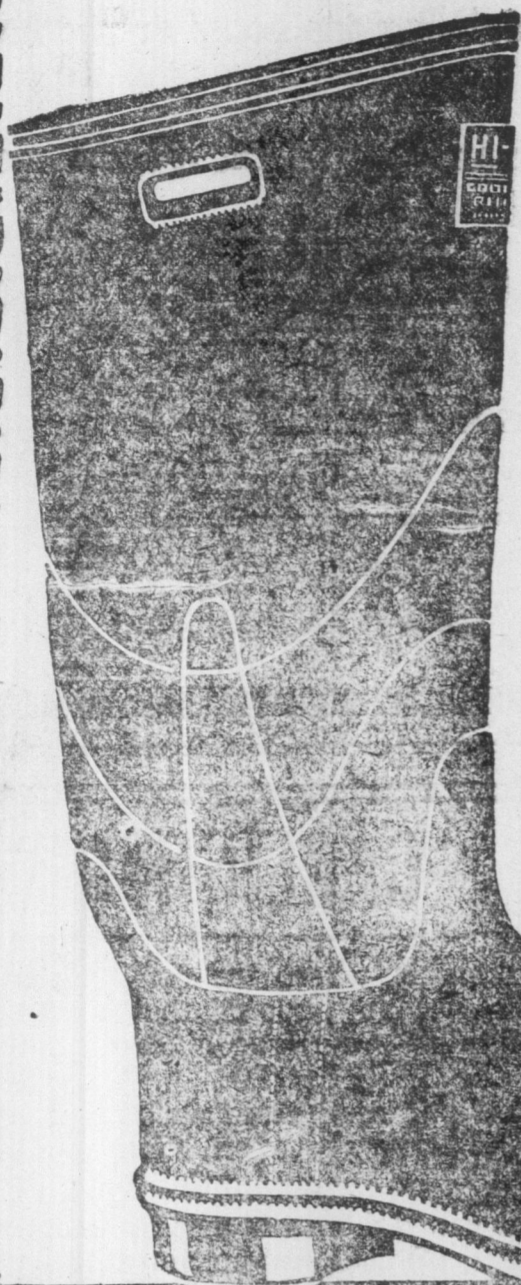
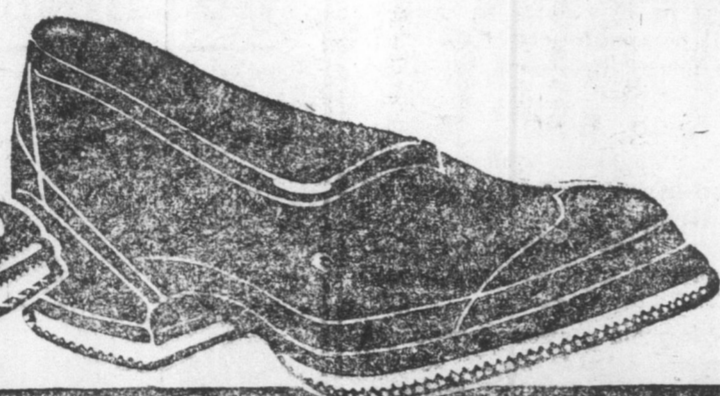


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WE CANNOT recommend this splendid rubber footwear too highly. You can get FAR MORE WEAR AND MUCH GREATER FOOT COMFORT from "Hi-Press" than from any other brand — and we KNOW the footwear business. "Hi-Press" you understand is made in ONE SOLID PIECE. No loosely cured layers to come apart and wear out prematurely. Just solid, tough rubber.

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LONDON GOSSIP.

THE PRINCE AND THE BAR.
About a month ago I stated that the Prince of Wales was shortly to be called to the Bar and admitted as a Bencher of the Middle Temple. His Royal Highness has just indicated that it will be convenient for him to visit the Middle Temple for this ceremony in the early part of July, and that so soon as he returns from his present tour in Cornwall and Devonshire he will affix a definite date. His Royal Highness will be received in the historic hall of the Middle Temple by the Benchers and members of the Inn, and an address of welcome will be made to him by the Treasurer, Lord Coleridge. A guard of honour of the Inn of Court Officers Training Corps (the "Devil's Own") will be mounted outside the hall, and the Prince will inspect this prior to the ceremony taking place. The procedure to be followed on this occasion will be very similar to that observed when the late King Edward became a Bencher of the Middle Temple in 1861. When he was an undergraduate at Oxford the Prince of Wales took a special course in Constitutional Law, so that he is not entirely without qualifications for his new dignity.

THE PRESS AND WHITEHALL.
Some of the journalists who have been working in Government Departments as publicity managers are being invited to become permanent officials. Their work has been so useful during the war that the Government proposes to keep them going in peace. The publicity man in Whitehall was entirely a war product. It was Lloyd George, when he was starting his great munitions campaign, who first saw the importance of placing propaganda in the hands of skilled journalists. In the old days the idea of employing men from Fleet Street in Whitehall would have caused the collapse of the hideous type of civil servant. The newspaper munitions campaign was a brilliant success, and before many months every war department had its publicity branch, and wherever a new office was started the Journalist always had his room. From the very beginning of the Food Ministry had a particularly large and active press department, and most journalists going to it for information would agree that it was of the greatest value. In any case, the pre-war attitude of Whitehall to the journalist, a compound of superciliousness and negation worthy of a Front Bench answer to tiresome questioners, is gone. The war has shown even Whitehall the extreme importance of keeping in touch with the public, and if possible of forestalling criticism, through the press. Nothing so disheartened American and other foreign journalists here as the cold-shouldering they experienced in Government offices. The officials have learned better now.

STOCKINGS OR NONE?
The Central Empires have left off stockings because they had none to wear. In France fashionable women from choice have discarded stockings in favor of the highest and most beribboned shoes. Sometimes they wear a sort of net made in the shape of a stocking, which has wide meshes and is really only the ghost of a stocking. Even in London the thinnest of women's stockings could hardly go much further, and a suggestion has been made that black-leaded legs should suffice. The process, says the humorists, would have all the effect of silk stockings, and would never need mending. At this rate it looks as if there will soon be profiteering in wool.

NEW OPERA STARS.
The first month of Covent Garden Grand Opera has been notable for the number of newcomers to the firmament of operatic stars. These have been chiefly masculine. During the long waits between the acts controversial conversation in the stalls, as well as among the music students in the gallery, is all on which of the three new tenors is the coming Cassio. Many champion the young Irish-Lancashire man, Thomas Burke. The Italian patrons of the opera hall hiss at their own, since he was trained in Italy, and made his name at Milan. There are others prepared to fight, and die if necessary, for the cause of the young Frenchman, Ferdinand Anseau, and in the stalls one evening I heard three Society dames espousing the cause of the young Greek, Ulysses Lappas, to their menfolk. "He looks a hero and sings like one," was the unanimous opinion of the ladies.

TINY WATCHES.
Expensive watches are coming into fashion again among women, after being superseded during the war by the time-keeper of purely utilitarian design. The tendency is to make them as small as possible, and the most popular idea is that of tiny silver watches—square, octagonal, rectangular, or round—worn on a wrist band of black watered ribbon. Another tiny watch is shaped as a globe, about as big as a child's marble, which can be worn in a buttonhole. Watch chains have still to come into fashion again.

THE OPEN-AIR HABIT.
While private enterprises have been going very slowly, a good deal has been done officially to meet the growing demand for open-air cafes in London. It is only in the public parks and places where there are Government refreshment houses that the demobilized Army can follow the habits it learned on the Continent. So successful is the undertaking carried on by the National Kitchen Department of the Ministry of Food that exten-

sions are gradually being made, and shortly an open-air cafe will be opened on Primrose Hill. Notwithstanding the evidently growing demand, private firms continue to invite their customers to eat in crowded rooms and stifling atmospheres, and refuse to contemplate the Continental plan. The chief objection raised is that English weather is not kindly disposed to these innovations, and that the dust, and smoke of London pervade everywhere, and would make it impossible for people to enjoy their food. People who have become accustomed to the outdoor habit point to innumerable places in London where a start might be made, and the common excuses are scouted as but specious inventions when they obviously do not apply to the officially managed eating places in the parks. There is abundant evidence of the popularity that would attend open-air cafes, for at the Government establishments, in spite of atrocious services, there is always an enormous demand for tables and places.

THE O. M.
The giving to Admiral Beatty and Field Marshal Haig of the Order of Merit brings the list of military members up to seven. The civil members are twelve, consisting of four statesmen (Lord Moery, Lord Bryce, Lord Haldane and Mr. Balfour), four scientists (Lord Rayleigh), Professor Henry Jackson, Sir Joseph Thomson, and Sir Archibald Geikie), two authors (Thomas Hardy and Sir George Trevelyan), and one musician (Sir Edward Elgar). The expectation is that Lord Grey's name will soon be added. There is no woman.

JERU BACK FROM THE WAR.
Ordinary mortals who have outlived early dress of emineence and ground and lofty tumblers in popular circles are finding London's street traffic rather trying just now. Since the arrival of the motor car, the motor bus, and the motor cab the average pedestrian has never been quite free to take his own time at crossings. He has, however, to be even more lively in his movements—much more lively indeed—now that Jeru is back in his old place with experience of the war to help him along. The busman seems to move at a greatly accelerated pace from point to point, and he has obviously developed new views as to how to pick up new passengers. When you venture into the roadway and raise a hand in order to stay his progress, he fixes you with a steady eye and then goes through an evolution which closely resembles an attempt to run you down. But he does not really run you down. What happens is never very clear, but you find yourself safe and sound and upright on the platform of the vehicle, whose pace has apparently never slackened. It is a try-

ing game, but no doubt Londoners will get used to it.

Rough on Phyllis.
"Mr. Wimble, may I look at your watch?" said little Jimmie.
"Yes, my little man," said Mr. W., smiling at Jimmie's grown-up sister.
"You mustn't worry Mr. Wimble," said Phyllis, in a sweet voice. "And, Jimmie, mother said you were to go to bed at eight o'clock, so come an' now."
Jimmie set his angel face into a grizzle.
"Shant!" burst out the youngster. "I want to see you two play cards."
"I'm shocked at you being so naughty," gravely spoke Phyllis. "And we are not going to play cards."
"Oh, yes you are," bawled out Jimmie. "'cos I heard ma say to pa that she hoped you'd play your cards well to-night!"

The Budding Financier.
In a certain large business house the chief is a very busy man indeed, and at the same time a very peppery individual. So large is his concern that it is quite impossible for him to keep in touch with the many details of his business, and one of the departments he leaves to his manager is the payment of his clerks. But about a month ago one of his men bearded him in his den and broached the subject of an increase of salary. His wages had stood at £150 a year too long to please him.
"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the old man, "and I look upon your application as a piece of impertinence?"
A happy thought struck the clerk. "Two hundred and fifty a year, sir," he replied.
"Um!" replied the old man. "Well, that is all I have to say to you. Send in the manager."
The manager entered shortly afterwards.
"Make Brown's salary £200 a year," said the magnate. The manager was about to offer an explanation. "Do as I tell you," thundered the old man. "I'll teach the upstart to dictate to my wha salary to pay my people."

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.

At Your Service
with the following, which have arrived during the past week.
Blue Jay Corn Plasters.
Colgate's Tooth Paste.
Freezone for Corns.
Woodbury's Facial Soap.
Woodbury's Facial Powder.
Cuticura Soap.
Cuticura Ointment.
Wamole's Cod Liver Oil.
and Colortie for Straw Hats in sixteen different colors.
For quick service try
PETER O'MARA
The Druggist,
46-48 WATER ST. WEST.

The Breath of The Great Outdoors.
The Big 7
The Big 7
STORIES OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST
BY H. A. CODY.
Under Sealed Orders
The Lone Patrol
The Chief of The Rangers
The Frontiersman
The Fourth Watch
If Any Man Sit
Rod of The Lone Patrol
Illustrated, 90c. each.

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The Truth About Tomna
Ladies Must Live
Jerry
Starr of The Desert
Those Fitzbenbergers
His Own Home Town
Jaffery
Courage Of Captain Plum
When Dearest Went Dry
We Three
The Truth About Tomna
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New Arrivals This Week!

NEW DATES—
"Dromedary" and "Royal Excelsior" Brands.
Schweppes Ginger Ale, etc.
Schweppes Orange Wine.
Schweppes Raisin Wine, etc.
Fine Granulated Sugar,
2 lb. & 5 lb. cartons.
Libby's Baked Beans, 20c.
Shirriff's Jelly Powder,
15c. pkg.
Bird's Custard Powder,
15c. pkg.
Bird's Egg Powder, 36c. doz.
"Quaker" Tomatoes, 3's & 2's.

McLaren's Cream Cheese,
Opal crocks.
McLaren's Cream Cheese,
Packages.
Ingersoll Cream Cheese.
"Bola" Egg Powders—
Guaranteed pure.
Fresh Eggs.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee,
1's and 1/2's.
Fresh June Butter — "Blue
Nose."
Fresh Shelled Walnuts.
Fresh Shelled Almonds.
Fresh Rhubarb.

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