

Knowling's New Winter Coatings.

We have just opened another lot of CLOTH, TWEEDS, Etc., suitable

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This is one of the largest and best selected stocks in the city. It will save you money to make your Winter Coat with one of these materials. The prices of same are as follows, but inspection will be the most convincing proof.

BLACK NAP CLOTH	\$7.50, \$11.45 per yard
NAVY NAP CLOTH	\$10.80 per yard
CRIMSON NAP CLOTH	\$3.30 per yard
MIXED TWEED—in Brown	\$4.90, \$7.75 per yard
GREY TWEED	\$4.90 per yard
NAVY TWEED	\$2.50 per yard
SKY JERSEY CLOTH	\$2.50 per yard
GREY KERSEY CLOTH	\$7.20 per yard
CREAM BEARSKIN	\$7.80 per yard
BLACK ASTRACHAN	\$5.00 per yard
NAVY ASTRACHAN	\$4.25 per yard

SPECIAL: Grey Mixed Tweed, 72 in., per yard, \$3.10
Blue & White Mixed Tweed, 54 in " \$1.75

BLANKET CLOTH
Black, \$3.75; Cardinal, \$4.75, \$5.00; Royal, \$4.75; Crimson, \$4.75; Navy, \$4.60 per yard.
PLAID—In Green, Crimson, Brown and Navy, \$4.95 per yard.
Black and White Check . . . \$4.70 per yard
CHEVIOT—Black and Navy . \$4.50 per yard

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.

oct27,Almon

Dredging Within the One Hundred Fathom Line.

(By Bonnycastle Dale, in October Rod and Gun.)
We were off the lonely and isolated island called Forester, due north west of the big Queen Charlotte group in the Pacific. This is the most southerly of the group of islands lying just north of British Columbia. There was much confusion hereabouts. The Alaska Award line was being pushed north rapidly—and too far west we all thought for Canada's good. All the coast was flapping along under tattered and mildewed canvas, in homemade craft; of divers and weird shapes—and we felt and knew we would be "good picking" for any of these gentry—just a naturalist and a boy, unarmed at that. So I bought, for specimen work—and the pot work, a Winchester Special, using .22 Special Long; and hung it on the wall of the shack—we went for a walk—so evidently did someone else for when we returned the rifle had walked off too. We at once tracked and traced a passer by and off we set for the nearest "I-la-hie" or "summer grounds" of a wandering fishing tribe. One member I knew slightly

and it had been he who had passed my shack.
"I-lost-rifle-this-morning-stolen. It its not laid down by twelve I bring police in," I told him. I knew they were in great fear of the deep sea patrol that was hunting some desperadoes along this coast—still he could have popped us both over and it is a question if our bodies would ever have been found—still the bluff worked, and he was at my shack almost as soon as we were.
"What side you look?" I asked him in Chinook, still pretending to find a lost rifle.
"O-koke" ("this" he answered), then I knew it was on the other and started to look.
"Wake Kioshe" ("no good," he said after a long hunt and changed sides. Pretty soon he grunted in surprise and I went over; and there was the innocent little rifle hiding there in the ferns. I praised him for "finding" it, told him I would put a man in Skookum House (jail) next thing I lost. Then he slyly asked me, "If I missed anything else." "No," I told him and off he slouched.
Laddie, Jr., a short time after,

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went over to the pile of boxes of shells—too light—all emptied and put carefully back in place. We had bought a few hundred, as we kill our geese and brant with the rifle; and Tzum, as he was called—had Trumed the whole pile.
"Here comes the Nan-Itah!" said Laddie, Jr., and the new boat we had hired came puffing into the wee harbor. Translated she is "To-Seek"—I hope she does. All the boats we had used before seemed to just glide from the arrival to "Pay-me-Now" from the Jap, or Dane or Swede skipper. I guess they had had uncertain lessees before, as they always looked relieved when I promptly paid them. The Captain belonged to the "I can do it" tribe I think, as he always used these words. I explained several times that we just wanted to dredge for a few days in fifty fathoms and he always figured—"One day ban twenty-five"—"two ban two twenty-five," and so on and so on. He couldn't get far away from that daily price of his Seeker.
So behold, Laddie and I and "Ban" as the boy called him and "Chew-it-all" as Laddie called the other to-bacco devouring individual. He was actually polite, always pushing me carefully aside so that he might spit to leeward.
"I ban starting!" said the Norseman "Ting-a-ling" goes the bell—no start.
"Ole-le! Ole-le!" he yelled.
"You stay mit the engine," and off we puffed.
Now it needed both the men to get our big heavy drag-purse over, a net bag twenty by ten; with a ten by two iron frame open mouth. A "splash!" down she sinks and we are at last really dredging again. I just want to remark that dear as the opening day of shooting or fishing is to the devotee of gun and rod, so is the first appearance of the dredge above water on our first day to us.
There was a dull oily roll in from the restless Pacific, just enough to make one sleepy this bright young summer day, the soft coal smoke blew all about us and half drowsed us too, when "bump!" went the "gate" far below and "Ollie" rushed up and back. "She got stuck!" he yelled. Away he darted like a madman, put the engine backing against the run of the tide and soon the big purse mouth rode the boulder and on we went—at about a mile an hour gait.
"Stop!" signalled the Captain—and the drag rope was put on to the winch and up came the purse—belly-

ing out behind—now the men seized the slack and hauled out—and we fell on our knees—examining. Evidently we had struck a mass of great polyps and gone right through their peaceful sea villa and scooped them all. There was a mass of sea pumpkins as big as toy balloons, almost transparent and coloured as fantastically as the lanterns about a Chinese Joss-house, great trembling masses of green and gold and purple and wondrous vari-coloured jelly—with their stomachs and interior departments plainly in view of their neighbours. You would wonder how they eat and breathe. What a sight of magnificence they must be in their deep homes when I tell you that some are illuminated by a wonderful phosphorescence and others—I suppose—use the Gen. Seabottom Electric Light Co.'s radiance supplied away down there by countless millions of diatoms; each golden blue in its glow.
"Look out—bite," warned Ollie. The lad was taking out a green and white beauty of a well shaped fish. "Rat-fish," again. "Lookout!" warned the Swede. I tripped the jaw- opener. No wonder they called it Rat-fish. Its teeth were fully an inch long; and wide white cutting chisels they were. We were long on Ratfish, must have had a thousand and so we dumped them forthwith.
"Keep him!" both men burst out when I pushed many flapping Red Rock fish into the sea.
"Sell him—Prince Rupert," they told me—and I guess, we confirmed their opinion of our madness when sea bass and cod, herring and outicans, skate and flounder, halibut and rare mackerel followed suit—and we both loudly exulted over a strange thing called a Pompano, or dollar fish and speedily pictured the small, round fat fish.
"Here's a devil-fish," squealed the boy. "Oh I wish we had that fellow who wrote about them eating men, here, we'd make him eat this, and he lifted out of the foot deep mess of squirming Marine Zoology—an octopus, a nice five foot long bunch of eight grisly arms hung down like so much gristle from the boy's landing net, the Nature Fakirs stretch the arms wide out and call this a "ten-foot-terror-of-the-sea." This one weighed fifty pounds.
"I want him," said Ollie, appearing with a big butcher knife, so we handed it over and he cut off the eight tentacles and it appeared at dinner that day—just a tasteless mass much like the thicker muscles of an oyster or clam—simply not worth eating.
"Sharks," cried the boy, a pair evidently of little fellows, delicately gray as Milady's gloves, all fanned in wondrous manner from gillarch to tail, "snappy little brutes," quoth the lad, as one neatly engulfed a too inquisitive finger.
"Keep it in your own mouth now," he says I told him.
"Goot many things!" said Ollie as we lifted out a mass of most excellent shrimps. I found three kinds here and we got a true shrimp later, the first three were prawns.
"Say!" look at the five knitting needles! called Laddie Jr., as he picked up a group of polyps—each one almost forty inches long—just like a bone needle—Yes! white animal bone; and on the top a head as big as your finger and all luminous at night. "I'll bet they have a regular illuminated field of growing wheat down there when all the knitting needles are in position—and just think of a fish swimming through this phosphorescent mass down there and then all waving away as it passes. Oh! Joy," said Laddie. "And these are the things the Chinks eat," he said as he pulled out a ladle net full of sea cucumber, these long jelly-like, grisly things were most beautifully coloured—but excuse me from eating them please—I once had "bird nest soup" and sea cucumber, and pressed city duck served in a Chinese restaurant—and I guess they are there yet as I made a nice full meal of plain crackers. Thank you very kindly.
I guess they didn't name this one," said the boy as he picked up a thing that looked like a Japanese puzzle made out of bone—another polyp, a regular beautiful little bone basket, a real embroidery of bone.
The ooze, as you might call it of that first drug was a thing of wonder; we had animals so like sea weeds that we could not tell them apart—and sea weeds so like animals that no man may discover the dividing line—each a thing of wondrous beauty set away down where no man's eye should see it—What is this scheme of things we call Life, anyway?
Day after day, hour after hour, so long as we could afford that "one-day-but-twenty-five-dollar-boat" we took of the treasures of the deep—and re-deposited them to the amusement of the wondering Norsemen. We could not have kept the perishable eatable part had we wished to do so.
"Throw him all out," lamented the loquacious Ollie—as net full after net full was carefully liberated. We were getting into deeper water now and odd anemones and rare sea whips and strange jelly like masses came in hourly—and at times dark strange shapes devoured them as soon as we liberated them, ground or basking sharks and some odd futed tailed sharks. Yes! and the big mouthed cod were not averse to filling their stomachs with their late fellow captives.
"Whoop!" screamed the boy once

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as a great black shape suddenly rose near the dragging rope of the net astern, and a killer whale reared for a moment in sight. Once we ran into a stream of passing salmon with their attendant sea lions, long dim shapes that swam just outside the school—and ate one every time they got hungry enough. We took one wolf-seal, he snapped and rolled and displayed his terrible mouth and crunched to fragments every mussel or giant cockle shell which the boy threw into his awful maw; he was fully six feet of weird sea life. We got tons of the rarest sea weeds, but alas! we were not preserving, only picturing.
We lived like lords on any and all the known delicacies of the sea, but most carefully refused to serve any unknown bit of horribleness. At times, in the shallows, we took rare abalone and moonfish. These last were big shellfish as big as base-balls.
They can excite enough stick-emit to make any sea glue manufacturer die of envy—and they roll up and fashion out a nest that exactly resemble gray felt hats with the crown cut out.
At nights when we slept in the man nests made by those Norsemen, too short where they were long and too narrow where they were wide. I used to poke my head out for air, and all the tragedy of the sea was enacted in the moonlit waters down beside me—it seemed as if each chap at the next smaller one with intense energy—and they literally smacked their lips over it. When one big ground shark came flapping slowly along past the little Nan-fish, and rolled and fixed me with its bright green little eye I withdrew in haste—you see I had not lost any sharks.
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Schooner Wrecked at Greenspond
The schooner Francis C. Smith ashore at Greenspond, according to information received in town yesterday. The vessel was on her way to St. Anthony, with a cargo of spruce coal, and other supplies. Grenfell Hospital.

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