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MEN'S FLANNEL PJAMAS . . . \$2.65 to \$7.75  
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(In all the new shades.)  
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Black, Palm Beach, Navy, White, Green, Gun Metal  
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BOYS' SUMMER UNDERWEAR . . .45c. to 75c. garment  
(Sizes 26-34; knee pants.)

**This Week's Showroom Specials**

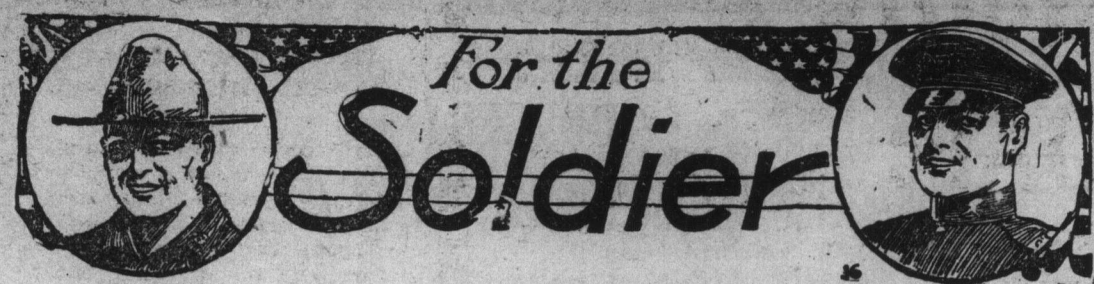
**600 Muslin & Voile Blouses, 75c. to \$3.40**  
White, Embroidered and Colored, Striped.

Complete range of sizes, 34 to 50, all of which are selling  
much under to-day's value.

**Middy Waists and Smocks, 85c. to \$4.30,**  
The widest range of the kind we ever have  
shown, at prices to suit all purses.

See Windows.

We are now opening a New Shipment of LADIES' AMERICAN  
COATS and COSTUMES from Chicago's Leading Costumiers.



For the  
**Soldier**

SECURITY BELTS, \$1.00.

Khaki Rubber Belt of pouches,  
worn round the waist inside the  
clothing to conceal and keep dry any  
valuables he may carry into the firing  
line. No American soldier leaves for  
overseas without them. Why not en-  
close one in the next parcel you send  
our Royal Nfld. Regiment.

TRENCH MIRRORS, 60c. to 70c. ea.

Highly polished steel; non-rust-  
able, non-breakable.

COMFORT KITS, 50c. to \$1.95 each.

Khaki Rubber Travelling Cases,  
capable of holding his complete out-  
fit of toilet requisites.

**BISHOP, SONS & CO., Ltd.**

'PHONE 484.

P. O. BOX 920, ST. JOHN'S.

**Navy Yarns.**

**RETAINING NEW STORIES OF  
"THE JUTLAND BATTLE"**

Our men of the Grand Fleet  
desires of a change after a long  
of isolation "Somewhere in the  
Sea" even the landlubber can  
find. The weary wait for Fritz  
come out to give battle is a sore  
to their tempers, which are not  
soothed by the monotony of the  
routine and seeing the same old  
day after day. Love their  
they do, but they are jolly glad  
from their backs on them when on  
sea. Back among "civilization,"  
they are glad to have a chat with the  
Tom, Dick, or Harry that comes  
ashore. Even the officer at the outset  
leave is eager to talk to any-  
body and everybody, and, touching  
point, an excellent yarn is told  
"Naval Intelligence" (Hodder &  
Stoughton; 6s. net)—not a Blue Book  
this title is inclined to denote, but  
collection of incidents and reflec-  
tions written by a naval man. "Peep  
into this 'naval curiosity shop,'" and  
you will realize the sort of life led  
by the men of the Grand Fleet.

His return to the yard, Reach,  
London, a young Lieutenant in  
the entered a hatdresser's shop,  
traditional right of opening a  
parade which belongs to the  
of scissors was snatched from  
before he could get a chance,  
the officer began:  
"See some years at the game, I  
guess, haven't you?"  
"My life, practically, sir. I was  
sent to the hatdressing at the  
of ten, sir."

"Never had a change? Gad, it

must be a pretty dull sort of life—  
what?"

"Oh, I had a sort of holiday, sir,  
recently. I was away from my work  
for a year. I went into the—the Navy,  
sir."

"Really," said the officer, his inter-  
est aroused. "And how did you like  
that?"  
"Oh, very pleasant, sir, very pleas-  
ant, indeed! It made a nice little  
change, as you might say, though I  
did miss the sound of the motor 'buses  
at first, and the—excuse my men-  
tioning it, sir—the girls. Not that  
I'm what you might call a ladies'  
man myself, sir. Oh, by no means!  
But I like to see 'em about the place.  
And you don't see much of 'em in the  
Navy, sir."

After occurring, the officer asked:  
"Then why did you join the Navy  
instead of the army?"  
"Well, sir, I've always had a sort  
of connection with the sea. My fa-  
ther used to keep a wharf-stall in the  
Old Kent Road, and one of my sis-  
ters is housemaid to an admiral's  
widow."

"What the officer thought of this ex-  
planation is not recorded.

"Well, and what made you leave  
the Navy, then?"  
"The—the little affair at Jutland,  
sir," answered the hatdresser. "A  
splinter wound in my leg, sir. I was  
invalided out."

"Oh, you were at Jutland, were  
you?" questioned the customer. "In  
what ship?"  
"In the Rodney, sir. I was one of  
what we call the mess-deck fore par-  
ty—though you wouldn't understand  
what that means. But I managed to  
ship up and get a peep at what was  
going on now and then. A small bot-  
tle of our Ellixir? You're getting a

little thin on the top, sir, if I may  
say so."

"Nothing more, thanks," said the  
officer, as he got up from his chair,  
and struggled into his overcoat. "Oh,  
yes, there's one thing I should like,"  
he corrected, as he paid his reckoning,  
with a substantial tip into the bar-  
gain. "I should like to shake hands  
with you—with a man!"

"By the way," he added, as he  
turned away from the astonished  
hatdresser, "I was in the next ship  
ahead of you at Jutland—in the old  
Hood. Good-day—and good luck to  
you!"

Here is another story—also about  
the Jutland scrap—culled from "Nav-  
al Intelligence." A sailor's leg was  
so badly shattered by a splinter of  
shell that there was nothing else to  
do but amputate it above the knee.  
He was unconscious at the time of  
this decision, so the surgeons were  
unable to tell him of their intentions.  
Hours later he recovered conscious-  
ness, and found himself comfortably  
tucked up, with the stump propped  
and bandaged. When he learnt what  
had happened, he burst into an agon-  
ized cry:

"Where's my leg? For 'Evin's sake,  
and my leg, somebody! It's got all  
my money in the stocking!"

"The author vouches for the truth  
of the story."

When you want something in  
a hurry for tea, go to **ELLIS—  
Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Rolled  
Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bo-  
logna Sausage.**

Cooking utensils should never be  
allowed to dry before they are washed.  
After drying they are twice as hard  
to clean and the chances are they will  
not be thoroughly cleaned.

**The Crosses.**

Just inside the gate of the Catholic  
cemetery is the lodge of the con-  
cierge. The concierge is a shrivelled  
little man who will sell you candles  
to burn for the good of your friends'  
souls. The Catholic cemetery itself  
is a very tumble-down place. The  
little glided Christs have long since  
lost their gilt; the iron crosses are  
falling all awry; briars and thistles  
clamber and sprout everywhere up-  
on rusting ironwork and rotting  
wood. The artificial flowers rattle  
dryly in the wind; only a few wild  
flowers that were not planted strug-  
gle to preserve beauty in the wilder-  
ness.

Beyond this old portion of the cem-  
etery the ground falls rather steeply  
to a flat field, and there you see,  
standing in row upon row, the new  
white crosses. On the crosses, on lit-  
tle strips of tin, are the names of  
those who lie beneath. On some  
there is one name; on a few are three  
names; on most two.

Here, in this flat piece of ground,  
skirted by a great highroad which  
hums all day with the intense traffic  
of war, the ends of the earth are  
gathered together. Those who have  
reached this resting-place have come  
by devious ways from starting-  
points as far asunder as the east is  
from the west, but all, like jetsam on  
a stream, have been sucked to the  
centre of the vortex, and now they  
lie quietly side by side in this flat  
little piece of land.

The names upon the crosses would  
furnish forth an atlas of the world.  
From the bush of Australia, and  
from the great rolling prairies of the West;  
from the hills of Wales and the grey-  
scattered fellsides of Yorkshire;  
from the fields of Scotland and Ireland,  
from the fields of France and the sad  
flats of Flanders, they have come. And  
there are men of strange and unpro-  
nounceable names who knew the golden  
days of India, and men from the  
deserts in Africa. A little apart, like  
reputations under a shadow, are the  
graves of a few Germans. A newly-  
thrown up mound covers an "un-  
known Chinese soldier," and, stran-  
gest of all, perhaps, painted on a  
board among the thick-strewn crosses  
of Christ, are the Star and Cres-  
cent of the Prophet over the dust of  
a Mohammedan soldier. One woman  
lies there—an English nurse who  
died on active service.

Some of the graves are very new,  
and a long, sinister trench, empty as  
yet, says that the awful appetite of  
war is not satiated. But already, in a  
confounding growth of pale blue  
flowers, each of the older graves is  
losing, save for its little cross, its in-  
dividual identity. Nature is at her  
task of smoothing out and toning  
down. She seems to be uttering a  
fatalistic call to forget the past. Yet,  
standing in this little garden, in the  
austere presence of the multitudinous  
dead, one says that when so much  
urges us to "remember our hate," it  
may be well to listen to other voices  
which plead with us not to forget our  
charity. In this community of death  
there is something terrible and august  
in whose presence hate seems a mean  
and miserable thing and, like a  
shadow, melts away. In the same  
moment one thinks of the boy who,  
at the bend of the road on a faint  
September morning, looked back and  
waved farewell to some girl at a gate  
in a Yorkshire lane; and of some  
lad, not less dearly loved, who, at  
another's call, left his pleasant Rhine-  
land to go back no more.  
And Gairmans are not the same;  
"The lad ye're sickin' in the wame  
Fechts no for dewilment or fame,  
But just for pride  
In his bit decent canty name  
By some burndie.  
If any, being dead, yet speak, sur-  
ly they are not voiceless who lie here  
in this flat little piece of land, skirted  
by the great highroad which hums  
all day with the intense traffic of  
war.

—R. H. S., in the Manchester Guard-  
ian.

**The Angelus of Strife.**

(From the Dallas News.)

There's a little town about sixty  
miles south of Birmingham, Ala., on  
the Louisville & Nashville Railroad,  
called Verbena.

The town is well named.  
It is redolent of the old-fashioned  
Southern flower. It is peopled by  
simple farmer folk. Some substantial  
citizens of Montgomery keep summer  
homes there.

There are few sounds about the  
place. An occasional mule team rut-  
tles down a red clay road drawing an  
empty wagon to the general stores  
or bumps pleasantly back toward the  
Chilton Country hills. Occasionally  
a gentle wind causes the leaves of the  
oak trees that shade the town to sigh  
one of those sighs or content that men  
breathe after a good meal or a good  
sermon or a well rendered piece of  
music.

It's as peaceful a place as can be  
found in Alabama or any other place.  
It might well have been modeled af-  
ter Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn."  
But there's a new sound there now.

It is the Angelus of strife.

It calls the people of Verbena not  
only to worship, but to deeds.

Every afternoon at six o'clock the  
bell of the Verbena church rings. It  
continues to ring for two minutes,  
and while its brazen song is lifted the  
people of Verbena stand and pray.

With heads uncovered and bowed,  
each man, each woman, each child,  
each saint and each sinner repeats  
these words:  
"God bless our President, our sol-  
diers and the nation, and guide them  
on to victory."

When the sound begins the obser-  
vance of its call is universal. Men  
halt in the street; wagons are pulled  
up on the road; women rise from their  
knitting or pause in their cookery—  
for they have early supper in Ver-  
bena—the plowman halts his work,  
and each repeats the prayer.

Verbena calls it "The Prayer of the  
Bell," and it is said that men who have  
never been known to pray before an-  
swer its call dutifully.

When you want Steaks, Chops,  
Cutlets and Collops, try **ELLIS!**

**The Poplars of Picardy**

"Who goes?" the sentinel-poplars  
cried  
To the living waves that passed them,  
billowing wide,  
(Hued like streams that roar in fresh-  
et to the sea.)  
"Freedom's best—come to set the Old  
World free;  
Forsaking men, breed of every race  
and sun,  
But one in our will to beat the Hun!"

"What's your goal?" "The arena in  
which man  
Meets the world-old challenge; the  
battle's van  
Where thy intrepid races bar-  
Hosts that pass not, and the banded  
nations are,  
There shalt thou see the imperial  
west  
Lift aloft its embattled crest."

"Will ye ebb?" "Ay, when a world  
betrayed  
Breaks its shackles; when is laid  
This hell-horn that rides a trou-  
bled earth;  
Not until the judgment—the new  
birth—  
When, robbed in fancy, this sceptred  
Cain  
Sinks 'neath the waves of wrath,  
never to rise again!"  
—Thomas J. Partridge.

**The Same Old Teutons.**

A high school boy who has been  
studying Caesar's Commentaries,  
points out some interesting parallels  
between the Germans of 2,000 years  
ago and their descendants of to-day.  
Caesar had much the same experi-  
ences with them that the Allies have  
had. The German king Ariovistus re-  
minds one surprisingly of Kaiser  
Wilhelm.

"The Germans had invaded Gaul  
(now France) and the Gauls had asked  
the Romans for help as France  
asked England in 1914. Caesar de-  
cided to do what he could for his  
Gaulic friends, because the German  
king "had assumed such haughty airs,  
such arrogance, that he was intoler-  
able." So he went to see him, with  
an escort of trusted legionaries.

Ariovistus insisted that "he had not  
made war upon the Gauls, but they  
against him, that all the Gaulic states  
had united to attack him," and that  
"as to his having brought a multitude  
of Germans into Gaul, it was for de-  
fence, not to attack the country." All

of which was as big a lie as the self-  
defence talk the world has lately  
heard from Germany.

Caesar wasn't at all impressed.  
Thereupon Ariovistus proceeded to  
violate the truce, held sacred by all  
barbarians except the Germans, and  
attacked Caesar. The latter with-  
drew safely, and after considerable  
more experience of German treach-  
ery, brought up his army and drove  
the Germans back across the Rhine.

One of the many illuminating par-  
allels found in that ancient book is a  
reference to the German penchant for  
destruction. Writing of one of the  
leading German tribes, he said:

"From a national point of view  
they deem it a credit to devastate  
the widest possible area of territory  
outside their borders; they consider  
that by this is signified the great  
number of states which are unable  
to resist their power."

Just compare that statement with  
this boastful utterance from a Berlin  
newspaper, written after Hinden-  
burg's "victorious retreat" of last  
year:  
"Great stretches of French territory  
have been transformed by us into  
a dead country. It varies in width  
from ten to twelve of fifteen kilo-  
meters, and extends along the whole  
of our new positions, presenting a  
terrible barrier of desolation to any  
foe hardy enough to advance against  
our lines. No village or farm was  
left standing on this glacial, no road  
was left passable, no railway track  
or embankment was left in existence.  
Where once were woods there are  
gaunt rows of stumps; the wells have  
been blown up; wires, cables, and  
pipe lines destroyed. In front of our  
new position runs, like a gigantic rib-  
gon, a realm of death."

It is thus that Germany has done  
over and over again, in her periodic  
marauding expeditions against France  
against Italy, against Spain and other  
European neighbors. It's the same  
old barbarism, only made more men-  
acing by greater capacity for de-  
struction.—Passaic Daily News.

A paper file book is a good thing  
in which to keep paper patterns. Filed  
according to letters, and flat, they  
will be easily found and kept in good  
condition.

**SHIP YOUR FURS**  
TO  
**"SHUBERT"**  
**THE GREAT CHICAGO FUR HOUSE**  
Where you will always receive a FAIR AND LIBERAL ASSORTMENT  
**Highest Market Prices**  
RETURNS—"QUICKER!"  
**"Shubert" Unexcelled Service**  
is known to intelligent and progressive fur shippers all over Newfoundland. If you  
are not "Shipping to Shubert" you are not getting the full benefit of the extremely  
high prices Newfoundland Furs are commanding at the present time—get in line—  
don't delay—ship all the Furs you have on hand and keep them coming—QUICK.  
"Shubert" Returns are Satisfactory Returns—Write for "The Shubert Shipper"—It's FREE  
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**Better than metal.**  
Certain-teed is fast taking the place of metal roofs, not only  
because of the scarcity and high cost of metal, but because  
**Certain-teed Roofing**  
is superior in every important roofing quality. Metal easily rusts and dis-  
integrates from atmospheric gases. Certain-teed cannot rust and its asphalt  
base makes it practically immune to any form of corrosion.  
Metal absorbs heat and transmits it to the interior of a building. Certain-teed  
insulates against heat and cold, and makes the building cooler in summer  
and warmer in winter.  
Metal must be painted frequently. Certain-teed gives years of weather-  
proof service practically without any upkeep expense.  
Metal is noisy in wind or storm. Certain-teed fully deadens sound from such sources.  
Metal is not safely guaranteed. Certain-teed is absolutely guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years,  
according to thickness, and actually gives longer service than its guarantee.  
Metal is a direct drain on military materials. Certain-teed is made principally of waste  
rags and asphalt—materials which have no military use whatever.  
Certain-teed has proved its efficiency and economy for every kind of roofing  
service—factories, warehouses, hotels, stores, farm buildings, outbuildings, etc.  
Certain-teed is more economical and more efficient in service  
than metal or any other type of roof. Certain-teed is the best  
quality of roll roofing—it costs no more to lay than ordinary roll  
roofing and lasts much longer. Sold by dealers everywhere.  
Certain-teed Products Corporation