

Steam for North Sydney.

The S. S. SABLE I. will sail for North Sydney on Tuesday, July 20th.

For passage fares (first class only), freight rates, etc., apply to

HARVEY & CO., LTD.,
AGENTS.

July 13, 1920, f.m.

High Grade Smokers Goods!

JOHN COTTON'S
World-renowned Smoking Mixture
TOBACCO.

Bock & Co.'s High Grade

HAYANA CIGARS.
Made from the finest tobacco grown on the Island of Cuba.

The Famous
PALL MALL
Cork Tipped
CIGARETTES.

Each Cigarette will smoke to the end with delicious taste and aroma.

A shipment of the above goods just arrived and can be had at our Store.

JAMES P. CASH,
Tobacconist, Water St.

194 Water Street West
(Opp. Gas Works).

We are carrying at above address a full line of our celebrated

CAKES and PASTRIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
FRESH FRUITS
in season.

E. Wills.

July 16, 1920

Motor**Busses.**

leave Railway Station 9.30 Saturday Night for Topsail and Manuels, returning Monday morning, leaving Manuels at 7 o'clock.

C. F. LESTER

rod, 17

Ford Owners, Attention!

When your Ford car is in need of a doctor, don't forget that we have a full line of Ford parts and we are prepared to do your repair work at the shortest possible notice. Please bear in mind that we have the most up-to-date towing apparatus in the country, and we can take your car out of any ditch or tow you home no matter how far you are away. We also have an emergency wheel, with which we can bring home your car if you should have the misfortune to break an axle off short. Call us day or night. A trial will convince you. "Service" is our motto. Rates reasonable.

BISHOP'S GARAGE,
Mundy Pond Road.

July 7, 1920

Drink

Land of Evangeline
APPLE CYDER.

Delicious and refreshing; 15 gall. kegs and 1/2 pt. bottles.

BAIRD & CO.,
AGENTS.

Sleat, Isle of Skye, War Memorial.

The War Memorial Committee confidently appeal to all Natives and Friends interested for funds to erect a suitable Memorial to the brave men of Sleat who have given their lives for their King and Country in the Great War.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by

(REV.) KENNETH ROSS,
Convener,
Manse of Sleat,
Isle of Skye.

Subscriptions may be sent to The Manager, Bank of Montreal, St. John's, Nfld.

July 15, 1920

Accept no Substitute

USE A BOTTLE A WEEK.

100 cases received per "Roseland", assorted sizes.

Let us know how much you want out of this shipment, promptly, as it will not last long.

P. E. Outerbridge,

Sole Agent,

King's Rd., cor. Gower St.

Telephone 60.

NOTICE.

Four weeks after the date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for grants of Letters Patent for the following:

1. System for producing oscillations;
2. Improvements in wireless signalling systems;

to be granted to Alfred M. Goldsmith of 212 King's Street West, Toronto, Canada, Electrician.

St. John's, July 10th, 1920.

HOWLEY & FOX,

Solicitors for Applicant.

Address:—

Board of Trade Bldg.,

Water Street, St. John's.

July 12, 1920, aug2

NOTICE.

Four weeks after the date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for grants of Letters Patent for the following:

1. Improvements in wireless signalling systems;
2. Improvements in wireless signalling systems;
3. Improvements in wireless signalling systems;
4. Electrical discharge apparatus;
5. Electrical discharge apparatus;
6. Means for producing and controlling alternating currents;
7. System for amplifying variable currents;

to be granted to Irving Langmuir of 212 King's Street West, Toronto, Canada, Electrician.

St. John's, July 10th, 1920.

HOWLEY & FOX,

Solicitors for Applicant.

Address:—

Board of Trade Bldg.,

Water Street, St. John's.

July 12, 1920, aug2

NOTICE.

Four weeks after the date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for grants of Letters Patent for improvements in wireless signalling system to be granted to Chester W. Rice of 212 King's Street West, Toronto, Canada, Electrician.

St. John's, July 10th, 1920.

HOWLEY & FOX,

Solicitors for Applicant.

Address:—

Board of Trade Bldg.,

Water Street, St. John's.

July 12, 1920, aug2

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES

COLDS, Etc.

My First Big Fish.**A Waltonian Epic.**

It is not easy to forget one's first salmon. The sensations are too new and varied and vivid to be lightly thrown off, or soon forgotten. But if you happen to be alone without gaff or net, and are held six long hours in mortal suspense between hope and fear, naturally the impression sinks deeper. Though years have passed, I can still recall distinctly the eventful day on which I struck my first big salmon. The scene was at the Forks of Stephenville River. Should you ever stroll along that way in quest of sport, you cannot miss the spot. It is quite close, almost under the trapper Benoit's Arcadian homestead, just where the two brooks join and pour their gurgling waters into the same deep, cool, sequestered pool. Quite a likely nook for a big fish.

I had been often there before. It was my favorite pool for trout, those big two and three pound gamey fellows that give a novice all the fun he wants. But I was not aware, in fact no one had ever told me, that it was also a choice salmon pool, and certainly on that morning I had not even thought of salmon. If I mistake not it was the Queen's Jubilee, a beautiful Friday in August, 1897, and my sole object—plus the sport—was to secure a royal dish for breakfast. I had risen early and fished down stream. By the time I reached the Forks I must have taken at least a dozen speckled beauties. A sumptuous breakfast, you will say! No doubt, Sir, a big breakfast, dinner and supper for some whole family. But my bloodthirsty instinct for more slaughter was not yet satiated. I had more of the Kaiser in me than I was then aware of. So with the first rays of the sun just peeping down over the bank, and that shaded pool looking so still and inviting, the temptation to have another cast took hold of me. In fact became irresistible. One more, the biggest of the lot, I thought, then I shall reel up and go home.

But to my great surprise my first cast was a complete blank. Not a sign, not a stir, not a ripple. What could it mean! Never before had my old haunt gone back on me. Then I looked at my fly, my dusty miller. Poor dusty miller, no doubt it had seen better days, but surely it could yet decoy, if not otherwise take in, another three pound dandy. So, hit or miss, here goes—one more try, then I'll be off. But if my first cast had been a surprise, my second gave me a shock. It sent a thrill of hope and fear through my whole vertebrae. For, from the depths of that pool, in less than an instant and without warning, came what seemed to me the biggest fish I had ever seen. He rose completely out of water, and recklessly threw himself on my poor old dusty miller. It was very sudden, quite unexpected, but, instinctively I suppose, I struck home. Then, Sir, I heard my reel spin! There was a rush, a rise and a dash. Was all over, or could it be possible? Yes, I still held him. And as I cautiously reeled him back to where I had struck him, hope rose within me—the hope of capture, the hope of success. My first big fish! What a moment of delight! Great Caesar, if I could only land him!

But would my tackle stand it? Already that tackle had done me yeoman service. Weeks before I had landed a six pound grilse and a goodly number of trout with that self-same fly. But then the cast and fly were good and new and could be counted on. Now I was alone without guide or gaff, with only an ordinary rod and presumably worn-out tackle. My first impulse was to call for help. Surely old man Benoit—the river king—would hear me. His house was not far distant. So I called my loudest. I roared my best, but only to get back the discordant echo of an unearthly, half-wild, half-triumphant yell. The poacher-in-chief with all his family, as I learned later, had gone to the farm at Noel's Lake, to mow and make his hay, and I was left helpless.

In the meantime what had become of my fish? The stubborn rascal had sought the bottom, and would not move or budge an inch for me. There he lay immovable, apparently as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. I could not see him, but at the end of my rod I could feel him panting. Evidently there was nothing for it but to bide his pleasure and mine. Then, Sir, I made ready for the fray. It might be a fight to the finish, and Mr. Wilson to the contrary, notwithstanding, my motto is preparedness. So cautiously disengaging first one arm, then the other, I slipped off my coat and quietly let it fall behind me. Some six hours later I found that coat, but I regret to say, it was partially unrecognizable. During the engagement I had despised it, trampled it under foot, in fact completely forgotten I ever had a coat. For the first hour and a half that fish tested all my patience. He literally kept me on the qui vive. No chance of fair fight, no hope of parley; he seemed securely anchored in his Kiel

Canal. At last, however, I became desperate, and opened fire on him. He saw the stone coming and barely gave me time to lower the rod. Then like a flash went that wild torpedo, and during the next two hours or more—with intervals of from five to ten minutes' rest—he kept that pool boiling, rush, rise, sometimes several feet, then madly fling himself down again! Was there ever the like? Such excitement! And when I could breathe freely again, I found I had him yet.

After that came a lull in the storm, and for another good hour that fish sulked worse than any spoiled youngster I ever met. At last, however, he began to show signs of uneasiness, and presently turning tail, rushed down stream. Was this my chance? I thought so, and followed, hoping to get him to shallow water below. I was not disappointed. There again he showed his big rainbow shape, but I could see his rush and jump were weakening. Now and then his tail would come above water and my hopes of saving him were rising, too. I had waited patiently six hours with nothing to eat but a scrap of tobacco. At times I had thought there must be something uncanny about the brute, but now I began to see him distinctly rolling and floundering like a huge porpoise, evidently finding himself sick of the battle. And soon he gave notice of what I knew was to be a last desperate struggle. Now or never, I must curb all impatience. Freedom, he wanted, freedom for a last mad dash, and I let the reel rattle away. Up the stream again he rushed, taking about sixty feet of line, then a wild rise and splash and all was silent. Was he gone? With fear and trembling I wound up my reel, but to my great joy, what before seemed a ton weight, came quietly down to within six feet of where I stood.

Then I knew the prize was mine, and waited patiently for the end. It soon came. Once or twice he turned over, there was a slight splash but no further resistance till at last I dragged him ashore, seized him in my arms, and with my loudest war-whoop flung him in on terra firma. That salmon tipped the balance at 24 1/2 lbs., nothing much after all to boast of. But, please remember, I had no help, no guide, no gaff; my rod and line were poor and my cast and fly practically worn out. And now after the lapse of years, when all jealous feeling has subsided, is it too much to claim at least the pleasure of giving my Waltonian friends the true, simple unvarnished tale of my first big capture. Thank goodness, however, it's no fish-story.

JUST RECEIVED:

Two Thousand Bottles of Brick's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil.

Brick's Tasteless contains all the virtue of Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease. It will promptly relieve chronic bronchitis and all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to or maintained by an exhausted condition of the system, hysteria, nervous dyspepsia, flatulent dyspepsia, anaemia, night sweat, the prostration following fevers, diphtheria, tonsillitis, etc., etc., and general debility for constitutional weakness of any age of life.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, To-day:

Wind West, light, fine, foggy to sea; steamers Gargawen passed West, and Hochelaga in yesterday afternoon; nothing heard passing to-day; Bar.

30.10; Ther. 60.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Climax" Cattle Feed!

The farmers who previous to the War fed their stock with

CLIMAX DIARY MEAL

CLIMAX General Feeding Meal

and

CLIMAX SUGAR FEED MEAL.

will be pleased to know that they can again purchase the above mentioned Meals from the undersigned at prices below the American or Canadian offerings.

JOB'S Stores, Ltd.,

Our Mid-Summer Sale!

Owing to some changes we are making in our business and the late arrival of goods ordered for spring trade, we have decided to make July the Banner Month by offering some irresistible bargains to the housekeepers of St. John's and Outports. We list a few of same.

100 BEDSTEADS, various sizes, from \$8.50 to \$45.00
100 SPRINGS, made expressly for us, from \$5.50 up
100 SPRINGS, slightly damaged, only \$2.50 each
100 MATTRESSES, assorted sizes, slightly soiled, from \$2.50 up
(In some cases not half original price.)

50 COUCHES at factory price, only \$10.50
(Worth \$15.50 or more.)

50 BUREAUS, worth \$25.00, only \$19.50
50 WASHSTANDS, worth \$10.50, only \$8.50
25 SIDEBORDS, worth \$35.00, only \$25.00

And we have a special selection of BUREAUS and DRESSERS in Surface Oak, also Quartered Oak up to \$70.00, that we offer at greatly reduced prices to clear.

Also LOUNGES in Leather and Tapestry, UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS, MORRIS CHAIRS, WICKER ROCKERS, CHAIRS, &c., that we have also reduced. So come early and secure your share of the many bargains offered.

The C.L. Mrch Co., Ltd.

Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

P.S.—CARS STOP AT OUR DOOR.

The Best

Windsor
Patent

FLOUR



Forty-One Years in the Public Service—the Evening Telegram

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