

TO CATCH SALMON.

Guides use Various Devices When Fish Refuse to Bite—Hook Them Underneath.

Gaspé Basin, Aug. 20.—No salmon fisherman of experience will deny that he has earned a considerable portion of his pleasure and of his success to his guide.

It is well known that no respectable fish will think of rising if he has caught sight of the angler. So that as a rule the fly has to be cast with a long line from a point above, and out of sight of the salmon lying at the bottom of the pool.

The back cast must be carefully and somewhat laboriously made, and the fly kept in constant movement when once it has touched the surface. There are not many city men whose unaccustomed muscles can keep up this kind of thing for very long.

Then the guides are commonly so clever, and have such control over the line that it soon becomes a delight to sit back and watch the well-browned native fish in the pools through a delightful haze of cigar smoke, waiting for the eager signal.

Sometimes the lazy salmon are content to lie with their fins and tails waving in the rippling stream, without responding a bit to the movements of the fly. Then, while the employer is not watching, or sometimes, alas, when he is the instigator, the fly is allowed to sink and by careful and adroit manipulation is brought directly underneath the unsuspecting fish.

A quick jerk, and the hook is sent home into the under part, and the fight is on in earnest.

One clever old fish of upward of fifty pounds was hooked foul here lately. The prick of the hook was probably painful, and the fish deliberately jumped up a seven foot slide at the head of the pool, and balancing in the usual way at the summit, did not attempt to wiggle on as would naturally be expected, but slowly slid down again, the friction of the mossy surface rubbing out the double hook neatly.

Perhaps it is no more than might be expected to find that the guides are such intense sportsmen that they are most unwilling to be beaten by salmon. A lot of our expensive river was lying back in the shade, his hat over his eyes, while his guides tried to wake up the sleepy big fellow in the pool, under a bridge, when a movement in the bush directed his attention to where one of the men was cutting a long, stout pole.

When he had smoothed the end of this he fastened to it a bit of string a villainous looking gang of three huge hooks, which were attached in place of a fly to his leader. Cautiously the man pushed down the hooks directly under the finest of the waiting fish. There was a fierce snatch upward, which pulled his hooks into the belly of the salmon, and at the same time pulled them clear of the smoothed, slippery end of the pole, and the owner was signalled to come and play the fish.

He had a long stem fight with this fish, which he declares gave him the best sport he had ever had. When it was gaffed, at the lower end of the pole, the men deftly removed the poaching outfit from the leader and tied on the fly again.

The angler made only one comment, but it set a grin going — on the faces of the two unsophisticated children of the woods.

"Curious, that the fly you were fishing with has changed from a Jack Scott to a silver Doctor during the fight."

For the guide had received the wrong hook from his old felt hat in his haste to substitute a fly for the triple drag hooks.

On another occasion, when other means failed, the guides were so cut up, because their good-natured employer had no sport that they resorted to what used to be known as listering. A huge flambeau of folded birch was fastened to a cloth stick and held over the pool, while the guide's companion used the ancient spear, which chisel with broad, sharp shoulders.

This was stuck into the back of the fish so as to sever the backbone and disable it instantly. The ingenuity of the device is striking and was the result doubtless of long experience in the difficulty of restraining a heavy, powerful fish from jerking itself free from an ordinary spear.

AN ORATORICAL MASTERPIECE.

The Feroration of Blaise's Eulogy of President James A. Garfield.

Great in life, he was surprisingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly anguish, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just surging into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unflinching front he faced death. With unflinching tenacity he took leave of life. Above the demonic hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its hopelessness, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the clouds of evening, arching low over the harbor, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

MAKING ALDERMEN WORK.

The board of aldermen had a strenuous day recently. It was no problem in saving money for the city's taxpayers that confronted the lawmakers; it was a more serious matter—finding means to escape a fine of five hundred dollars each and the possibility of losing their jobs.

The board had neglected to confirm by resolution the assessment of property for taxation and to fix officially the tax rate two weeks ago, when it should have been done. They were busy then preparing for the adjournment until September, and the assessment escaped attention. President McGowan of the board, who is acting Mayor, noticed the omission, and called a special meeting of the board to take the required action. The call did not arouse enthusiasm among the aldermen, and only twenty-six of the seventy-nine members were in their seats at eleven o'clock, the hour for the meeting. The faithful twenty-six smiled indulgently and contemplated a few minutes' session and then adjournment without action.

Some genius for finding trouble was in the ranks of those whose pay had been increased at the last session of the Legislature from \$1,000 to \$2,000. He began to look over his book of rules governing the action on the assessment and tax rate, and his face assumed an alarmed look when he read there that if the board "willfully refuse or neglect" to pass upon the tax rate, "each member so refusing or neglecting shall forfeit to the city of New York the sum of \$500, to be recovered in a civil action, and shall also be punishable for a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall forfeit his office."

The trouble hunter read the section aloud. For a minute there was silent consternation. Then a bedlam of suggestions broke loose. It was decided to send messengers hurrying for the absentees, in hope of gaining a quorum and saving a day—that is, \$500 and a public job for alderman.

At first the scheme seemed to be working like a charm, and soon thirty-seven aldermen were in their seats. But then there came a lull, and the small army of clerks, sergeants-at-arms, messengers, and other emissaries of the board began returning with not any addition to the voting strength.

The bobtailed session had continued one hour and a half, and there were three aldermen less than the forty constituting a quorum. The board opened and in walked two Brooklyn aldermen. There was a cheer and renewed hope. The wait lengthened until five minutes longer again the door opened and a sergeant-at-arms presented Ald. A. H. Murphy, of the Bronx. This time there was loud applause. Three minutes later the necessary resolution had passed and the aldermen had adjourned for refreshment.

EGYPTIAN CURE FOR STROKE.

Travellers in Egypt must often have noticed curious scars upon the foreheads of the natives, though perhaps they have not discovered its significance. It is a sign that the man who bears it has had, or has fancied that he had, sunstroke.

The formula for the remedy is curious and typically eastern. The victim must be laid full length upon the ground and massaged from the feet upward. The sunstroke is some form of evil genius which must be squeezed and forced into one spot. This the masseur accomplishes. When the masseur has done his best to this end, and assumes that the virus of the enemy is all concentrated in the forehead of the patient, then the teeth of the operator are applied to the infected area, and a piece of the flesh of the forehead bitten out.

The strange thing is that the treatment is said to be invariably efficacious. It may be false cure, or it may be that the sunstroke itself was imaginary—the cure is sure.

"I hope that it may be possible for me or, at any rate, my successor, to see a 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards carrying the same colors again."

ROMANCE TO LIGHT.

The Marriage of Son of Wealthy Annaprior Lumberman to Ottawa Lady Announced.

Ottawa Free Press.—There is a tinge of romance in the marriage which is announced today of Mr. Daniel McLachlin, eldest son of Mr. Hugh McLachlin, of the wealthy firm of McLachlin Bros., lumber merchants, Annaprior, to Miss Nancy H. Mohr, daughter of Mrs. Ephraim Mohr, 273 Wilfrid Street, Ottawa.

The marriage occurred in New York City almost three months ago, but for reasons best known to the contracting parties, is only now announced.

The bride at the time of her marriage was 23 years of age and the groom was 25. Years ago they had been school mates together in the town of Annaprior. It was in the school days that the foundation for each other had its beginning. When the Mohr family removed to Ottawa Mr. McLachlin continued his attentions.

Less than a year ago Miss Mohr went to New York to begin a probationary course in the New York Hospital. She had completed but a few months of her course when she left the hospital to become the bride of Mr. McLachlin.

"They were married on the 30th of May last by Rev. Wm. Davies in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York," declared Dr. Mohr, a brother to the bride, to the Free Press today. "We have no certificate of marriage. One of the witnesses to the marriage was a curate in the church in which the wedding occurred. At the time of their marriage, my sister was staying with a Mrs. Hogen in New York, having left the hospital. Since their marriage, they have taken many trips together."

"What reasons were there for keeping the marriage a secret so long," asked the Free Press.

Dr. Mohr would make no reply to the question.

"Were there any objections on the part of the groom's parents to the marriage?" continued the reporter.

Dr. Mohr—"I can't say whether there were objections or not."

Interest is lent to the marriage by the receipt this afternoon of the following telegram by the Free Press, from the firm of Toronto lawyers, MacMurchy and Dennison:

"Learn that Hugh Frederick McLachlin, Annaprior, has caused a public statement denying the marriage of his son, Daniel McLachlin, Annaprior, to Nancy Gertrude Mohr, Ottawa, and other statements derogatory to her character. We learn on responsible authority that the fact of her marriage is incontrovertible, and are instructed to say that papers publishing derogatory statements of her or her family will be held responsible. We are informed that the marriage will be publicly announced tomorrow."

THE WAYS OF VESUVIUS.

William P. Andrews, in an article in the August Century—"Vesuvius in Fury"—makes a comparison between the recent eruption and that of A.D. 79.

At one house, which had been entirely surrounded by the flood, but not destroyed, one saw people on top of the mass of lava, entering the upper windows with a ladder and bringing forth their household goods, to transport them to a place of safety. One vineyard was surrounded on three sides by this dividing current, and it was possible to walk in to it among the lines of trimmed vines, and to perceive the fire still glowing in the towering walls of lava on each side. The people attributed this remarkable phenomenon to the miraculous intervention of their Madonna, "Our Lady of the Snows," with whose sacred image they had confronted the all-devouring monster sweeping implacably down on their apparently doomed homes. Step by step the priests and the faithful, singing the litany, retreated, as the awful flood swept on, and still the sound of singing and prayer rose above the fearful roar of the torrent and the thunder of the mountain above, belching forth from the central crater fiery bombs and columns of swirls of cinder, sand and smoke, which rose to great heights.

Yard by yard the lava swept onward; now a palatial villa would be surrounded by the torrent, crushed down, and disappear in smoke; now a weeping peasant would see his little cottage and vineyard, his all, go under in an instant. One poor woman was watching the fate of her earthly belongings from a little eminence, when a smaller crater came roaring forth at her very feet. She turned to flee, rolled to the bottom of the little hill, and the next moment the lava flowed forth like the foam from a glass of beer and swept over the spot where she had been standing an instant before.

In the eruption of A.D. 79, it was the shower of pulverized material which came in this direction and destroyed Pompeii, while the lava flowed toward Herculaneum. This is what has made it easy to dig out Pompeii, but impossible to uncover any great part of the finer city, now lying under the modern town of Resina, on the confines of Naples itself. In the present eruption the conditions have been reversed.

YOU'RE ONLY HALF SICK.

But, nevertheless, you feel pretty "sucky." Best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they tone up the entire system, strengthen the stomach, elevate your spirits and make you feel better in one day. It's by cleaning the body of wastes, by purifying and enriching the blood that Dr. Hamilton's Pills accomplish so much. Very mild, exceeding prompt, and guaranteed in every case. Your druggist sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butterbean in yellow boxes, 25c. each, or five for \$1.00. Get the genuine.



A PRETTY DRESS FOR EVERY BODY.

Practical designs for school frocks are always welcome to the mother who fashions her daughter's gowns, and the one shown is excellent for that purpose. It is simple and easily made and yet embodies no small amount of style. Small box pleats extend from the yoke to the bottom of the dress, while pretty buttons serve for further adornment. The broad pleat extending from the collar, front and back, lends dignity to the figure and suggests the panel effect so fashionable in women's frocks. A belt of the material girdles the waist fastening in front. The design is one suitable for a lad or lass and requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material in the medium size. 4710—7 sizes, 4 to 10 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE FREDERICTON HERALD.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name..... Street.....

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Age (if child's or miss' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful so send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure your need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

DAUGHTER REVEALS SECRETS.

It Was Mrs. Sandberg Who Introduced Leone Key to Defaulting Banker.

Cicago, Aug. 20.—Mrs. Inga Sandberg, daughter of Paul O. Stensland, wrecker of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, arrived here from her home at Madison, Wis. She said to have told the authorities all she knows of her father's affairs, especially those relating to Mrs. Leone Langdon Key, the statuesque and dashing brunette to whom her father was so generous.

"I do not know where my father has gone," she said, "and I do not know much about the financial affairs I know he spent much money on women. He installed in his home Leone Langdon Key, whom I introduced to him, and this compelled me to go to Madison and teach music."

As a result of the Stensland Bank collapse, there has been so heavy a run on the Garfield Park Bank, a small institution, that it was placed in the hands of a receiver. It is asserted that the bank and its president, Eliot E. Drake, are insolvent. Mr. Drake denies this statement.

There were two more tragedies as a result of the Stensland Bank trouble. Gustav Turkhardt, a depositor went mad and was locked up. Mrs. Mary Jara, another depositor also became crazed and was locked up to prevent her from killing her children.

The battle for authority to wind up the affairs of the wrecked bank and its subsidiary institutions goes on.

Receiver Fetzner, the original receiver, is sending out notices to depositors that he will be prepared to pay twenty per cent. of their claims. He has about \$860,000 in sight. The Clearing House Association has concluded to make an investigation of the tangled affairs of the bank.

Walter Prantzen, formerly president of Stensland's private secretary, is on his way to Chicago and is expected to tell the police something. Cashier Herling has publicly accused Prantzen of embezzling \$40,000 from the bank, and among Stensland's papers the examiners discovered an envelope bearing the legend, "Prantzen's stealing, \$69,000." This was in the fugitive president's handwriting. The police are inclined to think that the charges against Prantzen are part of a plot to discredit him.

The scene was a fine one, as the battalion, headed by their pipers in royal tartan, swung over the lawn from the archway at Constitution Hill. The leafy trees in the background threw into relief the gold and scarlet uniforms and added to the splendid appearance of the battalion. Not over the most rabid Little Englander could look unmoved on the disbandment of such a fine body of men.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

TENDER

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tenders for Excavation at Halifax," will be received up to and including SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1906, for all labor and material in connection with the excavating and grading for new tracks between North Street Station and the grain elevator at Halifax, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Terminal Agent's Office, Halifax, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th Aug. 1907. Aug. 21—d11.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

TENDER

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Shop at Charlottetown," will be received up to and including TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1906, for the construction of a Car Shop at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; at the office of the Secretary of the department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 17th Aug. 1906. Aug. 21—d11.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR BRIDGES.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridges," will be received up to and including Monday, September 3rd, 1906, for the construction and erection of the steel superstructure of a bridge at Doaktown; the steel superstructure and masonry substructure of a bridge at Boiestown (both on the Loggieville-Fredericton Section), and also for the construction and erection of the steel superstructure of a bridge at Boyer River, near St. Charles Junction, P. Q.

Masonry plans and general specification may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of the Superintendent of Engineering of the Canals of the Province of Quebec, Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Aug. 14th, 1906. Aug. 21—d10.

UNEEDA

BISCUIT

Saltines, A. B. Snaps, Fluted Coconut, Spice Jumbles, Mary Ann, Vanilla Creams, Royal Fruit and many other varieties just opened at

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The Axe has dropped and prices are all cut to pieces. This is the season of the year we take for cleaning out things. Every summer we make these fearful cuts on all our stock but none equal to this big sale just going on. Money invested here now will pay a handsome dividend. Here are nuggets of shining value.

8c. Pretty Prints to clear for 5-1-2c. only.
13c. Extra Good Prints for 9c. only.
45c. Good Fancy Hosiery for 24c. only.
\$3.00 Black and White Print Suits for \$1.50 only.
A few Linen Suits to clear at Half-Price.
\$10.00 White Lawn extra pretty made Shirt-Waist Suits special to clear for \$5.50 others for \$3.95 only.

Grand Whitewear Sale Now On DON'T MISS IT.

35c. and 50c. Pretty, Gentlemen's Ties for 24c. only.
65c. Men's Soft Shirts for 49c. only.
65c. and 90c. Boy's Shirt Waists for 39c. and 59c.
\$1.00 per Suit Balbriggan Underwear for 75c. Suit.
\$1.50
\$1.50 Men's good Working Pants for 99c.
\$6.00 Men's Fancy Striped Pants for \$4.95 only.

Extra Special Bargains now offered in Men's Suits. Don't delay buying, now is the time with us.

S. KERNER,

Great Sacrifice Sale now going on.

Bargains in Infants' Hoods.

Hoods in Muslin and Hamburg, from 25c. to 95c. to be cleared at 15c. and 25c.

Duck Tans

from 25 to 65, for 15c. and 25c.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed train for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax	5.04
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	17.00
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	15.09
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.09

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville	12.04
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Junction, Chatham and Loggieville	16.30
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, June 20th, 1906.

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