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Buy now to save later, as new Shoes soon to arrive, will be much higher in price. We cannot urge too strongly that you look ahead and supply your wants for the coming months.

## "Picking a Cast."

### Success And Failure Battle in Final "Try Out" of Anderson's "Greenwich Village Follies,"

(New York Tribune.)

However merrily the next edition of the "Greenwich Village Follies" may swing through its two hours of fun and music, the "touching" moments through which it went in the making are stamped too vividly upon the mind of one who saw the production from the first day of its "try-outs" until now, when the final eliminations are being made, to be forgotten.

This great gathering of young men and young women is taken only as an example of the—shall we say tragedy?—of the procedure. Broadway as long as it has been the great flaming way where stars are made and ambitions are realized no doubt has been the scene of just such grueling times. Perhaps it is the way of the theatrical profession generally. But how little we know of the hopes that lie crushed from day to day as pretty girls and aspiring young men enter the "try-out" performance, to return as soon as their bit is shown wearing frowns, and sometimes brushing tears of discouragement and disappointment from their cheeks.

Is it any wonder that John Murray Anderson, the young producer who promoted the original "Greenwich Village Follies" and the present Broadway production, "What's in a Name?" takes each and every young person to one side at some time through their initial showings, whether he sees in them material worth using in his show or not, and talks with them confidentially, advising them to have heart and not to lose their "nerve"?

In the first days of the preliminary gatherings of the actors who are to take part in the production of his second version of the "Greenwich Village Follies" there were more than five hundred men and women—and some younger—who attended the "free-for-all" showings. Girls with their mothers as escorts, handbags filled with their gaudy little costumes, eyes weary from long rehearsals in small West Side boarding house rooms, street attire shabby in many instances, went to the theatre where the first showings were to be made. Young men, long of the opinion that some day they would see their names in brilliant electric lights in the Forties, their last cent spent for a shine and a press and a clean collar, gathered there too. And with each succeeding "try-out" day the numbers decreased. Until last week, when the last few final showings were made, in which Mr. Anderson determines finally whether or not they are to see their names included in the cast of the forthcoming production, there are left perhaps seventy-five. Out of these twenty, or a few more perhaps, will be withdrawn. And there is the task that requires the utmost in tact to perform.

"Somehow," Mr. Anderson said as he leaped from the ill-set stage at the Lyric Theatre, where the final "try-outs" were being carried forth, "I feel sometimes as if I'd rather not be in

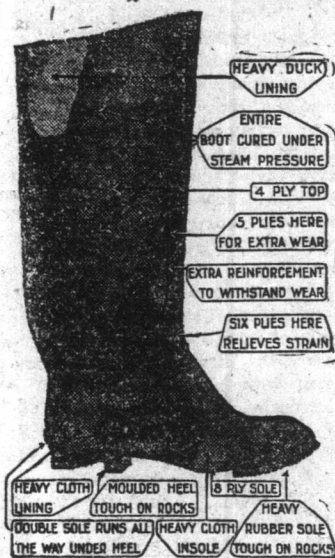
this business at all than to have to tell that little girl up there singing now that she won't do."

She was a pretty child. Only a child. Perhaps seventeen. Her proud mother stood at one side of the stage, in a shadow, her hands waving with the swing of the music. The girl, a small brunette, was singing, for the last time, although she hadn't the slightest idea this was the case, a song she had sung now eight different times, at as many different showings, for Mr. Anderson. Each time he had believed there might be some way in which he could use her. Her voice wasn't the best, and she was very young. Still, there was her mother, and he had seen on one occasion that a solitary \$1 bill was all that remained in her tiny purse as she had withdrawn a soiled handkerchief from it to dry her face after a rehearsal.

She stood there beside the piano. Her small, trembling voice filled the great theatre. Eagerness showed plainly in her face. But there was just that something lacking that so often causes theatrical producers to fail to engage pretty girls, but to cast about for others who have more quality, more mellowness, more range. This child's voice would have set a society tea gathering buzzing with approval. But a Broadway musical comedy production must have more than beauty of face and sweetness. There must be voice, plenty of voice, and something that will attract and hold the audience. This child lacked that strength. But she sang on, looking directly toward the producer throughout, hoping, it was very, very plain that she might catch a nod of approval from him, a smile, a word from his lips that might spell success. But it did not come. And then he went back upon the stage, where the rickety settings were thrown about and the makeshift music rack stood before the piano, and the eager-faced girl stood waiting. And presently she and her mother walked away, half-hearted smiles upon their faces. It was just one failure. There are thousands on Broadway every year.

"I'm going to tell her," he said, "that

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she will hear from me in a few days if we can use her. I know she'll know it's no use. They always do."

And then he went back upon the stage, where the rickety settings were thrown about and the makeshift music rack stood before the piano, and the eager-faced girl stood waiting. And presently she and her mother walked away, half-hearted smiles upon their faces. It was just one failure. There are thousands on Broadway every year.

In the new Follies there are to be many actors who never before have appeared in public professionally. It is Mr. Anderson's purpose to "break in" amateur actors and train them. In this manner he is enabled to obtain the most beautiful girls in the city, he says, and he also is enabled to eliminate the "apparent" actresses. By this, he means, he does not have to use a chorus made up of girls and women who make acting a profession. Of course, once in the "Greenwich Village Follies," they may make a profession of it forever after, but he is eager to obtain talent that will appear new and "unworn."

There is the case of the little Italian hand-organ player from New York's own lower East Side. He was seen one night to unpack a saxophone as he stood twisting away at his hand-organ, and some one reported this to Mr. Anderson. So Joe is called in for the first rehearsal, and how he does play! He is retained for another try-out, although it appears that he never will be able to walk straight across the stage or smile when it is the proper time, or play anything but something about "Marinich!" The fact is, he speaks no English whatsoever, and very little of anything else. With Joe, Mr. Anderson has had a trying month or more, and here he is on the stage at the Lyric for the final showings. Within a few minutes he will know whether the next year or more will be prosperous ones for him and the "little brown-skinned fellows" in his home downtown.

Mr. Anderson is standing in the center of the auditorium to catch the music as Joe begins to play. The producer rests his chin in his upturned palms and listens. Joe plays a cross between a Hungarian rhapsody and nothing at all, and the producer smiles. Joe does a few of his favorite "funny" steps, and Mr. Anderson smiles again. Another smile when Joe stands on his head and plays. Giggles when the little swarthy fellow finally starts his final bit of comedy, and laughs aloud as Joe does a but-

terly dance off the stage. A moment later Joe leaves the theatre, chest protruding, opening a new pack of cigarettes, and drifts away into the great throng of "made" actors on Broadway.

Mr. Anderson is one of the most thoughtful theatrical producers Broadway ever has seen. His consideration for the feelings of the girls and young men who try out before him, according to the artists themselves, is something unusual. He has been known to work for weeks to make arrangements



## Will Morning Never Come

DOES this illustration picture your experience?

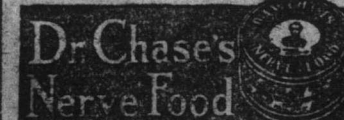
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## An Act to Provide for the Better Obtaining of Information Respecting the Codfishery.

Be it enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, in Legislative Session convened, as follows:—

1. The Master or owner of every ship, vessel, schooner, craft or boat which shall arrive at any port in Newfoundland from fishing in any of the places following, that is to say, on the Banks, on the Coast of Labrador, in the Straits of Belle Isle, or elsewhere out of Newfoundland, and on the coast of Newfoundland in the District of St. Barbe, shall within 48 hours after arrival at his destination report by telegraph at the expense of the Department from the nearest telegraph station to the Department of Marine and Fisheries at St. John's and the nearest Customs Officer, stating the quantity in quintals of fish on board such vessel.
2. As a part of said report the said Master or owner shall state whether the number of quintals reported is reckoned as of dry fish, Labrador fish, salt bulk or green fish, or otherwise as the case may be; and shall state whether it is the intention of such master or owner to cure such fish (if the same be not cured) as soft Labrador, dry Labrador, or dry Salt.
3. If any such Master or owner shall fail to report as aforesaid or shall wilfully report incorrectly, he shall be liable to a penalty of not less than \$10.00 or more than \$100.00, to be recovered in a summary manner before any Stipendiary Magistrate; or in default of payment, to imprisonment not exceeding one month.
4. In publishing information or statistics of the fisheries, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries shall not be bound to make public the name or catch of any specific ship, vessel, craft or boat.
5. Every licensed exporter of codfish shall report to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries on the last day of every month, or within 48 hours thereafter, stating the quantity and quality of all fish then held in store by such exporter. The said report shall be verified by affidavit, and the said Minister shall not publish or allow any person whatsoever (except in pursuance of legal process) to have access to any such report; but the sum total of the quantities and qualities so reported shall be intimated by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to the President of the Newfoundland Board of Trade for the information and use of the Trade generally.
6. If any such exporter shall fail to report as hereinbefore provided, or shall knowingly make any false or incorrect report, he shall be liable to a penalty of not exceeding \$1,000.00, which may be recovered in a summary manner before any Stipendiary Magistrate, or in default of payment, to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.
7. If any person publishes, writes or disseminates any false information or statistics respecting the quantity of codfish caught or held in store, or otherwise in Newfoundland or exported, he shall upon conviction be liable to a penalty not exceeding One Hundred Dollars or imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month for each offence.
8. All penalties recovered under this Chapter shall be paid to the Minister of Finance and Customs for the use of the Colony.
9. Any person aggrieved by any conviction under this Act may appeal to the next Session of the Supreme Court in St. John's or on Circuit upon giving notice within fourteen days of his intention so to appeal.
10. This Act may be cited for all purposes as "The Codfish Report Act, 1920."

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