

## Notes from Salmonier.

A few items about our little doings in Salmonier may find space in your daily paper. The fishery, notwithstanding its discouragement this spring, has started with an active and hopeful prospect. Capt. Mike and Will MacDonald, as well as Capt. Fowler, have returned from the grounds with bumper crops. We hope that kind Providence will mete out to all engaged in this precarious, but staple industry a bountiful supply during the coming season.

An event occurred a few weeks ago which has cast a shadow of sadness over the settlement. Two young men, Val Daly and Edward Marry, fishermen with Capt. Mike MacDonald, left the schooner to haul their trawls and failed to get back. Doubt and uncertainty as to what happened them are held by the crew, but the day being thick with heavy fog, they may have got astray and will probably be heard from later. If not, we must willingly submit to the One Great Will. To the friends of these poor boys, as well as to the captain, we offer our sympathy, and trust their suspense will be raised with timely news of their safety.

During the second week in May, our people received a great spiritual treat, thanks to our good Pastor, Rev. J. Enright, who through his zeal and earnestness had arranged for a mission by the Redemptorist Fathers. The Retreat was given at St. Joseph's and Mount Carmel Churches, every member of the parish and many from nearby settlements availed of the great privileges granted to them. This first and fruitful Holy Mission of two weeks, ended with the erection and blessing of a Mission Cross at both places.

The teachers and pupils of the various schools are working hard, preparatory to the C.H.E. Examinations to be held a week hence. May their hard work and hopes be crowned with success.

The summer with the bright sunshine and cool breezes is tempting the tourist and pleasure seeker from the busy city to the enjoyment of a holiday at Riverside Hotel. The bracing air and the restful quiet of the place, not to speak of the cuisine of the house, are most invigorating and recuperating.

-COR.

## Coffee Called Syrup of Soot.

The antagonism with which coffee was received, when it was introduced into England, two hundred and seventy years ago, was not without humor. It was said that it caused impotence, resulting not only in a decrease in the size of families, but that it was likely to make the offspring of our mighty ancestors dwindle to a succession of apes and pygmies. In a biography of John Evelyn it is told how fun was poked at the new craze. It was declared that if you drank the dreadful black broth of "kaufi or coffee," you might just as well proceed to the consumption of spiders, syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes. The first denunciation of coffee to arrive in England was sent by a traveller to Constance, who described how the people "drank a drink called coffee, as they say they can suffer it, black as pitch, and tasting not much unlike it." The popularity of coffee grew. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, is said to have been the first coffee-drinker in England, and its introduction decreased drunkenness in London. To quote a chronicler of the times: "The coffee drink has caused a great sobriety among all nations. Formerly apprentices, clerks, etc., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer or wine, which made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellow in this wakeful and civil drink."

A poor piece of meat or one that is nearly all fat or bone may be more than half waste.

## IN BED EIGHT MONTHS

Cause—Change of Life. How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Got Me Up

Afton, Tenn.—"I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. During the Change of Life I was in bed for eight months and had two good doctors treating me but they did me no good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did and a short time felt better. I had all kinds of bad spells, but they all left me. Now when I feel weak and nervous I take the Vegetable Compound and it always does me good. I wish all women would try it during the Change of Life for I know it will do them good."—Mrs. A. K. Kuzman, Afton, Tennessee.

Women from forty-five to fifty years of age should take warning from such symptoms as heat flashes, palpitation of the heart, smothering or fainting spells, or spots before the eyes, and prepare their system for this perfectly natural change by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has helped many, many women through this trying period, just as it did Mrs. Kuzman.

Ward's Liniment used by Physicians

## THE "KEARNEY FIRST" EXPRESS.

Latest News of New Goods from the Foremost Man's Store.

## Welcome Home!

Hello, everybody! I'm back from the best trip I ever made. Feel good? Well, I say if there's anything that makes a man feel good it is the kind that comes from having "gone one better than anyone else"—and that's what I've done. Made some of the biggest, quickest, keenest buys of my life. Yes, I caught the market at the right time, on the turn, and now goods are going up again—and here I am with the snappiest, crinkliest line of dressy masculine novelties that ever saw the sunlight—and all in before the new duty surtax. Well, I should say I do feel good!

## Some Good Things I Cornered in America at a Low Price for Ready Cash.

Announcing America's Best-Wearing, Best-Looking Line of Laundered Collars—



Earl & Wilson's  
Novelty Line  
for Summer.



SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY ME IN NFLD. The lowest price for the quality sold anywhere.

35c each  
3 for \$1.00  
27 New Styles

The Lowest Prices that ever struck town since '14 in

## Gorgeously Patterned NECKWEAR

Over 500 dozen fresh from the designers, just being sported on Broadway. Tain't no use, we can't do it justice in mere words. You'll have to come and feast your eyes on them yourself at

75c, \$1.00  
\$1.25, \$1.50  
\$2.00

ALL NEW GOODS AT NEW PRICES—  
and more to come. Watch for me.



*Kearney's*

## Alaska's Reindeer Queen

In the year 1893 Mary Antisarlok, half Russian and half Eskimo, was a pretty, round-faced, bright-eyed, sleek-haired young woman, and a newly-married bride. The United States Government had just decided to import reindeer from Siberia to Alaska and had sent Lieutenant Berthoff, in the revenue cutter Bear, to negotiate the purchase. He needed an interpreter, speaking Russian and Eskimo, and Mary was engaged.

She was glad of the opportunity, but unwilling to leave her husband; so he was engaged, too, as a sort of odd job man aboard; but Mary was the recognized head of the Antisarlok firm. She made herself intelligently and successfully useful among the natives with whom it was necessary to deal, and on returning to Alaska she was well paid with a goodly number of reindeer.

These animals were the origin of a herd that flourished and increased amazingly and became, indeed, several herds. Mary is now raiser enough to supply thousands of consumers; and reindeer meat is tender, palatable and delicious, so much so that, but for the difficulties of transportation, it would probably become a staple food throughout the country. Mary is a rich woman, but she lives simply in a cluster of cabins perched upon a rocky promon-

tory thrusting seaward, fringed with ever-beating surf.

It is known that, although open-handed and free, Mary is a shrewd bargainer and possesses remarkable commercial sagacity. Few traders, if any, have been able to get the advantage of her in a business deal.

## Family of Neglected Waifs.

Toward the hungry, the helpless and little children her tenderness is unflinching and her bounty lavish. She has no children of her own, but she has adopted a numerous family—not a pretty baby or two, carefully selected for health and charm and promise, but such forlorn, abandoned and neglected waifs and strays as came under her notice in a remote and lawless

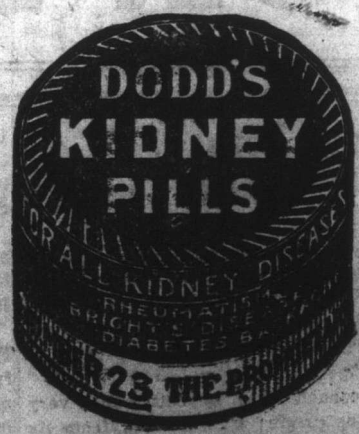
zone. There are all races and colors, declares her biographer, Nono Marquis Snyder, but Mary is mercifully color blind!

One deed of generosity, dating back to the earlier years of her prosperity, will never be forgotten in Alaska.

In 1898, only five years after the founding of her herd of reindeer, word came that more than 400 whalers and been caught in the ice packs of Point Barrow and were slowly freezing and starving. They were 500 miles away from Mary Antisarlok's snow-covered cabin, they were many more miles distant—and miles of the northern wilderness, icy, rocky, storm-swept and terrible—from sources of civilized supply.

Quite simply and as a matter of course, Mary, reserving only a few head for domestic necessity, started her whole herd of reindeer northward to the rescue. She received no personal appeal, asked no advice, awaited no instructions, made neither bargain nor effort to protect her interests. She saw her chance for first aid, and gave it, instantly and wholeheartedly.

Later the government replaced the sacrificed deer with interest and gave her the thanks she deserved. But since that day it is for more than her business ability that the reindeer queen is respected throughout Alaska.



MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES DISTEMPERS

## Piety and Pandemonium

TOO MANY RELIGIONS RUIN A HAPPY HOME.

Alleging that his wife's constant changes of religion had "made a pandemonium of my happy home" and ruined his nervous system and his business, Mr. Charles Macdonough, a silk salesman, is petitioning the New Jersey courts to dissolve his marriage.

Mr. Macdonough told the court he had done his best to please his spouse, but that her religious activities had been too much for him.

They both started married life as Episcopallians (says the Daily Mail). He followed her faithfully in her progress from the Episcopallians to the Economites, and thence to the Mesmerists, Mind-readers, and Spiritualists. Faint, but plucky, he then went through the maze of Theosophy and Christian Science.

There was nothing in our home but oceans of talk on theories and dogma. My wife argued all day and most of the night," he told the court. Then came New Thought, followed by the creed of the Angel Dancers. By this time Mr. Macdonough was hopelessly outdistanced and mentally staggering, while, according to his story, his wife harassed him unceasingly.

The break came when Mrs. Macdonough, discovering flaws in the creed

## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ISN'T IT INCOMPREHENSIBLE.



The other evening I saw an unusual thing—a moving picture which did not end happily.

The hero of the story, a young lumberman, in every way likeable, is in love with a pretty little country girl. He "wins" her promise to, at least, try and love him and then goes off to his lumbering. Comes a young city chauffeur to the country to fish, and falls in love with the girl. She struggles against responding but cannot help it. He is not a villain but a decent young chap. The lumberman hears of their affair and instead of fighting the city chap, as his lumberman mate expects him to, gives the girl up because he sees that she really cares, and then goes off in the forest by himself and gives himself up to an abandonment of grief pitiful to witness.

## One Cannot Help Pitying.

His mates call him a coward and are about to drive him out of camp when he proves that he is the opposite. The girl starts out in a canoe and finds to her horror that her paddle has been left ashore. She is borne toward the rapids and flung on a rock in the middle of them; her city lover can do nothing, but the lumberman saves her by one of those superhuman (but not supermovie!) feats of daring. Then he carries her to her city lover and gives her back. She is grateful, of course, but she loves the city man and stays with him. The final fade-out of the hero shows him standing by the rapids from which he had just

rescued the girl, evidently struggling with the wish to throw himself back into them. The captions indicate that he conquers himself in the struggle, but one cannot help aching with pity for him.

## But Why Must He Feel That Way?

And then, even as I pitted him there, swept over me the strangeness of it all. I don't mean the strangeness of these pictures of something that never happened and our breathless absorption in them—though that is surely a marvel and deserves a chapter of its own. But the strangeness of the thing pictured, and all that it stands for. Here is this man, young, strong, healthy, with the world before him and some millions, or is it billions, of other women in it, and yet just because he cannot have this one, it seems to him that there is nothing in the world worth while.

How does he get that way? I don't mean that cynically as one who stands aside and watches the experiences of the rest of the world without sharing them.

I just mean how do we all get that way? How is it to be explained? The physical does not explain it for the physical can find itself another mate easily enough.

## You Can't Explain It.

Nor do any qualities possessed by the individual explain it. And whenever a lover wears his heart out for the love of some man or woman there are always plenty of others just as desirable, so far as the rest of the world can see, whom he or she might turn to.

Because it is the way of the world we take it for granted that it shall be so—but if you try to explain or analyze it, isn't it really one of the most extraordinary, inexplicable things in the world?

## Wasn't Having Any.

A very rich man has a beautiful daughter. A young fellow, with no resources but his salary, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once told him that he had hardly enough money to keep himself decently clothed.

"Well, sir, what you say is true; but when you married you were struggling along with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the other, who thought he had made a good defence.

But not so. The crafty old money-bags thundered forth:

"I lived on my father-in-law for the first ten years, but I'll be hanged if you are going to do it."

HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, CATARRH & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

All surrendered their terrible effects upon the human bodies of no less than 10,000 Canadians, by use of Buckley's 2 Bottle Treatment. Don't suffer one minute longer. Send to-day for trial size, 10c.

W. K. BUCKLEY, Mfg. Chemist, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Ont.

## Gloving the Tongue.

A glove for the tongue has been patented by an inventor of Indiana. It is called a "tongue shield," and is designed to enable the wearer to escape the unpleasantness of castor oil or other bad tasting medicines. The contrivance might be said to have the shape of a miniature slipper without any heel portion, but when placed over the tongue is inverted. The tongue is inserted into the "heel" part and the back part of the "sole" extends over the top of the tongue toward the throat. The device is made of thin rubber, so as to be liquid proof, and is so constructed as to fit the tongue snugly without discomfort. When medicine is taken it passes into the throat without affecting the sense of taste, so that all unpleasantness is obviated.

The two biggest smiles in my family are Sister's when her beau calls, and mine when Ma says, "Bobby here's

"Bobby here's

POST TOASTIES for you Best Corn Flakes

