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BISHOP, SONS & COMPANY, Limited, St. John's

Irishmen of To-Day.

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE.

Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart, has at least three titles to distinction. To begin with, he is possibly the most "travelled" living Irishman. His caravan has rested, at one time or another, in every one of the five continents, and his experiences as a hunter of game, big and small, throughout the globe have given him a wide knowledge of world affairs. Again, he is one of the leading Roman Catholic laymen in Ireland to-day. He has been a Chamberlain of the Vatican Household for the past twenty-five years, is a Grand Officer of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and the representative of that Order for Ireland. Finally, he is a direct descendant of the great Henry Grattan.

Sir Thomas Esmonde was born in France just sixty years ago, and has been travelling for the greater part of his life. He shot his first deer before he was twelve years of age, much to the delight of one of his father's keepers who was his instructor in marksmanship. Since that time he has shot many deer in many lands. He has hunted every animal from an Irish fox to an American wapiti, and is just as familiar with the giant peaks of the Rocky Mountains as he is with the slopes of Arrigal or the grandeur of the Magilluddy Reeks.

He began to travel almost as soon as he could walk. A great part of his childhood was spent in the South of France, where he learned to speak French like a native, and, as his family had intimate connections with the Eternal City, his young ear gained early acquaintance with lingua Toscana in bocca Romana. Thus were laid the foundations of Sir Thomas Esmonde's linguistic attainments. To-day he can speak half a dozen languages, as well as several patois and a variety of aboriginal tongues. He has held converse with all sorts and

conditions of men, from Popes of Rome to South Sea Island kings, and from Claddagh fishermen to Dominion Premiers. He will talk of an approaching trip to America in much the same way as the average Dubliner will refer to his next Saturday's visit to Delgany. In his eyes the Atlantic is merely a superior sort of Irish Sea, while the journey from Dublin to Auckland is what the Germans would call a Katzenprung.

Sir Thomas Esmonde looks a traveller, and as a conversationalist he excels. He has lived in so many lands and seen so many strange things in his wanderings that he is never at a loss for a topic, and can keep you interested for hours on end with tales of his adventures. He is a walking gazetteer of the world. Even now, although he has reached an age when many men begin to think of settling down, and most have fastened thinking of it twenty years since, Sir Thomas Esmonde pays a flying visit every year to Canada, Australia, or some other country at the back of beyond. Last year, for instance, he suddenly came to the conclusion that there was a certain animal in the Rocky Mountains which he must shoot, and he promptly proceeded to shoot it. The fact that the animal was somewhere in British Columbia, while he was a few miles outside the town of Gorey, did not bother him at all, and he covered some twelve thousand miles in six weeks. But he got the beast when he wanted, and carried the antlers safely back to Ballyvastrine.

Years of travel have made Sir Thomas Esmonde a connoisseur in climates and scenery. Newfoundland he declares to be his favourite country. It reminds him of Ireland, of Scotland, and of New Zealand. It bears marked resemblances to Switzerland, Mexico, and Greece, while, in some of its moods, it recalls to his mind his more intimate glimpses of South Africa. If Newfoundland is like this, no wonder that Sir Thomas Es-

monde is so fond of it. Here he has hunted the caribou, pitched his night tent on the shores of Indian Lake. Here, also, he has had some of the best salmon fishing for which the heart of an Irishman could yearn.

For fishing purposes New Zealand comes next to Newfoundland. Sir Thomas Esmonde knows every acre of its glory and has caught "whoppers" in the remotest of its streams. In Australia he has hunted kangaroos before breakfast, chasing an "old man," as the natives call it, across miles of arid desert, and coming back to camp with nothing more than a healthy appetite to show for his morning's work. For he does not believe in killing kangaroos; they are becoming too scarce, and he wants to hunt them again before he takes to milder pursuits. During the past few years he has been going to Wyoming, where he has discovered some particular kind of deer that pleases him; but next year it may be New Zealand again, or perhaps South Africa, or, for that matter, the South Sea Islands. He is a man of sudden impulses and goes where the spirit calls him.

He is very fond of the South Seas, by the way, and in the old days used to be a frequent visitor to Samoa, where he had a great friend named "George." "George" was a "big chief" in the land, and Sir Thomas used to stay with him regularly when he visited the islands. It was while he was on one of these visits that Sir Thomas Esmonde met Robert Louis Stevenson. "R.L.S." had gone to the South Sea to die, and Sir Thomas was staying near the coast, waiting to be picked up by a schooner which was due to call at the island in a few days time, when one morning he saw a cavalcade coming down from the interior, and discovered that his leader was Stevenson, who, having heard that another white man was on the island, had come to invite him to share his civilised quarters. The poet was accompanied by his wife, who was anxious that he should have a com-

panion; but Sir Thomas could not risk missing his schooner, and was compelled to forego an experience which, probably, would have lived in his memory for ever. Stevenson and "George." What a contrast! The one inspired with immortal genius, the other attired in a joint cloth and a blackhorn stick, a birthday present from Sir Thomas.

This great traveller's life has been full of such incidents; so full, indeed, that he relates them as if they were the most natural things in the world. He will tell you in a breath of conversation which he had with Pope Leo XIII. (of whom he was a personal friend) about the Irish question, and a funny story which he heard from a Rumanian Hospodar, while he was bear-hunting in the Balkans, in spite of his wanderings about the globe, however, Sir Thomas Esmonde has been able to take quite an active part in Irish public life. At present, for example, he is Chairman of the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway, in the development of which he is taking a keen personal interest, and also of the Irish Directors' Board of the National Bank.

He has been a politician into the bargain. In 1885 he was elected to the Parliamentary representation of South Dublin, and sat in the House of Commons as a member of the Irish Party. In 1891 he transferred his affections to Kerry for nine years, and finally settled down in Parliament as the member for North Wexford. He remained Nationalist in politics until the Irish Party went down before the storm of Sinn Féin.

Sir Thomas is an interesting and clever writer. His books on travel are written in a good, straightforward style, and he has made many valuable contributions to the literature of Irish folk lore and antiquities. As a judge of a horse he has few superiors; as a judge of a man he would be hard to beat. He rides straight and shoots straight. He is as punctual in his annual duties at Rome as he is in his appointments with the Great Moose in New Brunswick. Courtier and hunter, globe-trotter and man of affairs, a good Irishman and a good sportsman, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde represents a type that is becoming scarce in Ireland every day.—NICHREVO, in the Irish Times.

Shipping Notes.

S.S. Clyde arrived at Lewisporte at 5.50 yesterday morning with 18 first and 22 second class passengers. S.S. Malakoff left Port Union to-day on the Bonavista route. S.S. Glencoe left St. John's at noon yesterday for Argentina to resume her route. Schr. Fulton (Danish) sailed for Rose Blanche yesterday to load fish from Wm. Harwood for Europe. Schr. M. S. Andreas (Danish) is leaving in a day or two for the West Coast to load fish for Europe.

Full line of Electrical Fittings, etc., at BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD., Hardware Department. may13.1f

Obituary.

ERNEST MOUNIER. The body of Mr. Ernest Mounier went out by to-day's express en route to Boston for interment. Mr. Mounier came here from Boston about three months ago on a health trip, but unfortunately, the dread disease—cancer—had sapped his vitality to such an extent that a cure was impossible. Whilst here the deceased underwent treatment at Southcott Hospital, and was attended by Dr. Macpherson, with whom he was on intimate terms. Mr. Mounier is a native of Boston and was born 80 years ago. The body was taken home by Mr. Jacob A. Barbey, son-in-law of the deceased.

When you go trouting, don't forget to take a bottle of STAFFORD'S MOSQUITO OIL. 20c. Bottle; Postage 2 cents extra.—June27.1f

SOME Rare Values IN OUR Men's & Boys' Dept.

Values that are crowding us to the doors.

BOYS' TWEED PANTS only	80c. pair
BOYS' KHAKI PANTS only	40c. pair
MEN'S SOFT COLLARS	15c. each
MEN'S STIFF "IDE" COLLARS	25c. each
MEN'S \$3.20 SHIRTS	\$1.50 each
MEN'S STARCHLESS COLLARS only	42c. each
MEN'S CANVAS BOOTS	\$2.15 pair
MEN'S TENNIS SHOES	\$1.55 pair
MEN'S HIP RUBBER BOOTS	\$3.35 pair

(Just right for trouting waders)

MEN'S DONGOLA OXFORD SHOES \$5.98
(Brown, or Black; the cheapest Shoe in St. John's)

As a Man Thinketh.

If a man thinks everyone is against him, he will soon begin to treat them so they will be. If he thinks everyone is his friend, he will treat them right, unconsciously, and they soon will be his friends. The man who lives his daily life according to this formula has in his make-up a spark of sound and true philosophy that will make his life brighter. If we put into all the relations with our fellows a full measure of friendliness and good will, we are pretty sure to get it back, full and overflowing. On the other hand, if a man is suspicious of everybody, everybody will be suspicious of him.

The world needs friendliness, and kindness, and good will. Not Sunday only, but every day of the week, and every hour of the day. Think friendly thoughts. If you've got a soul, don't be ashamed of it. Bring it into the office with you. For the soul is the source, and fountain-head of every good and worthy impulse. Put your faith in men. Believe they are your friends, and they will be.—Earnshaw Press of Boston.

Ice Cream Freezers and Refrigerators at BOWRING BROS. LIMITED, Hardware Dep't. may13.1f

Wedding Bells.

MURCELL-NOONAN.

The wedding of Miss Jessie M. Murcell of St. John's Newfoundland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Murcell, Little Bay Islands, to Edward M. Noonan, took place yesterday, July 1st, in St. Ann's Church at 5 o'clock. The Rev. G. Oldham officiating. Miss Margaret Murcell, sister of the bride, of Boston, Mass., attended the bride as maid of honor, and C.E. Brooks, Esq., of London, England, was best man for the bridegroom. Mr. Noonan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Noonan, of St. John's, Nfld.—Brooklyn Eagle, U.S.A., July 2nd, 1922.

Regatta Ripples.

The Regatta Committee is meeting tomorrow night in the T.A. Armory when the more pressing routine matters will be disposed of.

The collectors started work this week and are meeting with a fair response. A large sum is still required to finance the Regatta, and it is hoped citizens will make it a point to assist the committee as far as possible.

A large number of people were at the pond last evening watching the different crews battling. It will soon be time to get the band down.

The truckmen's crew who rowed the "Club" to victory in this race last two seasons past, were not rowing the year and have joined the Boat Club accordingly. It is regrettable that Kearney and his strapping crew are not competing.

The press race will be on the pond again. The Telegram crew will have their first practice tonight and will row the "Club" on Regatta Day. The News have had several practice already and are showing up well.

Raisin bread and butter served with iced coconuts is a wholesome dessert for a light luncheon.



Blistered Feet, Sore Feet, Tired Feet, Burning and Aching Feet.

After a hard day's work or a long tramp and your feet are completely used up, bathe them in hot water then rub them well with MINARD'S LINIMENT. It will relieve you and you will never be without another.

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B. A. ROLFE Presents.

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"WINGS OF PRIDE."

She thought she was a wealthy society girl—but there was a crash and then she discovered something... WHAT WAS IT? See this beautiful star in her greatest production.

"DON'T BLAME THE STORK"
(A Special Christie Comedy)

"BRITISH-CANADIAN PATHE NEWS"
(Sees All—Knows All)

Watch for: "A Tale of Two Worlds."

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Another WONDERFUL OFFERING!

Silk, Pique and Bedford Cord SKIRTS

Ladies! here is one of the greatest bargains in Skirts that has ever been offered.

SILK AND OTHER DAINTY MATERIALS.

This great variety of Street Skirts which we offer at a clear-out price—Skirts that you would pay from \$25.00 to \$40.00 a few years ago. Now

\$10.98

PIQUE AND BEDFORD CORD, Etc.

This lot of White Street Skirts also have to move. This line we would suggest for you to call and see the BARGAINS. Only

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Why Wait For The Regatta BUY YOUR DRESS NOW ?



FROCKS of Summery Grace Simple Pretty Styles

The effectiveness of simplicity and graceful designing have been most successfully combined in the cool little frocks which have just arrived. It will be difficult to resist buying more than one. Our Price

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50 pairs Ladies' Black Job Hose, 2 pairs for 25c.

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This is not a job lot, all nice clean goods. Our Price 99c. each.

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July 12, 22

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That will draw out of every crevice beetle and not poison.

That will kill and not leave an odor.

That will knock and not harm.

That will keep kitchen, or flies, mosquitoes, and other pests.

That will take without any stock.

That applied to the exposed body will kill Mosquito bites.

That as a germ is stronger than carbolic solution.

THAT FLUID

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