



## Fruits

Fresh from the Fields and Orchards

During the summer months huge crates of freshly-picked fruits arrive at Moir's factory, and thus at fragrant maturity are pressed and preserved for use in Moir's candies.

Thus it is that the fresh flavor of the sun-ripened fruit is retained in Moir's Raspberry Fondants, Strawberry Creams and Velvets.

These and other luscious fruit juices together with pure cream, butter, sugar, mellow honey, full-bodied nuts and rich smooth chocolate are moulded together into the most delectable confections you ever tasted.

Moir's is a candy you'll be proud to bring to your sweetheart or friend.

**Moir's Chocolates**  
PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED  
MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX

FRED V. CHESMAN, St. John's.

## A Select List of Pocket Novels,

PRICE 65c. EACH.

The Gold Bag by Carolyn Wells.  
Desborough of the North-West Frontier by Joan Sutherland.  
The Old West by Rupert Hughes.  
Nada the Lilly by H. Rider Haggard.  
The Hermit of Far End by Margaret Pedler.  
No Defense by Gilbert Parker.  
Mr. Glusky the Gold Seeker by A. G. Hales.  
Joy Beaucarnis by A. G. Hales.  
The Splendid Folly by Margaret Pedler.  
The Scar by Ruby M. Ayres.  
The Valley of the Giants by Peter B. Wyne.  
Betty Zane by Zane Grey.  
The Desert of the Moth by Eugene M. Rhodes.  
The Valley of Silent Men by James Oliver Curwood.  
The Roaring W. P. Trail by Zane Grey.  
The House of Dreams Come True by Margaret Pedler.

**GARLAND'S BOOKSTORE,**  
177-9 WATER STREET.

## "The Machine"

UNDERWOOD



PORTABLE

**You Will Eventually Carry"**  
**ROYAL STATIONERY CO.**  
180 Water Street.

## SALT!

**3500 TONS**  
**Torre Vieja Salt to Arrive.**

Steamer left Torre Vieja April 30th.

**In Store Now:**  
**FINEST PINATOR FISHERY SALT.**

**BOWRING BROS., Ltd.**  
may 11, tue, wed, th, fri

A small turban of black there straw has applique motifs of royal blue chenille straw.

A filmy yoke of tucked black chiffon lightens the effect of a black satin tharnhouse frock.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

CAR DERAILED.—A first class car attached to the express which left here Tuesday, was derailed yesterday afternoon just west of the Gaff Topsails. No damage was done. The car was quickly replaced and within a few hours the express proceeded on its way.

## An Angler's Dream.

(I. TODD, In May Rod and Gun.)  
How and when I arrived at the Nipigon River, I had not the vaguest idea, but there I was. It was dawn, and a faint west wind stirred through the poplar leaves; the pine trees were singing and a million birds were chirruping. A silvery mist hung over the river and the water splashed up on the stones at my feet in soft cadences. I was standing out on a rocky point just below Virginia Falls smoking my old briar and enjoying the freshness of the morning as I slipped my fly across the cool, green water and watched for a strike.

Suddenly there was a splash; there was a tremendous tug on my line. But I had one of those big speckled trout. He was off down stream a mile a minute. "That's all right, old boy, keep on going, I'll give you all the line you want," I said.

On he went until my line was nearly all out. Then, good boy! he turned and darted up stream. Back and forth he flew like a thing possessed. I judged from certain ominous jerks of my line that he was no ordinary trout. So after playing with him for about half an hour, began cautiously to reel in. All was going well when in some strange manner, with no sign of warning, my rod snapped. There popped up from beneath the surface of the water the staunchest, boldest trout I have ever seen. He opened his great jaws and uttered a great guffaw as if he were making game off me. Was I raging? Well I let out a string of oaths that would shock the shell pink ears of my readers, but which hadn't the slightest effect on the trout. No sir! Up came that brazen head again. He rolled his big round eyes at me. Then, "not so smart as you thought you were eh?" he taunted. I cursed him to the nether regions, but that apparently amused him the more and with a loud haw-haw he leapt a foot clear of the water, did a loop in mid-air and splash he was gone again.

It was more than passing strange the carry-on of that trout and I was wondering if I was suffering from mental aberration, just or just what the trouble was, when splash-splash! there was the same big fellow again. He was swimming for the shore. He slipped out of the water, stood up on his tail a minute, took a flying leap and landed on the rock beside me.

"It might just as well be friends," he said, "I am Saturn the Great Flying Trout, Prince of all the fishy tribes that inhabit the waters of Ontario and might be able to give you a few tips on the gentle sport, as you call it. Don't call it gentle myself."

"Certainly, certainly, by all means," I muttered.  
"You know, you humans think you're pretty darn smart don't you?" he started. "But did you ever think that you are no match for the wits of the speckled trout up here even with all the odds against you. You don't land one out of every ten you get on your line. Why? Because you're too clever for you and what's more in a few years you won't be able to land one, not one of us mind you. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"What do you mean," I asked, "Such—about not being able to land a trout?"

"What until you see what these trout can do! How would you like me to put them through some exercises for you?" he replied.

"Sure thing," I said, for there was something truly uncanny about this fellow and I didn't want to antagonize him.

The trout leapt through the air and splashed in to the water. He flapped the surface three times with his tail and lo and behold! Large trout and small trout darted from every direction. Down the falls they tumbled from under the weeds they flashed, up streams they swam gathering about the big fellow who spoke to them in trout language, which I could not understand. Then he flapped his tail and like lightning the heads of the hundreds of trout disappeared below the surface. Flap went his tail again and up flopped all the heads once more. Then, in time to the flaps and flaps of the big one's tail they went through their manoeuvres. They stood on their heads and flipped their tails; they leapt out of the water; turned somersaults in mid air and went through all sorts of queer contortions and then at the word of command all scurried off to their chosen nooks from which they had come.

It was most astonishing! I had seen trained dogs and seals but never had I seen trained trout before and it was indeed a strange sight.

The big trout was again on the rock beside me chucking away to himself at my apparent delight at the performance and ejaculating, "Pretty fine eh, pretty fine eh what?" To which I enthusiastically replied, "yes, indeed they are mighty fine and some sport it would be to try to land some of those fellows."

"Oh, they come from all over the continent to try for these fellows," said the trout, "and I've got some great specimens over here at the Quinco Forest too—pickereel, pike, trout, white fish, bass, and sturgeon, but they're not as well trained as these are. They don't need to be, for the reserve is practically a primeval forest, 2000 miles in extent and its lakes,

# KNOWLING'S GROCERY STORES.

IF YOU ARE

## Spring Cleaning

it will pay you to visit our Stores, either Duckworth St., West End or Central. We can sell you

SOAP—Good household, in 1 lb. bars, 10c. bar only

WASHING SODA—Best English, 55c. stone, 5c. lb.

PREPARED WAX—"Cero" brand for floors, furniture, &c., 1 lb. tins, 60c. tin only

FLOOR POLISH—Property's, for linoleums, &c., 32c. tin

BRASSO—The leading English Metal Polish, 25c. tin

SILVO—The liquid polish for silver, 22c. tin

BLACKLEAD—Rising Sun, 6 oz. cakes, 10c.; 3 oz., 6c.; 1½ oz., 4c. cake

BON AMI—Cleanser, does not scratch, 15c.

CHLORIDE LIME—In tins, 13c. tin

DUSTBANE—Large tins, 45c. each

FURNITURE CREAM—Property's, 34c. btl.

FLASH—The hand cleanser, 18c. tin

VIM—The Sunlight Co's. Cleanser, 12c. tin

SOAP—Monkey Brand, 13c. pkg.

BROOMS—No. 1, 70c.; No. 2, 75c.

STARCH—Colman's Cream, for curtains, &c., 17c. and 30c. pkt.

BLUE—Colman's Azure, 42c. pkt. of 32½ oz. squares

**G. KNOWLING, Limited.**  
may 9, 21, tu, th

## Fishing Property for Sale.

Fishing Station, Cape Charles, Labrador, comprising the following:—

- 1 DWELLING, 2 storey, 31 x 16 x 15.
- 1 STORE, 35 x 26 x 14.
- 1 SMALL HOUSE, 20 x 10 x 8.
- 1 STORE, 25 x 14 ft.
- 1 STORE, 37 x 19 x 15.
- 1 STAGE.
- 1 WHARF, 60 ft. long, 30 ft. wide.

Full particulars on application to

**Bowring Brothers, Limited**  
may 9, 31, eod

## Ranger Arrives.

MAILS FOR 4000 OLD.

S. S. Ranger, Capt. Wes Kean, arrived in port at 1.30 a. m. to-day halting for 4000 old seals. The Ranger left here several weeks ago with a crew of about 60 men on a second trip to the icefields, but owing to weather and ice conditions being unsatisfactory a good trip could not be secured. Capt. Kean reports seeing lots of old seals at times, but as stated, conditions were against the men getting to them. The ship is discharging at Bowring's premises and will finish tomorrow.

## Express Passengers.

The following first class passengers arrived by the Kyle at Port aux Basques and are on the incoming express:—Mrs. S. Taylor, Mrs. W. Kopp, D. Pelley, C. Teesler, A. J. Erikson, T. J. Scott, M. S. and Mrs. Sullivan, E. Fowler, N. Stule, E. J. Russell, W. J. Ellis, S. S. Wetmore, C. F. Campbell, J. P. Blackwood, S. J. Poote, J. B. Orr, M. Hayse, A. and Mrs. Spracklin, C. F. Grieshaber.

Stafford's Phoratoone will cure Coughs and Colds, For sale everywhere.—mar 2, t

## Rust has a hungry Mouth

How Much Are You Paying in Feed Bills?

METAL Sidings, Flashings and Gutters were cut! Corrosion attacks new and old metal alike, and it's only a matter of time before patching and solder can't overcome or stay the trouble.

## ASBESTOLINE

protects—7 to 10 years—Apply it on the new, they stay new. Treat the old and they last years longer.

A few gallons and a brush will work wonders in money-saving, offset rust destruction, and ease your mind and the wearing of your purse strings.

Come in and talk it over.

**FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, Ltd.**  
St. John's, Nfld.

and streams are as yet unfinished. Only the real "gray hearts" venture into the cool, solitary depths led by that sturdy soul Adventure. It's a beautiful spot. How would you like to go over and have a look around?"

"How far away is it and how are we going to get there?" I asked. "Oh, don't worry about that. It's just 175 miles west of here. Jump on my back and we'll be there in a jiffy."

He was a mighty big trout sure enough but I was no featherweight, and it seemed a bit risky, although the big fellows intentions seemed to be of the best. While these thoughts were running through my head he eyed me curiously, then laughed. "Come on be a sport. Pull off a piece of that vine for reins; it will give you something to hold on to and then we'll be off."

I slipped the vine in the trout's mouth, gripped the ends of it and jumped on his back and the next minute found myself floating over the tree-tops on the trout's back. We had not been gone long when we came to a little lake and here the trout took a deep dip downward and I began to think it a fine joke on me if the trout decided to do any deep diving. However he just skimmed over the surface and landed on the shore without the slightest jolt. "This is Lake Eya in the heart of the Quetico Forest," said the trout and we might as well have the performance here as anywhere. He leapt into the center of the lake, stood up on his tail and called pike, pickerel, bass, hake, fish, trout and sturgeon, each in turn and put them through their stunts. I never saw so many fish at once in my life.

There were hundreds of each kind and they filled the entire lake, flashing and flaming in the sunlight as they went through their manoeuvres. When the stunts were over the big fellow said, "Suppose you poke around through the woods for an hour while I go for a swim. I get a bit fagged when out of the water too long. Good-bye! Meet you in an hour on this rock," and he was gone.

When he returned, he suggested we take a trip to Minaki. "Now where the deuce is Minaki?" I asked.

"Oh, I forgot, you really don't know all the haunts of the fishy tribes, do you? Minaki is about one hundred and fifty miles north of here lying between Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg and I have sturgeon up there weighing 138 pounds while all the lakes and streams team with smaller fry."

So, in a few minutes I was again on the trout's back sailing northward to the Minaki, meaning in Indian, "The Beautiful Country." We stopped on the shore of Loneman's Lake and there the flying trout called up hundreds of the lordly sturgeon who did some clever acrobatic stunts for us, such as balancing stones on their noses, turning double somersaults in the air, jumping over low hanging bows of trees or hanging to them by their tails, and swimming in various formations.

By this time, Saturn, the prince of the fishy tribes, had completely won my friendship and when he suggested that we visit Timagimi Forest Reserve I jumped on his back without the slightest hesitation. I had grown very fond of sailing over the tree-tops with the wind in my face and my friend the trout was a most entertaining companion. So we visited the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay, Lake Nipissing and the French River District where pickerel pike scales at fifteen pounds and Muskie-nones range from fifteen to thirty pounds. Severn River and Sparrow Lake, the Maganetawan River and the Rideau Lakes and were given a performance by the fish of each district.

While with great delight, I watched the bass of the Rideau Lakes do a sort of gavotte on Loon Lake, a terrific storm burst and every fish disappeared beneath the surface of the water, even my friend the great trout, and left me alone in the drenching rain. However, just at that point I awoke to find myself not by the shore of Loon Lake but in my own bedroom. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain was beating in my open window in torrents, but I was by no means drenched. I got up, closed the window and tried to decide of all the places I had visited with the great flying trout, in my dream, which I could make my rendezvous during my next fishing expedition.

## A Readymade Family.

A tall, solemn-looking young man entered a restaurant with a mild, apologetic air, and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude: He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful.

Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom looking woman, with seven small children, entered the place.

The head-waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the mother, who clucked to the children, and a moment later they were all around that one table. The young man's face was a serial story. Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly, and seated themselves. "He doesn't look it, does he?" queried an old, pleasant-faced lady, in an audible whisper.

"She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a young girl at the next table.

# Notice With Care

Our List of Values This Week

Kindly Remember

**W. R. GOOBIE**  
Is Just Opp. Post Office

## Pink Corsets.

Not only fine in appearance but fashionable new-models.  
\$1.59 per pair

## Slip-Over Nightgowns.

Lace trimmed yokes, with ribbon. Bargain  
\$1.25

## White Enamel Paint.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction.  
Our price 23c. per tin

## Cups & Saucers.

Flaring shape with rose pattern.  
Our price 19c.

## Children's Brown Stockings.

Can be worn with any color dress.  
From 19c. to 38c. pr.

## Ends of Curtain Scrim.

Assorted lengths; we do not guarantee the pieces.  
From 48c. per piece up

## Wood Pipes.

Not briar at this price, but good value.  
25c. each

## Fleeced Singlets.

Men's good heavy fleeced Singlets & Pants, 82c. each

## Stove Brushes.

A good assortment to select from. Our prices, 25c., 27c. each

## Scrub Brushes.

Solid hardwood handles. Our prices, 10, 15, 18, 20, 25c. ea.

## Tooth Brushes.

We carry a full line of best White Bristle Brushes. Get one for the children and take care of their teeth.  
15c., 25c. each

## Shoe Brushes.

The Regulation, with dauber tip. Brushes that will last and give you good service. 20c. each

## Aluminium Mugs.

Satin finished; needed in every kitchen.  
Our price 15c. each

## Enamelled Tea Kettles.

The constant simmering on the stove demand a kettle of extra quality enamel.  
Our special price 69c.

## Puritan Metal Polish.

It is the safest polish you can use. Economical and satisfactory. Money back if you want it. . . . 33c. per tin

## Christy's Shampoo.

It is a vegetable oil, will keep the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. Regular price 50c. Our price 38c.

## Christy's Stain Remover.

If you have iron rust or ink spots in your washable cloth, this is a guaranteed remover of same. . . . 19c. per tin

## Mouse Traps.

Lightning Mouse Traps. When caught in the trap they never get away. . . . 2 for 1

## Herb Toilet Soap.

The healthy condition of the skin depends on the choice of the right Soap. . . . 17c. per cake

## Bottle Cleaners.

With good stiff brushes. Our price 7c. each

## White Flannelies.

Good lengths and rags in this lot, 80c. lb.

## Blanket Ends.

In Dark and Fawn assorted sizes. You can get a full size blanket in this lot as low as 85c.

## Apron Gingham.

Most satisfactory for making Children's Aprons, Misses' pinafores and aprons. . . . 19c. yd.

## Enamel Chambers.

In Blue and White, neater appearance than Porcelain. Our price 75c.

## Roller Linen.

This Roller Linen is always needed in the kitchen; will save good towels.  
Our price 12c. yd.

## Peroxide.

This is "Daxol" Peroxide similar to what is used in the American hospitals. Our price 10, 15, 20c. bottle

## Potato Masher.

Made from very heavy wire with strong wooden handle. Our price 15c. ea.

## Clothes Pins.

Get in a good stock of this necessary article. Our price 3 doz. for 10c.

## Shipping Notes.

Schr. A. B. Bartlett sailing for Sydney where he will be for this port.

S. S. Oxonian will leave to resume her voyage next week. The cattle cargo loaded to-day.

S. S. Rosalind leaves for port, and is due here next.