

Notice to the Trade!

We beg to announce that we are now open for business in the Wholesale Dry Goods.

Our stock comprises a full line of GENERAL DRY GOODS. We intend selling at the lowest possible prices. A call will convince you.

We are also COMMISSION MERCHANTS and MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS, and carry the agency for Messrs. Joseph Gundry & Co., Ltd., of Bridport, England, the well known makers of HERRING NETS, NETTING, LINES and TWINES, of which we carry a stock on consignment for the trade only.

Greaves & Sons, Ltd.,

QUEEN STREET.

nov10.61

Furs! Furs! Furs!

P. C. O'Driscoll, Ltd.,

Water Street, St. John's,
will pay highest Cash Prices for

Fox, Muskrat

and all other Furs.

See Us Before You Sell Elsewhere.

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RED CROSS LINE!

The S. S. ROSALIND will probably leave New York for St. John's via Halifax on November 20th, and will sail from St. John's for New York via Halifax on the 30th November. This steamer has excellent accommodation for first and second-class passengers. For further information re passage fares, freight rates, etc., apply to

HARVEY & CO., Ltd.,

AGENTS RED CROSS LINE.

nov11,eod,tf

FOR SALE!

One House on Gear Street, immediate possession; one on Pleasant Street, freehold, immediate possession; one House on Pleasant Street, leasehold, immediate possession; one House on Springdale Street, good investment; one House on New Gower Street, one House on Alexander Street, freehold; one Double Tenement House on Gower Street, one House on Forest Road, House on Hamilton Avenue, one on Brazil's Square, one in Hoylestown, one on Water Street West. For further particulars apply to

J. R. JOHNSTON,

P. O. Box 1219. 30 1/2 Prescott Street, Real Estate Agent.

Advertise in "The Telegram."

"Reg'lar Fellers"

Slaves of the Cinema!

Since the Armistice there has been a record rush of girls to get "taken on the pictures." There probably is not a film-producing company in London that has not at the present moment the names of at least three hundred girls aspiring to become picture actresses on their books, and every week brings the companies fresh applications.

The film-producing companies now have the pick and choice from hundreds of pretty girls, many of them talented and clever, when they require a new actress for a particular part.

The chance, therefore, against any girl getting even a small part is considerable, whilst the chances of her becoming "featured" as a star player are infinitely less still.

Practically every girl who is a "picture" star up to the present moment, or who has any chance of becoming one, has been in the picture business since she was ten or twelve years old. She has played hundreds of different parts, and is a trained and experienced cinema actress.

The Result of Hard Work.

When a big success is achieved, like that of Miss Alma Taylor, though it may appear sudden, it is, in reality, achieved by years of work from the time they were children. Yet, in face of these facts, there are hundreds of girls of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-five, who are wasting their time, and, it is no exaggeration to say, ruining their lives, by touring round the film studios endeavouring to obtain a small part, hoping that, this obtained, they will jump into sudden fame, and become a featured player, with a salary that may run into hundreds of pounds a week. In America they call such girls "slaves of the cinema," and it is a literally true expression.

Once a girl starts hanging round a film studio, picking up stray acquaintances with anyone connected with it, in the hope that she may obtain, sooner or later, an interview with the producer, and secure a part, however small, in a picture play, it is long odds that she will become a cinema slave, and, as such, she is truly to be pitied.

Here is the story of one of these "slaves," whom I knew intimately, and it is typical of the story that might be told of hundreds of other girls.

Four years ago she was a bright, jolly girl of sixteen. She was extremely pretty, her figure was slight and graceful, her features well shaped and finely cut, and she had a pair of large brown and very expressive eyes.

At that time she was a typist in a City office. Someone suggested to her that she ought to try to "get on the pictures," and, most unfortunately for herself, she took the advice. I need not dwell on the time she wasted in writing lengthy letters to the film-producing companies in London, or on the disappointment she suffered at getting no replies.

Half-Starved and Hopeful.

The tragedy of her career began when she took to visiting the picture studios in the hope of getting a personal interview with a producer.

Of course, she lost, or, rather, I believe gave up, her position in the City office where she was employed. She picked up several acquaintances at the studios she visited. As I have said, she was a pretty girl, and her acquaintances — they were mainly men — were quite ready to stand her dinners at the restaurant and take her to theatres.

They all told her that they would certainly be able to get her a part, and they kept their promises. She at length obtained an interview with the producer, and he gave her a "part."

She was only in the play for about ten minutes, and half a guinea was her fee for figuring before the camera for that period.

Since then she has earned about thirty guineas in the same way, and she is still hanging about the studio — or others — in the hope that she will sooner or later secure a part that will make her a reputation.

She is rapidly losing her beauty, she is half-starved, her clothes are shabby. She no longer gets invitations to restaurants or theatres, and all I can say is that her plight, bad

as it is, is at least better than that of those who do.

The cinema slave finds it next to impossible to return to regular employment. I have known smart girls who have tried to do so, but in every case they drifted back again to their old haunts about the film studios.

I know one quite clever girl, who, after she had spent two years picking up odd small parts at different film studios, went back to her original calling — that of a school teacher — but she only retained a position as teacher for three months, and then went back once again to try her luck at the "pictures." She is trying it still, but with no better success than she met with before.

Not Worth the Candle.

The only chance a girl has of earning a regular livelihood as a cinema actress is by getting into a stock company, where she receives a regular weekly salary, whether she is playing or not. Her services are simply retained by the film company at a regular weekly wage. In the case of an unknown actress, her weekly salary would not amount to more than that of a chorus-girl, but it would at least be regular all the year round. It is, however, next to impossible to get into a stock company. Most of the film-producing companies pick the actresses they require for small parts from the luckless band of cinema slaves, some of whom are always ready to their hand. — *Answers.*

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, and painful Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once, and as certainly cure you. See a box of all dealers, or Edman, St. John's, Nfld., and send 10c. to pay postage.

QUITE SIMPLE.

The student had to face the ordeal of an examination in astronomy.

On emerging from the torture chamber, one of his companions asked him how he got on.

"First-rate," he said. "They only asked me two questions, and I answered them both promptly and correctly."

"What were the questions?" "The first was: 'What is a paralax?' and I told them I didn't know. And the second was: 'Can you calculate an eclipse?' to which I said 'No.' I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that!"

AT YOUR BEST

Keep your body well nourished, it means blood red and pure and efficient, buoyant health. It's logical to protect your strength with

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Its tonic-nourishing virtues impart vigor to every part. You may depend upon the abundant nourishing properties of Scott's to protect strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-14

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday,

THE ARTCRAFT PICTURE,

"Under the Top,"

Featuring Fred Stone, famous as an Acrobat and Musical-Comedy Actor.

An Interesting Scenic.

A Delightful Comedy.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Due By S. S. 'Sable I.' on Monday:

100 cases 10-oz. Sweet Mixed Pickles,	
100 " " Mustard,	
100 " " Mixed Pickles,	
100 " " Chow,	
100 " 12-oz. Catsup,	50 cases 8-oz. Catsup,
250 " Assorted Syrups, 200 "	12-oz. Jams,
50 pails Jams.	

Famous "STERLING" BRAND, manufactured by T. A. Lytle Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ORDERS BOOKED BY

P. F. FEARN & CO., Ltd.

200 WATER STREET.

June 28.6m

The Insurance Fiend.

ATTRACTED BY THOUGHTS OF A BIG COMMISSION, OUR MAN SETS OUT ON A MUCH-TRODDEN BUT VERY THORNY PATH.

Insured my life the other day. The man who insured me down was a sort of insurance Jimmy Wilde. He backed me on to the ropes and kept on giving me half-arm statistical jolts until I gave in.

"Your expectations of life, sir, let me see—" He referred to a morbid-looking pocket-book, and flipped the pages over. "You said your age was—" he queried.

"Thirty-seven," I said, controlling my wild anxiety.

"Ah! Yes! Thirty-seven." He arrested his moving finger, and I felt as though Fate stood still. "You have quite a long time to live," he said sadly—"quite a long time. What did you say your occupation was?"

"Income-tax collector," I said proudly.

He closed his book with a snap and gave a sigh of restraint.

"Life insurance for you," he said slowly, "is not a luxury, it is not a mere precaution; it is a provision to meet the inevitable, an absolute necessity. Think of your dependants."

He spoke cheerfully, as one would say "Think of a number."

I thought of them and wondered if shrouds were still being worn.

"Yes," I said. "I've thought of them—often." The pathos of the moment brought tears to my eyes.

"Then what about the amount?" asked the insurance man.

"I am afraid I have not given the matter any thought," I said, in a sort of trance. "What would you suggest?"

"Five thousand," he beamed.

I shook my head, and the insurance man frowned.

"Let us look at this matter in a business-like manner," I said. "What am I worth to my family?"

The insurance man ran his fingers through his hair.

"Heaven knows!" he said. "You can't go on that, you know, because you might improve. Anyway, we don't issue policies for less than a hundred pounds."

I tried to escape, but it was no good, and in the end I signed a proposal for a hundred pounds for my wife not to pick up when I was fifty, and another hundred for the undertaker to pick up at some unknown date.

"There!" I sighed. "That's done!" "When will you be examined?" asked the man.

"Any time," I said, taken off my guard.

"No time like the present," he said, the light of a satiated conqueror in his eye. He took me off to a doctor, a calm, cruel fend who, with the suave of smiles passed me fit.

"Now," said the insurance man to me, with the blood lust in his eye, and running his fingers along the edge of his proposal forms, "if there is any other life you can think of for me to get? One of your private friends, someone to whom you wish to do a good turn?"

I at once thought of my brother-in-law in a flash.

We went to see him. He was out. That chap has the luck of the deuce.

"Never mind," said the insurance man cheerfully. "You'll catch him some time. When you get him, I'll do you a good turn. I'll give you the agency commission."

"How much?" I asked, feeling rather biblical.

"Found per cent." he said, suddenly.

I was a bit uncertain. High finance always does for me.

"A pound!" I repeated.

"Yes," he whispered. "A pound! I thought what a fool I had been working hard gathering taxes all my life, when I might have been getting pounds per cent. I grinded my teeth."

I ran my wife's brother to the next evening.

Edward is a short, thin, pale man who suffers with indigestion. He is snappy with it when I called on him an hour and a half of hard talking later he signed the proposal for five hundred pounds, in a peaceful sleep.

Next morning I took him out, determined to keep him amused until he was all the part Johnson played. He was wearing a new suit, and had to buy him a cigar; and then an hour (two shillings) we went for a walk on the park lake. It was a morning, and I did the rounds. I had put on my straw hat instead of my bowler. But it only went into the water once. Unfortunately, my brother-in-law—as he was called—new suit and all.

He was annoyed. Said it was a fault; wanted to charge me for a suit; thought I did it on purpose.

If I should! My own brother-in-law! With all those pounds per cent. stake, too!

But he went to the doctor and was thoroughly examined—so thoroughly that he was declined. Case for periplexia.

I'm a couple of pounds down at the deal, counting loss of time, and saving up for another relative, and will make a pound per cent. stake, too!

My bladder troubles, then, work in secret ways. A condition may exist, with only a slight indication of it. That is why the disease is so dangerous. These pills, with their special ingredients, relieve the bladder, highly-colored urine, and, starting speaks before the disease, indicate kidney trouble.

Gin Pills, taken at once, will relieve the bladder, and prevent the disease, enabling the sufferer to get on with his life. Gin Pills are the sure remedy. Get a box from your doctor or dealer—Gin Pills—no relief found. Send for a box.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Address: No. 23, The Promenade, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Storyette

HE WOULD.

demolished airman had been ex- ing all sorts of things to his cousins, who were very in- ed. They'd often seen an aero- flying, but didn't know how it the case of an accident," ex- the flying-man, "we can very have ourselves by using a para-

But supposing that the para- should fall to open after you jumped off?" asked one of his rs. "What then?" "I'd come straight down, same!"

BETWEEN ARGUMENT.

Quickrich, the profiteer, was enthusiastic about his new coun- ansion. He had altered the no often, that now the con- did not dare to proceed with the thing until he had received fairly final order.

dining-room was a gorgeous with "family portraits" in gilt frames, while the drawing- was only to be described as r. When it came to the study, ntractor stuck. So he went to ent.

out the study?" he asked gent- what scheme of decoration you like there?"

For once Mr. Quickrich was decided. "Yes," he yelled. "Don't it al- say in the papers as great as are found in brown studies?"

A HIGHER STANDARD.

son of the family was home on vacation from college. He was father were discussing at of the day, and finally the boy sed:

Just say, dad, I hope when I am as you are I'll know more you do."

go one better my boy," the old plied. "I hope that when you old as I am you will know as as you think you do now."

TURNUED.

means of hard work and clever examination, the lawyer had to get his client acquitted, gh things looked very black

him.

opposing solicitor was very and couldn't hide it when next met his victorious colleague. It ed to be in a club, of which

ere members.

ing up to the winner, the loser like to know if there is any

o black or any criminal too ed in crime for you to refuse

him?"

Listeners waited with bated What would be the outcome of

snappy insult? But the other law- quite calm and cool as he re- all depends what you have been

ing it for

visitors put up with their host

was all the part Johnson played. day he had occasion to write to

hour, complaining that the

servants had been trespassing

the Johnson grounds. This is the

he received:

I am very sorry to hear that

servants have been trespassing on

reserves.

"Yours truly.

Please forgive me mention-

your preserves!"

Death Expected

Brunswick Man Saved

Thomas, of Tilley's Road,

County, N.B., while expect-

death, availed himself of help that

erred at random. Here is part

he wrote to us:—

bug you to publish my letter,

at people may know what Gin

did for me. My case was

serious. I was so sick every-

expected my death any day.

on advice from friends, I

Gin Pills, and in a short

was well again, and soon had

20 pounds."

and bladder troubles,

then, work in secret ways. A

condition may exist, with only a

sight to indicate it. That is why

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