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We feature the Newest Models as they appear in New York.

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We are now prepared with a large stock of

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High-Cut Boots, Oxfords, Pumps and Sandals

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Peels: Citron, Lemon, Orange.

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Quick Tapioca Chocolate Pudding. Assorted Icings. Assorted Jellies. Flavouring Extracts.

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A LIQUEUR TONIC—NON-ALCOHOLIC. Fort Reviver is composed of the concentrated Fruit Juices and will be found to be a most health giving tonic. It contains wonderful fortifying and reviving powers.

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Children's School Shoes!

CHILDREN'S NATURE SHAPED SHOES



In our Children's Shoe Department we have a full stock of Skuffer Boots in Lace and Buttoned styles of CF. Colate, and Tan Calf Leather. Stitch down double sole and wedge heel on wide roomy lasts. An ideal School Boot for boys or girls at our old prices.

from \$3.10 to \$4.00, according to size.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd., THE SHOE MEN.

Express Passengers.

The following passengers landed from the Kyle at Port aux Basques yesterday morning and are on the incoming express:—Mrs. A. Noseworthy, Miss A. Spencer, J. Downey, Mrs. B. Rowell, L. A. McCuish, B. Edwards, L. and Mrs. Sheppard, A. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss B. Boyle, Miss E.

Rose, Mrs. J. Saxley, S. J. Chetwynd, Mrs. S. Meade, Miss M. Ellis, A. Lush, J. Hollihan, T. White, G. Gunn, J. W. Miller, C. Skinner, M. Burke, Mrs. J. Rose, J. and Mrs. Meehan, L. Inkpen, J. and Mrs. Fraser, and two children, H. Hannezfeld.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, Etc.

Editors of To-Day.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld and the "Daily Express."

In a quiet corner of the smoking-room of the Carlton Club there is to be seen on most afternoons a spare-built, dark, middle-aged man quietly chatting to a circle of friends.

"Might be" a Doctor.

He is editor of the Daily Express, but a stranger might easily mistake him for a doctor, since he has "the Harley Street manner," or the capacity of diagnosis without betraying his thoughts.

Mr. Ralph David Blumenfeld was born fifty-five years ago, the son of an American newspaper proprietor, so that he claims hereditary connection with the Press.

Early associations naturally directed his boyish ambitions towards journalism, but he was destined to wear the sword before taking up the pen, and entered West Point Military Academy, where, as a cadet, he occupied the room which was once the study of Stonewall Jackson.

An American Cavalry Officer.

He received his commission in a cavalry regiment when eighteen years of age and took part in many exciting incidents in the West and down South, but although he liked the service he availed himself of every opportunity to write for the papers, and at twenty he was a regular contributor to the Chicago Herald.

Those were the days when the late James Gordon Bennett—owner of the New York Herald—was at the zenith of his whirlwind career and eagerly searching for men of ability.

Young Blumenfeld attracted his attention, and within a surprisingly short time the future editor of the Daily Express was filling a responsible position in New York under the eye of his great chief.

In Fleet Street.

Promotion came rapidly, and perhaps the youngest arrived at the turning-point of his life when Gordon Bennett—familiarly known as the Commodore—decided to make his protégé the London correspondent of the New York Herald.

It was an occasion needing courage, as the Commodore spared neither himself nor servant, and the London Correspondent soon realized that he was "up against it."

He contrived to worry through until 1898, meanwhile making a host of friends in Fleet Street, where he had gained the distinction of a nickname, and has been known ever since as "R. D. B."

The following year he became superintendent of his paper, a position in American journalism which, fortunately, has no precise equivalent over here, since it is one of those highly-paid tantalizing offices where constant toil and anxiety deprive the holder of any form of enjoyment other than the sense of power.

A "Forlorn Hope."

R. D. B. joined Lord Northcliffe as news editor of the Daily Mail in 1900, when the South African War provided the great "Harmsworth" publication with opportunities which naturally appealed to the enterprising and instincts of an American pressman.

His success on the Mail brought him a tempting offer from Sir Arthur Pearson, who had launched the Daily Express.

At that time there was no comparison between the two papers, but R.

D. B. is never daunted by what others regard as a forlorn hope.

He did not actually occupy the editorial chair till 1904—the beginning of the transitory period when Fleet St. became alive to the change in public taste.

People were tired of ponderous lead-ers-writers and spiteful partisans. They demanded human stories brightly told and convincing photographs of passing events.

Fierce Competition.

Lavish expenditure was inevitable to combat the fierce competition, and from 1905 to 1908 there were more London dailies striving for public favour than at any other period.

Three of these—the Standard, the Morning Leader, and the Tribune have disappeared, the last-named brilliant journalists to be unemployed. R. D. B. and others came to the rescue and created positions on the Express for a number of the Tribune staff.

The "Wastrels" Campaign.

One of the greatest triumphs of the new editor was his ruthless exposure of the L.C.C. "Wastrels," which aroused the slumbering ratepayers of London and spread amazed consternation in the ranks of those who regarded their seats of Spring Gardens as freeholds.

R. D. B. favours what he terms "rational Trades Unionism," or the right of all to demand wages and conditions consistent with decency and comfort.

His leisure is spent in what he aptly describes as "strenuous ease" at his delightful country home near Dunmow, amid his collections of antiques and art treasures.

"Through German Spectacles."

His instinct as a news caterer has prompted him to make frequent and daring innovations. On the outbreak of war he realized that the public wanted to know the German view, and a column, "Through German Spectacles," for over four years daily reflected the most striking features of the enemy Press.

How these papers were procured is a secret known only to R. D. B. and the mysterious little man who prepared these remarkable translations, each one of which is duly authenticated by the originals.

Those who visit 8, Shoe Lane, have seen large placards displayed bearing one word—"ACCURACY"—a constant reminder to the staff of R. D. B.'s first rule in journalism.

So thoroughly is this drilled into the reporters that the accuracy of the Express war correspondents' despatches convinced the higher German Command that Percival Phillips was behind their lines, and orders were issued for his discovery and arrest.

For "The Cabman's Wife."

Another rule at the Daily Express

is—"write so that the cabman's wife can understand it," but, curiously enough, the editor is most particular as to style and strongly resents the use of words such as "upon," "until," "commence," "unique," and other trifling corruptions.

He is a stern disciplinarian, without pity for those who fall to play the game, but ever ready to assist the deserving.

"Sir, It Is Impossible!"

On Thursday, April 15th, 1873, Dr. Johnson dined at the house of General Paoli, together with Boswell, Oliver Goldsmith, and Signor Martinielli, of Florence. During the talk Johnson made a remark which may well be taken as a text, or a subject for rumination. Boswell writes:—

A person was mentioned who it was said could take down in shorthand the speeches in Parliament with perfect exactness.

Johnson: "Sir, it is impossible." Here we have the case heard and judgment given right off in the very best "there's an end on't" manner. It was the Lord Pembroke of those days who remarked: "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his bow-wow way." But that decisive utterance, "Sir, it is impossible," used on the occasion mentioned and on many another, comes booming down through the corridors of Time.

Shorthand in Ancient Rome.

I am not much concerned with his views about the possibility or impossibility of successful shorthand, though the history of that art—and I think it deserves the name—is not without interest. For instance, it is related by Plutarch in his "Life of Cato," that when Cato delivered his oration on the Catinarian conspiracy—

Cicero dispersed about the Senate-house several expert writers whom he had taught to make certain figures, and who did, in little and short strokes, equivalent to words, pen down all he said.

This is the first instance, so far as I know, of Parliamentary shorthand reporting, and I hall the memory of those early forerunners of the modern Press Gallery. It must have been no joke to report Cato on the Catinarian conspiracy, but as they "did pen down all he said" it is obvious that what Johnson declared to be impossible had been done about a century and a half before the Christian era.

A £10,000,000 Prize.

Of course, it is the fact that many a man other than Johnson has reached that remark, "Sir, it is impossible," about many and many a proposal. As a rule, however, this confident remark has been made about things it has been proposed to do, or things predicted, and not about that which had been done centuries before. It would be interesting to know how often anything of the nature of flying in machines has been thus dismissed, and it would be even more interesting to know what was the most recent expression of scepticism as to the possibility of such triumphs. I am led into this train of thought because of a certain paragraph from a paper which one of my friends had framed only a few years ago. He is an engineer, and he framed this bright and merry paragraph, feeling sure that before very long events would make the paragraph appear even more amusing than its light-hearted author intended it to be. It was in 1906 that the

Certain-teed Roofings.

We are offering roofing at the following bargain prices:

	1-Ply	2-Ply	3-Ply
Certain-teed	\$2.55	3.35	4.10
Sentinel	\$1.85	2.30	2.90

Asphalt Rubber Roofings outwear Felt & require no attention after once laid. Every roll supplied with cement and nails.

GEO. M. BARR.

WYANDOTTE

SANITARY CLEANSER and CLEANER.

Soda Ash, not a Scouring Powder.

It makes hard water soft with no harmful after effects.

Use it wherever you have washing or cleansing to do. With your next order include a Handy Can.

DOES NOT INJURE THE HANDS.

sept.5,m,w,t,f

Daily Mail offered a prize of £10,000 for the first man, who flew from London to Manchester, and on November 17th, 1906, my cheery contemporary the Star published the following paragraph:—

A morning paper makes the trivial offer of £10,000 to the first aeroplane that flies from London to Manchester. Our own offer of £10,000,000 to the flying machine of any description whatsoever than flies five miles from London and back to the point of departure still holds good. One offer is as safe as the other.

Here we have the "Sir, it is impossible" decision given not in a bow-wow way of Sam Johnson, but in a lighter style. The meaning is obvious, and it was because of the merry certainty of the writer that the thing was done, that induced my engineering friend to preserve that paragraph and to await events.

Nor had he to wait very long, as the £10,000 prize was won on April 23rd, 1910, less than four years after the much larger offer. And this was

toward the end of 1906, not very long ago, though anything that took place before August, 1914, seems so far removed from us as to belong to medieval times. It was, however, long before 1914 that the London to Manchester prize was won, and the other and larger stake was in danger. Probably in 1906 most of the people who read the light-hearted paragraph took the view of its writer, and regarded the aeroplane experiments as cranks and faddists. I cannot say when I began to take them seriously, but I confess there was a time when I thought that heavier-than-air flying machines could never be made to keep up in the air more than a minute or two. But I would never have offered ten millions against a "flying machine of any description whatsoever" doing a trip of ten miles. The other day I was reading a learned treatise written in 1845 on the history of Aeronautics, and was amazed at the adventurous spirit shown by some of the pioneers—John O'London's Weekly.

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Where Smoking
is a Crime.

WHIFFS THAT MAY CAUSE DEATH.

Giving judgment in an action arising out of the dreadful explosion at the Rainham Chemical Works, Lord Justice Scrutton said that the fire was probably due to reckless smoking by a workman. Smoking by workmen in the most dangerous circumstances was, he said, notoriously common.

His lordship had very good grounds for his assertion. Not many years ago a hat factory at Denton was blown up and utterly destroyed through a work-