

ATTEND
WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST BUSINESS SCHOOL

WRITE FOR
FREE
CATALOGUE

Success Business College

NEW
TERM NOW
OPEN

Ten Branch Schools

WINNIPEG, MAN.

School from Coast to Coast

Save This Coupon—It is Worth \$5.00

Any student presenting this coupon will be allowed his railway fare to the amount of \$5.00 in tuition at the Success College

F. G. GARBUTT, President

D. F. FERGUSON, Principal



Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal "Wincarnis," the "Wine of Life." "Wincarnis" is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of "Wincarnis." Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Representative for the Dominion of Canada:—Mr. Frank F. S. Ball, 103, St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal. Phone No. Main 3079. Telegrams "Daphn." Montreal.



How to Save Money in the House

The good housewife does not throw away faded Clothes, Ribbons, Feathers, Cushion Covers, etc., she dyes them with

MAYPOLE SOAP

—without muss or hard work.

FREE BOOK FOR YOU—"HOW TO DYE"

Maypole Soap is made in 24 colors at 10c a package—black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid from us. Write for book to-day.

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE



Kwakwaka'wakw boy spearing salmon.

Fish! Fish! Everywhere

And not a One to Catch

***** By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author. *****

"PISH ikt—mokst-lum—tak-a-mo-nuk!" gasped O'poots as he pushed the heavy canoe up the riffle over the pebbles in the shallow water, he was right there was "one or two thousand in the little pool."

"Mahsh" (get out), grumbled Laskit beside him, as an extra heavy run of salmon leaving the pool alarmed at our entrance, darted down the shallow riffle, running between the Indian's legs and splashing the brackish water all over them.

Fritz and I stood astounded. Here was a pair of small pools, neither an hundred feet in length nor fifty in breadth, of a depth of one to four feet, and in these little water spaces were fully a thousand well grown salmon, besides hundreds of dead and dying ones. As it is said, "you could walk across the river on the fishes' backs." This, although an exaggeration, conveys to your mind a scene where there are more fish than water.

rivers to far distant spawning grounds, worn right through the scales, the skins, right into the flesh. Their fins reminded me of fans from which all the covering had been torn for they stuck out—just naked bones. Poor, poor salmon! what wonderful instinct implanted by Nature forces you to leave the clean cool sea and make passage of mountain streams for hundreds—aye thousands of miles, leaping rock and riffle and high falls, up ever up, even if the fall is twelve feet high—on over its flowing brink—on, on, until you reach the spot you were born in and there you lay your three thousand big, red transparent eggs, there the male vitalizes them with his milt and there both of you, worn to a shadow, starving, as not a bit of food has passed those now hooked jaws since you left the sea three months ago, emaciated, feeble, blind, you die.

At the top of the pool stood a little leather-brown lad of the mature age of fully ten years. He was armed with a



An Indian with his salmon catch.

Again the fish, disturbed by my Gordon setter, who had disobeyedly followed us that day, dashed past us upwards over the shallows. I shall never forget our surprise when some of the fish, evidently crowded out of the ten foot wide, six inch deep passage, actually squirmed across the dry pebbles upon their sides and bellies. We turned some of these over with our feet—it was exceedingly novel to catch fish with your feet—and they were worn and frayed, like an old cloth. The bellies had great sores on them, the size of silver dollars, worn by constant passage up shallow

long, light, cedar pole—with a gaff hook at the end, fully twenty feet in length. Behind him, in the bushes lay thirty to fifty fully grown salmon that would average ten pounds apiece; these were dog salmon. We stood and watched him. Out launched the long pole from his hand right into the churning mass, over and over it turned; the lad faced shorewards, panting, pulling, struggling, and the big fish, rolling over and splashing, soon disappeared in a most ignoble fashion; dragged up over the stones and through the bushes, much as one of our children drags a rude toy boat from the