

Underwear that Grandmother Knitted.

That's what Stanford's "Turo Knit" really is. The founder of the Turo Knit underwear just as grandmother did. He also perfected the process to make underwear unshrinkable. These who remember the ease and comfort of hand-knit underwear will doubly appreciate

Stanford's "Turo Knit" For Women

Made of soft, silky, non-irritating yarn. Every fibre of the wool tested and shrunk before wearing. All hand-knit and does not shrink. Cut, fashioned and trimmed in latest style. Perfect fitting, easy, graceful, durable and guaranteed absolutely shrinkable.



Kidney Trouble and Good Health You Can't Have

When the kidneys are weak, the system is sick. Instead of throwing off the acid, the weak kidneys retain it—the blood, the urine, and the whole system is poisoned. It is this acid that causes headache, dizziness, nervousness, backache, rheumatism, loss of sleep and appetite, and so many suffer with.

"Sun" Kidney Pills

make you well by curing the kidneys. They strengthen the kidneys, purify and cleanse the blood, and put the whole system in a fresh, invigorated condition. For all kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, backache, nervousness and female troubles, "Sun" Kidney Pills never fail.



While we cannot recommend cheap and weak \$3.00 and \$5.00 sets of teeth—After patients have been warned of the dangers of this cheap work and they persist in having such, we can supply them with much better than the cheap, "cheap" work. It is better to have a good set of teeth made in dental operations and results always the best.

DR. CATES

T. F. Sherrard, & Son
MONCTON, N. B.

MARBLE & GRANITE

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H. B. MALTBY, AGENT

Campbellton, N. B.

NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary of the will of James Kelso, late of the Town of Campbellton, Merchant, have been granted to the undersigned. Executors and all persons having claims against the Estate of the said James Kelso are requested to file the same duly attested within two months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Campbellton, N. B., Sept. 28th 1904.
CHAS. ELLIOTT,
52-2m J. E. MILLER.

ON THE CASCAPEdia

A Record Day's Angling on Pools of E. W. Davis

A ST JOHN MAN'S LUCK

The Sportsman Tells the Story in a Way to Delight All Anglers

(St John Times)

Leaving St John at 6 p. m. on the Maritime express, I reached Matapedia at 2:20 a. m. and put up at the Ferguson hotel. Early morning when I took the canoe for the Cascapedia. Distances about 60 miles.

On my arrival there I found my friend Gilker waiting me, having been advised by mine host, E. W. Davis of my coming. The horses were all hitched up and ready to start. A hearty hand-shake and we were off for Red Camp. My first words to Gilker were: "Well, how is the fishing?" The reply was not encouraging: "The water is all right, but no fish."

However we reached Red Camp and received a cordial greeting from that genial sportsman, John G. Hecksher of New York.

"Well, Joe," he said, "I've been down fishing Hamilton's Beach (a famous pool) and got two slinks. I don't think there is a bright salmon in the river—and the water's still falling."

This was not cheering news, but my men being ready I got my rod together and went down to try the Judge's Pool, another famous one in ordinary seasons. Beginning at the head of the pool I made one drop, when a mighty swirl came, and one of my men cried: "I think that was a bright one."

After testing him for five minutes, I again sent my fly over him. He came with a splash, and I had him, when he immediately started across the river, my men claiming again that he was a bright one. After half an hour's good fight I brought him to goal, where, much to my surprise and disappointment he proved to be a kelt. So after taking the hook out carefully I returned him to his native element.

Thus ended the first day. As it was nearly dark I returned to Red Camp, to find Mr. Hecksher awaiting dinner and after a substantial repast we took ourselves to the verandah for our after dinner smoke, and to talk over the prospects of the morrow.

We were up early next morning and exchanged pools—results two kelt each for the day and the water still falling. I mentioned that all those rivers shoal off at the mouth and require a heavy freshet that extends well into the bay.

Then the fish striking the fresh water, come into the river. Without it they will not enter, but linger outside when the nets reap the harvest.

We were in hard luck. After fishing day after day for a week it was the same old story in the same old way. Saturday came and standing on the verandah we heard the cheery voices of our host and hostess, E. W. Davis and Mrs. Davis of New York.

"Hello, Robert! Hello William! Any fish?"

"No fish, sir. Never was anything like it seen on this river."

"That's bad, but it all comes in the way of sport."

Hearty greetings were exchanged, and we proceeded to unpack rods and get them together for the next week's battle. On Monday morning we "drew" for pools. The Woodman Pool, which is one of the best of the river is reserved for Mrs. Davis exclusively, but noble sportsman that she is, she pooled it with her guests and took her chances. We drew, and the worst water fortunately came to me, for it proved to be the best, because after alternating pools the Woodman pool fell to my lot on

the next Monday. The first day of the week is considered the best fishing day of the week, as the nets are taken up from Saturday night until Monday morning, and the fish have a free run into the river.

That Monday arrived in due time, and with it a rise of three inches of water. I was early afield, after a hearty breakfast, and strolling down to the beach met James Harrison, who by the way is one of the best salmon anglers in Canada.

"Time you were out, sir," River rose three inches. Saw a large fish jump. Got your rod and I will go out with you."

Not many minutes elapsed until we were out on the pool.

"Let your kilt go, Ozy," don't get too near the ripple. So, casting foot by foot, until I got all the line I could, we made another drop. Harrison saying: "This is the drop you are going to get him on."

"Casting until I had about 50 feet of line out, there came a tremendous swirl. I waited until I saw my leader start, then I cast and sent the hook home. When he felt it he ran up stream about 60 yards. Then a mighty leap—

"Jim! A 50-pounder," I cried. "Not far from it, sir, but we will weigh him after he is in the canoe. Handle him carefully—No 6 is very small for a fish like that."

And this I did. After three quarters of an hour, hour I finally got him up where Ozy would gaff him, and a half dozen blows of the club ended the life of a beautiful female salmon weighing 44 pounds.

"Let us go and get another," said Harrison; and out we went on the pool. "One drop and another swirl."

I've got him, Jim! Up kill-ock, Ozy."

Up stream he ran, like a race horse, and then a mighty leap, I pulled him down stream, and into the eddy, and after a short and decisive struggle brought him to gaff—a beautiful 29 pounder. Then we returned to camp and weighed the two.

Going to mine host's room I found him a bit under the weather and still in bed.

"What luck, Joe?"

"Look out of the window on the scales—a 45 pounder."

"What a fish! Glad you had such luck. See any more?"

"Kase another—get him this evening."

About three in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Davis and I strolled down to the beach, and while sitting there, smoking, saw a salmon leap.

"Better get your rod and try him."

"Rather early, isn't it?"

"Well, answered mine host, you might get one. And in a short time we were on the pool. Mr. Davis going with me for luck. We anchored in the ripple and cast until about 30 feet had been reached. A swirl! I had him—up stream he went and leaped.

"Mr. Davis," I cried, "he is as large as the first one."

I pulled him down stream, Mr. Davis saying: "He is acting beautifully—you've got him all right." I kept on pulling him pretty hard and at last got him started. After a short fight I brought him to gaff—a beauty of 42 pounds.

"That is great fishing," mine host exclaimed. "Let us go up and try the smooth water at the bend of the pool."

We went up and fished. Two drops—a rise—I got him—and after a hard fight for half an hour brought him to gaff.

"Well," I said, "that is salmon fishing. One 45, one 42 and two 29 pounds."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "and you have broken the record in big fish for one day's fishing. It has never been done before. Larger fish have been taken in the same pool, myself killing two fish—one of 51 and one of 52 pounds—but at different times."

The next in order was the return, taking a photograph of the salmon and the fishermen, and then to the verandah to smoke and talk. Later we enjoyed dinner,

and then to bed, to dream of mighty salmon for the morrow. On the morrow we mourned the departure of Mr. Hecksher, who after two weeks of pleasant comradeship was forced to leave without killing a fish, as many others had to do this year—Red Camp still leading.

The next day Mr. Davis went up to the club pools, and in a quiet little pool called the Tim Pool was rewarded with a 20 pounder. The writer going down to Peter Cool's Pool, did not get a rise. Mrs. Davis on the Woodman Pool was rewarded with a beautiful fish of 26 pounds.

The next day we accepted an invitation to fish the club waters, and in the afternoon started for a pole of four miles fishing all the club waters on our way up the Slide, the Ledge, Jack the Sailor, De Wolfe, Tim Pool, and so on.

De Wolfe Pool is a beautiful pool, a placid sheet of water, nestled under the hill with not a ripple on its surface.

Next morning I went down river to Peter Cool's Pool, and hooked a salmon, taking him down stream, but the line came back with a broken hook. In the afternoon mine host and I were back on the club pools. In the Ledge Pool I hooked a salmon and brought him to gaff, and Robert remarked: "We'll show you a fish on Big Curley tonight."

We poled slowly up and waited on the beach as before, and just as the sun went down Mr. Davis went fishing, till nearly dark, when I saw a rise.

"I've got him! Good-night, Joe. He's going down the rapids."

And such a sight! I shall never forget it. The rapids were running twenty miles an hour, and these men poling after that fish as fast as they were able. Too much cannot be said of their skill, poing and steering through those rapids after a wild fish. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

We followed them down and on arrival found that Mr. Davis had brought to gaff a noble fish of thirty pounds.

"Joe, what do you think of that?"

"I will never forget it, though we've had many a run through those rapids."

And so ended the day. The next afternoon up to the club pools and Big Curley again, fishing all the pools without success until we reached the last named. Mr. Davis began fishing at the usual time, quite dark, and soon I heard the reel playing the hymn that is heavenly music to all anglers—when Miss Salmon is the performer. After a well-fought battle in the dark a noble fish of 37½ pounds was brought to gaff.

Then came the run home to Red Camp, singing "In the Good Old Summer Time," and that was our last trip to the Club pools.

And now a word about Mr. Davis. In the morning he asks: "How about your flies? Let me see them. They won't do. And down comes the tin box in which are stored hundreds of dozens of flies of all sizes, from a No. 8 to an 80 of the Standard flies. He selects what you need for the day, and makes you feel that as often as you may have fished you don't half understand the game. Mr. Davis is very particular as to details in everything. If a hook has not the proper bend, he will bend it until right, and it proves a success every time.

Everything is done by Mrs. Davis and himself to make their guests comfortable and happy. When we were not fishing we had all kinds of games—golf, archery, base ball, quoits, rifle shooting, everything to make us happy.

Mr. Davis is one of the most unselfish of sportsmen, and one of the best wing shots and salmon anglers I have ever seen. He has written a book on Salmon Angling on the Grand Cascapedia, which is beautifully gotten up and full of practical information, founded on facts and practical experience—no fairy tales, but interesting from start to finish. It is beautifully illustrated and the cuts of flies are so life-like that you would think you could pick them up from the printed page. I am proud to possess one of these books, and all to whom I have lent it join me in saying it is the best book on salmon angling they have ever read.

But I must say farewell to Red Camp after five of the most pleasant weeks in my life. It was much to the loss of business, but I would advise all anglers, when business interferes with health, and a good salmon river—to give it up and take the river.

Packing my kit, I bade adieu to Red Camp and to my noble host and hostess, got into my canoe, and with a hearty farewell from ten good men and true I glided down the splendid Cascapedia, to which I also bade farewell until the return of another season. When all of us who are brother anglers are summoned, across the great divide, may we find us good rivers as the grand old Cascapedia.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best Made.

A well known man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or for an adult and if for a child they almost invariably recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it, and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by all druggists.

HEAD-ON COLLISION
One Killed and one Injured in Collision at McKinnon's Harbor, Cape Breton.

Sydney, N. S., Oct. 15. (Special).—Two special freight trains, one running west and the other east, collided head on this morning near McKinnon's Harbor, on the Cape Breton division of the Intercolonial.

John MacNeil, brakeman, was killed instantly, and Dan McDonald, driver was seriously injured. Both Specials were running under orders for clear road, and came together at a sharp curve with a fearful impact. The crews attempted to jump, but McNeil was caught between the engine and tender and killed, the others, with the exception of McDonald escaped unhurt.

The two engines are badly wrecked, and several cars from each train. Auxiliary trains have been sent out to clear the line, which it is expected will be done this afternoon.

The cause of the collision is believed to be due to a misunderstanding of the orders. Each conductor in charge was, at least, under the impression that he had a clear line, whereas one of them was really ordered to stand in the siding at McKinnon's Harbor.

The exact details of the accident have not yet been ascertained. The

most difficult pool on the river to fish. We waited till the shadows of night were stealing over the smooth surface. Then Robert said: "It is time we were out, sir," and we pushed out, and anchored, a long cast from where the fish lay. It would have been joy for any angler to have stood on that beach and watched Mr. Davis fishing that pool—as none other can do it. Foot by foot the line goes out, the fly lighting on the water like a snowflake, until the spot is reached. Then a swirl rises short.

"Well, Joe," he says at last, "the best I can do is a rise-to-night."

So we turn the canoes toward Red Camp, and glide down with the spice of a race homeward until we hear the roar of Escuminac Falls. We run the falls, in the dark, at a forty clip, but there is no danger. Those canoe men know their business, and cannot be beaten in the world at that, or as salmon anglers.

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cure disease by removing the cause of it. In the treatment of those disorders which involve any failure of the nervous force, BEECHAM'S PILLS have, during nearly sixty years, built up

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The Scho Minnie Smith was here Monday and Tuesday holding fish and sailed for Chloreydome to complete her cargo.

Mr. Ulric Dion passed a few days here trying to build a freezer. No doubt he will succeed.

Mr. P. S. Martin of "Events" passed here on Friday on his way to Campbellton.

On 6th inst. died one of the most aged persons here Mrs. Anathabe Duquay aged 90 years.

Fishing is getting on well now. The water is plentiful but the weather is rough blowing quite a gale every day.

Rev Father Aude parish priest has a severe attack of typhoid fever the doctor has very little hope of his recovery.

During his illness Rev Father Lobel replaces him with zeal and is greatly estimated by the parishioners.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

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