

You Can't Afford to Have Wet Feet

YOU know how important it is to keep your feet warm and dry. Then why don't you wear "Hi-Press" Rubber Boots and Shoes?

They're made a new way—IN ONE SOLID PIECE—they simply CAN'T leak or peel. But the big thing you notice from this new way of making footwear is the added WEAR.—Fishermen everywhere tell us that "Hi-Press" outlasts ordinary boots two and three to one.

You know, in your class of work, that the best is always the most economical. Wear "Hi-Press"—and you will never be satisfied with anything else.



Whenever you buy an article of rubber see that it bears this trade-mark. The wreath and the "G" is the sign of Quality and Assurance that the House of Goodrich stands solidly behind its products



Distributors

BOWRING BROTHERS

ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

"HI-PRESS"
with the Red Line Round the Top
The GOODRICH BOOT that Outwears 'Em. All

TO-DAY :

Pickles,
Hard Pickles,
Pickles,

Sup,
Lish,

Jams.

O., Ltd.

for a big stock campaign

een or may become inter-
ent to anyone at present
us, as we have no desire

ted through us, because

Limited,
ohn's, Nfld.

\$100 Ford Motor
Car Shares

NOW WORTH \$12,500 EACH.

From the St. Louis Post Dispatch. The minority interest in the Ford Motor company, which has just been sold, comprises a little more than 6,000 shares, which, at \$75,000,000 figure out at the rate of about \$12,500 a share. This probably establishes a record in the appreciation of corporate stock, barring possibly the case of a sulphur company in Louisiana.

Figures printed in connection with the sale show that the company was started June 16, 1903, and sold the first year, 1,708 cars, from which the profit enabled a 100 per cent dividend to be declared. The stockholders having got back the first year all they ever put in—and after 1909 production never fell below 10,000 cars a year, and reached 700,000 in 1917. It was not until 1906 that Mr. Ford obtained controlling interest.

The Dodge brothers retired with \$5,000,000 to divide equally between them and six other stockholders received with from \$8,500,000 to \$12,500,000 each. In 1903 a majority interest in the property whose minority interest has now brought \$75,000,000 is offered for \$5,000,000 and refused. Mayor James Couzens of Detroit remains in the company with 2,130 shares, valued at \$29,250,000, which would probably make him the richest man in America. It is not so many years ago since the municipal budget of Detroit was hardly greater than his present income.

Editors of To-Day.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL AND THE "BRITISH WEEKLY."

A frail little man in his sixty-ninth year, with a Scotch accent, which over thirty years of London has done nothing to mitigate. A little man whose appearance only in part indicates his force of character and the frequent fierceness of his opinions. This is a bald superficial description of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, editor of the British Weekly, founder of the Bookman, literary adviser to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, discoverer of poets and novelists, teacher, theologian, critic, and most popular journalist.

As Versatile As A Syndicate.

Sir William's range of interest is limitless. Hymns and politics, Charles Fronte and the Greek Testament hold his interest in almost equal degrees, and on them all (and on scores of other subjects) he has a scholar's knowledge. Incidentally, he is an amazing worker, and so many and so various are his vocations that he astounded novelist once declared his belief that William Robertson Nicoll was the name of a syndicate and not of an individual.

High Priest of the Kallyard.

Some of us (alas!) are old enough to remember the vogue of the "Kallyard school" of fiction, and how it used to struggle manfully to displace the meaning of the Scotch words and the Scotch phrases. Sir William was the high priest of the Kallyard. Many generations before he was born the Scotch had conquered England. But he was the man

who compelled the English to learn the language of their conquerors. Sir J. M. Barrie might still be a Nottingham reporter if Sir William had not induced the English to look through "A Window in Thrums" and discover the good things that were hidden behind it. Mr. Crockett was his debtor for much advice and encouragement. He actually persuaded Ian Maclaren to start novel writing. Maclaren, like Sir William, was a Presbyterian minister, and the critic was attracted by his friend's dramatic capacity for relating anecdotes. "Why don't you try and write?" he asked. Maclaren was not keen, but Dr. Nicoll scented a possible novelist and was insistent. Maclaren wrote a short sketch which was a failure. He tried a second—that was a little better. Dr. Nicoll was not discouraged. Maclaren must try again. He did, and the result was the famous novel, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

"Nicoll's Young Men."

But Sir William has not confined his encouragement or his discoveries to his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Frank Bullen, the sea writer, was among "Nicoll's young men," and he persuaded Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler to write "Isabel Carnaby," because he felt that there was a demand for a sympathetic, accurate fictional study of British Nonconformity. The Bookman too, particularly in its early days, did a great deal to establish the fame of hitherto unknown young writers of genius, among them W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet.

"Clandius Clear."

It is, however, as editor of the

"British Weekly" that Sir William has done his most characteristic and valuable work, and it is in the columns of that paper that he really lives. The Morning Post once jeeringly said that Sir William endeavours to make "the best of both worlds in his earthy and heavenly journal." I do not suppose that he would deny the perfectly proper ambition, and the description seems to me accurate and complimentary. Sir William has made the British Weekly the organ of broad-minded and literary Nonconformity. Its most distinctive feature is his own "Letters of Clandius Clear," essays on literature and life, often profound in thought, always expressed in the simplicity of phrase easily understandable by the great class that is eager to solve the insistent problems of living but it is not expert in the jargon of the schools. It is the fashion to decry Sir William Robertson Nicoll both as scholar and thinker, because he is essentially a popular writer, because he writes for him who works to read. That surely is his greatest distinction!

A One-Man Journal.

The British Weekly is an intensely individual publication. It is Nicoll from beginning to end, in the literary articles, in the religious reflections, in the political pronouncements. Slightly to alter Walt Whitman, "this is no paper, who touches this, touches a man." Sir William unquestionably gained his great ability mainly by the charm of his essays and the stimulant of his literary guidance. But he has used his influence to guide and affect Nonconformist opinion both in matters theological and in matters political. During the war he was perhaps Mr. Lloyd George's most important ally. He rallied Dissent to the national cause and persuaded the Chapel that the war was just. He boldly declared against handing over Ulster to a Home Rule Parliament after war broke out, Home Ruler though he be. He fought against mudde and hesitation while the Prime Minister was still Minister of Munitions. He was bold enough to demand that Lord Northcliffe should be first Air Minister. He is unconventional. He has no respect for shibboleths. He wants a good wholesome earth even though he looks forward to an eternity in heaven.

His Career.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll was born in Aberdeenshire and was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School and Aberdeen University, of which he is M.A. and LL.D. He was ordained a minister of the Free Church in the early seventies, and held charges at Duftoun and Kelsie. In 1885 he took the journey south which Dr. Johnson declared was the

one journey all Scotsmen yearn to take, and he was appointed editor of the British Weekly in 1886. Recently Sir William has passed through a severe illness and his frail body has grown still frailer, but the spirit of the man is unchanged. He is the literary warrior, indeed the happy literary warrior.

WANTED — A Big Boy to drive horse, calling for and delivering parcels; apply to SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water St. aug26,ed.t

String beans and sweet corn are the perfect combination for succotash. Lemon milk sherbert is a whole-somely delicious hot-weather dessert. All vegetables should be clean and fresh if one intends to eat them. Much is added to the appearance of a room by daintily curtained windows.

T. J. EDENS,
151 Duckworth Street.
5 Barrels
JELLY BEANS,
retailing at
31c. per lb.

20 cases No. 1 SALMON.
5 cases No. 1 LOBSTER.
100 SMOKED SALMON.
SKIPPET SARDINES.
FRENCH SARDINES IN OIL.

25 cases Campbell's Soups, asst'd.
Parovax, 1 lb. cartons.
Swandown's Prepared Cake Flour.
Pancake Flour.

BACON and HAMS.
BEEHONEY BACON.
SWIFF'S BACON.
FIDELITY BACON.
FIDELITY HAMS.

20 cases
VALENCIA ONIONS
by S. B. Schemm from Liverpool.
BAXANAS.
GRAVSTEIN APPLES.
CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
CALIFORNIA LEMONS.
GRAPE FRUIT.
CUCUMBERS.
LOCAL CABBAGE.
LOCAL TURNIPS.

100 sacks BRAN.

T. J. EDENS.
151 Duckworth Street.
(Next to Custom House.)

Nat Gould.

Nat Gould was the Service man's most popular author. At the Front, in the training camp, in the convalescent hospital, a new novel by the racing novelist was a prize eagerly sought after. His racy style, his unaffected language, his masterly manipulation of sensation and surprise, won for him a large public among the strenuous toilers of the world who after the exertions and worries of the day seek only diversion.

He laid no claim to be a literary novelist. He never gave himself literary airs. Frankly and unashamedly he wrote for the passing day, without so much as a tentative longing glance at posterity. And he was as unlike the popular conception of a novelist as he well could be.

Five Novels a Year.

Tradition attributes to the novelist a long struggle with poverty before emerging into the limelight. Mr. Gould with his first novel, "The Double Event," achieved conspicuous success. It is a platitude to refer to the novelist's "usual novel a year." Mr. John Long, his publisher, still has twenty-two of his novels in manuscript—unpublished only because of the war restrictions on paper. One usually thinks of a novelist as patiently working out his plot before writing the narrative. Mr. Gould always asserted that, instead of troubling to work out a plot, he simply sat down, began to write, and let his pen run on.

In the School of Journalism.

He was born in Manchester sixty-two years ago and drifted from the tea trade to farming before his inherent journalistic instinct asserted itself. After six years' experience as a reporter for the Newark Advertiser he went to Australia, where he wrote for such papers as the Brisbane Daily Telegraph and the Sydney Sunday Times. Before all things he was a journalist. Even his success as a novelist may be attributed to his journalistic experience; for it thought him to specialize in racing matters he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the racing world. There is nothing concerning the race-course, whether it be honest or dishonest, that he did not know. He studied the training stables until he could reproduce their atmosphere with remarkable fidelity. As a result he becomes one of the most widely-read novelists of the day.

No Typewriter.
"I don't pretend to be literary, but I do claim, to be able to write a good tale," Nat Gould remarked to a friend. It was characteristically modest, and fairly sums up the man and his work.

He could write a good tale. He wrote a 150 of them, or thereabouts. Exactly how many Mr. Long, his publisher for the last fifteen years, does not quite know. And no wonder. His output was vast, yet he was by no means a tremendous worker. He wrote four or five novels a year, each of about 65,000 words—less than a 1,000 a day, and there was no typewriter in his beautiful home at Bedford, Middlesex. He wrote "on a pad in a large bold hand, and when he had finished his book he would tie the bundle with tape and take the manuscript to Norris Street, in the Haymarket, London, and hand it personally to his publisher. And Mr. Long, with scarcely a glance at the manuscript, would hand the author a cheque, and the two would go out and have a jolly good lunch together. This happened with the most perfect regularity four or five times a year. What a delightful business this selling a book was for Nat Gould!

On the Race-Course.

The last contract he made with Mr. Long was, to quote the publisher himself, "to the end of time." And between-whiles Nat Gould occasionally went to racing meetings in search of material. When he sat down to write he knew that there was a great public waiting to devour every line. And he enjoyed the writing as much as his public enjoyed the reading. Apart from these visits to the race-course Gould lived the life of a country squire, rarely ever coming to town, except for these little business meetings with his publisher, and then he would attend a matinee performance at the theatre.

It was Andrew Lang who said, "A Sixpenny Academy would be a lively academy. For President, I would, if

consulted, select Mr. Nat Gould, who shines by a candid simplicity of style, and a direct and unaffected appeal to the primitive emotions, and our love for that noble animal the horse."

OPPORTUNITIES

Are not half so rare as are the men who are prepared to receive them. DR. F. STAFFORD & SON can supply you with all kinds of Patent Medicines at the very lowest prices obtainable. Large shipments of the following preparations have been received the past few days: Sunset Soap Dyes, Indian Root Pills, Dodd's Pills, Fletcher's Castoria, Wampole's Oil, Radways, Gln Pills, Beecham's Pills, Cod Liver Oil Compound, Carnol, Dead Shot Worm Sticks, Herbine Bitters, Sturgeon Oil Linctum, and hundreds of other preparations too numerous to mention are continually arriving and being shipped to the Wholesale Trade. Other preparations such as Stafford's Liniment, Prescription A, Stafford's Phoratan, Essence Ginger Wine, Friar's Balsam, Sweet Spirit of Nitre, Essence of Peppermint and various others are being manufactured and shipped in large quantities.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale & Retail Chemists and
Druggists,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

Beautiful Motor Robes.

We have just received another shipment of
Chases' Plush Motor Robes,
in Greens, Greys, Browns and Blues.
Come in and see them.

T. A. MACNAB & CO.
Overland Distributors,
CITY CLUB BUILDING.

may14,ed.t