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New bridge going over ravine between

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The 13th Batt. Band of Hamilton

will play on Saturday, July 9, at 3 p.m.

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Lieut.-Col. McLaren.

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piano.

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ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONT.

The largest and best equipped college

for women in Canada. In every respect

a live, progressive institution, combining

the best facilities for the study of

literature, music, oratory, art, commercial

and domestic science, with the most

pleasant, healthful and cultured home

influences. New gymnasium, steam heating,

electric lighting, modern sanitation, etc.

Magnificent sight, overlooking Lake Ont-

ario. Will re-open Sept. 8th.

Apply for catalogue to—

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Principal.

139

To the

Canadian

Public....

The More Light Supply Co., 114 Victoria-

street, are the sole agents for the Sun-

light Mantle, made in London, England.

The English Welch Co., whose patent

is the same as the Amer Co. have been de-

feated in every attempt to prove that the

Sunlight is an infringement.

In the recent litigation in the High Court

of Justice, London, Mr. Justice Wells, in

giving judgment against the Welch Co.,

said of the Sunlight Mantle:

"No use is made by the defendants (the

Sunlight Co.) of any of the rare earths, and

their choice of substance, and this method

of applying the illuminant appears to me

to be as wide as the poles from those

contemplated by Welch, and I must

therefore give judgment for the de-

fendants upon the issue of the infringement."

TO THE AVER CO.:

Any attempt made by you or your

agents to infringe our customers or in-

fringe purchasers will be met by legal

means to ensure their protection.

THE MORE LIGHT SUPPLY CO.,

114 Victoria-street,

Toronto.

135

Sterling

Silver

Novelties

If we sell you anything as a

Novelty it means that you are

getting the very latest up-to-

date article obtainable in that

particular line. Our Sterling

Silver Novelties are the finest

made. Our prices are the lowest.

SCHEUER'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

JEWELLERS

60 YONGE ST.

AND

JEWELLERS

FISHING IN "SOO" RAPIDS

An Exciting Sport in Which the

Indians Excel.

Old Guide Garron's Guarantee of

a Catch and His Willingness to

Bet-A Fiction About the Ability

of the Indians to See Great

Depths in the Swirling Waters.

"The visitor at Sault Ste. Marie during

the fishing season," said a sportsman,

"will find scattered about in boats and

hotels a little dodger containing these

words:

"No fish, no pay,

No pay, no fish."

"Garron."

"Inquiry will uncover the information

that dodger in the unique advertise-

ment of a jolly old fisherman and guide-

named Garron. Translated, it means that

he will take anyone so inclined out fishing

in the rapids, and if his patron does not

catch any fish under his management and

instruction, he will take no pay for his

services. If his patron catches fish, if only

one, he can't have it unless he pays Gar-

ron's price, which is \$3, whether the vis-

itor is out ten minutes or all day.

"Garron's services are always in de-

mand. He has one helper in his canoe.

They handle the light boat with long poles,

as in no other way can a boat be held or

propelled against the rushing waters of the

rapids. The dexterity with which these

Sault Ste. Marie-Sault Ste. Marie natives

call it—boaters handle their boats by

pulling is wonderful. They can take

their canoes anywhere, sending them with

remarkable speed up the swift current,

holding them in one spot as still and

steady as if they were anchored on an

unruffled lake, or letting them go with the

current, either slowly or rapidly, as

desired, and full of quiet quips and

cranks. He stands ever ready to bet any

thing from a cigar to a \$10 bill with any

fisherman he takes into his boat on the re-

sult of any cast of a fly.

"The cigars you get a trout in there,"

he will shout as he and his mark hold the

boat against the tearing current as dead

still as a stone, and he points to a spot

where he wants the angler to cast. If the

angler, fearing that the old guide may

have a sure thing, and yet hoping that he

has, declines to bet, Garron will exclaim:

"All right! Ten dollars to five, then,

that you don't get one!"

"Perhaps it is not so very queer that the

jolly old sport wins his bet nine times out

of ten."

"The trout that are caught in the Sault

Ste. Marie are wild native brook trout

that spawn in the numerous streams that

enter the 'Soo' on both sides, and no-

where in the country have I ever found

trout of this larger or of gamier quality.

In an hour's fishing, the last time I

was out there, fishing, I killed 21

cockle shell of a bark canoe. I killed 21

trout that weighed 45 pounds. The hand-

ling of the fighting fish, the struggle

more on a seven-ounce rod in such water

as the Sault Ste. Marie Rapids is an ex-

perience that cannot be described. It is

pure, for nowhere else are trout waters so

pure, so angry, so persistent in adding a

hooked trout in his efforts to get free.

"There are few lake trout who have

not read of the Indian fishermen of the

Sault Ste. Marie, and their astounding feat

in netting whitefish in the seething rapids.

The guide books say that two Indians go

with a canoe into the rapids, one occu-

pies the bow and the other the stern. The

Indian in the stern uses a paddle to keep the

boat's head up stream. The one in the

bow has a pole with which to steady the

boat, standing upright in his place. The

Indians take with them a dip net four feet

in diameter, attached to a pole or handle

15 feet long. This is placed ready to the

hand of the Indian in the bow. The fish-

ing is done at the foot of the rapids, where

the water boils and tumbles furiously.

With his pole the Indian in the bow holds

the canoe or lets it drift steadily above,

now up a little, perhaps, and then down,

but always under perfect control. The

Indian gases constantly into the water,

which is often ten feet or more deep where

the fishing is being done, but the depths

at which the guide books say, 'no white

man has ever been able to school his

eye to penetrate."

"Suddenly the Indian seizes the net and

the handle with one hand, still manipulat-

ing the boat with the other, and plunges

the net into the water, perhaps ten feet

away from the boat, thrusting it at the

same time to the bottom. Then he gives

it a peculiar twist, draws it up, and turns

out into the boat as many as half a

dozen whitefish, weighing from three to

five pounds. These Indian fishermen are

meeting in casting the nets, and it is not

an uncommon thing for one boat to catch

300 whitefish in a day. How the Indians

are able to see fish at the bottom of the

rapids is a mystery no one has yet been

able to fathom.

"The guide book, and if you go with

a pair of these Indian fishermen in their

canoe and watch them fish you will ap-

parently be led to yourself all the appar-

ent necromancy of their placid art.

You can see nothing but the holding

of the net into the troubled depths, and

lifts it from them full of glistening fish.

If you don't think that to marvel over

this amazing Indian fishing to jolly old

Garron you will leave Sault Ste. Marie

deeply impressed with its wonder and its

mystery. But mention it to Garron and he

will smile and wink his shrewd little eye.

He will say nothing unless you press him

for a reason for the smile and the twink-

ling eye. Then he will tell you that the

mystery of the Indian eye that seems to

look down through ten feet or more of

foaming, rushing water, and see whitefish

that would be invisible in five fathoms

of still water, is the white man's eye is

a fraud of the most stupendous dimensions.

The whitefish are the natural denizens of

the rapids, and they are the great lakes

fish that most men like to eat. They are

these fish must fight their way up the

rapids, and then they are ready to be

caught. In doing this they travel by sta-

ges. They can brave the rapids but they

cannot stand a time, when, almost ex-

hausted, they drop into the rapids, and

friendly rocks that pile the bottom of the

rapids. Huddled sometimes by the score

behind these rocks, the whitefish wait

for the hand of the fisherman, they are so

nearly exhausted. The Indian, as he

approaches, knows this, and, know-

ing the location of every rock in the rapids

and the position of the whitefish, he

dips up the fish. The cunning of the

Indian is not to be underestimated. He

led him long ago to give visiting sports-

men the impression that he could pen-

etrate the depths of the rapids with his

gaze, and discover the whitefish on the

bottom of the rapids. It is now one of

the fondest and best paying of his

tricks of the Sault Ste. Marie, but there is

nothing in the country has I ever found

trout of this larger or of gamier quality.

In an hour's fishing, the last time I

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