

Continued.--A List of the HOLLOWAY STUDIO, Ltd., Landscape and Seascape Photographs.

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The HOLLOWAY STUDIO, Ltd, corner Henry Street and Bates' Hill, St. John's, Nfld.

The Queerness of Cupid.

"It seems mighty strange," observed the red-headed man in the corner, "that in spite of the warnings of their married friends, in spite of the revelations of the divorce courts, in spite of the growing extravagance of women and the eternal terrors of the mother-in-law, men will continue to marry. I don't know whether it's a fact or not, but I'd be willing to bet money that there's just as many men getting married to-day, in proportion to the populace, as there were ten or twenty years ago."

"And you'd win," said the white goods drummer. "I had occasion to look up that very point in the census reports not long ago, and I was surprised to find that the percentage was almost exactly the same in 1900 as in 1880. I've no doubt that 1913 will figure up an identical total."

"Just so," chuckled the red-headed man. "I was sure of it, though I did not know it. But why? That's what puzzles me."

"It doesn't puzzle any man who is married," said the passenger from Baltimore, "nor any man who wants to get married, so I infer that Cupid has not crossed your path."

"No," admitted the person in the corner. "I haven't met the youngster yet, and I don't believe I ever shall. I'm inclined to believe him a myth, anyway."

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure about it," advised the Baltimore passenger. "He's a pretty busy young person and sometimes he's a long while getting around, but sooner or later he nearly always arrives."

"I remember a case of that kind down in Maryland. It was a traveling man named Benton--just about your height and build, and prettily close to your age. Like you, also, he was inclined to doubt the existence of Cupid."

"Benton was coming in from his territory in West Virginia. As his train was pulling away from the station at Harper's Ferry, his eyes fell on a girl standing on the platform, and quick as a dash the deed was done. You never know when it comes, or how its coming, but you always recognize it when it does come."

"Benton didn't ask himself any questions. He got off the train at the other end of the long bridge, and walked back. The station agent told him the girl had bought a ticket for Baltimore, and had gone west on a train that was waiting when Benton's train passed. He was due at headquarters, but headquarters would have to wait. He had important business at Cumberland, and he climbed aboard the first west-bound train with his mind made up that, job or no job, he was going to find that girl. That's the way it will hit you yet, my friend."

The red-headed man smiled, and the passenger from Baltimore went on: "It was two in the morning when Benton got to Cumberland, and the night force could tell him nothing. He went to bed but he didn't sleep. Soon after sunrise he was on the hunt, and after a time learned that she had transferred to another line with a ticket for Moscow Hills. A fit the mountain town not far from Cumberland."

"Benton was happy. He couldn't miss her, he thought, in Moscow Hills

and he thought right. She was there. Her name was Rosa Lee, and she was the daughter of the cashier of a bank in the town. Benton managed to make her acquaintance without delay, spent two blissful days breathing the same air, and then hustled back to Baltimore.

"That was the beginning of a troublesome courtship. The girl had a dozen suitors, some of them with greater physical and financial attractions than Benton, but that didn't deter him. He was used to competition.

"Every time he got within striking distance of Cumberland or Piedmont he'd run over to Moscow Hills to see her. He had a good many days that way, but somehow or other he was selling more goods than he ever had, and the firm didn't kick. He was feeling like a new man. The sun shone brighter, the air tasted sweeter, his appetite was better--why shouldn't he sell more goods?"

"Yet he wasn't getting along very well with his suit. Something seemed to happen every time he got his hind fixed for the momentous question. Once he was out driving with her, and just as he'd got the conversation edged round in the right direction the horse took a notion to run and for the rest of the drive he had to be attended to with the reins.

"Another time they were out walking and he was beginning to get sentimental when he stepped on a knot 'y end of a fallen limb and the other end flew up and hit him in the face. It made his nose bleed and his eye water, and no man can make love in that condition. That's the way I would go right along."

"Then one day the bank went broke and Rosa's father was put under arrest, charged with speculating with the bank's funds. Rosa's suitor 'winded down to two or three. Benton was one of the faithful. He stopped over at the Hills oftener than before, and worked like a good fellow in the old man's behalf.

"Yet he never got an opportunity to 'all her of his love, and she had never given him any indication of a stronger feeling than friendship toward him. That's the way matters stood when, after a long trial, Lee was acquitted, and he and his daughter disappeared.

"Where they had gone nobody knew. Benton, who was just then in Baltimore, received a brief note from the girl, thanking him for his kindness. 'We are going away,' she said, going where no one will know us, and where we can begin life over again."

"Benton traced them to Pittsburgh but beyond that he could find no clue nor could the private detective agency he had put on the case.

"Two or three years afterward Benton accepted an offer from a big 'obbing house in Memphis. His new territory took in Northern Arkansas, Southern Missouri, and a part of Oklahoma. It is for the most part in a rough, mountainous country, much like that he had been accustomed to in West Virginia, and its people have much the same characteristics.

and a woman's hand was the stake. "He still loved the girl from Maryland, but he had given up all hope of ever seeing her again. Besides, he reasoned, she was, no doubt, married long before this. And over in Tennessee there was a rich and handsome widow who would make a mighty pleasant companion. Should he ask her or should he not? The game of solitaire was to decide.

There was a sudden grinding of wheels, a quick stop, and Benton was thrown forward, smashing the table and scattering the cards over the floor of the car. He picked himself out of the wreckage and joined the other passengers, who were running to the doors.

"The train was standing on a high embankment. The engine was within 25 feet of a bridge over a deep river, and the bridge was on fire. But for the sudden stop the train and all its load would have gone through the blazing timbers. That was in the days of wooden bridges, you understand.

"The engineer told the story. The bridge was approached by a curve which cut off the view, so that he could not have seen the fire until too late. He was thirty minutes behind and was trying to make up time when a woman waving a blazing torch suddenly appeared in the middle of the track on the other side of the curve. He had instantly reversed his engine and applied the brakes.

"But where was the woman? The engineer didn't know. She had stepped from the track just in time to escape the wheels and then, her duty done, had apparently gone her way. "Boys," said Benton, taking off his hat and putting a bill into it, "what ever she is, we've got to find her and show our appreciation. D'own into your pockets now and come up right."

"They dug. In less than a minute she was overflowing with money and he was appointed chairman of a committee of all the passengers of the train to look for her.

"Down the track went the party, Benton and the engineer in the lead. It was just about here that she flagged us," said the pilot, as he stopped and looked round. Down in the valley, half a mile distant, gleamed a light.

"That must be a house," says Benton, let's go down there and inquire. "Down the steep hill they climbed and trudged towards the light. Soon the outlines of a house could be discerned through the darkness. Across the front of the house was a broad verandah and a wide door gave entrance.

"Benton knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again, louder. Then the door flew open, and the ramed by the lamp light, stood Rosa Lee.

"Yes, sir," said the Baltimore passenger, as he paused. Cupid is a ringer little chap. He likes his joke but he nearly always squares them in the end. There was seventy-five or eighty people on that verandah but she didn't see anybody but Benton.

"Somehow or other neither was surprised, and when he recognized the meaning of the glory that came into her face he dropped that hat full of money and without a word gathered her into his arms as a mother gathers her tired child. What's more he's still holding her."

Healthy and Unhealthy Lighting.

Gas, it may be said, vitiates the atmosphere. True. But it also helps to purify it. Its purifying power is greater than its vitiating power. Electricity does not viliate, nor does it purify. Hear what three eminent men have said:--

Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this, amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after experience with the electric light.--Dr. Jameson B. Hurry.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the new system of heating and ventilation had been installed.--Dr. Reginald Duddell, before the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

Famous Streets.

BROADWAY.

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Slivash" Broadway, the heart of New York and the lungs of the theatre business, is the best advertised street in the world. It is called Broadway, because it has no relation whatever to the straight and narrow path.

Broadway was originally a crooked and uncertain trail made by the Indians while returning from New Amsterdam with their week's supply of water. It is still crooked in spots, but there is nothing uncertain about it. As New York has grown, it has been extended to take care of the Rust business, until it is now twenty miles long and two stories deep most of the way. It begins at the Battery here the immigrants land, and wherever language except English is spoken fluently. A mile north, it becomes the lair of the multi-millionaire, and another mile north, its store all everything from tango costumes to pet alligators. Farther north, it tapers to a height of 800 feet, and then tapers to a desert of one-storey shops; with a 27-storey hotel among them, that suffers from a convulsion of ceptures, recoverers only to be captured by the automobile business, and still farther north runs majestically to the hills between tall, beelling cliffs of partment houses. Fifteen miles from its source, it becomes the principal thoroughfare of Yonkers, being the only street to do duty for two large ties. It then rambles over the hills of the Hudson, between the estate of the impossibly rich, and when last seen is headed for Albany under a thick cloud of dust and automobile smoke.

Broadway contains the largest hotel in the world, for this year only; and its tallest building. The largest apartment house, the thinnest skyscraper, the most terrific restaurant and the most interesting church are all upon Broadway. It assays more millionaires, actors, automobile salesmen and gunmen than any other thoroughfare. It goes to bed at 8 p.m. at its lower end and wakens for the evening at the same hour at 42nd Street. It has more hotels, theatres, electric signs and deflected little parks than any other street. There is standing room only on its sidewalks and twice as many people travel underneath it.

Broadway is American in one reel. The immigrant lands at its lower end pack on his back, sells sandwiches for the first mile, goes into business on the second mile, sees the city government in the next mile, and proceeds directly from the business section through the restaurant area to the automobile dispensaries, to the apartment house wilderness, an thence to a country estate on the Hudson at the far upper end.

Broadway is a twenty mile lee from poverty to riches, with plenty of falling off places by the way. It will be longer some day, but never much more terrific.

Our Reputation For Value Giving is Well Known! SEE OUR "SAMSON" BRAND HOSE, for boys and girls, sizes 2 to 6, from 15 cts. Pair up. And our Special Line of Women's Worsted Hose, 27c. Pair Numbers of other lines in stock which have been selected with good judgment as to quality, and the prices tell with conviction their own story. S. MILLEY.

Application to Remove Mayor.

Chief Magistrate at Ottawa Said to be in Arrears for Taxes. Ottawa, Feb. 6.--Application will be made to-morrow before a high court to remove Mayor Taylor McVeit, who is elected chief magistrate of the capital at the municipal elections. The principal grounds for the action are that Mayor McVeit, who was formerly city solicitor, had claims for damages against the city outstanding at the time of the elections, and that he is in debt to the city for taxes, and that he is insolvent.

The action is being taken by John P. Band, a plumber, who alleges that McVeit is in debt to the city for the sum of \$170 for taxes during the years 1906, 1907, 1909 and 1913; that he was acting for Thomas Clarey in an action to have bye-laws of the city washed, and that he is insolvent within the meaning of the Ontario statutes; writs of execution having been issued against his goods and chattels, and that he is insolvent within the meaning of the Ontario statutes.

Mr. J. A. W. McNelly Solicitor, will be away from town for about three weeks. During his absence his proceeds will be attended to by Mr. Jas. P. Mackwood, Solicitor, Temple Building, Wickworth St.--Feb 14, 2w, 5w.

Proposals With Flowers.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man, she at the same time accepts him as her fiance, the 'eds' being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower pot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait--perhaps days--for a reply. If the maid takes the rose, the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade, the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

Sometimes a fickle girl will keep a young man waiting a day or two for an answer, but whatever it may be it is considered final.--New York Telegram.

Household Notes

Spices should be kept in air-tight tins. Vegetables are best bought fresh, as they are wanted. Use the lightest weight utensils you can get in the kitchen. Paper should not be used in a larder--it is too absorbent. A wooden plate scraper is very useful when washing dishes. Crinoline, rubbed on velvet, will take out every particle of dust.

It pays to have cheap white china to use in the refrigerator. Never iron stockings; they are much better put through a mangle. Japanese, toweling makes pretty cushions for window seats and chairs. Every household should possess a linen closet with shelves and drawers. Have good light always in the kitchen and keep the room well aired. Have a roller on your pantry door, with a fresh towel always on it. Boil a cracked dish for forty-five minutes in enough sweet milk to cover it. Wash lamp chimneys in ammonia water if you would have them very clear. Use a funnel for filling hot-water bottles, and the bottle will last longer. A lot of floor scrubbing may be saved by having the kitchen floor painted.

Crossed runners of Japanese toweling make good luncheon sets for the table. If citron hardens, let it stand a little while in hot water, then it will cut easily. Every kitchen should have a kitchen window garden box in its south window. Two people, one to wash and one to wipe, greatly expedite the dish-washing business. Cookie cutters are now made which cut the cookies as fast as you roll it over the dough. All stationary tubs should have cloth covers. They are easy to clean and very durable. On ironing day, keep an old folded sheet handy, to lay under garments with buttons, etc. Some housewives find that changing washday from Monday to Tuesday simplifies things immensely.

10 Boxes PURITY BUTTER, By S. S. Stephano to-day. 1000 lbs. Fresh Halibut, due by s.s. Prospero. 300 Fresh Mackerel. 20 boxes Finnan Haddies. 300 lbs. Fresh Codfish. Smoked Caplin. Boneless Codfish. Kippers. Selected Salt Herring. 300 pairs Fresh Rabbits. Fresh Eggs, Fresh Oysters. Bananas. Tangerines. California Oranges. Table Apples (boxes). Lemons. 10 lbs. No. 1 Baldwins. Valencia Oranges, Celery. Cauliflowers. Shelled Almonds & Walnuts. Desiccated Coconut (fresh). P. E. L. Dressed Turkeys. Selected Ducks. Plymouth Rock Chickens. T. J. EDENS, 151 Duckworth Street, 112 Military Road.

STOP COUGHING It's quite as foolish as it is annoying to keep on coughing since PHORATONE COUGH MIXTURE is sold all over Newfoundland and guaranteed to soothe and heal the irritated parts at once, and to rapidly destroy the very cause of this aggravating nuisance. Hundreds of persons are complaining every day show the cough or cold they have had for long time, and are not able to get rid of it. Don't let a cough or cold hang on you day after day and run the risk of catching and developing the "cough" that is not easy to throw off. You will avoid all this worry (about the cough or cold you have) by obtaining PHORATONE COUGH MIXTURE at once. Price 25 cents a bottle, postage 5 cents extra. Prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld. (Manufacturers also of Stafford's Liniment and Prescription "A.") Let the window curtains reach from top to bottom only of the window, and a lot of work is saved. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DEEP BRUISES.

The Popular London Dry Gin is VICKERS' GIN. D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto, J. JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent.