

FOR MEN!

We have a large and well selected stock of Men's Furnishings and our motto is to sell at the lowest possible prices. Our stock consists of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Hosiery and Suspenders, etc. Here are some of our prices:

HATS from\$3.50 to \$7.20
CAPS\$1.95 to \$3.00
SHIRTS\$1.70 to \$3.50
NECKTIES85c. to \$2.00
HOSIERY40c. to \$1.20

Remember we carry only good goods and sell at lowest prices.

WM. SPURRELL,

Men's Tailor and Outfitter,
310 DUCKWORTH STREET (Just East of Prescott Street).
Jly21,12,ed

Grove Hill Bulletin!**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

As I have lately become a member of

The Florists Telegraph Delivery

I wish to inform my customers and the general public that I am prepared to take orders for flowers to be delivered in any part of the United States or Canada in a few hours' time.

Remember your friends' birthdays and anniversaries.

They will appreciate it all the more if you say it with flowers.

J. G. McNeil

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Phone 247a.

Wear Your Belt Loose and Comfortable!

No binding at the hips, no wrinkled trouser-band. Oh boy! there's e-a-s-e on a hot day.

INVISIBLE SUSPENDERS

Keep the Trousers Up and Keep Out of

Sight.

Hitch them inside the shirt, grip at both sides. Many men even wear them all the year 'round instead of braces. Let us demonstrate them.

Live-Leather Belts.

They S-t-r-e-t-c-h.

They give with every movement and don't come back to take the sap out of you.

They don't buckle, Kelly—they slide!

A large shipment of our Belts have the new patent clasp; the flap of the belt slides into the slot and fastens; no pulling, no straining, no holes. Adjustable to any size.

Going vacationing? We'll outfit you from head to heel.

Kearney's.

Jly21,31

Stock Brokers, Traders on Margin.

The latest quotations, out of town telegraph service, city phone service, board room, statistical reports and weekly market review.

Prevailing low rates make the present an opportune time to buy.

J. J. LACEY & COMPANY, LIMITED,

STOCKS AND BONDS, TELEPHONE 1154.

Forty-Two Years in the Public
Service--The Evening Telegram

Life Savers!

Now men and women, girls and boys,
Keep in your pockets handy
A package of Life Saver Sweets—
The best and purest candy.
For chewing gum is liked by some,
But give me the Life Saver;
There's nothing in the world can beat
This Candy for its flavor.

The name as seen called Wint-o-Green
Are just the ones for taking
When golfing or when motoring
And in the mornings waking.
They take the place of chewing gum.
They're splendid after eatin'.
No sickly sweet can this kind beat—
They're grand the breath to sweeten.

For motor ride, as off you glide,
Or on the rollers skating—
Secure a box of Life Savers,
What everybody's taking.
They only cost Five Cents a box,
They're fine for after smoking
To clear your lungs or coated tongues
And keep you free from choking.

For old or young this song is sung,
There's nothing like this candy;
It beats the band in Newfoundland,
They all say it's a dandy.
The workman in overalls,
The swell that wears the baver—
All like the Candy with the hole,
The Wint-o-Green Life Saver.

Jly22,11

Famous H.B.C. Captains and Ships.

(By H. M. S. COTTER, Cumberland House, in "The Beaver.")

The Pelican once scraped the sunken ledges near Cartwright, but no H.B.C. ship has left her "bones" to rot on that iron-bound shore.

Little is known of the wrecks that do take place on this coast, but I have heard of appalling disasters amongst the hardy fishermen. On the Nova Scotian coast, collision with ice and subsequent loss of life is not infrequent. Every year there are wrecks of some kind. Ocean-going steamers have been forced ashore and become total wrecks. And so it is remarkable that H.B.C. ships have never met with disaster, especially considering their many ports of call.

In 1908 I was a passenger on the Pelican (Captain Alex. Grey) bound for Port Chimo, Ungava. From the time we left Quebec till we passed Cape Harrison, North of Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, we had enjoyed fair weather. But the clouds and rising sea denoted a change.

We were then standing off the coast nearly twelve miles and steaming at about seven knots. The wind kept veering between N. and N.E., finally blowing straight down the coast about north. We stood farther out to sea. At nightfall it was blowing half a gale with rain coming down—and mist. Our speed then was not more than three knots and gradually getting less till about 2 o'clock in the morning when the wind increased to a living gale, screwing and howling through the rigging and stopping all progress. It was then decided to run for shelter, but the nearest harbor was forty miles south, a place named Webek. Captain Grey had been in this harbor only once, about twenty-five years before, and no one else aboard had ever anchored there. They turned the ship and we came scudding south in the blackness

of night, then lay to till dawn, and picking up the land approached at half speed.

T give some idea of the gale outside, when we finally came to an anchorage about 8 o'clock in the morning, the swell was so great in the harbor with the continued violence of the wind that we kept steaming to the anchors to prevent dragging and as the sailors say we were rolling "like maggots in an oak apple." Several fishing schooners had run in the day before and even in shelter the crews had abandoned some of the vessels, as they were dragging their anchors and in imminent danger of going ashore.

The captain was on the bridge all night. For hours he stood in the bow of the boat hanging in the starboard davits peering through the gloom and mist, looking for landmarks and the harbor entrance. He had on a black sou'wester and oil-skin coat and great long sea-boots. His face was streaming with the rain and spray—a gigantic, picturesque figure, and on this particular morning, unusually silent.

When the ship was snug and safe he came off the bridge, and all he said was, "Aye, aye, a little wind," and then he turned in.

The entries in the log were quite commonplace—all in the day's work, as it were—and one would never glean from them that a ship and cargo worth a quarter of a million had been safely brought to a haven of refuge through exceptional seamanship and courage.

It was in 1894 that Capt. Grey in the Erik when near Resolution Island at the entrance of the Straits, ran into an iceberg. It happened at night in a thick fog. The ship was moving slowly at the time and before

the lookout saw or could give warning she had poked her nose into the 'berg. Her long bowsprit of pitch pine was crumpled up like so much matchwood, and the gear attached to it and one of the catheads was carried away.

Masses of ice came thundering down on her forecabin head, doing much damage to the woodwork. In the meantime the lookout sprinted aft, the watch below came tumbling up on deck and made for safety. The ship was put astern and hove to till daylight. They steamed up next day close enough to see a hole as big as a house which they had punched in the side of the 'berg. All the damage to the ship, fortunately, was done above the water line.

When the Erik returned to Rigolet in October she was sporting a dinky little jib-boom made from one of the spare spars carried on deck for just such an emergency.

Mr. John Ford, a passenger on his way to Georges River Post, told me he never saw Capt. Grey more cool or collected. He gave orders as if nothing unusual were taking place. And at breakfast next morning all he said in reference to it was, "Aye, aye, a little ice."

The Salmon's Wonderful Story.

If, in the month of December, you were to disturb the gravel beneath the clear waters of the upper reaches of a great river, you might come across some soft, pinkish objects, each about the size and shape of a pea. These are the eggs of the salmon, from which, in about two months, will emerge shoals of tiny, almost transparent, fish.

In his earliest days the young salmon is too weak to search for food. He seeks a quiet spot and lives upon a portable supply of food with which thoughtful Nature has provided him. Attached to the under part of his body is a little bag, which contains all the nourishment he will need during the first few weeks of his life.

As he absorbs its contents the bag decreases in size, and when it finally disappears he has grown strong enough to find his own food. The little fish, which is called at this stage a "parr," or "pink," has now only one object in life—to obtain all the food he can. He seizes water insects, flies that float upon the surface, snails, worms, grubs, etc.

A Mystic Impulse.

Though his growth is rapid at first, and though his appetite remains insatiable, he never reaches any great size so long as he stays in the river. Two years after his birth, when he is six or seven inches long, he begins to change his appearance entirely; his brown and yellow coat with its purple stripes and red spots changes into one of silver—he is putting on his sea livery!

As soon as the change is complete the little "smolt," as he is now called, moves down towards the sea. He travels rapidly until he reaches the brackish tidal waters, where he moves more slowly, in order to accustom himself to the change from fresh to salt water. Soon he is in the sea itself, where he will spend some wonderful years.

He leaves the river as a smolt weighing four or five pounds; or he may spend three or four years in the sea, coming back to the river as a mature salmon whose weight may be anything from ten to eight pounds!

During his stay in the salt water he feeds so voraciously that he must be a veritable terror of the seas. He preys chiefly upon herrings, sand eels, young whiting, shrimps, and prawns. No fewer than six full-sized herrings have been found in the stomach of a salmon caught at sea.

But there comes a time when something which he cannot resist urges him to revisit the river where he was born. He moves slowly, making a gradual change from salt to fresh water.

The Marriage Month.

Once accustomed to the water of the river, he swims hard and fast upstream. No rush of water will stop him; even a waterfall ten feet high does not daunt him, for he clears it with a mighty spring, and after a short rest continues his journey up and up he must go, for it is only in the shallow gravelly stretches near the source, of the river that he can breed. As he goes he selects a mate, and the two travel together.

It is curious that so long as he remains in fresh water the mature salmon never makes a real meal. As soon as the first frosts come the eggs are deposited on the gravel of the spawning bed. The female fish turns on her side during the operation, and kags up the gravel with her tail. The cock, besides fertilizing the eggs, keeps guard over her, and attacks any other fish that approaches. The eggs are left to look after themselves. Only a small proportion hatch out, for they are regarded as a dainty morsel by other fish.

Instead of being beautiful, the parent fish are now hideous. Dark and slimy, almost eel-like in shape, their scales are bruised and their fins torn by contact with the gravel. They remain for the next few months in the fresh water, gradually recovering a little of their former shape and colour; then they migrate once more to the sea, and the cycle of their life history is complete.—Ex.

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COMFORT AND EASE
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Ours are the best quality Tooke's turn out. In plain repp, silk poplin, and corded silk. A choice of nine styles.

The new invisible Tooke Hook fits without a wrinkle and makes no holes. With every collar. Balance of our stock reduced to

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