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# PATRICIAN Shoe

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to suit the whole family.

## High-Cut Boots, Oxfords, Pumps and Sandals

with Leather and Rubber Soles,

at Prices to Suit Every Purse.

### Ten Years Hence.

(By Twells Brev.)  
A June day in 1930. The air mail ship Brisbane came swooping down from London. A returned exile from the Gilbert Islands alighted, and looked for his friend.  
"Hullo, Dagnall! Welcome home! Where's your baggage?"  
"None on! There's a local 'bus just waiting."  
They crossed the great aerodrome to where dozens of express or suburban cars with silent engines were arriving or departing. They boarded one which was lettered "Hitchin, Peterborough, Lynn, Cromer." They skimmed the London, glittering and radiantly white. In fifteen minutes they were in green Hertfordshire. Sometimes the plane landed, and laconic passengers, women returning from afternoon walks, watched children going home from school, entered or alighted.  
"I used to live here," said Smith.  
"Hitchin, but I've moved further out," Cromer. The children like the car, and I can get to the office in the car in just over an hour."

The Man Who Came Home.  
"Cromer a suburb!" exclaimed the man from the Gilbert Islands. "This new world of yours is all a dream to me. I never saw an aeroplane until the steamer came into Brisbane. I've been buried alive since I left home in 1919. I was glad to go then! The new world wasn't made. We hadn't even begun to reconstruct. Peace seemed to fade our rulers, and none of them appeared to be able to give us a lead. Nobody knew where they stood. Nobody dared commit themselves to contracts. Nobody knew what raw materials would cost, or what labour would cost. There were masses of unemployed. Think of it, unemployed at the end of the great five years' stoppage, with every road crying out for repairs and vehicles, every house crying for paint, every railway crying for rolling-stock and locomotives! And there was a house famine!"  
His friend, for answer, pointed to the land below them, dotted with little hamlets and sparkling with little garden cities.  
"And there was a food problem?"  
His friend pointed to endless parterres of intensive crops, to varied balconies of shining glass cloches in the allotments of little towns.  
"Hardly any goods were being made, and we were exporting next to nothing in payment of our debts."  
Well-Nigh Paupers.  
Once more his friend pointed at a big factory town, embowered in trees and public gardens.  
"That's Stevenage," he said. "A vil-

lage in 1919, and now one of scores of model factory towns that have risen all over the country."  
"It's a new world to me," repeated the exile. "I only heard echoes of it in the Gilbert Islands. No friend was kind enough to send me the 'Overseas Daily Mail.' Few people wrote to me. But how has it all been done—out of chaos?"  
"The chaos became worse before we turned the corner," replied his friend. "When you left England we were still living in a fool's paradise. Do you remember the jazz dance craze of 1919? Why, our whole life was a jazz life! We thought that we were wealthy; we were really nigh being paupers. We thought that the country was full of money; it was full of paper pretence of money. And we were all limp or hectic, according to our temperaments, with universal nerve reaction after the stress and dreariness of the war years."  
"Money had no value. Every man charged for his work or his commodities as much as he liked. When, six months after the Armistice, our rulers were spending almost as much money as during the war, the country had so lost the money sense that there was scarcely a protest from a nation who, not many years before, talked of the end of the world if only a few pence

were clapped on their income tax. Heavens, what an orgy of squandering it was! Remember one instance of it, the big motors we noticed all over London on the day I saw you off for the Antipodes. Six-seater cars, driven by uniformed Army women, for young staff officers to go to their luncheons! And all over the country, in every Government department, the same wild jazz with the nation's money was going on."  
"And higher and higher went wages, and higher and higher went prices. Life became a nightmare for people who could not prosper. Those who had to break up their homes could not find smaller houses. Those who had worn their clothes out could scarcely reclothe themselves and their children. The paradox arose that a married man earning five pounds a week was nigh a pauper. And then the crash came; prices became too high, even for inflated wages. We had strikes, revolt, paralysis—"

### When England Woke Up.

"And then?"  
"The country woke to sanity. The iron laws of economics asserted themselves. The fantastic prices' boom broke, and the equally fantastic wages' boom broke with it. We scattered our battering bureaucracy, and we sifted out our parasite Civil Service, and we all turned to work. Think, man, of what could be done when forty million people realised that man can only earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and rolled up their sleeves for work!"  
"But what of the old class jealousies and envies?" asked the man from the Gilbert Islands. "Have they been ended?"  
"Yes, or we could never have made this new world. They were ended in the only way that they ever could be ended—by the abolition of the ancient rotten fetish that the man who works with his brains is any better socially than the man who works with his hands. That the tradesman is on a lower scale than the professional man or the artist, or that the mechanic is on a lower social scale than any of them. We are all equals in the new England, Dagnall. Why did we struggle? Why crush each other like juggernauts? Why did we tear each other down, or seek to keep each other from rising? Why did we envy? Why did men Bolshevise? Was it for equalisation of the share of money—simply as money? Never! The struggle was for social position."

Work Only Counts.  
"Money, and money alone, cuts no social ice to-day. Nowadays our only grades of social honour are for work well done, whether by hand or brain. Our new nobility were given their

proud titles for work, and for work only, and they were given them by the vote of the people, and not by politicians. They are founders of great industries, great inventors, scientific discoverers, great artists, splendid humanitarians in medicine or surgery. Yes, I know that many of the old leisure class and nobility gained their titles by the same roads. But they did not, and many of them had never toiled or spun. And there was the rub—"

He broke off.  
"Look! Cromer! Cornfields, poppies, and that glorious area of sea! How's Cromer for a suburb?"  
The aeroplane landed. They jumped into a little electric omnibus.  
"Hullo, Spicer!" cried the exile's friend, to the conductor. "How's the garden after all the rain?"  
"Hullo, Smith!" cried the conductor. "I'm bringing a friend round to your place this evening. He's come to stay with me for a holiday. Lord St. Peter, the fellow who invented the self-feeding fire grate."  
"Good!" replied Smith. "I've got a Rip Van Winkle here from the Pacific, who will talk to him of coral islands and sharks."—Answers.

### Quebec Again Vindicated.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Quebec has given the people of that Province an opportunity to show where their hearts are, and they have taken full advantage of it. Nowhere in Canada has the Prince received, nowhere can he or will he receive, a more loyal and enthusiastic reception than that of his fellow-Canadians of Quebec.

The Prince's statement, that he regards himself as a Canadian, and wishes to be considered as such, is no idle compliment or empty figure of speech. The heir to the British Throne, is, in reality, as much a citizen of one of the Nations of the British Commonwealth as of another. The accident of his birth in England in no sense limits his nationality. Had he first seen the light in Scotland, as he might quite conceivably and properly have done, that would not have constituted him exclusively a Scot. Had he been born in Canada, as might also conceivably and properly have happened, he would have been no more a Canadian than he now feels and declares himself to be. He is a Briton, and, as such, a citizen of every part of the British Commonwealth over which, we all fondly hope, he is destined some day to reign.—St. John Telegraph.

### DUE BY "SABLE I" TO-DAY:

- 100 cases Sweet Mixed Pickles,
- 100 cases Sweet Mustard Pickles,
- 100 cases Sour Mixed Pickles,
- 100 cases Chow Chow,
- 100 cases Tomato Catsup,
- 100 cases Pimento Relish,
- 200 cases Syrups,
- 200 cases Ass'ted. 12 oz. Jams.

## P. F. FEARN & CO., Ltd.

In preparation for a new investment campaign for the Fall months, we are revising our mailing list and bringing it up-to-date. We do this twice a year so as to keep up with current conditions, because some names might become inactive; others die or move away or change their local address, and it would be only a waste of time and postage to keep on addressing them.

Then again, we have no desire to bore people with our literature unless it interests them, consequently we ask all friends who desire to keep in touch with us to drop us a card to that effect. There is no further obligation on your part whatever.

All clients who have actually invested with us at any time need not bother writing us as their names will be always retained on our lists. We thank you.

## J. J. Lacey & Co., Limited,

City Chambers.

St. John's, Nfld.

### The Green-Eyed Monster.

New York Herald.—Most of the tragedies of history have been the result of jealousy. Men and Women

have bartered their souls because of jealousy. Thrones have been shaken and empires destroyed because of jealousy. The soil of Europe has been soaked with the blood of millions and millions because of human jealousy. Shakespeare speaks of "a savage jealousy," and he knew what he was talking about. The only antidote for jealousy is the cultivation of the will power to play one's part and to run one's own race. In all life's activities there is no victory for the man who stops to envy the other fellow or lags to indulge in jealousy. Rewards come only to those who make the most of the talents they possess, realizing that he who appears the richest and most successful is often the poorest and the most conspicuous failure.

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### The Kaiser Trial.

Poor old Kaiser Trial. It's getting into an awfully bad way. Nobody in particular seems to want it. Everybody is beginning to get a bit nervous about it. All sorts of things have a horrid habit of coming out at trials, and a good many European statesmen must be wondering uneasily whether it would be only German dirty linen that would get itself seen by the world at large. Probably the Allies could produce quite enough evidence to hang the Kaiser; but possibly also the Kaiser could produce enough evidence to — It's an unpleasant thought for those who ruled Europe in 1914.—London Daily

### FOR THE HOLIDAY

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is complete.

Also a full stock of Eastman 127 Film, and Film Pack to fit every size camera at

TOOTON'S, The Kodak Store, 230 WATER STREET.

### THE "BOSS" DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME ON HIS VACATION.

By Wood Cowan

Projected by George Matthew Adams



CORRESPONDENTS!  
Correspondents are requested to accompany communications with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

### Matter How the Fire is Caused

If you're not insured, you're a Take time to see about policies. We give you the companies and reasonable

MARIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.