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G. VATER PIPPY, District Manager,  
Beck's Cove, St. John's.

aug16,21,26

## Assisting the Press

(By J. R. Smallwood, of the Evening Telegram Reportorial Staff.)

When the man on the street pays a cent for his daily newspaper, he doesn't realize what value he is getting for that cent.

What might help him to appreciate the bargain would be a day spent in a newspaper office—the busiest spot on earth—and a day in the company of one of the newspaper's reporters.

After such an experience he would never again have any doubt as to the value he is getting when his parts with one cent for his daily newspaper.

In the first place, he gets the news of that day. For one cent he is privileged to peep within the bowls and witness for himself the most interesting things that have happened. He cannot possibly know what occurs, otherwise. He may know a little. He may have been the actor in some tragedy or comedy. In as far as that particular occurrence goes, he probably knows as much or more than the newspaper can tell him. But there are things happening over all the city and all the country, which, although known to those immediately concerned, will never be discovered to him except through the medium of the newspaper.

Take a day's happenings in a city. There are two or three accidents. Three or four people have gone into the hospital with fever or something else. Another has been fined \$5 for assaulting somebody. A couple of drunks have been fined a dollar each. A horse ran away down Water Street. There was a fire up on LeMarchant Road. Several well-known people went out by train or boat. Such a foreign-going vessel has arrived at her destination, crew all well, after a quick run of twenty-six days. The fishermen of such and such a place did exceptionally well yesterday, and somebody else was arrested this morning, on a charge of manslaughter. The people injured and those who saw the accidents must certainly know more about the occurrences than the newspaper man who does not actually see and witness more than five per cent of the things he writes about. The man who was fined \$5 obviously knows about the matter—the depleted purse will serve to remind him of it. The fire-sufferers and those that witnessed the fire, the owners of the foreign-going ship, the fishermen who did well yesterday, and the man who was arrested for manslaughter, will certainly know more about their respective matters than will the hard-worked reporter.

Understand, then, that these various events that happen are well known to those directly concerned. What is needed is some agency that will know all of them, gather them together, fix them up and present them to the public for its amusement, interest and edification.

Now there is nothing else extant that can do this.

Suppose that some enterprising man were to have a number of reporters ferreting out the occurrences of the day, and then bringing them in to him. At such an hour he would announce the news in some large hall, charging everyone a nominal admittance fee. Can you imagine this system being successful? In the first place, what hour that would be suitable to everyone to get it? In the second place, how could he give out-put people the day's news? And in the third, how could he present his news in such a manner as to be highly interesting, amusing and elevating? There would be among his audience some who would not want to hear the shipping news, just as there are newspaper readers who never read marine notes. There would be some who would not be interested in the war news or things of foreign moment. There would be some who would not want to hear this and some who would not want to hear that. But to hear what they were interested in, they would have to wait until all the news had been given. The newspaper reader, on the other hand, can skip whatever does not appeal to or interest him.

In some rural districts abroad there has been installed a telephone news service. At a certain hour in the day the bell rings in every subscriber's house, and the receivers are lifted and the subscribers listen, while Central recounts the chief news of the day. But the cost of a telephone service would be in excess of a cent a day, while the very impediments that would be met with in the first method would here be present to make the system far inferior to the daily newspaper. Whereas, under these systems, every subscriber would have to listen at one and the same time, or miss the news, the newspaper reader may read his paper whenever he feels most like it and when he can best find time.

No. There is no other way of presenting the public with the news of the day in such an economical, easily accessible and interesting a manner as done by the daily newspaper.

If there was but one single copy of the paper printed each day, there

is not one in the country who could afford the (now) cheap luxury of newspaper reading. Each newspaper has a whole corps of men and women working, laboring, rushing, scrambling, thinking, worrying, plotting and planning for it every day of the year, Sundays not excepted.

To the casual reader the chief event of the day for a newspaper is its appearance on the street or on the news-stand. Nothing could be further from fact. The newspaper is born, true enough, with its publication—that is, to the reader. To those within the ring it is born long before that. Its appearance, in fact, is a most unimportant factor, beyond having it for sale on schedule time, and the newspaper dies with its publication as far as the makers are concerned. For example: To-day's Telegram, which is this minute being read, has been forgotten some hours, and Monday's paper is well on the way for publication.

Journalism is essentially a recording of the day's news, and every newspaper is born and dies with its publication.

We have seen that the paper collectors, preparers and presenters of the day. It is the only system that can do this. That is why the public buys the newspaper. People are naturally curious and want to know what's happening. Therefore they read the newspaper, which tells them what they want to know.

It is thus that we come to the point of this article. The public wants news: the newspaper supplies it: the public relies on the newspaper for its news. For this reason the newspaper, occupying such a responsible position as it does, should be the most privileged and assisted institution of the community.

This does not mean, of course, that the newspaper is to receive charity or that kind of help, but it does mean that the newspaper should be aided and assisted in every way in carrying out the project for which it exists—the collection, preparation and publication of the news of the day for the great public of the country.

The work of collecting this news and preparing it for consumption is done by the reporter. His work is first to find out, and second to tell. Generally he needs no aid in writing his news. He does need aid, however, in getting it. If a reporter were fortunate enough to be made in parts, with the ability to have one part in every section of the country, he would need no help. But, canny and mysterious as he sometimes is, he cannot be in more than one place at a time. While he is on Water Street there may be an accident—or a robbery, for that matter—on New Gower Street. Or, again, while he is on Water Street West, something may happen by the Post Office. By the time he has arrived at the Post Office the excitement has died down and there is no sign to show that a comedy or a tragedy has been enacted there a few minutes before. It is here that the press may be assisted. Everybody knows the reporter—and there was never yet a reporter who was offended at anyone for telling him some news, and although rarely, perhaps, expressed, the gratitude is there. It takes a lot to make a reporter enthusiastic.

The watchdogs of the press divide people into three kinds: those that tell us news, those that don't, and those that will go out of their way to tell something they have seen or heard. It is an easy matter for anyone to 'phone into a newspaper office and say that "somebody's horse," don't know whose, has just taken fright and gone up Water Street past the Court House." Yet very few do so. The feeling seems to be that the reporter doesn't need to be told these things—being a reporter. But a fact that will dispel this illusion is that the reporter is told ninety-four per cent of everything he writes. Five per cent he sees, and one is 'phoned, wired or written to him. Many people seem to think that the only news that would be of value to the press is of nothing less than of assault or a big robbery. When asked if there was anything new, a man will shake his head and answer "No." That same man, upon judicious questioning, will furnish, probably, half a dozen items before he is dry.

There is the kind of men that says: "No; nothing new. Haven't heard a thing. Very dull."

There is the kind of man that says: "I see that Bill Smith went out by train this morning. Charley Jones' mother died last night and Harry's wife had a baby. Tom lost a splendid horse yesterday and Dick was presented with a walking stick by the boys. The electric street light on Nobody's Street hasn't been lighted for a week and there's a big pile of rubbish on So-and-So Lane that's been an eyesore for three days. Saw a great row on Middle Street last night—couple of drunks got started. The little fellow certainly gave it to the big one and he had to be carried home on a door. Did you hear about that sparrow that perched on the live wire down the street a few minutes ago, and fell on what's-his-name's hat? And So-and-So's chicken that was born with three legs? Well, must be moving, old sport. Sorry I haven't any news to give you. If I hear anything I'll let you know!"

Let us whisper it—that's the kind of man we like!

### The Social Charm of Good Listening.

(By Richard Le Gallienne in "Cosmopolitan.")

Manners-to-day are at a low ebb all round, but in no single respect are they so painfully ill-bred as in what would seem to be a general incapacity for listening. This is particularly true of smart, or would-be smart, society people. One of these will ask the other with every appearance of eager interest to tell him something, but, almost before the person asked has begun to answer the question, he will notice that the other has apparently already forgotten having asked it, is looking around vaguely at some distant point of the compass, and seems equally to have forgotten the person in front of him. There was no necessity to feign an interest he did not feel, in the first instance; and the person addressed had probably no wish to talk at all, but had only attempted a courteous response to a spurious display of sympathy. Almost every other person one meets is like that—a small hurrying egotist, nervously self-absorbed, and without the social grace to conceal his self-absorption. Many otherwise quite nice, and even charming, people are so, but their niceness goes for little or nothing, marred with this defect. One has no pleasure in meeting them, for there is no social give and take in them. You feel that you are merely a receptacle for their breathless self-congratulations.

I am not, of course, referring to great talkers. As a matter of fact, great talkers, being artists, understand the value of pause, and are able to assume the virtue, though they have it not, of inviting you to take your share in the conversation, and of listening to you with skilled and sympathetic attention. And, as for brilliant monologists, one sits down in front of them, knowing what to expect, as one sits down to hear a violin solo, and not dreaming of interrupting them. Listening to such is an esthetic opportunity of which we are only too glad to avail ourselves.

The offenders I refer to are quite other. They are usually well-dressed and wealthy nonentities, who without any selves to speak of—will insist continually on speaking of themselves. Having no interest in others, others, very naturally, have no interest in them. The basis of good breeding is a certain social unselfishness; and a courteous attentiveness to the remarks of another, particularly when we ourselves have invited them, is one of the most important distinctions between ladies and gentlemen and—the others.

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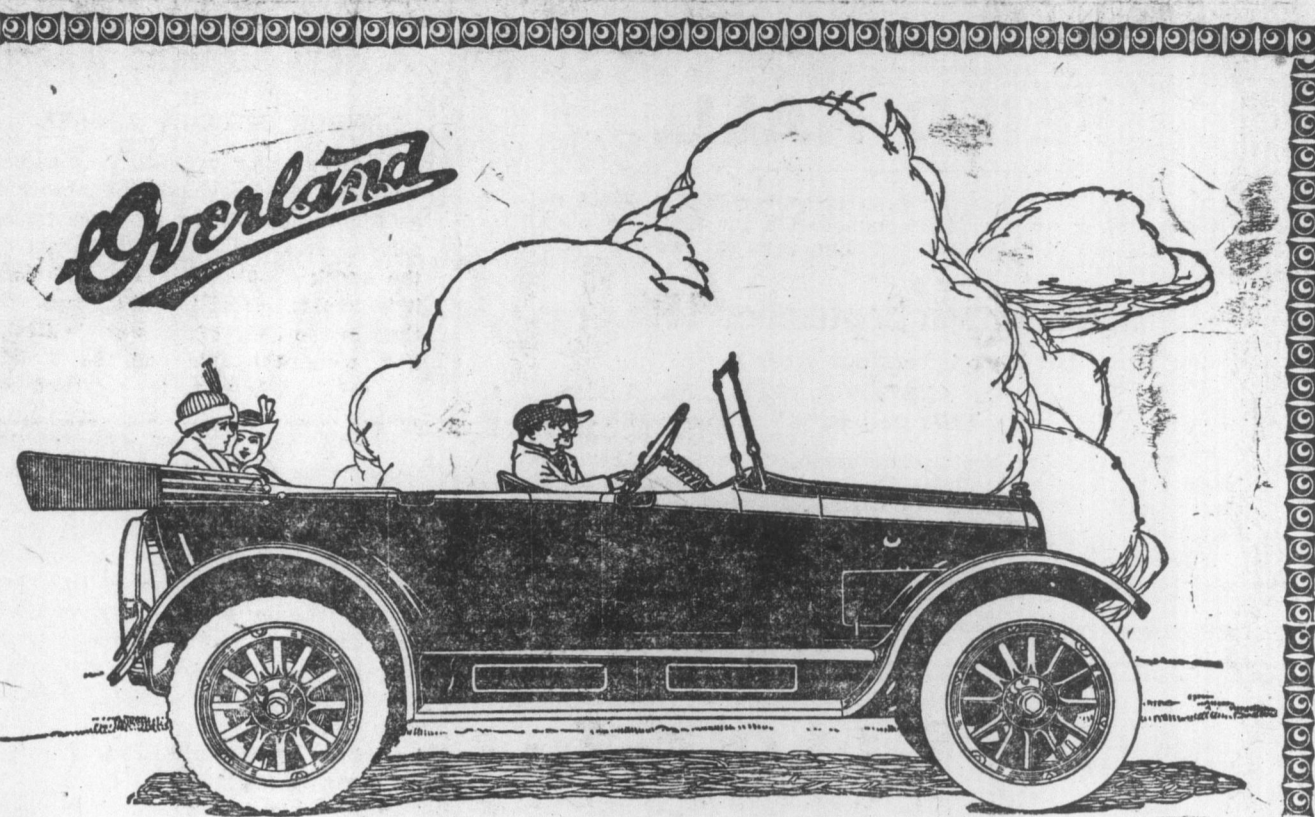
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### Dundonald's "Destroyer."

Admiral Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, is one of the most famous names in Britain's naval history. He became famous as one of Nelson's captains and rapidly rose to high rank. Then came the accusations of graft against him and he was practically dismissed from the service. Filled with unquenchable energy, he sought dangers on land and sea wherever war was to be found. He was Admiral of the Greek fleet and fought the Turks. He was Admiral of the Chilean fleet and fought the Spaniards. In short, he became a roving free lance, while all the time trying to rehabilitate himself in British Governmental circles. During the later days of the Napoleonic wars he announced that he had discovered a means whereby Britain's fleet could easily sink all other fleets afloat and maintain its power in perpetuity. He showed and explained his invention to naval experts, who all agreed that it was too terribly destructive to be used by civilized men in

warfare, but no statement of its nature was given out. Since that time guesses innumerable have been made, but until quite recently nothing has ever been given out, the whole thing remaining as the great secret of the Admiralty. Edgar Stanton Maclay, a writer on naval subjects, has, however, announced that Dundonald's great "destroyer" was nothing more nor less than burning mirrors. Here we find ourselves harking back to ancient history and finding that Archimedes, the Syracusan Philosopher, defended his city and destroyed the ships of the Roman besiegers by the use of concave mirrors focussing the rays of the sun upon them. Admiral Cochrane had taken the lesson to heart and invented a stand which enabled the mirrors to be used on board ship in spite of the rolling and pitching of the

vessel. Again and again throughout the wars of the last hundred years, naval committees have examined the invention and reported upon its efficacy and against its use. Now, however, the invention and common use of long range artillery, the machine gun and the explosive shell have made the use of mirrors out of the question, for such instruments could only be used in some open place and thus easily be destroyed long before they could be effective. Kircher and the great scientist Buffon experimented with burning mirrors, and in one experiment lead and tin were melted at a distance of fifty yards—these experiments showing the destructive possibilities of the invention, particularly in times when wood was used for almost everything, the wooden ships of the times being soaked in oil and tar, rendering them terribly inflammable. In the late war, however, the use of burning mirrors would have been of little value, for the reasons given.

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