant of the pompanos—at least it looks it.'

CATARRH CURED HIM.

Inflamed, Deep Seated, Relentless Disease—Bound to Vanish Under the Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Treatment—Relief in Ten Minutes.

Mr. Benjamin F. Woneb, 31 McGee Street, Toronto, says: 'I was troubled with that insidious disease—catarrh—for many years. It became very deep seated and was rapidly growing worse, with disgusting discharges from my nostrils and the dropping in my throat almost choking me at times. I tried a dozen so called catarrh cures without any relief, but after using a few bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was completely restored, and I believe permanently cured from this loathsome disease.'—Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Blown by the Sea.

At the Farallones, in the Pacific Ocean, the erosive agents have worked with queer caprice. One rock has been acted upon by the sea, and, through a long narrow hole, slanting, and communicating with the ocean, there comes at intervals a terrific stream of air, forced by the spasmodic heaving of the waves against the lower opening. The Government, which uses this island for lighthouse purposes, enclosed the upper end with the nozzle of a fog-horn, and for years this novel fog-horn was heard far out at sea and above the din of the breaking rollers. A steam siren has since taken its place.

MR. BOWSER'S LUCK.

He Hasn't Suffered Since Taking Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Before That He Suffered Severely with Pains in the Back—Dodd's Kidney Pills Banished the Trouble in a Few Days.

St. John, N. B., April, 17.—There are many so-called 'remedies' for Kidney Disease, that will give a certain measure of relief, while they are being used. The reason is that such compounds contain drugs which dull the pain, while the system is under their influence. Very soon after the use of the 'remedy' has been discontinued, the pains return with double severity, and the condition of the patient is worse than it was before the use of 'medicine' was begun.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only Kidney Medicine on earth that permanently cures Kidney Disease in all its forms. Once a person has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills the disease has been banished for good. Years may pass, other diseases may attack the system, but Kidney Disease—never.

The case of Mr. W. H. Bowser, of this city, is an unimpeachable proof of this. It is quite a long period since Mr. Bowser was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. He is still cured. He still knows, and says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are 'A splendid tonic.' 'A positive cure.' 'They are good enough for me.'

Is not this the kind of a medicine you would want to take if you were sick with Kidney Disease, or would you prefer one that will give you a certain measure of relief while you are using it only?

There is no better known to the medical profession of Canada, than that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only reliable and unfailing cure for diseases of the Kidneys.

Thousands of people have been saved from early deaths by this wonderful medicine, during the past few years.

When Lilluokalani was snubbed.

Queen Lilluokalani is established at one of the downtown hotels in Washington, surrounded by a miniature court, who treat her with all respect that was accorded to her when she was sovereign over the Hawaiian Islands. She is addressed as 'Your Gracious Majesty,' no one is allowed to remain seated in her presence, and in leaving the room the visitor is expected to back himself out. But while her own little entourage recognizes the importance of their mistress, she has been unable to impress people generally that she is anything more than a rather good looking,

queen. 'Well, I think he's a bit better,' was the reply. 'He sat up for an hour yesterday, and had a little appetite. He ate a couple of chops, a veal and 'ampie, two helpings of apple pudding, and a snack of cheese. I think by to-morrow he'll be able to swallow something substantial.'

SNAP For the Brain Worker.

STRENGTH For the Physical Worker.

STAMINA For Men, Women and Children.



READ THE PROOF!

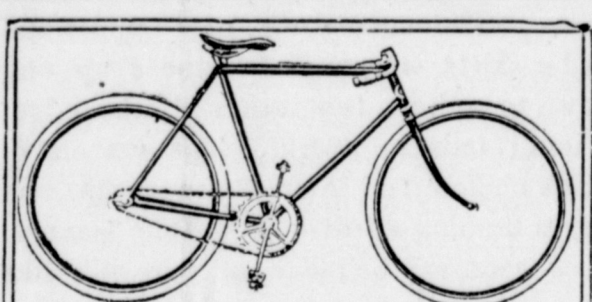
GENTLEMEN,—I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system. My blood was watery and thin, lacking strength and vitality. Last January a friend said:—'Why not try Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills? They will supply the oxygen your blood needs and give you health and strength.' I told him I was very skeptical as to any benefit that could be derived from any proprietary medicine and had no faith in them. There the matter rested until four months ago, when reading so much about what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done for so many people with impoverished blood, I concluded to give them a trial. I have taken four boxes and my unbelief so far as Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are concerned has been entirely removed. They are a splendid blood builder and strength restorer, and an invaluable medicine for weak, enervated people. This has been my experience, they having given me strength of body and strong healthy blood.

(Signed), PETER LAWRENCE WHYTE, 988 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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sensible mulatto. A number of people have called upon her through curiosity, and not long ago she returned one of these calls in person. The lady on whom she proposed calling was just going out and met her dusky highness at the door. 'Is Mrs. X. in?' asked the Queen. 'No, she is not,' replied the lady of the house.

'I regret very much to have missed her,' said the Royal personage as she turned and walked down the steps.

In telling it afterward, the lady, who was born South of Mason and Dixon's line said: 'I am reconstructed all right, but I draw the line at receiving an old darky mammy in my drawing-room.'

Blondes are Better off.

Red-headed people, as is well known, are less subject to baldness than others. A London doctor explains the matter thus: The hair of the red-headed is relatively thick, one red hair being almost as thick as five fair or three brown hairs. With 30,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched, whereas with the same number of fair hairs one is comparatively bald. It takes 160,000 fair and 105,000 brown hairs to cover adequately an ordinary head.

'Good-day, Mrs. Clump. How is your husband this morning?' asked one countrywoman of another, whose husband was ill.

'Well, I think he's a bit better,' was the reply. 'He sat up for an hour yesterday, and had a little appetite. He ate a couple of chops, a veal and 'ampie, two helpings of apple pudding, and a snack of cheese. I think by to-morrow he'll be able to swallow something substantial.'

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of you faded silk one—try it.

Every bride is beautiful, and it is a mystery where all the plain married women come from.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Fame is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is more negotiable.

Know thyself, and keep information to thyself. This is good advice.

'That beats me,' the drum said, confidentially, referring to the rosewood stick.

He—'Do cigarettes make you ill?' She—'No; but the people who smoke them do.'

'I'm not in it!' said the traveller, as he stood on the station platform and watched the last train disappear in the distance.

It is poor consolation to the girl who has been stung by a bee to know that bees are partial to sweet things.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

Dyspepsia and disappointment in love seem to produce the same outward effect. The difference between them is the dyspepsia is very hard to cure.

A newly-started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is 'just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt.'

'Mamma, I saw a dog to-day that had only three legs.'

'Weren't you awfully sorry for him?'

'No; he had one more leg than I had.'

Dolly: 'The man I marry must be handsome, brave, and clever.'

FitzBones: 'Dear me! How fortunate we have met!'

If you want to see austere simplicity and child-like innocence depicted upon the human countenance, try to get a look at a man when he is taking up £10 worth of change for a £5 note.

Jules: 'Suppose you heard Waveley's insolvent?'

Venus: 'No. What swamped him?'

Jules: 'Milliners' bills. He married the two-headed girl.'

Gentleman (looking over apartments)—'This is rather a large cupboard, isn't it? Do nicely for clothes and things.' Landlady (with great indignation)—'Sir this is not a cupboard; this is a sitting-room.'

He: 'That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million.'

She: 'How could that be?'

He: 'Wouldn't let me marry his daughter.'

'Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away,' said a Board school teacher.

'What kind of riches is meant?'

And the smart boy at the bottom of the class said: 'They must be ostriches.'

Millionsaire (to family lawyer)—'Well I've made all the bequests I care to, and £5000 remain.' Family Lawyer—'It will probably take all that to prove that you were of sound mind when you gave away the rest.'

'Talking of absent mindedness,' said a Liverpool man the other day, 'why I like it; for when I was a boy, I worked for a man who was so absent minded that he discharged me three times in one week and paid me a week's wages each time.'

Bobby: 'Mamma, am I a lad?'

Mamma: 'Yes, Bobby.'

Bobby: 'And is my new papa my step-father?'

Mamma: 'Yes.'

Bobby: 'Then am I his step-ladder?'

Student (to visitor, as they settle down for a chat): 'I am extremely satisfied with my apartments. I have a dining room, a drawing-room, a study, smoking-room, and bedroom, and just think how convenient—all in one.'

'Can dogs find their way home from a distance?' is a question frequently asked. It is according to the dog. It is one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from Africa. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.

Fred (enthusiastic young fellow off for a day's sport on a lovely autumn morning): 'Good bye Charlie. I wish you were going with me.' Charlie—'What are you going to shoot, Fred?' Fred (in a burst of frankness)—'I never can tell you that till after I have fired.'

A smart little boy is—or was—rather ambitious to be a postman. A short time ago he secretly secured a bundle of old love-letters that his mother had treasured since her courtship days, and distributed them from house to house throughout the neighborhood.

White (to small boy)—'Here, sorry if you collect me a lot of insects I'll give you a shilling.' Small Boy—'Insects! What do you em' for?' White—'I want to put them on wile's plants. She won't let me smoke in the house except to kill insects on the plants.'

At a performance of 'Faust,' in Cork, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the trap-door was too small to permit his descent to the internal regions, and all of his body above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, exclaimed:—

'B'gorra, the place is full!'

A Judge's summing up of a case is not always distinguished by brevity, but Mr. Justice Denman is credited with probably the shortest one on record. The claim was for damages in connection with an accident which has produced a mass of evidence, and had taken up a deal of time; at the close of the arguments, the judge summed up the matter in two words. Turning to the jury, he said, 'How much?' Promptly the reply came, 'Five pounds,' and the case was over.

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

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Permanent Cure of Chronic Constipation.

Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard of or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.

Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Blisters, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity.

Wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured? So that a repetition of all the suffering you have endured would never come again? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent.

That's where it differs from all other remedies. It makes a thorough renovation of the whole intestinal tract, tones the bowel wall, acts on the liver and stomach, and causes all the digestive and secretory organs to so work harmoniously and perform their functions properly and perfectly that constipation, with all its attendant sickness, suffering and ill health, become a thing of the past.

Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement:

'For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and I have had no return of the constipation.'



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Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Ailments generally.

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