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BOWRING BROS. Limited

ST. JOHN'S
—N. F.—

The Teacher and His Salary.

There is a wide gulf in these days between the high ideals that the public set for the profession of the school teacher and the actual value that they place upon those ideals as measured by teachers' salaries. In a time when the whole of the industrial class is moving forward by leaps and bounds in the matter of increased reward for its labor, the teachers, in common with one or two other professions, notably the ministry, have been so little that they have become a by-word for meagre income and straitened conditions of life. This is more noticeable in view of the increased emphasis which the state places upon education in all its various aspects. Are the salaries paid to teachers the reflection of the value of the education of our children, or are we degrading these men and women out of what is their due? This is the question in a nutshell.

Through all recent times reformers have looked to education for the advancement and regeneration of society. In these days, particularly, when the whole structure of society seems to be shaken at its foundation, the prophets of our times are crying for a spread of knowledge as a training of mind that will combat those tendencies that lead to integration. Moreover, there is insistent call everywhere that the training of the children who are the citizens of the future shall be left to chance nor entrusted to unskilled hands, but shall be the work of specialists, well trained in mind, healthy in body and lively as well in their outlook upon the world. And to those who seem to meet the necessary requirements in these respects we pay a wage that is less in many cases than the common laborer on the street will earn for his eight hours of work.

The situation is not peculiar to our country. It is quite marked in the United States and Great Britain. It is, in fact, already resulted in fact—in making the profession one largely occupied by women. The men with gifts of teaching have discovered that there are other professions that make less drain upon the physical strength, that are quite as satisfying and from which the returns are double or treble that paid to them. Not that alone, but men in recent years have undergone a change of training for the profession that is a sure thing for the training of youth of the country, but the more they refuse to remain in the economic bondage imposed by their citizens. This is the lament of the part of it that it is not the

inertia of governments outside, but the indifference of fellow-citizens to the rights of a certain class that is responsible for this state of affairs. Is there any city, town or county in Ontario that could not remedy conditions in six months if it made up its mind to tackle the job? On the face of it, the people of Ontario must plead guilty to the charge of caring little what sort of teachers educate their children when they permit conditions to continue that are driving the best teachers to other work.

No man or woman owes it to our prosperous Canadian communities to work for starvation wages. We hear a lot in these days about strikes, lockouts, collective bargaining, etc., as correctives for industrial conditions, and corporations are often denounced as cruel and heartless in the treatment of their employees.

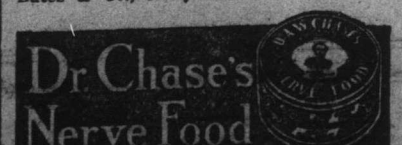


Could Not Sleep

Mr. Earnest Clark, Police Officer, 388 King St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"For three years I suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness. I believe my condition was brought about by overwork. I had frequent headaches, neuralgic pains and twitching of nerves and muscles. I had indigestion, was short of breath and easily tired. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and seven boxes of this medicine cured me of all my symptoms. I am now feeling one hundred per cent. better than I was, and have to thank Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the good health I am now enjoying."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



Dr. Chase's Medicines at all Drugists and Dealers. GERALD S. DOYLE, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.

What is shown is that a municipality can be heartless as any corporation. For after all, the utter indifference of the public towards the reward its teachers receive would never exist in business, where ability and energy do receive their reward. The question of teachers' salaries is coming to the front to-day as never before because the members of the profession see ruin ahead of them. With wage increases for almost everybody else, with the most of living double what it was before the war and little prospect of any decrease for some time to come, the teacher finds it hard to make both ends meet and can do nothing towards providing for the future. And all the injury that has been done in the past by striking teachers to other professions and by creating intense dissatisfaction in the ranks will be yet further increased by permitting further continuance of the present conditions.—London Advertiser.

SQUARE DEALING.

You'll have customers contented if the goods in which you deal always are as represented in your advertising spiel. But if you deceive your patrons, lured by falsehoods to your store, there'll be angry men and women thirsting for your rich red gore. Claiming wool and selling shoddy will not get you anywhere, and excuses large and gaudy will not make the matter square. I can sell a tinhorn sonnet to consumers now and then, but when they want odes, doggone it, they won't come to me again. I must do the best I'm able every time I sell a song or some gent will prod my sables with a pitchfork's rusty prong. Such excuses as I offer, broken health or Jim H. Jones, find the scorpion and the scotter, and I cannot sell my psalms. Once you've fooled a human being, you have earned an obnoxious mark; and a hundred, that mark seeing, will avoid you as a shark. Let no bilking schemes enchant you, put temptation on the ice; you may sting me once, I grant you, but you cannot do it twice. And the dealer who is wiser than a wise old setting hen is the honest advertiser who would have you come again.

Gray's Inn Chapel is one of the most ancient edifices in London. It was, in 1315, assigned by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and after 200 years as a chantry chapel was assigned to the ministry at Sheen. The pulpit dates from 1588.

Found in the Net.

QUEER HAULS FROM THE SEA.

North Sea fishermen are having anything but a happy time of it. Although the stock of fish is larger and more plentiful than it has been for thirty years past, there is much besides fish lying about on the great Dogger banks, and the amount of gear lost, in consequence, is a very serious matter.

If a trawl gets caught in a sunken wreck there is nothing for it but to cut the warp and the loss. All sorts of relics of the sea fights of the past four years are being fished up. Only the other day a trawler brought up a rusty machine-gun which proved to have belonged to one of the many pirate U-boats which our men sent to the bottom.

Fetched £27 10s.

The trawl net, remember, is like a purse which is dragged, for hours on end, slowly along the bottom, and which gathers not only fish—principally soles, turbot and plaice—but also a mass of every sort of rubbish that litters the floor of the sea.

Among this rubbish are sometimes found objects of real interest or value. Small pieces, of amber, for instance. Amber is the fossilized gum of a tree which once grew over the forgotten

country which is now the broad North Sea, and fragments are often washed up on our East Coast after storms. A year or two before the war, a Lowestoft trawler found in her net a lump of amber weighing just on two pounds—the finest piece discovered for very many years. The lucky finder sent it to London and sold it for £27 10s.

In 1906 another Lowestoft trawler, when working on the northern edge of the Dogger, got her trawl hung up in what at first her people thought must be an old anchor. There are plenty of these at the bottom of the sea. But by degrees the object was worked loose and came up.

Worth Hundreds of Pounds.

It proved to be the right hand tusk of a mastodon. It was eight feet long, and so heavy that it took three men to lift it. How many million years ago its original owner lived it is impossible to say. The find was sold to a museum for seven pounds.

Bones of extinct animals are quite commonly found in trawls. Unfortunately, the fishermen generally throw them overboard as rubbish.

Trawling in the Channel, a Brixham craft brought up a queer old vase, black with age and long immersion in salt water. The skipper kept it as a curiosity, and when he returned to port, stuck it up in his room, on a shelf. Some years later a visitor who happened to notice it, offered him a sovereign for it. The offer was accepted; he took it home, had it cleaned, and found that it was solid silver, a very fine specimen of French sixteenth century work, and worth several hundred pounds.

An Ostend trawler had a most strange experience a few years ago. Working off the Belgian coast, she began to wind up her net, when her men found that she had an extraordinary heavy capture. They found it was another net.

The Message in the Bottle.

But this feeling was nothing to their amazement when it was discovered that the net was their own old one which they had lost in a sudden storm just a year previously.

On one occasion, off the Isle of Wight, a trawler's crew got hold of a torpedo, and managed to bring it ashore. It was one that had been lost during practice, and they claimed and obtained the regular £5 reward from the Admiralty.

Another fever was more easily earned by two French fishermen of Etretat. They found in their net a bottle, carefully corked and sealed which, being opened, proved to contain a sheet of paper on which were these words: "£5 will be given to whoever brings or sends me this scrap of paper." Address—Greenwich Street, New York. The bottle had been dropped overboard by a New Yorker on his way across the Atlantic. Another.

Ask the Men Who Know!



To men who are particular about their shoes, and who at the same time consider their pocket book, we offer some splendid Shoe Values at

\$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13 and \$14.

We spare no pains in providing for our trade the best Men's Shoes that can be offered at these prices.

These Shoes were made for us by a special maker, and made according to our specifications.

They Are Splendid Shoes!

Button, Lace and Blucher, medium or military heels. Straight or swing lasts.

"Ask the men who know"—the men that wear our Shoes, and see what they say about them.

N. B.—We have just opened up a big assortment of Ladies', Boys' and Girls' Footwear, together with

Rubber Footwear.

We have Rubbers to fit every shoe style going. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

F. Smallwood,

The Home of Good Shoes, 218 & 220 Water St.

No Idle Threat.

Recently, an English Bishop, whose name is much in the public eye, wrote a magazine article which was distinctly annoying to the strange people who think that we ought to believe everything the Germans tell us, irrespective of their past record in the line of veracity. His lordship received a number of abusive letters and postcards—anonymous, of course. One was so delightful an effort that it ought not to be allowed to remain in obscurity. "Two weeks and myself," it ran, "I'm praying earnestly

for your speedy decease. Do not think this an idle threat, we have been very successful in two other cases."—(London "Guardian.")

For all kinds of Coughs and Colds try Phoradone, at STAFFORD'S, Theatre Hill. Open every night till 9.30—Oct. 11.

The guinea-pig grows more quickly than any other quadruped. It is full grown when six weeks old, and begins to bear young at two months.

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