

Compressed Pork!

175 Cases

"Bungalow" Compressed Pork

6-lb. tins put up in cases of one doz. each:

We are offering this lot at an exceptionally low price.

George Neal.**The Lordly Humber.**

King of Atlantic Salmon Streams.

(N. Milton Browne, in July Rod and Gun.)

When I think of vacation time I think of the Humber in August—a placid, broad, deep-bodied stream, which, after flowing through a primeval forest for nearly a hundred miles, empties into the Bay of Islands, on the west coast of Newfoundland.

An ideal water course on which the angler may spend a month cruising about and never twice cast his fly on the same water. There is no question of catching hard-fighting Atlantic salmon in this river, it is rather a problem what to do with all the fish that will come to your gaff.

The Humber is divided into two sections, the upper and lower streams, on both of which there is fishing, such as, I believe, can be had nowhere else in this continent.

The start for the grounds is made at North Sydney, where the tourist goes aboard the Reid Newfoundland Company's well-equipped steamer, and, after a short run of a few hours—which is usually spent in sleeping—the passenger lands at Port-aux-Basques, after a ninety mile voyage across the Cabot Strait.

The fare from North Sydney to Curling, Bay of Islands, where the angler stops if he intends to fish the lower Humber, is twenty-seven dollars and ninety cents return, and for the service rendered this amount is trifling. On arrival at Port aux Basques breakfast is had on board the train, and about 9 o'clock the trip to the interior commences.

During the earlier stages of the journey the voyagers pass through the famous Codroy Valley, the express skirting along the base of the Cape Ray mountain range, the slopes of which are visited annually by entomologists from different parts of the globe who, armed with nets, scour the hill-sides for specimens of butterflies and bugs, a realm of sport in which these people seem to find much amusement.

The first salmon stream passed on the way is the Little Codroy, then Big Codroy, Crabbe's, Robinson's, Fishell's, St. George's & Harry's Brook, in the order named. These are all early rivers, salmon starting to run along about the second week in June. I have fished all these waters and can guarantee all of them as fine places for the angler to visit.

After a run of about 7 hours the train stops at Curling, a little out of the way village nestling close down

by the sea, and washed by the waters of Bay of Islands.

The panoramic beauty of this magnificent stretch of water is indescribable in a mere word picture.

The bay is surrounded by a great semi-circle of hills, the tallest of which, Mount Blomidon, is twenty-one hundred and twenty-five feet high. These miniature mountains rise sheer from the sea and are wooded from base to summit with a wilderness of spruce and other native trees. In sheltered places on either side of the harbor, little villages occupied by fishermen find precarious footing on the fringe of the water, their white-roofed cottages furnishing a charming setting to the emerald green of the hills and sapphire blue of the sea. The sunset effects at Bay of Islands are beautiful beyond anything I have witnessed in any other section of this northern clime.

Arriving at Curling we engaged guides, camps and necessary paraphernalia for a month's stay on the river.

On the Lower Humber a guide with motor boat, canoe and camps costs about five dollars a day. Should you desire to go further up stream, the figure advances according to the expense of operating the gasoline boat.

Previous to the big adventure we enjoyed some splendid sea-trout fishing at Hughes Brook, across the bay from Curling and at the foot of Blomidon—at the latter place in a tiny lagoon, which has been carved out behind the beach by the action of the stream which finds its way down the mountainside. This is an ideal spot for women anglers. During a short stay here we caught hundreds of sea-trout, many of which weighed over six pounds.

After a week of splendid sport we came back to Curling where we found everything ready for the big kill on the Humber.

We started at daylight and a run of three miles and a half brought us to the head of tide-water. There are a number of fine pools on the way; but, of course, these cannot be fished with any hope of success unless the stream is very low, as salmon will not rise to the fly in salt water. However, in season, the many shoals fairly teem with fish.

Some of the best places to try your luck are Duncan Rock and Shell Bird Island shoals.

Four miles from the mouth of the river, Steady Brook, one of the best fishing and camping spots on the Humber, is reached. Here we pitched our tents and made ready for a couple of weeks solid enjoyment.

The water runs deep and strong on the Lower Humber, with the result that all the fishing is done from shoals, one of the best of which is Hard Scabble.

As an illustration of the kind of sport that may be had at this point, I take the liberty of publishing the following from the "Western Star," Bay of Islands: "Miss Lois Reid, daughter of Sir William Reid, beat her father on Saturday at salmon fishing on the Humber, having secured a fish later Sir William landed a 22-pounder. Her brother, Leonard, caught a 30-pounder, and Sir William himself was successful in landing a 29-pounder. Later Sir William landed a 32-pounder, G. W. Stewart, of Truro, gaffed a 36-pounder, and Dr. Fisher killed a 37-

have been landed at this point, but could find no reliable record of these kills. Undoubtedly the biggest fish are taken from the Humber.

In a week's stay at the lower camp we caught so many salmon I should hesitate to name the total number. During the last couple of days we used to play the fish until they were exhausted and then give them their liberty.

This spot offers ideal sport to the trout fisherman. Steady Brook, which empties into the Humber, is navigable for about a mile by motor boat, from where, after leaving the launch, we walked to the falls, at the foot of which there is a fine deep pool from which may be taken any number of fish. The fall is between eighty and one hundred feet high, and about forty feet wide at the top. All summer, practically, except in the driest seasons, there is a great rush of water flowing over the falls, with the resultant effect of wonderful scenic views.

After eight days on the Lower Humber we broke camp, and leaving our dunnage aboard the motor boat, began our cruise to the Upper Humber.

The stream varies from about a hundred feet to half a mile in width, and both banks are lined with a thick growth of spruce, fir, birch, witch-hazel, poplar, ash, juniper and cherry trees. Beyond Steady Brook about eight miles we entered Little Rapids, which, though quick water, is navigable for motor boat. The stream is very wide at this point and abounds in shoals, in all of which there is good fishing.

Big Rapids, about a mile farther up, has a fall of about four feet, over which even in the driest seasons a motor launch can be portaged over at either side. As in all other parts of the Lower Humber a heavy tide runs at this point, sometimes making nine miles an hour.

Thirteen miles from Bay of Islands we entered Deer Lake, a beautiful sheet of water some nineteen miles long and from one and a half to two miles wide. At almost any place one chooses to drop a fly while traversing the lake, a trout or salmon might be hooked.

From the head of Deer Lake to the forks on the Upper Humber is five miles, all steady water, and, therefore, easily navigated.

The forks are formed by Junction Brook, flowing from Grand Lake, and Willows Steady waters. A mile farther up is Seal Pond rapids, and here ends motor boat travel.

In the pool at the foot of the falls the painter of the little launch was snubbed to a birch tree, and our dunnage thrown aboard the two canoes, which had been in tow since we left the village.

Grand Falls was reached after a day and a half's paddle through a country unrivalled for scenic beauty. The only portage on the way is at Little John's Falls, over which a canoe can easily be carried.

We arrived at our journey's end about six o'clock, and long before the first faint glimmerings of twilight began to close down on the land our guides had the camps up, we ate a hearty supper, filled our pipes, put the rods together and laid out our paraphernalia ready for a trip for salmon on the river at daylight.

It would be impossible in the short space at my disposal to give even the briefest synopsis of all that happened during our two weeks' stay in the heart of a wilderness seldom visited by man.

Our party killed numberless salmon, many of which weighed over thirty-five pounds, and never a day passed that we could not land as many fish as we wanted to. They were there in the pool below the falls in myriads, and it was only a matter of casting the fly to get results.

Our trip out was even more enjoyable, if that were possible, than that going in, as we had the tide with us and had little to do but steer the canoes.

A most enjoyable feature of the trip was the unfailing courtesy and prompt attention bestowed upon us by the obliging officials of the Reid Newfoundland railway and steamship company's lines. They were indefatigable in attending to our creature comforts and materially assisted in furnishing us with addresses of guides, hotels, etc.

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the lady must have taken leave of her senses.

"She put the matter in my hands, and I was able to establish the fact that instead of crossing the Atlantic the missing husband had prosaically taken the train to London, had obtained a situation as waiter, and on the strength of his new occupation taken to himself a second wife. What motive had the man to leave his comfortable home and a good income for the life of a waiter?"

"In another case, a man of good position in London, after a few years of married misery, disappeared from his home, leaving this note addressed to his wife:

"Annie, I have struggled hard to live peaceably with you, but I find it quite hopeless. As it is necessary for one of us to disappear from the scene I have determined that it must be I. Good-bye!"

Betrayed by a Habit.

"From that day not a trace of the vanished husband was found, although his 'widow' left no stone unturned to discover his fate; until eleven years after his disappearance, she met and recognised him within a stone's throw of her own door. It came out later that during all the years she had mourned him as lost he was actually living disguised in an adjacent street not four minutes' walk from his own door. The disguise was so clever that she admitted even she would have passed him unrecognized, had he not in his nervousness, caused by the sight of her, betrayed himself by raising his hand and clutching his right ear—a habit which was peculiar to him.

"There is still living in the West

of England to-day a venerable lady whose husband deserted her on the way home from church fifty-six years ago. No married life ever seemed to open more auspiciously. She was the only daughter of a wealthy business man, he was the son of a large land-owner; both were young and handsome, and apparently devoted to each other.

"What happened during that fatal drive from the church no one knows, except the young couple. All that is known is that before the bridegroom had gone a couple of miles the bridegroom stopped it, got out hastily, and, ordering the coachman to drive on, disappeared in a wood which flanked the road.

"And from that moment nothing whatever has been seen or heard of him. Probably he has been dead many a year; but the poor old lady still hugs the delusion that he will come back to her. 'I have waited very long time for him,' she says, 'but we shall soon meet again.' Probably they will—but not on earth."

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When you want Sausage why—get ELLIS'; they're the best.

New Arrivals This Week!

NEW DATES—

"Dromedary" and
"Royal Excelsior" Brands.
Schweppes Ginger Ale, etc.
Schweppes Orange Wine.
Schweppes Raisin Wine, etc.
Fine Granulated Sugar,
2 lb. & 5 lb. cartons.
Libby's Baked Beans, 20c.
Shirriff's Jelly Powder,
18c. pkg.
Bird's Custard Powder,
15c. pkg.
Bird's Egg Powder, 36c. doz.
"Quaker" Tomatoes, 3's & 2's.

McLaren's Cream Cheese,
Opal crocks.
McLaren's Cream Cheese,
Packages.
Ingersoll Cream Cheese.
"Rola" Egg Powders—
Guaranteed pure.
Fresh Eggs.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee,
1's and 3's.
Fresh June Butter — "Blue Nose."
Fresh Shelled Walnuts.
Fresh Shelled Almonds.
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**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**