

IG, LTD Shoe Stores

Whole Family

child should have a pair of shoes. Wet feet always travel a short trip. They are new, fresh, and give a satisfactory service.

WOMEN'S STORM RUBBERS
78c, 95c, \$1.10.
If you prefer to keep your feet dry and preserve your shoes, our Rubbers offer you the desired protection.

WOMEN'S LOW RUBBERS
medium and high heels.
Red heel, \$1.00 and \$1.10.

MEN'S STORM RUBBERS
with red soles and heels, red edge; built for solid every wear. Price \$1.65.

BOYS' STORM RUBBERS
Sizes 8 to 13.
Sizes 1 to 5.

G, Limited Shoe Stores.

Black Coats

DURING THIS ONE OF OUR RUBBER, STORM BELT:

35.

ellas

AND GENTS' L.S. 5.

Y'S.

An excellent household remedy. Burns its olive oil or vaseline. The best thing is to exclude the air from the burned surface, and this is done by the use of the Burnt Surface Dressing. It is a white wash the color of which is changed three times a year if you want to keep them clean.

RAMSAY'S

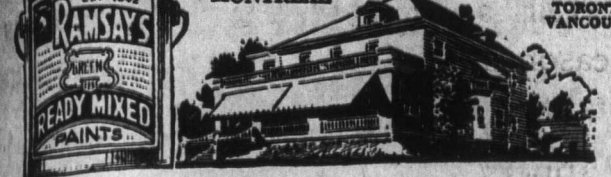
THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT
BEST for WEAR and WEATHER

This is the Paint you need for indoors and out. The guaranteed Ramsay Quality, that makes the house bright and cheerful. There's a Ramsay dealer waiting to serve you.

INTERESTING LITERATURE ON REQUEST

A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY

Makers of Ramsay's Ready Mixed Paints



LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, October 7th, 1918.

FERDINAND AND THE KING.

It was about King Ferdinand's return to the English Court. During the reign of King Edward the King of Greece was in London. Every year King Edward met him on his visit to England, and every year he put on the King of Greece or the King of Greece on the King of Greece.

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France to see him without giving any notice of his intention, with the consequence of narrowly escaping death from our aircraft defences on the way. Mr. Lloyd George is much too wary to tempt fortune in this fashion, but one would never be astonished if he flew.

RUSSIAN EX-IMPERIAL PROPERTY

There is excellent ground for stating that, through the good offices of the King of Spain, a neutral and thoroughly independent emissary may be allowed to proceed to Russia to investigate and report on the condition of members of the ex-imperial family. The emissary would also be empowered to ascertain if possible what has become of the portable property of her Majesty and that of a number of the late Czar's relations, some of whom have had their homes in England for many years.

Girls! Just Try It, Stop Dandruff and Beautify Your Hair

Hair stops falling out and gets thick, wavy, strong and beautiful.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's. "Dandereine" hair cleanser. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandereine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandereine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and long—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a small bottle of Dandereine from any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents.

British Shipping Losses During the War.

During his recent visit to the United States Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, made some important announcements on topics which have hitherto been closed by the censor. In reviewing the British effort, Sir Eric said that this year British casualties on the western front had equalled those of all the Allies combined. The British navy since the beginning of the war has lost 230 fighting ships, more than twice the losses in war vessels of all the Allies. In addition she has lost 450 auxiliary craft. From the merchant marine, Sir Eric, they had lost 2,400 ships, representing a gross tonnage of 7,750,000, which is nearly three times the aggregate loss of Great Britain's Allies.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt received on last Monday part of the seat of the airplane in which his son, Quentin Roosevelt, was killed several months ago in an air fight. The seat, with other parts of the machine, was found by the American forces on Lieutenant Roosevelt's grave in Chantilly after the Germans had been driven back.

WOMEN X-RAYS WORKERS AT THE FRONT.

Lady Helena Gleichen is ready for her second visit to the Italian front with a new mobile X-Ray section. She has already spent the best part of two years there with a unit which, being run entirely by women, at first attracted a good deal of curiosity, but afterwards proved of immense value to the Allied troops. Lady Helena, as before, will be Commandant, and will this time be accompanied by two assistants, radiographers and a secretary. Surgeons, who on the previous occasion, showed some misgivings regarding the enterprise, but altered their view when they saw how thoroughly Lady Helena and her companion succeeded, have now changed their opinion.

MINISTERS AS FLIERS.

The flying trip to France in search of renewed health and another interview with a distinguished statesman of the Republic announced as having just been undertaken by Mr. Bonar Law, is not the first flying exploit of a member of the present Administration. Mr. Churchill secured much public notice, and not a little private amusement, four or five years ago, when First Lord of the Admiralty, by publicly testing the advantages of the seaplane; and it is somewhat surprising that so adventurous a spirit as Mr. Lloyd George has not yet followed the example. The Prime Minister continues to prefer the comparatively safe security of a "T.B.D." for his many cross-Channel passages, while he has a lively remembrance of a Cabinet meeting being seriously disturbed, and even the people of the capital alarmed because a distinguished public servant suddenly dashed over from

The Greatest Robber King.

Frederick the Great Founder of "Prussianism."

They have taken down the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington. Let us ask ourselves why he was called great. He tried to do many things, and from the position he occupied he was able to essay them under the most favourable auspices. In which of them, then, did he excel to such a degree as to earn the title by which he is known?

He tried to write poetry, but even Voltaire's hired praise (which he reversed as soon as his pay was stopped) had not convinced the world that he was great in that department. He tried the flute and the fiddle, but we should inquire in vain for any evidence that he ravished any ear on those instruments. He tried to be a lawgiver, but outside of kicking the shins of his judges when they objected to his interference he acquired no greatness in that attempt. In what, then, was Frederick great? The answer is too plain that what he was great only in those qualities of peridy, cunning, faithfulness, cruelty and rapacity that made him the greatest robber king who ever sat upon a throne. In that greatness he has had few emulators, and in our times, at least, they have been confined to his own family.

Frederick, to do him justice, pretended to be nothing but what he was. When he started out to rob a neighbor he did not go forth chanting about his mission. He called things by their right names. When he started out to rob Maria Theresa of Silesia some flatterer about the court inscribed a banner to be borne by the army with the words, "For God and Our Country." Frederick regarded it with disdain. "Strike out 'For God,'" he said, "we are going to get a province, not to defend religion." He was under solemn treaty pledge to respect the Queen of Hungary's title to that province and cynically admitted it. But his ambition and his interest, he said, demanded a war of conquest, to which reasons he added one of personal vanity. He wanted, he said to make people talk about him.

Frederick entered on this war with something of the impishness with which he was accustomed to throw oil on the new velvet suit of a courtier who was taking too much pride in his looks. Thus we have him writing home in a vein of questionable pleasantry, "I have the honour to inform your humanity that we are Christianly preparing to bombard Neisse; and that if the place will not surrender of goodwill, needs must that it be beaten to powder." It is easy to imagine the present wielder of Frederick's sword rubbing his hands in the same way before Louvain and Rheims. It was to the same correspondent that Frederick wrote in his dastardly and cynical humor, "My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my most humane Monsieur Jordan—I announce to your serenity the conquest of Silesia." It was in such humor that he pursued his greatness.

Frederick wrote to an ally in a title to greatness. Frederick was great in that too. He made an alliance with France and then came to secret terms with Austria by which he was still to pretend to make war against her, but to allow her to withdraw her army from in front of him to surprise his ally in another quarter. The record of his own hand, "In exchange (for Silesia) we will go no farther. We will be besieged Neisse for form. The commandant shall surrender and depart. We will quietly go into winter quarters; and they (the Austrians) can take their army where they will. Let all be finished in twelve days."

The Waters of Damascus.

(From the London Chronicle.) Reading yesterday that delightful book "Eothen" we came across a charming description of Damascus, as seen by Kinglake in 1834. "This holy Paradise of the Prophet," so fair to the eyes that he dared not trust himself to tarry in her blissful shades—she is a city of hidden palaces, of copses and gardens and fountains and bubbling streams. The juice of her life is the gushing and ice-cold torrent that tumbles from the snowy sides of the Anti-Lebanon. Close along on the river's edge through seven sweet miles of rustling boughs and deepest shade, the city spreads out her whole length; as a man falls flat, face forward on the brook, that he may drink and drink again. Damascus, thriving forever down the river with her lips to the stream and clinging to its rushing waters."

O. D. Adams, of Springfield, Mass. 33 years old, has finished knitting his 37th sweater for the soldiers. He makes about one sweater a week, and while knitting the 37 sweaters he has made 10 soldiers' caps, two pairs of wristers, and one pair of woolen "boots."

A Song for Every Mood

Music gives expression to every human emotion. All that is happy and beautiful in life, has been expressed in music.

When things seem bright and cheerful because a ray of happiness has come into your life, you need an outlet to give vent to your feelings.

When sorrow or depression comes, the need of consolation is even greater.

It is at such times that you derive the greatest comfort from

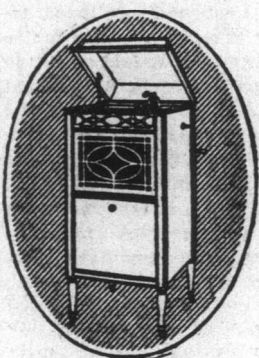
The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Then one sweet note of the voice of Anna Case, or one ripple of melody from the bow of Albert Spalding, puts your soul in harmony with the world. Music—real music—is one of life's greatest boons. Edison music is real music because the New Edison does not merely imitate, it RE-CREATES. One never tires of the New Edison, the novelty never wears off, because there is no novelty to wear off. It is not just another "talking machine". It is decidedly different. To appreciate the difference you must hear it.

We will gladly submit the New Edison to your musical judgment either here or in your own home.

Fred V. Chesman, St. John's, Nfld.



A "Responsible" Chancellor.

The earnestness of the resolve of "the German people" to establish responsible parliamentary government is made particularly clear by the speech of Prinz Maximilian, the German Chancellor, the fashionable, aristocratic cavalry officer, to the Reichstag. To be sure, Prinz Max is only a stop-gap, a creature of the hour, to be disowned and superseded in the arithmetical progression of the military masters of Germany to show that they are neither military nor masterful. For the moment, however, what he says illuminates the present condition of the German autocrats. "Deputies," he says, "will take part in the direction of the Imperial policy, and in the name of the Chancellor, will be responsible without being Ministers." The Chancellor is merely the Kaiser's echo. So long as he is appointed by the Kaiser, so long as Deputies vaguely and to no purpose "take part in the direction of the Imperial policy," so long as they and the Chancellor are irresponsible, who does a responsible government come in? The Reichstag—and the Reichstag we know too well—will "co-operate" with the Kaiser.

Prinz Max is going to establish responsible government when the League of Nations is established. He admits that it will be hard work to set up the League of Nations, hard work to induce Germany to consent to it. In other words, to patrician Germany the League of Nations is as absurd and as much a millennial dream as responsible parliamentary government. Even in a moment when he is trying to give an impression of good faith, the Prince's language cannot utter the words necessary to clothe with an air of good faith his "patter." "Thus a new way is open for arriving at responsible conduct of Imperial affairs, the parliamentary way. We are convinced that it will supply, not only the Government but indirectly Parliament, with precious forces from the people which had hitherto not been utilized." How delightful! The Kaiser is to continue to run the whole show. The Chancellor, his agent, is to continue to be irresponsible. Irresponsible Deputies, not Ministers, are to be responsible for their irresponsibility. In short, as before, nobody is responsible but the Kaiser.

The new system," continues the Chancellor, in a delightful and instructive passage, "involves, as a natural consequence, a new mode of government in Alsace-Lorraine."

The airy Max is not mistaken. Alsace-Lorraine will be restored to France, a hundred restitutions and reparations will be made. It is not worth while wasting time on a Junker who has the impudence to maintain that "our aim is the political authority of the German people." So far as affairs outside of Germany are concerned, the Allies will decide. It is for the German people, if there be a German people, not the docile receptacle of Junker landings and misleadings, to give itself what is by no means promised it yet, the will and the power to determine its domestic policy.

Whether the talk of Prinz Max is calculated for foreign or domestic audiences, its hollowness is but too apparent. The Germans used to think that they had a genius for "real" politics, for actualities. Not yet do their bosses, their teachers and rulers for more than two hundred years, candidly admit the necessary corollaries of disaster.—N. Y. Times.



THE UNHAPPY BARD.

Most workers pull down princely wages, reward of honest sweat; but still the bard and kindred sages must take what they can get. The man who comes to do my churning draws many bones a day, and at odd moments he is roaring, because of meager pay. At times I hire a learned mechanic to tinker round my car; his charges put me in a panic, and gives my soul a jar. The butcher, grocer, and the baker have hiked their prices high; and I'm afraid the undertaker will skin me when I die. On everything the price is higher, except on deathless poems, and bards can hardly find a buyer for products of their domes. My wife declares she needs a bonnet, she's worn her lid three years, and I remark, "I'll write a sonnet, a thing of smiles and tears; and if it fetches in some plunder, a roll of good long green, you'll have a helmet that's a wonder, the smoothest ever seen." Then in the market place I flaunt it, among the shopping gents, but not a buyer seems to want it for more than forty cents. They've raised the price on hens and hares, on all the things that grow, but soaring and immortal verses won't bring ten cents a throw.

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"The Shubert Shipper"
and keep me posted on Raw Fur Market
Conditions during the Fur Season of 1918-1919.
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