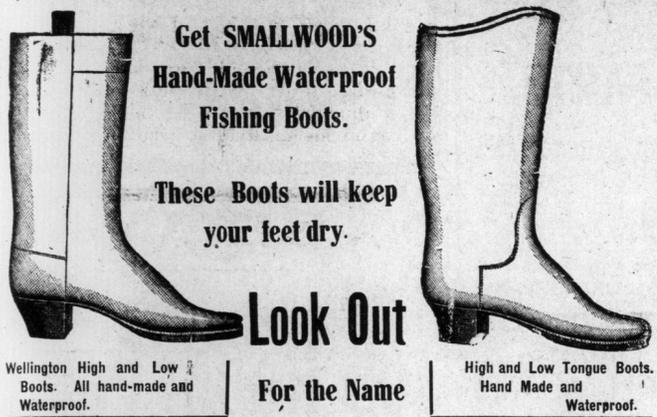


# FISHERMEN! Beware of Imitations !!



**Fred Smallwood**  
(On the Heel Plate.)



FISHERMEN! All our Hand-Made Waterproof  
Boots have this Heel Plate. None genuine without it.

**F. Smallwood,**  
The Home of Good Shoes.

### Small, But Solid.

Editor Evening Telegram,  
Dear Sir.—Please allow me space in  
your columns for a few remarks con-  
cerning the Fishermen's Union at this  
place.

Our Branch is only small, but it is  
a solid one and that we will prove  
when we get an opportunity.

I saw where some of the papers  
were slandering Mr. Coaker, trying,  
no doubt, to poison the people's minds  
against the Union, but let them talk  
on. Nothing they will, or can, say  
about the Union or its President, will  
have any effect on us. So go ahead,  
Mr. Coaker, we are at your back  
everytime, waiting for you to call up  
on us and when you do you will find  
us standing shoulder to shoulder,  
ready to fight to the end, come what  
may. And now wishing the F. P. U.

God speed, and thanking you for  
space,  
I remain,  
A TRUE UNIONIST,  
Fleur de Lys, St. Barbe.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
I was very sick with Quinsy and  
thought I would strangle. I used  
MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured  
me at once.

I am never without it now.  
Yours gratefully,  
MRS. C. D. PRINCE.  
Nauwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

"Stallford's Liniment" is the strong-  
est and most penetrating Liniment for  
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, etc.  
apr27,t

### F. P. U.

WHAT CARMANVILLE SAYS.

Editor Evening Telegram.  
Dear Sir.—Will you kindly allow  
me space in the columns of your  
valuable paper for a few remarks. As  
there seems to be a fierce battle rag-  
ing against the F. P. U. and its noble  
President we avail of the opportunity  
of letting the Government know that  
we are the salt of Newfoundland, and  
those of us who are in Foggo District  
are determined to vote for our noble  
President, W. F. Coaker, at the next  
elections, for he has exposed more of  
the wrong-doings of the Government  
than any other man in the Colony. W.  
F. Coaker is the man we have been  
so long looking for and we pledge our-  
selves to stand by him no matter what  
stands in the way. An unkind word  
to Coaker is an unkind word to us,  
and when you strike Coaker you  
strike over 100 (one hundred) mem-  
bers of the F. P. U. in Carmanville.  
Mr. Editor, let the present Govern-  
ment send their best man to Foggo  
District at the next elections to op-  
pose Coaker and let his lectures be  
silver and his promises gold we will  
throw them to the four winds.

The present Government was going  
to give us a free breakfast table by  
taking duty off sugar, etc., etc., but  
we find sugar to-day dearer than ever  
and instead of our burdens lighter  
they are heavier than they were four  
years ago. We are anxious to mark  
our X opposite our leader's name.

Wishing your paper every success  
and thanking you in anticipation,  
Signed on behalf of Carmanville Lo-  
cal Council of F. P. U.,  
KENNETH HICKS, Chairman.  
KENNETH PENNELL, Secretary.  
Carmanville, April 20th, 1912.

We are in receipt of a letter from  
Change Islands, signed by Fred Par-  
sons, Chairman, and Lewis Watton,  
Secretary; and also of a letter from  
Salvage signed by the Chairman,  
Thomas Brown, and the Secretary,  
Charles B. Brown. Both letters

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER-  
MAN'S FRIEND.

## OPENING BARGAINS

AT  
**COLLINS'**

NOVELTY NECKWEAR, in the Very  
Latest Styles, Side Jabots, Lace Collars,  
Washing Collars and Coat Sets.

Manufacturers' Samples of Ladies'  
Embroidered Linen Waists, no two  
alike, worth \$1.70 to \$2.50, Sample  
Price \$1.20 to \$1.50.

Children's American Fancy Bonnets, worth  
\$1.00 each; COLLINS' Price 50 cents.

P. F. Collins, 299, 301 Water St.,  
Next to Lash's.

strongly denounce the attacks of the  
Government press on the President of  
the Fisherman's Union and pledge the  
Union men to stand by the President  
and the Union candidates.

### The Dream.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—My duties as Travelling  
Agent for the \_\_\_\_\_ Co. again  
brings me to the hospitable shore of  
good old Newfoundland, and during  
my visit to \_\_\_\_\_ I had the  
pleasure of becoming acquainted with  
Uncle Joe \_\_\_\_\_, a splendid spec-  
imen of the fast dying out class of  
"Vikings" to whom the mountain-  
ous waves are but a cradle, and the  
howling storm a lullaby.

During the course of a most inter-  
esting conversation I had with him,  
in which he carried me in imagina-  
tion from the "Polar ice" chasing the  
musk ox, the white bear and the  
walrus, to the tropical scenes of the  
"Essequibo River" with its mos-  
quitoes, snakes, etc., covering between  
whites the intervening lands of Can-  
ada, United States, and the West In-  
dies.

After relating many thrilling epis-  
odes and half breadth escapes from  
danger and death, afloat and ashore,  
he suddenly broke out with: "Do ye  
know, Mister P., that Wednes-  
day night last I had a most remark-  
able experience. I slept soundly, and  
like Pharaoh of old, I dreamed a  
dream. Methought that in the spirit  
I was crossing the trackless deep,  
when suddenly I came to a large Is-  
land with many rivers issuing from  
it to the sea, and deep green woods  
with trees of many kinds therein, and  
wild deer and other animals and  
birds in great numbers, and all seem-  
ing very tame and gentle.

Scated on a rocky point that gutted  
a distance into the green waves that  
laved the shores of the Isle was seat-  
ed a most lovely maiden, engaged in  
the fascinating pursuit of fishing, and  
quite an expert she was, too, in the  
art, as whilst I was watching, she  
caught many fish and with little ap-  
parent effort, throwing them behind  
her as she caught them, and meth-  
ought shadowy figures gathered  
them up, and putting them through  
various processes, piled them in great  
heaps, and shadowy ships from many  
nations came and bought them, some  
leaving huge sums in gold as pay-  
ment, others, cargoes of various mer-  
chandise, and all seemed to be in  
harmony and peace, especially "the  
lone maiden."

Although I was now whirled off to  
other and more distant scenes, and  
years intervened before I again in the  
spirit visited the Island of the "Lon-  
ely Maiden." Many and great changes  
had taken place in the interval of my  
absence. There are now many fish-  
ers all around the coasts of the Isle  
and the "maiden" no longer indulged  
in the piscatorial art but sat in state  
in a large palace surrounded by  
sycophants and flatterers, who had  
already by their fulsome arts chang-  
ed the maiden's nature, and also as I  
saw in the spirit the nature of the  
birds, animals, fishes, and every liv-  
ing thing within or about the com-  
pass of the Isle was changed, all  
were now wild, intractable, timid, un-  
approachable, hard to capture, and  
to hold, but the gold in the Treasury  
had greatly increased.

I watched a while the antics of the  
creatures who now surrounded the  
no longer "lone" but proud maiden  
and saw that she listened to their flat-  
teries and their mean beseechings  
some begging for grants of land to  
search for minerals, others, for large  
tracts of woodland, to all she gave a  
gracious but alas! too willing an as-  
sent.

Amongst the many I noticed a  
group that appeared to be weighed  
down with matters of grave import,  
and who approached the "Proud  
Maiden" in a body, putting forward  
one of their number to express their  
wishes. The chosen one was tall,  
with a rather large head, dark,  
straight locks of hair rose from a  
rather low overhanging brow, above  
a big blunt nose, a coarse mouth par-

tially hidden by a long drooping  
moustache and a receding chin. This  
face was lit up by a pair of fierce  
fleshy looking eyes, the expression of  
which if 'twere possible to send down  
to the crannies of the rocks on ocean's  
bottom would scare the lobsters out  
of their mally jackets, in much quick-  
er time than is generally done at cer-  
tain seasons of the year devoted to  
that operation. Whatever request he  
had presented to the Proud Maiden  
had evidently been favourably dealt  
with, as when his audience ended he  
was almost overwhelmed by the con-  
gratulations and back slapping of his  
supporters.

At this moment I was again in the  
spirit carried away to distant lands,  
and 'twas years after ere I again vis-  
ited the Isle. When that time arrived  
oh! how great the change and lam-  
entable. The "Lonely" Maiden,  
proud no longer, sat with dishevelled  
hair in an empty palace. Its treasury  
now was bare of gold, her once beau-  
tiful Isle now little better than a  
bare rock, its green woods swept  
away, its streams devoid of fish life,  
its countless herds of animals now  
represented by but a few scattered  
remnants of their kind, and in its  
place, What? The snow and ice lay  
many feet thick over the desolate face  
of the Isle, a narrow circuitous track  
of steel with many octopus like arms  
stretch its sinuous course from East  
to West—appearing here and there  
from out the snow a few smoking en-  
gines vainly endeavouring to crawl  
along the line which snake like crept  
around every trifling eminence met  
with, that it was possible to avoid. In  
spirit I visited the various settle-  
ments drained by this "monster" and  
heard nought but complaining and  
weep curses invoked on the heads of  
"the Powers that ruled their yet idol-  
ized Island. In spirit I visited the  
"Capitol, and lo! the saturn vis-  
aged creature I had seen put for-  
ward to beg favors from the "Lonely  
Maiden" was no longer a servant, but  
ruled with a rod of iron the whole fair  
Isle. No longer was Wisdom seated  
at the Council Board, but folly, ex-  
travagance and grab reigned supreme.  
Amongst the many faces I beheld one  
big, fat, richly clad being who with a  
flourid face, in loud tones de-  
manded of the Evil visaged Ruler,  
what are you doing in the matter of  
my desire of seeing this Lone Maid-  
en wedded to my eldest son. The  
evil-eyed ruler with a diabolical  
smile, replied. She is most obdur-  
ate, stubborn as the rock-bound  
coast of this her stronghold, your  
greatest and richest offers she has re-  
fused with scorn, I have tried by rob-  
bing her of her most cherished pos-  
sessions to bring her to view your  
son's wooing with complaisance, but  
in vain; I am now going to play my  
"last card to ruin and beggar her, if  
your son then comes to her rescue,  
gratitude may compel her acceptance  
of his suit, falling that, I submit that  
only force can avail, and that must  
be exercised.

Flying in spirit to the emptied pal-  
ace I was troubled much to find the  
poor Maiden gazing with wondering  
eyes at the very legend which had  
so troubled my waking hours. "Tory  
times are hard times." Alas! she  
cried, with Wisdom banished from  
our Councils, recklessness at the  
helm of state, and waste, extrava-  
gance and junketings the order of the  
day, who can rescue me from this  
"thralldom. In spirit I bade her look  
to the North, and lo! a star, brilliant  
and clear shone out in brightest rad-  
iance, an one of its bright beams were  
jencilled in letters of shining gold,  
this legend: Fear not, sweet Maid,  
thy thralldom is nearly ended, the  
aftermath of thy sorrow shall yield  
a glad harvest of rich blessing, and  
none shall force thee to forsake the  
paths chosen for thy happiness, fair  
"Maid of the Mist," till by thine own  
clearly expressed wish thou becomest  
consort of another, none shall ever  
force thy desire, a little while yet  
must thou endure, then shall dawn on  
thee and thy fair Isle an era of ever-  
lasting peace.

I now awoke, Mister P., said  
my friend Uncle Joe \_\_\_\_\_, and  
I tell you that between the vision and  
the dream I am almost demoted.

I don't wonder, I answered, I don't  
indeed. You are going off by the  
train now due, Mr. P., or I  
would relate Molly Griffin's interpre-  
tation. Molly is an old Irish lady,  
from Wexford, but now fully 73  
years resident in our Island, but I  
will tell you about it if you return  
this way.

I assured him that if possible I  
would do so; bade him good bye and  
entered the carriage bound east. If  
I do return I'll write you Molly's in-  
terpretation.

Yours truly,  
WANDERER.

Some women are so critical that  
they even test a compliment to see  
whether it could possibly fit anybody  
else.

strongly denounce the attacks of the  
Government press on the President of  
the Fisherman's Union and pledge the  
Union men to stand by the President  
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## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**

**Economizes Butter, Flour,  
Eggs; makes the food more  
appetizing and wholesome**

**The only Baking Powder made  
from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar**

## VOX POPULI.

By WALT MASON.

When I'm triumphant at the polls and my majority uprolls, I know the  
people rule; the people, in whom virtue lies, the high souled people, who  
despise corruption's noisome pool. When I have beaten t'other crowd, the  
people's voice is ringing loud, the voice that nobly dares; I am their em-  
blem and their sign, their voice is just the same as mine, my voice the  
same as theirs'. But when I get it in the neck, and leave the polls a di-  
mal wreck, vox populi is still; the cohorts of the money kings have form-  
ed conspiracies and rings to thwart the people's will. Oh voters who for  
pure things yearn, say, will you never, never learn to vote for none but  
me? When I'm defeated Freedom groans, and Virtue weeps o'er mouldy  
bones, Vice wins the victory. I am alone the People's Voice, and when  
I win the stars rejoice, and all the spheres are glad; but when I lose  
our sacred Vox is like a ship cast on  
the rocks, and righteousness is sad.

Copyright, 1911, by  
George Matthews Adams *Walt Mason*

## Gelatine!

NELSON'S,  
COX'S.

"Pure Gold" Quick  
Kellogg's Vegetable.

The absolute purity of these  
brands mark them as standard  
products of world-wide fame.  
They never disappoint—folks  
get what they expect when  
either of these brands are used.

**C. P. EAGAN,**  
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

## Advertising Our Advertisers.

THE BEGINNING OF MAY IS THE  
GREAT BUYING SEASON FOR  
ALL MEN.

Custom, which is responsible for  
Kings and Presidents, is also respon-  
sible for coats and pants. Style may  
dictate the cut and pattern, but cus-  
tom orders the thing itself.

And Custom in the solemn tense  
has issued this edict in no uncertain  
tones:  
Thou shalt not wear thy winter  
suit nor thy winter overcoat; neither  
shalt thou wear thy heavy shoes nor  
thy battered hat after the first of  
May.

Every man instinctively knows this  
edict, and every man obeys it if he  
can. For a man to wear his winter  
clothes up to the first of May is mere-  
ly a measure of his carelessness;  
after the first of May it is a measure  
of his pocketbook.

Wherefore every store that deals  
with men will be crowded to its full  
capacity now. And every store that  
deals rightly with men will have its  
advertising news in this paper for you  
to read to-day.

No shrewd merchant is going to  
overlook the tremendous buying ca-  
pacity of all the readers of this paper.  
Therefore you may be sure that all  
the merchants who value your trade  
are represented here.

This advertising news which ap-  
pears to-day will save you many a  
dollar and many a weary step. For  
the best merchants are always the  
ones who advertise and the best mer-  
chants always advertise their best.

If it is style you are looking for,  
you will find it here. If it is price  
that interests you most, these columns  
will give you a list of all the good  
values to be had.

This is your paper. You may de-  
pend upon it, not only for general  
news but for advertising news as  
well.

So study every page of this adver-  
tising carefully. Read the little ads  
as well as the big ones. Very often  
the small store may have the very  
things you are looking for. Read the  
big ads with equal care. For these  
big merchants are trying to do big  
things in a big way.

Advertising has long since ceased  
to be in the catch-penny class of  
former years. To-day it is the most  
carefully studied, carefully written  
matter that appears. It is created  
solely to give you greater service,  
and it gives you greater service by  
creating greater volume for itself.

Turn to this advertising news with  
new eyes. Spend your money through  
these columns and you will be saving  
money as well.

TRY THE  
SUNLIGHT  
WAY

and I caught hold of  
us number of still  
her, and my mouth  
have the terrible pain  
now and then that I  
te, I must have floated  
hours, because it was  
was far from the boats  
went came out and pick-  
member being carried  
pathia, but when I  
ther was leaning over  
ather? I asked, but she  
I remained until the  
d tried to be a man, I  
the Carpathia knew any-  
her. I wanted to stay  
the end, but could not."  
y rescued from the Ti-  
William T. Carter, ten  
se father, mother and  
o saved. Their home is  
and there the little  
story of the wreck:  
se me up just after it  
came to me just as I  
and told me there had  
nt. She told me to be  
and to dress myself as  
ould. While she and  
essing I dressed myself  
all went on the deck  
been told to go. Up  
the women all crowd-  
part, while over on the  
the men, all kept back  
evolvers. All the boys  
with the women; and  
we were getting into  
would try to break  
and then there would  
ing, and some of the  
loudly. One of the men  
some time and all of  
shot away, I was watch-  
ng on to mother's skirt,  
our turn to get into the

and American  
ular Prices:  
Prices:  
**\$1.90.**  
KEARNEY.  
M. ATKINSON.  
ne 726  
**COAL!**  
from New York,  
ut Lehigh,  
nt home.  
18.  
e Co., Ltd.