

FLOUR

24 lb. Bag \$1.30
98 lb. Bags
5 CROWN \$4.75
SNOW WHITE .. \$4.80
5 ROSES \$4.80
PURITY \$4.85

Oatmeal

20 lb Bag 90c.
90 lb. Bag \$3.35

Matches

5 BOXES FOR 50c.

Corn

2 TINS FOR 25c.

Corn Syrup

10 lb. Pail 75c.
5 lb. Tin 40c.
2 lb. Tin 19c.

Cake and Biscuits

5-6 lb. Box
CREAM SODAS
13c lb.
5-8 lb. Box
MARITIME MIXED
18c lb.
5-8 lb. Box
PICTOU MIXED
18c lb.
VILLAGE CAKE
2 lbs for 25 cents.
20 lb. Box, 11c lb.

Starch

Laundry Mixed .. 10c lb
Corn Starch ... 10c pkg.
Linit 9c pkg.
Acme Gloss
13c, 2 for 25c.
Celluloid Starch
13c, 2 for 25c.

Perfect Seal Jars

1 DOZ. PINTS \$1.50
1 DOZ. QUARTS .. \$1.85
1 DOZ. 1/2 GAL. ... \$2.60

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A SALMON FISHING TRIP ON THE NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI DESCRIBED IN C. N. R. MAGAZINE

Mr. E. S. Gallop contributes to the current number of the Canadian National Railways Magazine a very interesting article describing a fishing which he made to the Northwest Miramichi as the guests of the Sevoile Fishing Club after his telling of his trip on the Ocean Limited, and describing his outing with "the bunch" meaning the members of the club, he gives the following account of his experience of his first encounter with salmon and grilse:

Ross at first came with me and gave me some valuable hints as to how to throw a salmon fly. Unlike the trout, the salmon will seldom take the fly in slack water but prefers the ripples in the current, and the correct movement is a series of rhythmic jerks at about the same timing as the pendulum of a grandfather's clock. I watched the fly as Ross cast and noticed that when the line slackened the feathers of the fly fluffed out and it then shot forward again for all the world like the movement of one of those fresh water shrimps or hellgramites one finds under the stones in most rivers.

It is hard to know why the salmon takes the fly as there is seldom anything to be found in its stomach although Ross said they often found hellgramites in the salmon they cleaned. The resemblance may account for their taking the fly at all, either that or their desire to fight something.

I had a heavy green-heart rod, kindly loaned me for the trip, and it took me some little time to get used to this extra weight. However, after throwing them high and wide for a while, I acquired the knack under Ross's expert coaching, and moved up to the head of the pool, near the fall, while he went down stream to coach the Squire.

High rocks surrounded the pool and at their base the water gurgled, black and suggestive of great depths and lurking salmon. The down-slanting sun no longer shone on the water but just tipped the surrounding hills with gold, and the pool lay in purple shadows, misty from the spray of the falls which reared through a "Krantz" at the upper end.

A perfect setting for the royal fish, and they were there too, for I had barely reached my vantage point when there was a commotion under the fall and a fine salmon shot into the air, to fall with a resounding splash back into the pool. A preliminary jump, Bob told me afterwards, to look over the situation. A minute or two later he broke water a second time, this time on business, and clearing the fall by a good foot scuttled off up the higher level.

Tingled With Excitement.

I was tingling with excitement and could hardly wait to get my fly under the fall. All to no purpose, though; either I was not expert enough in my presentation of the fly or they were taking any. An hour passed and darkness was setting in.

Just three more casts for luck! One—nothing doing. Two, still nothing. I was just commencing to swing back for the third cast when I saw a gleam and a misty shape disengaged itself from the shadowy depths and a fine grilse took my fly. I tried to check my backward swing but I struck it hard—far too hard and, as ultimately transpired, "sprung" my rod. The grilse lay on the surface, it seemed, for half a minute—motionless and to all seeming stunned. Well, thought I, is this the fighting salmon I have heard so much of? It's deadlier than a cod fish; I'll just land this fellow "pronto!" How little I knew of the wiles of "Salmo Esox."

Passing out my line as I went, I backed up the rock to where I had seen a landing net lying and was just stooping to pick it up when the grilse evidently watching its opportunity, came to life and the next thing I knew was that, with one gigantic leap, it was half way across the pool and with an ominous crack my rod, already weakened by the sudden strain of the unexpected strike, splintered half way up and the top half slid down my line into the water. There was I with a broken rod fast to a fighting, teasing thing, the embodiment of galvanic energy. For the next ten minutes I had excitement enough but I had not of line; my perch high up on the rocks gave me a good command of the fish despite my wreck of a rod. There were some wonderful rushes and leaps but my shouts brought the Squire hurriedly to the scene and he deftly slipped the land net under it. My first fish was killed. A fresh run grilse about six pounds, nearly in the salmon class.

Broke His Rod.

It was now time to get back to

camp and supper. There we found that Ernie had promptly killed a grilse and had it already baked and smoking on the table, flanked by new potatoes, beans and bacon. Ever taste baked grilse, fresh from the water? There is nothing like it and showed our appreciation.

I was desolated over my splintered rod and Ernie, when I showed it to him, shook his head ominously. "Hum! I'm afraid it's a bad break and you can't take any chances with it. However, don't worry. I've got a spare rod here that will just fit you. It's only a grilse rod but it's a Hardly Palakona split bamboo with a steel core, and with the line you have, will land any fish in the river. It's only a twelve foot rod, but where we go tomorrow, the waters are narrow and you will find it ample."

Early the next morning Ernie and I set out down river to Crooked Rapids Rock. Ross poled us part of the way in the canoe and we took the trail from there down stream to the first rapids.

I was to learn from a master, and Ernie certainly was that. All the lore of salmon fishing was mine for the asking and by way of practical demonstration he landed four fine fish without my getting a rise, so far as I knew.

At last I broke my luck and hooked and killed a five-pounder, which whetted my appetite for more.

Ernie had waded across the river, the water rising clear to the tops of his waders, but before going he had pointed out the likely waters to fish, saying he would rejoin me back upstream on our return.

The Reels Scream.

Like the Falls Pool, Crooked Rapids Rock was an ideal setting for noble fish, high black cliffs rising sheer from the pools, while the rapids themselves were a series of small cataracts. Just at the head of the steady water was a rapid which, I felt contained my heart's desire; and my first cast was followed by a silver gleam from the side of a fresh run fish, but whether grilse or salmon I could not say as my fly was not taken. I gave him a few minutes rest and cast again. Once more the telltale gleam but still short. My heart was going like a trip hammer. I moved lower down, shortened my line and cast a little further across the stream. A sound from up the river, as though Ernie had slipped on the rocks, distracted my attention from the fly for a moment and the next thing I knew was the scream of my reel as the fish was hooked.

There's no sound on earth which will bring a man's heart to his mouth like the scream of a salmon reel when a big fish makes his initial plunge.

A Fighting Salmon.

Ernie appeared on the far bank and I could dimly hear him shouting. "Keep your hands away from the reel." Wasted breath! If I had touched that reel at the speed it was going my fingers would have strewn the river bank.

That salmon at his first dash made up his mind that home was the place to be. As "home" was apparently the Miramichi thirty miles away, I thought—"There he goes!"

But after taking out a good eighty yards of line, he stopped his rush and, the next thing I knew, he burst like a bombshell clear of the water, sideways a good six feet and skidded! Another jump and more skidding. I was busy raising and lowering my tip as per instructions, imagining the old warrior clear at every jump. He tried to saw my line on a jutting rock and I had to scuttle round the shore winding as I went till I had him clear. Another dash for home and another seventy yards of line to get back. Then more catapultic leaps and somersaults and a period of quiet strain interspersed with sudden jars along the line. Ernie afterwards told me the fish was butting his nose against a rock to try and break the hook. Next came a period of sulks while I got in as much of the line as I dared. Then a dash up stream, more jumps and another attempt to saw my line. Every known wile and trick that old sportsman tried in order to free himself. Time, space and everything else—even breathing almost—was suspended. Every nerve in my body was taut and fighting.

Would my tackle hold?

My cast was woefully thin. How could it stand such a test?

But no! that little rod responded beautifully to every strain. I felt more confident every minute.

A Trying Situation.

A voice at my elbow! Ernie had re-crossed the river, this time disdaining

caution, with the result, a total submersion, but what of that? He had come to help me land my fish, but in crossing had got a shad fly in each of his eyes and was absolutely helpless.

There was I with a "whale" on my line, holding my rod in my left hand with the butt digging holes in my stomach, while in my right I held a handkerchief, with which I made futile dabs at Ernie's optics in a vain attempt at getting out those flies. Of course, my finny friend had to choose that instant for another hurdle race and so fast and furious were his antics that every moment I expected would be the last.

At length I got one eye cleared and Ernie could see what he was doing. No gaff, no landing net—that was half a mile away—but Ernie knelt on a flat rock abutting the deep water and at long last I was able to steer my quarry quietly alongside.

A quick grab at his tail and the fish was thrown violently ashore. I sat down suddenly on the nearest boulder and licked by salt lips, sweating at every pore but jubilant beyond words. I had killed my salmon and on fine tackle and with a grilse rod!

"Some fish!" said Ernie, between efforts at despatching it by hitting it on the head with a stone. "Fourteen or fifteen pounds, if it is an ounce." Proud! I was all swelled up with pride, and still am.

Now for home and dinner and after dinner a loaf in the hammock listening to the murmur of the river and the sighing of the wind in the pines.

Ernie fished—he always did in camp when he was not sleeping or eating and he slept but little. Then I killed another grilse and my cup of happiness was full.

After supper we sat in the twilight on the gallery. We would start for home at dawn. Our fishing was over. It had been good.

ALAS!

It was a shimmery hot day at the little vacation resort and I sat down on an old stump in the shade of a spreading oak to listen a while to the voice of the woods. Presently I heard a peculiar, gasping sound close by, as of some one in sore distress and made quick to investigate. My first impressions were correct. Sprawled out on a little patch of greensward I beheld a Moth struggling feebly for breath.

"Why!" I exclaimed hastening to his side. "What is the matter? Are you suffering a sunstroke?"

"No-no," he murmured "not that." "Well, surely I can help you?" I assured him, falsely, alarmed at the obvious hopelessness of his condition.

"N-no," he faltered. "It's too late you see I—I was in ill health down in the city and—I went to the doctor. The—the doctor said all I needed was a blanket diet. Everybody was sending cards back from this place saying they were sleeping under blankets up here, so I—I thought this would be a good place to come. And—and I came—but—it wasn't any use."

"You mean the blanket diet didn't help you?" I asked tenderly, trying to be sympathetic.

"Help me" he groaned sardonically. "Hut! There's not a—a blanket up here. I—I am simply starving to death."

And with a final gasp the Moth sank back on the grass and was dead.—New Orleans Times Picayune.

"I hear your cook has a rather loving disposition."

"Yes. If she can't get up a flirtation with the milkman, she starts mashing the potatoes."

"Which is the strongest animal?" asks a correspondent of an exchange, and just offhand we should say it is the goat.



Sore Tired Feet

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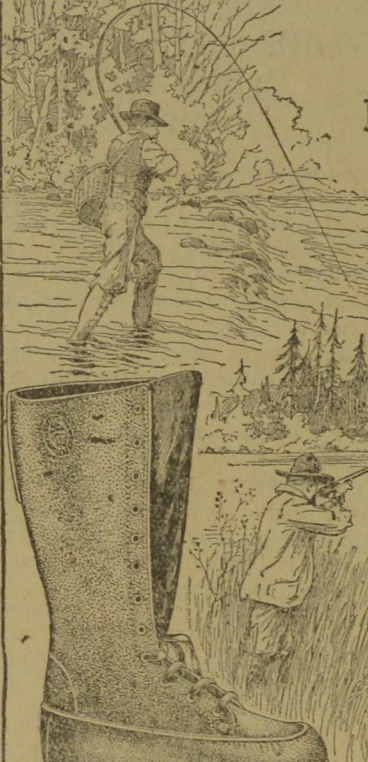
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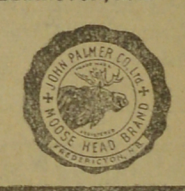
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