



Bad weather and a scarcity of work boats and has drawn up several useful looking plans in this class.

Narbethong Out

The launch Narbethong, skipper Hoomes K. Freeman, took Dr. J. P. Cade over to Metlakatla on Wednesday evening to attend a patient suffering from ptomaine poisoning. This well known craft is to be shortly re-painted and overhauled.

The freighter Gunner, of Victoria, arrived in port on Thursday morning with 175 tons of cement for the Alberta-McCaffery interest. Over one hundred tons of the coast Jim told the following story and it is given in his own words so that there will be no come back. Said Jim: "Yes, sir, we sure had a great time and I wouldn't have missed it for a pound of second hand sausages. And say, I saw one of the strangest sights a man ever saw. I actually saw a deer shoot itself. It happened this way. I had got away from the main party as being the best shot, they were all following me around and claiming the fruits of my wonderful shooting. Having hit everything I shot at in the way of feathered game I decided to give the birds a rest and a chance to go on laying some eggs for next season. Up to this time I had not shot a deer and was very anxious to get one so I sat down against a tree laying my big game rifle at a handy distance all primed for action. I suppose I had tired myself out on the hike and feeling drowsy, fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by something coming through the bushes, and opening my eyes, as I could never see very well with them closed, I discerned a big buck coming toward me, in fact it was so close that I could feel its eyesight. I was afraid to grab the rifle as it may have scared the deer away so I sat as still as possible hoping that it would take me for a stump. However, it didn't pass by but started in to nibble the grass around my feet. At this stage I would have kicked its brains out but foolishly I had removed my boots when sitting down and did not feel capable of carrying this scheme out in my stockinged feet. At this particular moment the deer took the muzzle of the rifle in its mouth. The barrel being painted green as a sort of camouflage it evidently mistook it for a blade of grass. A twig catching the trigger exploded the gun as the deer tugged at it with fatal results.

That was the first animal I ever saw commit suicide and I consider it was entirely due to the fact that I had had the sense to paint the gun green." The story is told as a tip to other hunters, and there will undoubtedly be a big run on the green paint stocks in the city.

Jud Thurber Away

Capt. Jud Thurber, of Muineau fame, left on the C.P.R. boat yesterday afternoon for Vancouver en route to Freeport, N.S., where he will visit his mother for several weeks. It had been Cap's intention to get away in time for the International fishing schooner race but his secretary got the dates mixed and so quelled the fun. It is rumored that Cap will bring back a new secretary, a gentleman with several year's experience as book-keeper to an organ grinder.

Fish Business

During the week 431,900 lbs. of halibut has been marketed on the Fish Exchange. Americans were high at 16.6c and 10c, and low at 14.1c and 9c. Canadians were high at 14.7c and 10.5c, and low at 13c and 9c. Arrivals were: Pioneer, Vahsee, Sitka, Grayling, Reliance, Livingstone, Hippo, Toodie, Torberg, W. and F., Tordenskjold, Venus, Norma, Wave, Johanna, Hanaco, Plop, Fannie F., Reliance No. 1, Sadie K., Thelma, Bingo, Alliance, Merrymaid, Kajen, Fisher, Cape Spear, Imperieuse, Minnie V., Valorons, Daly, Yakata, Verna.

Gay Life Too Much

Skipper H. E. Poole, mayor of Butedale and manager of the Butedale cold storage plant, who recently came to town to take in the big city stuff, has been indisposed for the past few days with a touch of flu. It was considered in nautical circles, upon the arrival of the skipper, that the gay city life would in all probability prove too much for

one so fragile, especially after a sojourn at Butedale where the only untoward noise is the messages coming in on the wireless set. However, after careful nursing the invalid is able to put his walking out gloves on again and it is expected he will return to the wheel at Butedale over the week end.

Deer Shot Itself

When Jim Bacon, managing director of the P. R. Fish Market, tells a story it is a foregone conclusion that it's a true one. Jim recently returned from a big game hunt—he had a big game at hunting—aboard the Bethune and from the smile the old face wore it was plain to be seen that something unusual had happened. It was either a rich uncle had died and left him the grandfather clock or the hunting trip had been a marked success. Upon enquiry it was found that the latter assumption was correct. Jim said the hunt was sure a marked success for it had left its marks all over his body. Upon going into details of the nine day wonders enacted in the wilds of the coast Jim told the following story and it is given in his own words so that there will be no come back. Said Jim: "Yes, sir, we sure had a great time and I wouldn't have missed it for a pound of second hand sausages. And say, I saw one of the strangest sights a man ever saw. I actually saw a deer shoot itself. It happened this way. I had got away from the main party as being the best shot, they were all following me around and claiming the fruits of my wonderful shooting. Having hit everything I shot at in the way of feathered game I decided to give the birds a rest and a chance to go on laying some eggs for next season. Up to this time I had not shot a deer and was very anxious to get one so I sat down against a tree laying my big game rifle at a handy distance all primed for action. I suppose I had tired myself out on the hike and feeling drowsy, fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by something coming through the bushes, and opening my eyes, as I could never see very well with them closed, I discerned a big buck coming toward me, in fact it was so close that I could feel its eyesight. I was afraid to grab the rifle as it may have scared the deer away so I sat as still as possible hoping that it would take me for a stump. However, it didn't pass by but started in to nibble the grass around my feet. At this stage I would have kicked its brains out but foolishly I had removed my boots when sitting down and did not feel capable of carrying this scheme out in my stockinged feet. At this particular moment the deer took the muzzle of the rifle in its mouth. The barrel being painted green as a sort of camouflage it evidently mistook it for a blade of grass. A twig catching the trigger exploded the gun as the deer tugged at it with fatal results.

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Fish Day Success

National Fish Day on Wednesday last was a great success. The fish banquet held in the St. Regis Cafe at 1 o'clock, under the

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